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THE WAVE

A JOURNAL FOR THOSE IN THE SWIM.

INV. 1898.

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SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

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TRELLA FOLTZ-TOLAND.

AMERICA'S FAMOUS SUMMER AND WINTER
· · RESORT · ·

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE MOST ELEGANT SEASIDE ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD

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THE WAVE

Vol. X. No. 26. San Francisco, July 1, 1893. 10 Cents

The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 1, 1893.

SPLASHES.

THE PREVALENCE of Society in Oakland is a theme that has furnished matter for pens more able than mine. The boundaries of "the swim" there are less exactly set than those of Stockton, and infinitely less well-defined than the limits of tolerance in San Jose. Though denial of these amusing facts is rarely furnished by the guest lists of Alameda County festivities, I yet find myself called to account by "The Meddler" because of the inference of a paragraph in last week's WAVE. Among other harrowing indictments I find myself accused of meanness. A lack of veracity and a fecund ignorance of the Jackson Street *status quo*, are among the minor details of my offending. Besides, with more vigor than dexterity, I am directed to discover social tolerance at home.

* * *

Like consistency, exclusiveness is the hobgoblin of small minds. My critic is doubtless oblivious of the fact that breadth is the rarest and most agreeable of fine social characteristics. Provided one is entertained, it matters little the pedigree or the *status* of the individual. It is precisely because there is recognition across the bay for families fortunate enough to have escaped the tiresome distinction of a 'Forty-nine arrival, or the vulgar luck of a Bonanza clean-up, that Alameda festivities are occasionally interesting. One does not associate the "swim" with the mercantile register, the tendency so irresistible in a San Francisco drawing-room. The element of uncertainty which proceeds from an unreliable income pervades ballrooms and adds zest to one's introductions.

* * *

The girls are not necessarily the daughters of capitalists or heiresses in their own rights, nor is ability to earn a living considered a bar to their reception in good houses. In fact, there is a possibility across the bay of encountering agreeable, possibly interesting, maidens —an expectation that in San Francisco it might be temerity to anticipate, and certain disappointment to demand. And yet one may meet here as charming and beautiful women as there are in America.

* * *

In the ranks of every society there are bright men and clever women, but is it not presumptuous to expect immediate collision with what is ever the result of careful cultivation? The diffusion of social recognition in Oakland enlarges the possibilities, and those of us who know what this means will hardly discount its advantages.

* * *

The utilization of the Murphy letters accusing San Francisco Society of a lack of pedigree, and the assumed diffusion of a domestic foundation for the pretensions of the locally elect, is almost as presumptuous as it is ignorant. "The Meddler's" strictures lack none of the vulgarity of his patronymic, for surely he ought to know there is a strong infusion of he best American blood in the veins of several families of our fashionable contingent.

* * *

NOWHERE is the flurry in the bankeries more sincerely repined than in the Bohemian Club. Not that the zero-like tendencies of the financial atmosphere chill the warm blood of the heroes of the Red Room. Gorgeously indifferent to the mere cares of Sansome Street, the enforced absence of President Gerberding they bitterly resent. Those who have only realized this clever gentleman in a social capacity may not believe he expends his leisure bank-commissionering. That is the fact, and the activity in his business inflicts more of his absence than is really desirable round Post Street and Grant Avenue. The result—a lack of discipline; servitors indifferent to serving and careless of manner, hall boys averse to the gentle dictates of obedience, and waiters slower even than undertakery in its most modern development demands.

* * *

In fact, the service is several degrees below par, and it is about time for the development of a strong hand. In the Pacific-Union there is less complaint of the indifference of the help. The possibility of being served with some approach to celerity is among the most agreeable characteristics of the institution. I doubt, though, if the domestic arrangements of the University Club are approached even here. In some indescribable manner the Directors have persuaded their help that the members are worthy attention. In the Bohemian dining-room it is customary for the menials to vary the monotony of waiting by frequent and deeply interested observations through the plate-glass windows that afford so excellent a view of Post Street.

* * *

Mr. T. Sufferen Tailer and his gracious wife (*née* Maude Lorrillard) are at the Palace Hotel. Tailer is one of that representative class of New York club men which, better than any other in our country, understands the gentle art of living well and exhausting the years 'twixt youth and the condition of marital responsibility utterly without cognizance of the calendar. Furthermore, the gentleman in question enjoys the estimable advantage of having been singled out as worthy of an illustrated description of his well-groomed self in that curious conglomeration of tailors, haberdashers, and valets' chit-chat in *Vogue*, written by "His'n." Mr. Tailer, if I recollect, was highly complimented on wearing the right kind of riding breeches in the right place. Whether "His'n" expected him to wear check overalls and "Congress" gaiters and was consequently impressed over the fact that he didn't, I can't say.

* * *

SOCIETY is divided as to the most attractive spot in which to spend the fire-cracker holidays. San Rafael, as usual, will draw a large contingent who will sit in the shade and watch brothers and sweethearts swelter in the sun and shriek "Love" and the "Deuce" on the blazing tennis courts and battle for prizes. Santa Cruz will attract, beside the usual quota, a number of enthusiastic followers of the Corinthian yachtsmen, for the crack crafts will all make that port at the termination of their cruise, and the "lass that loves a sailor"—well, her name is legion. Monterey, of course, will be crowded with San Franciscans and have its usual large share of visitors from other parts, while to the cool mountain charms of Castle Crags many more will wend their way.

* * *

I UNDERSTAND a curious objection, certainly unforeseen by the builders, has recently been lodged against the swimming tank in the new Olympic Clubhouse. On two days in the week the privileges of the bath are accorded to ladies, and now it seems that the beautiful claritude of the "Spring Valley" is the source of complaint; and why, think you? Simply because the magnifying properties of clear water emphasize the *embonpoint* of some of the fair bathers! Well-turned limbs become cases of shocking elephantiasis,

and rounded forms resemble bags of meal, if seen through a certain depth of clear water, so it is said. Whether the girls would prefer water from a somewhat doubtful source, and yet quite opaque, I cannot say; but certain it is that the class of twenty or more thoroughly enjoy the exercise.

* * *

Those who have had the good fortune to observe Mrs. Robert Fry *en costume de bal* can imagine how charming she must look in a sleeveless bathing dress designed for freedom of movement, and with the full knowledge that the spectators, as well as the swimmers, were strictly of the gentler sex. Miss Cohen is one of the enthusiasts, and a charmingly attractive one, while Miss Nettie Rising is celebrated for her daring dives from the springboard and the gallery. Among the constant devotees from Oakland are Miss McNear and Miss Hutchinson, both of whom are apt pupils. The lackadaisical young ladies who simply dip in the Santa Cruz or Monterey surf had better look to their laurels as queens of the beach, for these young Olympians are likely to be a decided sensation at the seaside resorts.

* * *

W. F. HERRIN, if rumor speaks truly, has been selected to preside over the Southern Pacific law department. The Company is to be congratulated on securing, for this important place, the services of so able and so successful a lawyer. No one in the profession has come so prominently to the front in the last few years as Mr. Herrin has. Winning his spurs in the Sharon case, he has since then displayed, in the litigation he has been engaged in, a singular lucidity of mind, a comprehensive grasp of details, and a capacity for achieving results that have won the respect of his clients and the admiration of the Bar. No one could have handled Spring Valley's affairs with more consummate tact than he has displayed.

* * *

An especial characteristic of Herrin's mind seems an ability at disentangling intricacies. He has carried to a safe conclusion so many important and difficult cases that it is apparent he possesses a luminous intelligence and power of brain that are rare.

* * *

In the course of the last few years, Mr. Herrin has built up for his firm a most lucrative practice. He handles the business of the biggest corporations and the most powerful capitalists in town, always displaying that same tact, quietness, and dexterity in his work which first won him attention. That he will achieve fresh laurels as Chief Counsel for the Southern Pacific of Kentucky I do not doubt. The position is one in which his great executive capacity and ability will have full scope. As a matter of fact, he is the only successor the late Judge Sanderson has had.

* * *

Young Tilden Swan, a nephew of the late Samuel J. Tilden, is visiting San Francisco. He is a three millionaire, an ardent football player, and an all.round good fellow who has already made a number of friends here. He has been up playing football with the Olympic boys at Central Park. For the Fourth, he is going to Del Monte, and subsequently makes the rounds of Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, finishing up with Yosemite Valley.

* * *

The Fred Sharons, I am told, are not going to spend the summer here after all. They were expected to occupy a cottage at Burlinghame during the months of July and August. Baron and Baroness Von Schroder have also decided not to come to California this year. Doubtless they will be persuaded to come West the summer of '94.

* * *

A festivity of unique interest was that given by Mr. John Reid, of Marin County, to celebrate his sixtieth birthday. Mr. Reid is one of the rich landholders of the State. His home farm, overlooking the waters of Richardson Bay, was acquired by his father, long previous to the American occupation. The family of Reids is quite a numerous one. At the celebration there were assembled eighty-five blood relatives and two hundred guests, who were entertained at a grand barbecue. The host spoke of the days that are gone by and received the congratulations of his friends. He has two children, Miss Clotilde and John Reid, Jr.

* * *

The only social event of prominence this week was the marriage of Miss Nellie Smedberg and Lieutenant McIver. The ceremony was performed at the Smedberg home on Larkin Street, by Rev. Dr. T. Watson, of Catskill, N. Y., a granduncle of the bride. In her white wedding gown, Miss Smedberg looked decidedly pretty. She is a demi-blonde, of slight, graceful figure and charming manners. Her maid of honor was Miss Cora Smedberg, who has just returned from Europe. Miss Raymond and Misses Helen and Bessie Ashton were bridesmaids. W. R. Smedberg was best man, and Lieutenant T. W. Winston of the Fifth Artillery was groomsman. After the ceremony, which was performed in the simply decorated drawing-room, there followed a wedding breakfast, after which Lieutenant and Mrs. McIver left for Del Monte. There were the usual leave-takings. Miss Agnes Smedberg caught the bride's bouquet, and Lieutenant Winston captured the ring.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Mary Doble and Ed. Hill was celebrated Wednesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Abner Doble, 1315 Gough. Invitations were issued only to the relatives of the two families. But as they are abundantly blessed in that direction, there was no lack of attendance. The happy pair received numerous presents and start married life with most of the appurtenances they may require for the decoration of their parlors and dining-rooms.

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

* * *

Miss Louise Moulder is having a very gay time in the East, and Dame Rumor says if she does not carry home many scalps it will not be from lack of opportunity, as her style of beauty is much admired. Her complexion, too, has improved and she has quite a color, the Eastern frosts having reddened her cheeks, and like the autumn leaves left the color there.

* * *

Belvedere is exceptionally enjoyable this year. Every evening the bay is alive with boats, and endless banjos, guitars, and voices, melodious or otherwise, fill the echoing air. From the moment the men come from the city until the "wee sma' hours" are ushered in, the noise never ceases. The peaceful denizens of the water edge who wish to retire with the birds give up in disgust and join the merry revelers.

* * *

Mrs. Julius Rosenstirn is having a most enjoyable visit in Germany; she found her mother well, time seeming to have passed her by, so slightly had she changed. Mrs. Rosenstirn anticipates visiting Paris and making a tour through Austria ere she returns.

* * *

Miss Fannie Murphy, daughter of Mr. Murphy of the First National Bank, is on her way home. European travel has improved her vastly, and her friends say she has become decidedly French, exceedingly *chic* and bright, with all the pretty gestures belonging to the native born Parisian. Doubtless she will find San Francisco dull and insipid after the gay capital, but one becomes reconciled after a time, and existence here is not so bad after all.

* * *

Miss Mary Banning, who went to Paris to study for the stage, has quite abandoned the idea. It seems a great pity, for her voice bids fair to outrival Sybil Sanderson's. She is a bright, vivacious girl and would surely make a success. Her sister, Miss Lucy Banning, is the beauty of the American Colony in Paris. They are both interesting young women, and in the Southern part of the State are especially well known. They are accustomed to the responsibilities of belledom, inasmuch as both were among the most admired girls in Los Angeles.

* * *

The Nos Ostros Club gave a theatre party at Stockwell's Monday night to witness the performance of "Maine and Georgia." At 11.30 they adjourned to the Baldwin Hotel where a bountiful spread awaited them. A business meeting followed and an Executive Committee for the ensuing term was elected. The new officers are: H. P. Taylor, Jr., President; J. Sherrard, Vice-President; H. C. Wilber, Secretary and Treasurer; W. P.

Patton, Jr., and Dr. Hibbard. I believe this organization intends keeping up its activity and promises its members several entertainments in the near future.

* * *

THIS WEEK San Rafael is a centre of gayety. Over there are dozens of pretty girls and for once there is no lack of men. The tennis contingent is represented in numbers, and besides, there are actually at least a dozen available bachelors—surely an unique contingency in a summer resort. A number of the guests have their own rigs, and one sees at the door before and after dinner an interesting collection of equipages and teams, including a swell pair of blooded steeds which Mr. and Mrs. Jack Crooks drive. The fun of the week culminates to-night in a grand ball. Manager Brennan has made ample preparations. The dining-room is to be decorated and a capital supper will be served at midnight.

* * *

I anticipate considerable gayety at the Vendome over the Fourth. It has ever been a popular place to spend the National holiday in, but this year, I am told, there is not a vacant room in the caravansary. Preparations for entertaining are being made on an elaborate scale by Manager Snell, and I cannot conceive the possibility of a single one of the prospective guests departing disappointed. The week has passed delightfully—picnics, excursions, riding and driving. A pleasing innovation is that of ornamenting the tables in the dining-room with flowers. Large bouquets of roses and carnations, exhaling a delicious fragance, give a charming air of summer to the large apartment. There is music three times a day.

* * *

THE BEACH at Santa Cruz is gay with huge parasols and colored pillows. From the veranda of the Sea Beach, from the cottages on the hill, there is an exodus morning and afternoon to the sand, and the hours flit silently like the bathers as they dash madly in and out of the bath-houses and seek for attenuated limbs the blissful shelter of the waves. If reading and gazing should become tiresome, the denizens of the several tents are permitted to visit one another, paying more or less unceremonious calls. Every afternoon Miss McKinstry serves tea, and so the time flies.

* * *

Though there is a distinct dearth of men at Santa Cruz, the maidens among themselves are having an excellent time of it. There are excursions daily, and picnics three or four times a week. Last Saturday night Miss Goad gave a bonfire party on the beach and a most enjoyable night was spent. There was singing and banjo playing, besides all sorts and conditions of refreshments.

* * *

On Sunday last Mrs. Delmas took a party out in a steam launch. Though the breakers were a trifle aggressive and gave several indiscreet admonitions of their activity, a most delightful time was had, for the day and the lunch were perfect. Another pleasant festivity was the supper party given by the Misses Delmas on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Genevieve Goad's birthday.

* * *

THAT JULY will be a gay month at De-Monte there is no reason to doubt. So many interesting and energetic people have taken rooms there that it cannot possibly avoid that interesting consequence. Certainly the grounds never looked more beautiful, nor the lawns more verdant. There is everything to make life pleasant, to furnish opportunities for enjoyment. A capital orchestra of five pieces, under Huber, furnishes the best music I have ever heard at a summer resort. On Sunday last they really played delightfully, and the guests have henceforward the privilege of listening to them three times daily. Such accomplished performers as Mr. Huber, Mr. Siering, and Mr. Reynolds, are able to tackle the most difficult selections, and render them with proper charm.

* * *

Though there have been but few young people, occupation has not been lacking. Between lawn tennis, driving, bowling, and swimming the days fly swiftly enough. Pretty Miss Elsie Hecht and her sister, Miss Sadie, and Miss Millie Greenbaum have made a decidedly handsome group and proved both daring and accomplished swimmers. Miss Hecht is especially clever in the water and goes out far beyond the raft. In the evenings there have been concerts in the ballroom. The Brugeire boys, pretty Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Ethel Keeney, and the Hechts gather there, and with guitars, banjos, and mandolins produce much sweet music. The night is generally ended in the bowling alley.

* * *

Quite a number of interesting people are quartered at the hotel. Conspicuous among them, Madame Chartier, a tall, graceful young English woman, whose admirably molded figure and remarkable eyes have won general and even generous admiration. She is the wife of J. G. Chartier, a Denver mine-owner, who is just now visiting some claims he is interested in, in Placer County. Miss Agnes Repplier, the essayist, a decidedly clever conversationalist, remains at the hotel until after the fifth. The Duke of Newcastle spent the week at the resort, and if an accummulation of negatives argues enjoyment, he certainly spent an agreeable week.

* * *

This afternoon a large crowd goes down on the afternoon train and remains until after the Fourth. On that glorious night there will be a big dance and a supper in *Chef* Harder's best style.

* * *

SIX MONTHS of Thespis exhausted the dramatic enthusiasm of Miss Minnie Campbell, apparently. She has returned home disillusionized, satisfied that the glow of an Oakland fireside is, after all, rather better than the shine of footlights. Henceforth Society and its incumbent responsibilities will engage her time and talents. The actual reason prompting the taking of so determined a step, she declines to be explicit about. But she offers to curtail completely the aspirations of all stage-struck damsels, and asks her friends to send their affected acquaintances to her shrine. It is rather curious that she should have developed a dislike so positive in so short a time.

* * *

Certainly Miss Campbell buckled the drama under circumstances most favorable. Mrs. Stockwell was her warm friend, and besides was an effective chaperone. From histrionic impertinence she should have been thoroughly shielded. I very much fear her experience at the Oakland Theater, when, at her debut there, but fifty people thought her worth seeing, was a sad disappointment. And they never come singly.

* * *

Another engagement in Oakland—that of Miss Fannie Merriman and Harry Thomas. The young people have wooed conscientiously for some time, but their engagement has only just been subjected to the cold air of publicity. It is unfortunate that owing to the brevity of the month, Miss Merriman cannot figure as a June bride. However, they are to be married without undue delay, and as both are well-known and popular, there is much anticipation in regard to the affair.

* * *

Among the circumstances that are amusing the Oaklanders just now is the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Bush Finnell kept profoundly secret the destination of their wedding journey. Like other important mysteries, it endured but a brief time—exactly one day. The twain had actually hied themselves to that remote and rare region—Del Monte. Society waits yearningly for the couple unconventional and sufficiently enamored of one another to turn their honeymoon into a camping tour. This twain may not put in an appearance for several decades, if, indeed, ever. Where would the trousseau come in and what is the purpose of a new wardrobe but for exhibition, which reminds me that a certain Oakland maiden who figured as a June bride had no less than forty gowns in her trousseau. This is high water mark up to date. Before these confections, costumes, or whatever one calls them, are gone, her husband will doubtless be able to earn enough to buy her at least three or four new ones.

* * *

DR. R. H. McDONALD, President of the Pacific Bank, has not, I think, received from my daily contemporaries the attention that he deserves. How, in recording the suspension

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

of the Bank, they could have so completely overlooked the idiosyncrasies of the venerable banker, I cannot understand. Certainly, no such figure as his is known to finance anywhere. Dr. McDonald is one of five brothers, every mother's son of whom weighs over two hundred pounds and stands, like himself, six feet in his stockings. Mark L. and Jasper McDonald, the mining men, and Captain James M. McDonald, the ex-Supervisor, are still alive. The fifth brother died some years ago. As half grown boys, they crossed the plains with their father and mother in 1852. They were all born in Kentucky—in Daniel Boone's gloomy forests, and on the dark and bloody grounds.

* * *

Dr. McDonald, in the pioneer days, was a druggist. That accounts for his title of "Doctor." In this business, at Sacramento, he made a great deal of money. Early in the sixties he moved to San Francisco, and, in company with a druggist named Spencer, established a wholesale drug house. The firm put upon the market a compound called "Vinegar Bitters," which, like many other patented laxatives, was warranted to cure everything from Bright's disease of the kidneys to soft corns. The "bitters" were alleged to have been invented by a doctor named Walker, and in pushing them Dr. McDonald saw to it that the words "Take Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters" were painted on every fence and rock from Maine to California. The sale of the medicine netted him a large fortune and taught him the value of advertising. When ex-Governor Burnett retired, about 1878, from the Pacific Bank, which he had made the soundest and most reliable banking-house on the Coast, Dr. McDonald purchased his interest and assumed the management.

* * *

In an effort to enlarge the bank's business, he at once introduced his advertising methods. The first effect was to cause some of the old stockholders to withdraw. Judge Wallace, a son-in-law of ex-Governor Burnett, and Christian Reis, the present Supervisor, were among the first to go. The versatile Doctor eagerly snapped up their shares, and for years has owned over one-half the stock, which has enabled him to control the directorate and keep himself at the head of the institution. Lately, however, he has turned the active management over to his sons, Richard and Frank, and, except to occasionally insist on the enforcement of some sensational advertising scheme, he has not bothered them much.

* * *

Dr. McDonald is the only member of his family who ever strayed away from the Democracy. A pioneer, who knew his father well, told me the other day that the Doctor's obstinacy in espousing Republicanism well-nigh broke the old gentleman's heart. Until the day of his death the father declared that "Dick" was the black sheep of the family. In his good old Kentucky eyes no crime was equal to that of deserting a Democratic family and becoming a Whig or a Republican. Of late years, however, the Doctor has abandoned the latter party and become a Prohibitionist. On this subject he is a veritable crank. He has been known to refuse deposits from drinking men, and to smoke a cigar in his bank has long been a mortal offense. On advertising he is a monomaniac, and especially personal advertising. It is said that in the campaign of 1882, when he was the Prohibition candidate for Governor, he expended $10,000 in printing and distributing his pictures with accompanying tracts. But with all his eccentricities there are none who can truthfully say that the Doctor was ever guilty of a dishonorable thing in business. His crankiness is entirely on the moral reform order.

* * *

THE FAILURE of ex-Senator Frank De Long, the Marin County orchardist, presents a physiological question of some interest. When in the State Senate Mr. De Long was chairman of the Finance Committee—a position for which he possessed peculiar qualifications, seeing that even then he was badly involved, and likely to go into bankruptcy at any moment. As the chief financier of the Upper House, I am told, he used to rise in his seat and spout by the hour on finance and state craft. I myself have heard him talk on the same subjects to a small knot of listeners, and have marveled afterward that one small brain should be capable of containing so much financial wisdom.

* * *

But his business capacity, like that of the renowned Colonel Sellers, seems to have been located entirely at the base of his tongue. The fine-spun theories of bonds, floating and funded debts, and percentages, of which he was so fond of talking, when applied to his own property, appear to have resulted in a gigantic crash. In the papers the other day, I observed that he had ascended Salt River to the tune of $600,000. The physiological question which occurred to me as I began this paragraph was, How could a man, who apparently knew so much about business and finance, be forced to ascend Salt River at all?

* * *

I presume the truth is that in a small way the Senator was a "plunger." He inherited his orchard from a provident and sagacious father, and, not content with a business which netted him $25,000 a year, he embarked (to use a figure that is justly favored in such cases by the fine writers of the daily press) in many other enterprises in a vain attempt to become a billionaire. His experience would seem to indicate—for I have no doubt he applied his theories to his ventures—that there is a difference between the financial carpet knight and the practical business man. That which sounds amazingly wise when put into words, operates disastrously when introduced into the prosaic marts of trade. However, Senator De Long need not be discouraged. He can go to the Senate again and try his theories once more on the State.

* * *

THAT EMINENT molder of public opinion, Deacon Fitch, has his hands full these days. In absolute control both of the *Call* and the *Bulletin*, he now enjoys the infinite pleasure of enunciating his own ideas twice a day instead of merely in the evening. Of course, he talks to different audiences and, necessarily, in a dissimilar way; but the ground is covered and people are more than half liable to take the old gentleman's editorials seriously. He begins the world quite early in the morning, does Mr. Fitch, and after listening to the suggestions of his fulminators, the active old gentlemen who give verbal expression to his theories and prejudices, he goes viciously to work with his scissors on a huge pile of papers and enjoys the delicate amusement of collating "Brief Mentions," "Personals," etc., for his excellent family newspaper.

* * *

One beauty of the Deacon's interesting method of gathering material is that he can conduct an important discussion on municipal finance and at the same time snip paragraphs. Besides, he reads proof of his editorials, and with punctilious care goes over the leaders that appear the following morning in the *Call*. Consultations with Managing Editor Boyce, of the latter journal, keep the Deacon *en rapport* with events in the news field, and he finishes up the long day by an excursion to Clay Street a little after nine, when he decides the inevitable questions of suppression or publication which continually arise in journalism.

* * *

Altogether, the Deacon's is quite an active day. To what extent public opinion yields to his expressions of editorial admonition no one can really determine. From his supremacy no one can dislodge him, inasmuch as the articles of copartnership between himself and Mr. Pickering provide for the sway of the survivor. Nor is there much chance that the journal will pass into other hands, because it is generally understood the income is satisfactory. Mrs. Pickering desires to keep the property for her son. As for Deacon Fitch, as he has so often declared to ambitious capitalists who have begged him to name a price for the *Bulletin*:

"What would I do with the rest of my days if I had nothing to work on?"

* * *

IN SPITE of the waning authority of journalism, there are still in the profession men whose pens wield influence. If the assumption that sentences no longer mold sentiments was really a fact, Charles Nordhoff's letters in the New York *Herald* would have passed unheeded by the Hawaiians. Instead, however, his positive, vigorous, and veracious statement of facts precipitated a vehement degree of indignation among the annexationists. Indeed, he was threatened with personal violence. Imagine having two Honolulan policemen sta-

The doctors recommend for indigestion after dinner, chewing for half an hour Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Chewing Gum.

tioned under his window to protect him from the indignation of the insurrectionists—an inimitable compliment.

* * *

Nordhoff is a man of pronounced character and convictions. Perhaps there is no one who knows California more accurately. Enamored of the climate and beauty of the State, he has never been able to persuade himself the Argonauts were an unmixed blessing. Indeed, he has gone so far as to indicate a vigorous disapprobation of the characteristics of 'Forty-niners. About his sentiments in this direction rather a good story is told. Introduced in San Francisco, some years ago, to an enthusiastic Native Son, he listened patiently to a diatribe on the greatness of California, of which he knew far better than the speaker. After a prefatory exhortation the Native Son proceeded categorically:

* * *

"Now, Mr. Nordhoff, have you ever known a country so fertile?"

"No, sir; California is a most fertile country."

"Nor one whose resources were so varied, whose soil so rich, whose wheat so excellent, where the fruit is larger or finer?" he continued eagerly.

"No, sir; they are all you say," was the answer.

"Have you ever known finer scenery, a more delightful climate, a—a——"

"I'll admit all you say," interrupted Nordhoff. "But one thing California requires to be absolutely perfect——"

"And that?" eagerly inquired the Native Son.

"That," said the great journalist, "is an immense excavation in the centre of the Sacramento Valley—a huge hole a mile deep and two miles in width."

* * *

"Why that would precipitate an immense inundation. The water would flow out in such volume that the entire population of the Coast would be drowned," explained the Native Son in astonished tones.

"That is exactly, then, what California requires."

* * *

The unfortunates who own powder stocks these days are unhappy over the failure of their efforts at combining. It seems the various companies are engaged in an artistic warfare, and whose object is determining the powers of resistance each possesses. Their resources the prolonged competition determines with some accuracy, and the concern that survives, of course, has the business. The disturbing individuality is Lukens, who administers the interests of the Judson concern. His refusal to enter any combine seems positive, and the consequence is, one can purchase powder for cost and below there. Besides, there has been a most painful decline in the value of the stocks, with but slight prospect of an advance.

* * *

THE GENTLE ART of interpreting legal English is not always possessed by the ablest jurists. It does not follow that their inability is a reflection on their capacity, however, for I have seen documents drawn up by Bar Association personages whose meaning intuition alone could fathom. Here is a tale told on Judge Hoffman, whose tendency at judicial joke-making was pronounced enough to be notable. In the course of a trial of no especial moment in the District Court, defendant's attorney objected to the wording of the complaint on the statutatory ground of unintelligibility. It was one of Hoffman's sleepy days, and he sat far back in his leathern arm-chair chewing somnolently.

* * *

"I object, your Honor, on the ground that the complaint contains matter immaterial to this cause and stated in terms unintelligible to a man of ordinary understanding." Defendant's attorney was trenchant.

There arose a discussion which waxed and waged until the Judge, rousing himself, remarked:

"Read the complaint to my bailiff, gentlemen. He is a man of the most ordinary understanding I have ever known."

* * *

EVEN JOURNALISM is keeping up with the times and refuses to relieve the current depression. But one newspaper tale has come to me of recent days and it is less admirable than others I have written. The subject of it is a certain *Chronicle* editor—one of the chiefs of the editorial sanctum—one might call him Benjamin for short. To the staff of the art department he promised a French dinner provided they got up some pictures for him within a briefer period than the undertaking demanded. Success crowned their efforts; the illustrations were made, but the dinner, alas, did not materialize. A week or so later there appeared in Mr. De Young's paper a picture whose significance was lost on the outside public.

* * *

It bore the legend "Benjamin's French dinners are the best in town." But wasn't the editor in question mad! Into the artroom he rushed, boiling with indignation. Of course no one knew how the thing had occurred—the negative had the sign on it—everyone was innocent, and the result was that Benjamin, a night or two later, gave the dinner.

* * *

EXPLANATIONS, like murder, will out. That the agreeable youth, whose hopes were so sadly dashed to the ground or the pretty damsel whose *trousseau* was doomed to camphor and closets on the very verge of matrimony, whispered this solution of the most interesting of Oakland's severed engagement mysteries, I am not prepared to state. There was much talk about the rupture at the moment—some few moons ago—and the gloomy silence of the prospective bride's family, whose prominence in the Southern set is positive, made it all the more conspicuous. The affair defied the intelligence of all the gossips, and it seemed as though their best efforts were to go unrewarded. However, this explanation is a romance by itself and decidedly worthy its climax.

* * *

Some time prior to his engagement it seems this young man had expended the treasures of his heart on an interesting young person whose beauty was more conspicuous than her position. For a series of reasons it is unnecessary to give, he might not marry her—a fact, however, that did not prevent the most vigorous expressions of his devotion. But one day the Southern maiden crossed his orbit, and straightway his allegiance to the "young person" wavered. With the exercise of much subtlety he persuaded her into leaving for fresh climes, and then he went in, won the Southern heart, and all went admirably until the prospective mother-in-law heard the story. And these affairs never lose in the telling. Next time he called, instead of his *fiancée* the dread form of her mother appeared, and the shock of their encounter was prodigious.

* * *

She accused him of immitigable crimes, and he, foolishly, told the whole story, revealed the liaison and confessed to being foolish, weak, etc. The result—fury, denunciation—"Avaunt, betrayer of me cheild's happiness," and the twain so soon to be made one have not since seen each other. And rumor says that they have but to meet to join hands and hearts again. The possibilities of an elopement are not too indistinct.

* * *

IF THE GREAT contest between the Luxes and Henry Miller does not exhibit the monopolistic cattleman in a most rapacious light, I shall be surprised. In his way a very remarkable person, and possessed, certainly, of unusual commercial intelligence, the ardent ambition of his life is that of adding acres to the immense domain of which he is owner. The humble beginning of the two men whose cattle are on a thousand hills, the dailies set forth with that exactness characteristic of the reportorial mind engaged in proclaiming disagreeable facts. Their careers, inaugurated in a minor butchery, culminated in the possession of an estate worth more than forty millions.

* * *

Since the death of Lux, it is customary to allude to him as a mere brake—to speak of his undue conservatism as a clog on the marvelous financial genius and judgment of the surviving partner. Yet those who are presumed to be able to judge, affirm that more to the caution of the former than the brilliant enterprise of the latter is the wealth and supremacy of the Miller-Lux institution due. Be that as it may, however, Mr. Miller's present ambition is the possession of his partner's vast landed interests, and the *motif* of the Lux suit is the revolt of the widow and

Quite a fad East is to chew for half an hour after dinner, Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Gum for indigestion.

the dead man's heirs at the methods he uses for the accomplishment of his purpose.

* * *

Who is to estimate the vast income of the huge properties which the firm has accumulated? Not Mrs. Lux, who has less than a thousand dollars per month; nor the other heirs who have become impatient at the manner Miller turns the accumulated profits into the purchase of herds and acres. As a matter of fact, there has yet been no distribution to the beneficiaries under the will, and there is, then, very excellent reason for the present action. It will be shown, I believe, that the great cattleman has refused several advantageous opportunities to convert portions of the San Joaquin ranches into cash. An English syndicate offered for a large territory something like twenty dollars per acre, and as soon as Miller was persuaded they meant business, then and there he shut off negotiations.

* * *

Miller has all the characteristics that distinguish a smart and successful business person. The craftiest of traders, he never misses an advantage nor loses a chance at making dollars. For luxury or comfort he has little care; to attend a cattle sale he will travel miles under the most uncomfortable circumstances, and sleep, if necessary, under his own buggy. Really a tremendously able man, of course, yet the manner of a self-made plutocrat is hardly liable to develop suavity. One cannot but remember the graceful tale of his trip through Europe and the despotic letters he used to dispatch back here on the subject of hogs. Scenery, paintings, architecture, he hardly saw. Everywhere he saw pigs; their breeds and brands entertained his eyes and engaged his mind. But what is one to expect from a millionaire. Possessed of versatility of intelligence and a soul attuned to the music of the spheres, Henry Miller might never have aaccumulated millions, nor would he rank as one of the greatest land holders in the United States.

* * *

SANSOME STREET has not yet stopped fermenting. Along that financial boulevard one hears little but gossip about the bankeries. The straits of this concern, the *coup* of that, are on the tongues of the Clearing House clerks, whose errands as Mercurys of coin and checks includes exchanging the *memorablia* of the day's transactions. Judging from the collection of idols dethroned or fallen, the excitement was somewhat disturbing to the nerves of the amiable persons whose pose as presidents is popularly supposed to be unimpeachable. They were actually nervous. Some trembled, quaked, shook. They held weighty conferences, and commenced calling in overdrafts.

* * *

What a flurry it was, to be sure. Men whose names are good for millions were pounced upon for money. Accommodation on all sorts and conditions of securities was refused. For United States bonds it was impossible to obtain gold; as for real estate, gas, or water stock, the great men of Sansome Street scouted the idea of lending dollars on them. Not a dime to a soul. Within a week or two the Southern Pacific paid nearly a million and a half. Senator Stanford was called on for $50,000 when he had up $150,000 as security. For the moment it was a terrific pinch, and I wonder the bankers did not by their colossal exhibition of conservatism bring down upon themselves their own structures.

* * *

The result of the general withdrawal of coin was to send the big borrowers chasing over town. Money was a tremendous necessity and commanded extravagant rates. The best customers of the banks had to go to mere brokers, who charged them terrific rates for accommodation. Some of the best paper in town was discounted less twenty-five per cent. Big personages, whose presence in financial institutions wreathes with smiles the faces of presidents, found frowns and rebuffs. Thomas Brown had opportunities which he took vigorous advantage of to add to his large collection of enemies. He dealt out declinations as though they were dollars, and who does not know the courteous suavity of Thomas' No?

* * *

Even I. W. Hellman, whom so many of his compatriots had persuaded themselves was a Napoleon of bankers, did not rise to the occasion. For the most opulent of Reckendorffers he had slender consideration, and at the psychological moment he hied Los Angeles-ward. As ever happens, however, the misfortunes of others furnish the opportunity for the ability of one. The flurry made a single reputation—that of Charles Altschul, of the London, Paris, and American Bank. Sagaciously foreseeing the squeeze, he gathered coin from a variety of sources, until, on the eventful Friday, in the vaults of the institution he had a million and a quarter in gold. At the moment, he stood ready to pay out 85 per cent of his deposits. The concern's customers were not pressed for their overdrafts; few loans were called in. The result, Managers Greenbaum and Altschul found their office besieged by the magnates of the mercantile world.

* * *

In answer to all demands they explained they had coin for those who did business with them and for none others. The result was the opening of an immense number of new accounts, and the absolute transfer to the institution of some of the best people in town. It was a financial *coup* and must make a future difference of many thousands a year in the income of the London, Paris, and American. Among amusing episodes in the connection, it appears that some of the concern's new clients are directors in several other banks.

* * *

THAT THE entire responsibility of the Pacific Bank failure should be fixed on R. H. McDonald, Jr., and his brother Frank, is unfair. It is as though the other directors of the institution took no part in its management. As in all banks there is a financial committee to pass on loans, and it seems to me Captain Jim McDonald, who is everywhere regarded as the essence of conservatism, and the astute Doctor are as amenable to criticism as the younger men. There is no question but some very clever work has been done in the Pacific within the last year or so. In by no means so difficult a position as the previous year's record shows, was the bank that eventful Friday morning. In the meantime some shrewd deals had been made, and but for the drag of certain bad loans, I am half persuaded the concern might have pulled through.

* * *

So far as the *California Magazine* is concerned, it was really started to boom the John Brown Colony. It has been cleverly handled, however, and ought to prove in time a good property. The $60,000 of outlay represents the purchase of expensive presses and a large printing office—a justifiable output if one happens to have the coin to spare. I am sure the journal will continue in existence. Editor Holder is certainly to be congratulated on the July number, an exceptionally handsome publication full of first-class matter.

* * *

I MUST SAY that I sincerely hope that the proposition, recently made by circular letter to the members, to reduce the initiation fee to the Olympic Club from seventy-five to forty dollars, will meet with distinct objection and defeat. What the Club needs is not more members, for it is, if anything, already overcrowded, but members of a better order than a good many of those admitted of late years. I maintain that if a man cannot afford to pay the present initiation fee, in order to become a member of a club which extends to him as many advantages and comforts as the Olympic does, he had best remain out or join a less pretentious organization for the moment. It the Club is in need of money so badly I, for one, believe that a great majority of the members would consent to an increase in the dues, which are now most moderate for a club of such proportions.

* * *

The call made upon members for individual subscriptions of ten dollars each has met with a hearty response, and quite a goodly sum has already been added to the club coffers. This fact simply goes to support my belief that a slight increase in the monthly dues would be agreed to by all such members as wish the Club well and would like to see it out of debt.

* * *

While it is distinctly in advance of the season, the Olympics have already made a move looking toward the construction of a strong foot-ball team to wear the winged "O" when autumn comes. A committee of three has been appointed to confer with the collegiate teams and to arrange for a series of cham-

Dr. Hammond recommends as a certain cure for chronic dyspepsia and indigestion, chewing Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Gum after each meal for half an hour.

pionship games. The great Bliss, from Yale, has been engaged to coach the O. A. C. men, and it is fully intended that a team quite capable of coping with the best of the Coast college teams will be put in the field. Bliss is due here about the middle of July. I doubt if either Ricketts or Tobin will be seen in the new team. It will be hard to find men of equal value, too.

* * *

I am sorry to be obliged to announce that we have, by an unavoidable mischance, been deprived of what would, in all probability, have been a genuine dramatic treat. It was planned some time since as a brilliant *coup*, to present in the near future at Stockwell's a revival of that exceptionally clever and successful piece, "The Senator," with the advantage of including in the cast two of the original players, one of whom undoubtedly contributed then a major portion of the primary success, Mr. Crane to the contrary, notwithstanding. The plan was to have Mrs. Barrymore (Georgie Drew) appear in her original part of Mrs. Hillyer, Mr. T. D. Frawley (who is at present in the city) also in his original part, and the fascinating Miss Kathrine Grey, whose return was chronicled last week, in the *ingenue* role. Unfortunately, Mrs. Barrymore found it impossible to accept the flattering engagement, as her imperiled health, which keeps her at Santa Barbara, would not permit her to risk the rigors of the peninsular climate.

* * *

THE PROVERBIAL fish out of water enjoys a serene comfort of ecstatic degree as compared to a certain Fish of Oakland who, while profiting by the commendable trade of vending green groceries, is at the same time a prominent member of the Athenian Club. (Truly, this trans-aquatorial Athens of ours is *modern* to a degree.) It's a long time, a year or more ago, since Mr. Fish jumped out of what he thought pretty hot water, but since then he has been so high and dry, in the estimation of the other Athenians, that the story, even at this late day, is worth telling. Leading from the "chirps" room in the Club, are a number of bedrooms, for the use of bachelor members, *bien entendu*, and to these bedrooms may be laid the ignominious landing of the aforesaid Fish. Mr. Fish was placed in charge of a ladies' "chirps" and couldn't make up his mind as to whether the doors of these celibate cells should be closed or left open.

* * *

"Sam" McKee, who has the true spirit Isaak Walton in his angling after good jokes, was consulted, and declared, after mature thought and consideration of the immense weightiness of the question, that the only sensible solution of the perplexing problem was to remove the doors from their hinges and take them away entirely! This, he declared, would settle the thing, for it was clearly the propriety of the opening or the closing of these doors that was debatable. No doors to open or close, no question could ensue. What the "lady" chirpers thought of the unobstructed views of bare bachelors, or, more grammatically, bachelors' bare apartments, I can't quite say, but I know what those bachelors thought of Mr. Fish and how they honestly wished to get him well hooked and landed. A quiet cross-examination of either "Andy" Stone or of Mr. Alexander would, I think, furnish not only a complete substantiation of my amusing little tale, but a very clear idea of the piscatorial ambitions of a number of Athenians at that time.

* * *

RATHER an interesting rumor reaches me about a proposition made Justice McKenna by Mrs. Stanford. It is said he has been offered the position of legal adviser to the estate, at a very liberal salary, and is seriously contemplating accepting the place. Of course, it would be necessary for him, under the circumstances, to resign the Circuit Judgeship, to which President Harrison appointed him. What an interesting vacancy it would make for some aspiring Democrat. Mr. Cleveland would be given another opportunity of learning the number of enemies some especial lawyer happened to have.

* * *

Only one consideration prevents the immediate acceptance of this flattering offer, I am told. A Circuit Judge holds for life, and McKenna hesitates to leave so honorable a certainty for a place that, however desirable, could hardly be so permanent.

* * *

That Senator Stanford's death will precipitate several vacancies at Fourth and Townsend Streets, I am inclined to credit. Throughout that huge building there were any number of men who held their places on account of his good nature, and half a dozen, at least, by his sufferance. Now he is gone, however, it is doubtful if the immediate chiefs of these people will put up with them any longer, and I cannot but think what an advantage their loss would be to the institution.

* * *

I don't know, among my Eastern contemporaries, any two journals more radically opposite in manners and methods than the generally amusing and frequently brilliant *Town Topics* and the always "nice," if sometimes nauseous, *Vogue*. The opportunity presents itself this week to make a slight comparison between the somewhat strained humor of a certain paragraph in the former and the presumably quite sincere statement in the latter. The first witticism is as follows:

Ned—Hawwible about Cholly. Burned alive, don't-cherknow.

Ted—I wanterknow.

Ned—Yaas. House took fire in night.

Ted—Flames cut him off from escape?

Ned—Oh, no. Cut off his man, don'tcherknow. Left helpless. Hawwible.

* * *

The second witticism (unintentional) is taken from that column entitled "As Seen by Him," where "He" announces, with saline sobs between the lines, that blue flannels having quite "gone out" as yachting costumes, he fears, poor old chap, that there is only one recourse remaining, and that is to "bestow them on his man." Rattlin', devilish, jolly idea, to be sure.

* * *

HOW GREAT the influences of poker in a community of players is hard to reckon absolutely. That its fascinations appeal in the happy hours of childhood seems positive. Here is a story whose inference might be that in certain sections of the city careful parents begin the education of their offspring very young. It was a kindergarten, and in charge of the lowest class is a bright, young person who does not object to a little game of an evening. Strange as it may seem, her play is often as pretty as her face, and even in poker that is a consideration. She had gone from the room a moment, and the class took advantage of her absence to create a disturbance.

* * *

"Young ladies and young gentlemen," she said, in peremptory tones, "bring up your good cards, and I will deprive you of a single good mark each."

Nine little boys and girls toddled up to the desk.

There were but eight cards, however, and gazing severely out of her pretty eyes, the teacher announced:

"How's this; I'm one good card shy?"

A little tot in the background immediately came forward and put it in her hands.

The Witness.

Sherwood's Monogram is the leader among fine old whiskies.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

GEARY'S DEFENSE OF HIS BILL.

The last dying speech and confession of the Hon. Thomas J. Geary appears appropriately in Mr. R. H. McDonald's magazine. Mr. Geary does not say whether it was evil associations, or dime novels, or early indiscretions, or vaulting ambition, which brought him to this pass. As he is said to have been bright in his days of innocence, charity dictates that his present views on the subject of the Chinese should be ascribed to temporary aberration of intellect. It was when John Endicott's mind had begun to decay that he enforced the Exclusion Act of Massachusetts against the Quakers.

Mr. Geary does not enrich our anti-Chinese literature with original thoughts. His arguments are familiar to the class which has knelt at the feet of Dr. O'Donnell and Dennis Kearney. Years ago they carried conviction to the rabble of the sandlot. It is perhaps strange that one in Mr. Geary's station should draw his philosophy from the gutter and his facts from his imagination. It is odd that he should coolly assert over his own signature that the Chinese who are here are slaves, and still odder, that he should resurrect the venerable delusion that a hundred thousand white laborers stand ready to take their places if they were expelled. Such statements occasionally appear in newspapers which are edited for the gallery; but Mr. Geary ought to know better than to repeat them. He has lived here long enough to know that the Chinese in California are no more slaves than he is; that a Chinaman's allegiance to his company no more impairs his personal liberty than Mr. Geary's affiliation with the Democracy makes him the slave of Max Popper. If he does not know this he is not fit to discuss the Chinese question; if he does know it, and knowing it, states the contrary, his assertion cannot be described in Parliamentary language.

He declares that it is not fair to subject the California laborer to the competition of the Amoy workman who earns in his own country five dollars a month and lives on six cents a day. It is not so many years since Irish laborers in Ireland worked for six pence a day, and lived on four pence worth of potatoes and buttermilk. Ought we then to have shut the door in their faces? And if we had, how many valuable citizens we would have lost! As a matter of fact, if Mr. Geary's circumstances ever enable him to be an employer of Chinamen—as it may be hoped they will—he will find that the market price of labor in Amoy by no means governs wages in California. Our Chinamen demand just as high wages as white men, whether they are employed on ranches or in domestic service.

All this is aside from the Geary Bill. The atrocity of that bill springs from the fact that in order to pander to race prejudice, it discriminates against one only of the peoples which live among us, and that it empowers a collector of revenue to exile a man who is not even accused of crime, without a trial or a hearing. Mr. Geary is lawyer enough to know that in this country every man is entitled to his day in court: that right the Geary Bill attempts to take from the Chinese. He imposes on public simplicity when he likens his compulsory registration of Chinamen to the voluntary registration of voters. Voters register for convenience' sake, and need not register unless they choose. But under the Geary Bill, a Chinaman must register or be deported. There is no analogy between the two; a faint parallelism might perhaps be discerned if a citizen could be sent to the Cannibal Islands for not registering.

Mr. Geary's idea is that, by hounding the defenseless Chinese, he will make himself solid with the labor unions and the working classes. He had better be sure of that before he draws any more Geary Bills. Men's minds change as the years roll over. Prejudices are not eternal, nor blunders everlasting. The working class in this State are not starving, as they were in 1879, when they voted that they would not divide their scanty crust with the Chinese. They have learned much since the Comstock petered; bright mechanics are beginning to discern that the prosperity of the white workman depends on the output of the wheat fields, fruit orchards, and vineyards, which in its turn depends upon an adequate supply of Chinese labor. If the Chinese were driven out of this State to please Mr. Geary, the result would be a reduction of the wheat, fruit, and wine product; this would impoverish the cities, and would demoralize the market for white labor. The deportation of the Chinese, for which Mr. Geary's soul hankers, would operate precisely as the deportation of the Moriscoes from Spain did; the great farms in Spain ceased to produce, their owners had no money to spend, commercial paralysis ensued, and the industries in which white Spaniards were employed dried up. So here, if we get rid of our Chinese labor, the productive counties of the interior will cease to produce, their stagnation will react on all industries, and a mechanic will be lucky who gets a dollar a day. The stoppage of immigration from China has already set a limit to production; we are raising no more wheat, nor grapes, nor fruit than we raised eight years ago.

Mr. Geary ought to remember, too, that a man in his station sets an example to his fellow citizens; when he fathers brutal, and barbarous, and insensate legislation, he instigates brutal, and barbarous, and insensate speeches and acts among the ignorant. He inspires the foolish with a craze to imitate and out do him. Over in Oakland there is a Universalist minister who says that his name is Goodenough. He has just preached what he calls a sermon on the Chinese question, which is a very remarkable production. It is hard to say whether his law, or his facts, or his morals are most at fault. Like Geary he says that the Chinese are slaves, and the six companies slave traders, and like Geary he says that it is the Chinese who have kept Eastern settlers out, being obviously unconscious that eastern immigration was most active before the exclusion laws were passed, and declined from that date. The Reverend Mr. Goodenough says that the cruelty and the injustice of the Geary Act are not apparent to his "poor comprehension." On the quality of his comprehension the court is with him. Indeed it is a question whether a man who says that the President "conspired with the six companies to defeat the law," and that his refusal to advance out of his pocket money which Congress had carefully avoided appropriating, was "an unparalleled exercise of arbitrary prerogative," has any comprehension at all, and it is amazing that so intelligent a body as the Universalists should let him fill one of their pulpits.

Mr. Goodenough would not have spluttered such idiotic gabble if Mr. Geary had not set him an example. Others in a lower sphere of life have improved the same example in their own way.

The other day, a Chinese laundryman drove his wagon full of clean clothes down Octavia Street. It was a forlorn, wheezy, ramshackle object, lame in wheels and body, shaking from side to side as if it had a fit of asthma; the aged, bony horse tottered along with many a limp and many a heave, as much as to say, "You will drive me once too often." But the top of the wagon was new, being of freshly painted canvas, which shone in the sun. John took a great deal of pride out of that top. He surveyed it from various points of view with admiration. To him it was a work of art; and besides, it kept his clothes clean. Presently a customer's house was reached, and John carried in a bundle of clothes. While he was absent, two or three hoodlums gathered round the wagon, and one of them, seizing a small paving-stone, projected it so dexterously that it fell on the top and smashed the frail structure in. When John came out, the pride of his heart was a wreck. Seizing a pole, he gave chase to the hoodlums, who were scampering away as fast as their coward legs would carry them. The chase was hopeless. John returned to his wagon, and, seating himself on a doorstep, burst into tears.

One does not often see a Chinaman cry. Tears are not among their habits. While John sobbed, a party of carpenters and plasterers came out of a house which was going up. One and all fell to jeering him; they laughed at him, they hooted him, they taunted him. "Serve you right, you heathen; why don't you go to China? Have you registered?"

This put the finishing stroke to the poor pagan's sorrows. He climbed into his wagon, lifted the collapsed framework from his clothes, and drove on sadly, while his limping horse shook his head from side to side, as much as to say, "What can you expect in a country where they elect Geary to Congress?" These hoodlums would not have thrown that paving-stone if men like Geary had not educated them that Chinamen were fair game; the mechanics who jeered would have consoled poor John instead of hooting him, if men like Geary had not imbued them with the idea that sympathy with a Chinaman was "sickly sentimentality." In

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ROOMS MAY NOW BE ENGAGED

spirit, Geary is guilty of throwing that stone, and of deriding the victim of brutality.

If ever the day comes when the California workman thoroughly realizes that his bread and butter depend on Chinese labor on the ranches, politicians who have eaten dirt in the hope of pleasing the labor unions may find themselves in an unpleasant predicament. They will get just as much mercy from the laboring class as a fat bather in the tropics obtains from a shark. Mr. Geary appears to have read something of the history of the civil war. If he prosecutes his study of that interesting period, he will find that before the war there was a class which called the negroes "niggers," just as our anti-Chinese spouters call the Chinese "heathen hordes," and called the friends of freedom "black republicans," just as Geary calls the protests against the brutality of his bill "crocodile tears;" and he will also find that the people who used these pretty epithets lived to be buried so deep under a dung heap of obloquy and contempt that the angel of the Lord may have trouble to find them on the day of judgment.

John Bonner

San Francisco, June 28, 1893.

THE WINDOW AND THE ROAD.

The window is closed and the road is deserted. Nobody leans in the window. Nobody passes along the road; but they seem to regard each other, the road and the window, awaiting they know not what. The road like an idler, the window like a blind eye; but both empty. They have an air of wanting to see something. Where is he? Why does he not come, the traveler, player of the guitar and singer of fine songs, who should pause before the window, and, scaling the climbing roses, should put a flower plucked in the passage in the curls of the young girl bending out? Where is she, the lady with heart troubled by ballads, who would not refuse the flower offered by the vagabond of the road, and, in exchange for the blossom, would allow a touch of her lips, oh! so brief, to the mouth of the climber?

Or, a soldier on the way to glory might come toward the window and delay combats in one last adieu to the woman whose sadness would show the road that her heart was already bleeding from the wounds that her friend would receive in the wars.

But no; the window closed, the road deserted.

It is far from here that he goes who ought to pass here; it is on the other side of the house that the maiden watches when she should be spying on this side. Destiny rejoices in these mischances, cruelly amuses itself with misunderstandings.

The window deplores the desolate road! It is dull as a thicket without nests of birds, like a wood with no idyl, like an echo which hears no kisses. These things are melancholy if they do not serve for love. Sometimes, however, the girl, with a tardy presentiment takes it into her head to open the casement over the road where, guided by instinct, is to pass the lover for whom she hopes. But, when she leans out, he has already disappeared! and the window shuts again on the lonely road.

He (bitterly)—If I were rich you'd marry me fast enough!

She—Often have you praised my beauty, but never before my common sense!—*Truth.*

THE BISHOP'S BLESSING.

Dr. Scantifer, the Right Rev. Prelate who controlled the diocese of A., was a really good man, and—what is by no means the same thing—a really good bishop. Endowed with great abilities, natural eloquence, and wide powers of organization, he added to these qualities a large heart, a sympathetic nature, and a genuine unselfishness, which gained for him the affection of everyone; and it was generally agreed among those who are judges of such things, that if a saint *did* sit upon the English Episcopal Bench, that saint was Dr. Scantifer.

Wonderful tales were told by various fond mothers of the good which their offspring had derived from the Bishop's blessing. How little Johnny So-and-so, as had suffered from his birth with fits, had scarcely had a seizure since the episcopal hands had been laid upon his head; and how poor Mary Something-else, as had had to come away from service owing to incurable housemaid's knee, had got quite well, and gone to live with Lady What's-her-name—and all on account of the Bishop having spoke them blessed words over her. * * In fact, the ignorant and the superstitious in the diocese grew to regard his Lordship's blessing as a regular specific for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

One evening, now a good many years ago, the Bishop was sitting in his study after dinner, thinking out one of those admirable sermons with which he was wont to delight his hearers, when he was interrupted by the entrance of his butler with the announcement that some one had called to see him.

"Who is it, Sanders?" asked the Bishop.

"Wouldn't give his name, your Lordship. Said you wouldn't know it. But declares his business is most partic'lar, and that he must see your Lordship at once."

"What sort of a man is he?" was the Bishop's natural inquiry.

The butler coughed gently behind his hand.

"Seems a—er—a—common sort of man, your Lordship; dressed like a coachman or a groom out of livery. Any ways, he's very much upset and excited about something. And, really, I don't feel sure," he added confidentially, "that he is quite right in his head."

"Ah, poor fellow," his Lordship remarked, good-naturedly; "I dare say he's in some great trouble. Well, you can show him in, Sanders."

The butler departed and soon re-appeared with the stranger at his heels. He was a little old man, dressed (as Sanders had said) like a coachman or groom out of livery; his garb consisting of close-fitting breeches and gaiters, a tight green cutaway, and that eminently characteristic collar, which, standing stiff and upright, fails to meet in front by the whole width of the throat.

The Bishop bade him good evening, and asked him to be seated, regarding him the while with a look of mingled pity and curiosity.

"I am extremely sorry," the other began at once, in disturbed tones, "to trouble your Lordship at this hour of the evening." (The Bishop noticed how convulsively the old fellow's fingers kept opening and shutting upon the brim of his napless hat.) "But—but—I come to solicit your help on behalf of a poor young creature who" (the old man's voice quivered) "is on the very point of becoming a mother."

"Your wife?" asked the Bishop kindly.

The old fellow shook his head. "No," he said. "But she is very dear to me. Nay!" (speaking with quick earnestness, as he noticed the look which had appeared on his Lordship's face). "It is not what you think. It is all right. Before Heaven! it is all right. I am prevented by reasons which I may not tell from enlightening you further. But I swear, solemnly, that it is all right!"

"But in what way can I assist you?" asked the Bishop. "If it is a matter of money, or money's worth——"

"It is *not*," broke in the old man, energetically. "It is what money cannot buy. I want her, in this time of her great pain, and trial, and danger—I want her and her offspring to have—your blessing."

"My blessing!" ejaculated the Bishop, who was scarcely prepared for this kind of request.

"Yes, your blessing," repeated the other, with an almost painful eagerness. "I believe most intensely in the efficacy of a good man's blessing, especially when he holds your high and sacred office. * * * Do—*do* come and confer it, my Lord! I know it is a great thing to ask of you at this time of night; but I have a carriage ready at the door, in which you can drive there and back. And it will not take you very long, indeed, my Lord."

"Where do you live then?" inquired the Bishop, knitting his brows, and regarding his visitor with a hesitating and perplexed expression, as though he were doubting what to do.

"I have rooms at P——" he said, naming some well-known training-stables in the neighborhood, "where I am employed under Mr. F——. You will not be more than half an hour driving there, my Lord. Do, *do* come!"

"Very well, my friend. If the poor young mother of whom you speak will derive any spiritual comfort from my blessing, I will come. But," he added, "do not forget that miracles belong to the Almighty, and that even a Bishop's blessing is no talisman against danger."

His Lordship at once rang for his hat and overcoat, and, having given some instructions

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to the wondering Sanders, entered the queer old fellow's carriage, which was waiting at the door, and drove away with him in the direction of P——. In the course of the drive he tried to draw further particulars about the invalid woman from his companion; but the latter appeared too much excited and agitated to give any coherent replies, and, in the end, the Bishop gave up his attempts as a bad job.

When the carriage stopped the Bishop found himself at one end of a large courtyard, in front of a door, on either side of which, and above it also, lights were burning in the curtained windows. His companion tapped gently on the door, which was immediately opened to them by a man, dressed in black, and an eager, whispered conversation ensued between him and the queer old man, of which the Bishop caught just enough to hear that it related to the condition of the patient. When this was concluded, the old fellow laid his hand upon the Bishop's arm, and, requesting him to follow, led him up the stairs into a room above. Somewhat to his surprise, the Bishop, on entering, saw that the room was empty; but his companion, in an excited whisper, proceeded at once to explain matters.

"That was the Doctor," he said. "He told me that *the* moment—the supreme moment—was just arriving; and that it would endanger the poor young mother's life for anyone to enter her chamber now. But we are just above her here; and I want you to bless her from here, my Lord" (very excitedly), "to bless her from here!"

The Bishop, wonderstruck by the increased queerness of the circumstances in which he found himself, could not, at the moment, find words. The old man, whose face was working with the most painful eagerness and anxiety, seized him quickly by the arm:—

"Lose no time!" he cried. "For Heaven's sake, lose no time; or it may be too late."

Thus adjured, and feeling now certain in his own mind that this eccentric personage *was* a trifle demented, the Bishop folded his hands, and invoked a short blessing on the suffering woman's head.

"And her offspring," exclaimed the old man, on whose forehead the veins now stood out like cords from intense excitement. "Do not forget her offspring."

The Bishop complied with his request, and invoked a blessing upon the unborn child as well, his companion listening with a painfully strained eagerness to every word he spoke. At the conclusion, he again grasped his Lordship's hand, and thanked him in broken, heartfelt words.

"Be sure," he concluded, "if your blessings are fulfilled, and we are placed in a position to reward you—we shall not forget!"

"The poor old man is cracked, of course," he soliloquized as he drove home. "But if I have given him any comfort by what I have done, my extraordinary expedition to-night has not been thrown away. He has come down in the world, I should say, for he speaks like a gentleman. Everything about him is odd—very odd. I must try to find out more about him. But, on the whole, I'm glad I went."

The Bishop's attempts to find out more about his queer old visitor produced no result, for on calling at the stables a few weeks later, he was told that the man in question had left work there, and gone to another part of England, accompanied by the mother and child, both of whom had "got on" remarkably well. His Lordship, therefore, soon forgot all about him, until he was recalled to his memory, long afterwards, in the following remarkable way.

It was nearly four years later, and the Bishop was again seated in his study, after dinner, engaged on literary work, when Sanders, evidently bursting with suppressed excitement, brought in a card upon a tray.

"Who is it?" asked the Bishop, taking up the pasteboard and glancing at it through his gold-rimmed eye-glass.

The name he read was—"Sir John Kendric."

"Begging your pardon, m' Lord," said Sanders, who could contain himself no longer, "but it's that same queer old party as called here one night several years ago."

The Bishop gave a start. He knew Sir John Kendric by reputation: a wild, vicious old man, well, but not favorably, known on the Turf, of very eccentric habits and extraordinarily superstitious ideas. Was it—was it possible——

"Well, show him in, Sanders," he said.

The Baronet soon made his appearance, less seedily attired, indeed, than on the occasion of his last visit, but looking rather like a coachman out of livery, nevertheless.

"Good evening, my Lord," said Sir John, bowing. "When last I came, nearly four years ago, I was living, for reasons of my own, in an obscure privacy which I did not wish to have disclosed. I, therefore, withheld my name. Now, you see, I no longer desire to conceal it."

"I am pleased to see you," said the Bishop, with cold civility (for he drew his own conclusions about the reasons for Sir John's concealment of his name). "In what way can I serve you?"

"You remember," answered Sir John, in no wise abashed, "that on the former occasion when you obliged me so kindly, I said that, should your blessing be fulfilled, and should I be placed in a position to acknowledge it, I should not forget."

The Bishop nodded.

"Your blessing *has* been fulfilled—only today," continued the other, with scarcely suppressed excitement. "And I am come at once to keep my promise. I have here," taking a blue slip of paper from his breast pocket, "a check for a large sum, of which I pray your acceptance. Not for yourself," he added, quickly. "I should not, of course, insult you by doing *that*. But to be given by you, as a thank-offering, to any charitable object you may prefer."

As he spoke, he handed his Lordship the check.

"Good heavens, Sir John!" exclaimed the other, starting palpably as he saw the figure. "It is for an enormous sum—more than £4000!"

"It is precisely the amount which I vowed, under certain conditions, to give as a thank-offering," answered the Baronet. "And as such, my Lord, I beg you not to decline it."

"Under these circumstances, I should not be justified in doing so, I think," replied the Bishop. "But really, Sir John, your offering is so munificent——"

The Baronet, however, would not listen to any thanks. "A vow is a vow," he interrupted. "And I should be a greater knave than even *I* am, if I did not fulfill it. * * * I must be off now, my Lord; I have to catch a train back to 'town.' Good-night and good-bye."

So saying, and declining the Bishop's offer to stay and take some refreshment, he bowed himself out, stating that he was bound to be in London that night, and that he only just had time to catch the last train up.

When he was gone the Bishop examined the check more closely. "It is a princely offering," he said. "I—I think I was right in accepting it. It had better go to a charity than into the pockets of ballet girls or jockeys, on whom Sir John would, doubtless, otherwise have spent it. A regular profligate! but of generous impulses, and with a certain faith in religion, which many more reputable men are without. Superstition some might call it; but, at any rate, it is better than atheism. And what an odd sum to select! £4961! Perhaps the mother or child has been bequeathed a fortune, and this is an exact tithe. Or perhaps——. But it is of little use speculating in the case of so wild and eccentric a man! I *do* wonder, though, what has led him to give precisely this sum."

A few days later, however, his Lordship happened to call upon an intimate friend of his in the neighborhood, a country squire, to whom he related the story of Sir John's munificent gift and the odd circumstances under which it had been presented.

"I beg your pardon," his friend interrupted him towards the end of his account, with some evidence of excitement. "I beg your pardon. But what did you say was the precise figure of the check?"

"£4961," the Bishop replied.

Without further remark, his friend rose and hurried from the room, but soon returned, holding a current issue of the *Field* open in hand.

"Prepare yourself for a shock, Bishop," he exclaimed. "I have here the key of the riddle!"

"Yes! yes!" said his Lordship, very interestedly.

"On Wednesday last," his friend explained, "the very day of Sir John's visit to you, his horse, 'The Bishop,' ran first in the Derby, and the value of the stakes was—£4961."

"Good heavens!" gasped the prelate, turning pale. "I—I—don't quite understand. I—I—"

"The dates and circumstances place the truth beyond a doubt," was the decided reply. "It was no human mother and child that the superstitious old profligate called you in to bless, but the winner of this year's Derby and his confounded dam."

"Thank you for that last word," said the Bishop, with a sickly attempt at a smile. "I—I—might I ask you for a brandy and soda?"—*London Truth.*

AMATEUR SPORT.

The California delegation certainly had a run of genuine bad luck last week at the Eastern courses. Both the big Suburban and the much-discussed American Derby at Chicago proved to be aching voids, into which thousands of California dollars were tossed, never to be seen, or even so much as heard of, again. A run for their money would have been a partial encouragement, but even that was denied the followers of the various Coast stables. This is the first time in the history of the Derby, save on the initial event, that California has not been well up in the running.

The Keene pair in particular, though scarcely to be reckoned California representatives, were a dire disappointment to many out here. If either Chorister or St. Leonards had landed the event, the plucky young owner would have been nearly $100,000 richer.

The entire MacDonough string has been sent on from St. Louis to Washington Park, and though nothing very encouraging has been heard of since the transportation, I learn privately that the youngsters, in particular, are in very fine fettle. Reports from Fair's headquarters are by no means as encouraging; but I look for a better showing on all sides at Monmouth, and in the Autumn events.

Porter Ashe and Tom Williams are at it again, and the old feud has re-opened with redoubled vigor. As before, the beautiful sprinter Geraldine is the cause of all the trouble. She had been picking up stray purses at St. Louis, which, I opine, were more than acceptable to Porter, but ambition, which has been the undoing of even greater men, led the plucky San Franciscan to send the mare to Chicago after bigger stakes, and, as a result, Porter is minus his fair Geraldine. She was refused admittance at Washington Park until certain overdue accounts had been settled. Porter presumably couldn't pay, and he appealed to that usually shrewd and notoriously "lucky" Baldwin, and here's where the laugh comes in. Baldwin paid amounts exceeding $2000, and then the fine Italian hand of Mr. T. H. Williams became apparent. Geraldine is in the hands of the Sheriff, Porter is minus a purse winner, and the followers of the "Lucky" are asking, in the language of a celebrated M. C., "Where is *he* at?"

* * *

Yachtsmen are proverbially petulant, it must be admitted, but anything quite so amusing as Commodore MacDonough's conduct during the cruise up to Benicia last week it would be difficult to discover. A pretty girl piqued by a momentary conquest on the part of a rival would be mild compared to this good old tar's exhibition of temper. The "Jessie" and "Aggie" have always been rivals, and every time the syndicate boat has beaten MacDonough's craft the Commodore has taken it most seriously to heart. But for him to withdraw outright from the cruise of Saturday last, the moment the "Aggie" showed ahead, was the very height of folly and a cause of keen disappointment to all. The controvery which has since arisen between actings Commodore Weiland, Gutto, Spreckels, *et al.*, bids fair to furnish not a little gossip.

"Dolly" Spreckles is back again from his junket to the Islands, and as a result I hope to be able to chronicle something a little more enlivening in the yachting world. I often wonder why the jolly owners of the "Lurline" don't sigh for the green laurels of conquest, lay aside that comfortable craft for cruising purpose if they please, and build themselves a cup-winner.

There promises to be a good bit of promiscuous sailing during the holidays anent Independence Day. The "Mosquito" fleet will be out in force and all the bigger boats will carry parties of merrymakers. It is hard to tell now just how good a showing the crack craft will make in the Santa Cruz trip on the "Fourth."

* * *

San Rafael for the next few days will certainly be the Mecca of all who practice or admire the graceful game of tennis. I hear that unless all signs fail this year's tournament promises to put all such events of the past in the deep and dismal shade. The hotel is already crowded with men and girls whose sole interest in life seems to be centered on the smooth asphalt. One hears of nothing but this man's form and that man's practice all the livelong day. In point of social attraction the tournament will undoubtedly keep up to its reputation. Let us who abhor wilted linen and baked brains utter a fervent prayer that it won't be—well, any hotter on the courts than usual.

The absence of Taylor, Tobin, and Hubbard from the tournament is regrettable for the sake of the hosts of admirers of these brilliant players, but the interest in the other contestants is greatly enhanced thereby. I am in hopes that Wilberforce will manage to get himself into sufficiently good trim to show some of his old-time form. He is always good enough to be dangerous in well-nigh any company.

I had a good look at the courts on Tuesday, and I must say that a great deal of praise is due to all who have assisted in getting them into such splendid shape. Nothing better could be asked by the most fastidious player.

Californians may well feel proud of Taylor, the champion. He has been invited to play in the Essex, Massachusetts, tournament, and what is particularly flattering is the fact that but eight players throughout the United States have been invited to take part, and he is one of the octet. The brilliant young player is in good form, and has accepted the invitation and goes East very shortly.

Tobin and Hubbard are going to the World's Fair tournament to represent California, and both of them are now hard at work in practice at the California grounds. While it is somewhat too optimistic to look upon them as probable winners, I certainly believe that they will show much better form than they did last year. Hobart, I believe, is looked upon by the wise ones as the probable winner of the Newport tournament. Chase, the "boy wonder," has many staunch supporters, and quite justifiably too, for at times he plays a phenomenal game.

* * *

It's a pity we can't have an intercollegiate race out here between Stanford and the U. C. There is no prettier, healthier, or more exciting sport in the whole athletic world than team rowing, and I believe that we could arouse, proportionately, quite as much enthusiasm out here over a race between the rival colleges as one finds annually at New London or on the Thames.

* * *

The series of exhibitions in expert billiards, given during the week by that past master of the art, Schaefer, has aroused not a little interest in the beautiful game. The exhibitions given at the University, Olympic and Press Clubs have excited the ambitions of a number of the members of the various organizations, and I hear not a little talk of prospective tournaments and private matches. As a sport and a pastime, particularly in the winter months, billiards stands without an equal. The annual matches in the Union, and particularly the Racquet and Lamb's Clubs, in New York, are always events of much interest, in which betting plays by no means a minor part.

* * *

The Country Club members consumed a good many shells, and blazed away at a lot of birds last Saturday, at the Oakland Driving Park, but it seems that the interest in pigeon shooting is distinctly at a low ebb this season. A number of the members have made up parties for the holidays over the "Fourth," and will hie themselves away to the woods and to the banks of the purling streams, where the wily trout is alleged to dwell. I wish them plenty of luck, I'm sure, for I haven't heard of late of any big basket fulls to testify to the angling agility of the members.

THE STARTER.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1893, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1893.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery St., cor. Sutter St.—For the six months ending June 30, 1893, a Dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1893. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

San Francisco Savings Union, 326 California Street, corner Sansome Street; branch, 1700 Market Street, corner Polk.—For the half year ending with 30th of June, 1893, a Dividend has been declared at the rate of Five (5) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and Four and One-sixth (4 1/6) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, 1st of July, 1893.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., 441 California St.—A Dividend has been declared for the six months ending June 20, 1893, on the deposits in the Savings Department of this Company, at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits; payable on and after July 1, 1893.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Sec'y and Treas.

Security Savings Bank, 222 Montgomery St.—Dividends on term deposits at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of four and one sixth (4⅙) per cent per annum, for the six months ending June 30, 1893, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1893.

S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Secretary.

The California Savings and Loan Society, corner Powell and Eddy Sts.—For the half year ending June 30, 1893, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one sixth (4⅙) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of all taxes, payable on and after SATURDAY, July 1, 1893.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

Peoples Home Savings Bank, San Francisco. At a meeting of the Board of Directors, Dividend No. 10 was declared payable out of the profits of the bank, for the six months ending June 30, 1893, at the rate of 5 per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, and that the same be credited to the accounts and payable after July 1, 1893. J. E. FARNUM, Sec'y.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

MASKS AND FACES.

STOCKWELL'S.

It is a pleasure to be able to say some really nice things about a home-made theatrical performance, albeit the chance to do so conscientiously occurs but rarely. The production of "Maine and Georgia" at Stockwell's this week is honestly worthy of much praise, to be bestowed chiefly on the scenic effects and the stage accessories generally. Of the play itself there is little to be said, as it has been seen here before under the title of "The Man from Maine," produced, if memory serves me, at the Alcazar. Mr. Howard P. Taylor is given credit for the present piece upon the play bills, but just how much he did to alter and improve the original, I can't say. At any rate, I am inclined to praise the scene painter and the property man more than the playwright or even the performers. Of the latter, Stockwell, as might have been expected, gets the lion's share of the opportunities and consequently the major part of the applause. At times he is very funny in the character of the "Man from Maine," despite the fact that his comedy scenes are frequently lugged in by the heels with not a little marring effect upon the serious interest of the piece. Miss Brandon is interesting and conscientious as she always is, and her very pretty daughter, Polly, is entrusted with no less than three separate roles. The balance of the cast, while not interesting, are sufficiently capable to satisfy the average auditor.

THE CALIFORNIA.

After a fortnight of mixed-up minstrelsy and music, and Amazonian beauties in trunks and spears and armor, the transition to half a dozen rather fetching young girls in skirts, even only knee deep, so to speak, is rather pleasing to the eye. There is very little excuse for the existence of such a piece as "Sport McAllister, One of the 400." "Bobby" Gaylor, who calls himself "Robert" since he went a-starring, is funny in a way peculiarly his own, but his piece is the reverse of funny, in a way belonging to ninety-nine per cent of the farce-comedies we see. It seems really a pity that a lot of amusing, original, and capable people of the comic kind should so often be buried in the dreadful *debris* of inane plots, vulgar "gags," and senseless scenes, that make up the average farce comedy. Gaylor has a couple of songs that seem to find favor with gallery and parquette alike, but neither is new. "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" was introduced by Hoey, of Evans & Hoey of "A Parlor Match" fame, and "The Cat Came Back" has been hummed by hall boys and hackmen ever since Harlan introduced it into "Africa" a fortnight ago.

* * *

My musical *confrere* will tell you something about "Ali Baba," as they understand it at the Tivoli. He has ample opportunities to discuss it from a musical standpoint, and to heap blame or praise upon it without stint, for there are surely enough shoulders to bear the weight of criticism; I should say that at least a dozen composers have been levied upon.

* * *

Mr. Bouvier, of the Baldwin, is back again and already busy in the preparations for the re-opening of the house on the 10th. The fastidious Baldwin first nighter will find much to please him when he goes to see the opening performance of "Americans Abroad." Perhaps the most conspicuous improvement which has been made in the house will be found in the boxes. The proscenium loges furthest from the stage have always been objectionable, from the fact that the occupants of the stage box always prevented a clear view. The floors of the inside boxes will now be found eighteen inches above those of the stage, and as the partitions between the two have been superseded by brass grille work, a satisfactory sight of the play may be had.

* * *

Leoncavallo's opera, "I Pagliacci," seems destined to obtain a success equal, if not greater, than "Cavalleria Rusticana." It has scored a most distinct hit in New York, though rendered by a company of rather mediocre quality. Like his now renowned countryman, Mascagni, the author of "I Pagliacci" has departed entirely from the traditions; has done away with queens and courtesans as his heroines, and finds his chief characters among the peasant class. Much of the highly esteemed force and coloring of Mascagni's work is found in the virile strength of his characters and the simplicity of their surroundings. After the weird mysticism of the Wagnerian plots and the generally feeble tinsel and trinket atmosphere of the earlier Italian school, this recent departure by these two young composers may be said to mark a new era in operatic music.

* * *

The English adaptation of "I Pagliacci," under the title of "Punchinello," has likewise scored a marked success in London. The story told in the libretto, which, as well as the score, is the work of Leoncavallo, adapted from a familiar romance, is the somewhat threadbare tale of the clown who loves not wisely, but far too well. Spurned by his bucolic sweetheart, who plays fast and loose with a handsomer blackguard than the unfortunate Punchinello, the clown turns traitor, brings the husband of the rustic Phyrne upon a scene of her love-making, and tragedy results. Shall you not have a try at this reigning favorite for our benefit, Mr. Bauer?

* * *

Three sterling Eastern successes will follow one another in quick succession at the Baldwin. These are: "Americans Abroad," as portrayed by Daniel Frohman's clever players from the New York Lyceum, including, of course, the charming Cayvan, who, not satisfied with her Japanese wanderings of a year ago, is now doing Alaska, and the always popular, good-looking *premier*, Kelcey. After the Lyceum party, Palmer's players, headed by Barrymore, who, when he cares to, can act mightily well, will present Bronson Howard's success of last winter, "Aristocracy." Then Charles Frohman sends us his clever people from the New Empire Theatre, New York, in the popular, if somewhat highly colored, story of military life on the frontier, entitled "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

* * *

There's a certain young person, scarce out of her teens, who is appearing at the People's Palace under the name of "Dolores." Whether this young person suffers the seven sorrows for the seven deadly sins she commits against the canons of dancing I can't say, but if you would see her making her bow to the audience while her right foot is back of her left ear, you would agree with me in saying that the audience certainly suffers seven different kinds of emotions in as many minutes.

* * *

Frank Daniels has gone back to his old and time-honored success "Little Puck." He purposes testing California good nature again, but this time his "Little Puck" promises to be something on the order of the mammoth "Uncle Tomb's Cabin" companies, with two Uncle Tom's, half a dozen Little Eva's, and a score of bloodhounds. Daniels will have half a dozen "Idols," two or three Jinks Hoodoo's, and a score of school girls with about enough clothing for five well-bred young ladies from the "Academy." The California will regale us with this in the early autumn.

* * *

One of the particularly good things which the Hayman company is to present to us this season is the Urania spectacles. By the use of mechanical, scenic, and electrical effects some really remarkable reproductions of Yosemite, Yellowstone, and Geyser scenes are presented. Garrett P. Lewis, who used to be one of the New York *Sun's* "bright young men," is to accompany the exhibition as lecturer.

* * *

Oscar Wilde has certainly captured the critics of London town, and it seems that the general public has likewise become his bounden slave. So great is the success of his latest *mélange* of *bon-mots* and epigrams so called that it is expected to run through the entire summer season at the Haymarket in London. This same piece, "A Woman of No Importance," is scheduled for its first production in New York in the early fall, and the probabilities are that we shall not have a chance to see it out here for a year or more to come. "Lady Windemere's Fan," which had a long and prosperous New York run last season, is likewise a novelty to us.

* * *

Mr. Ellinghouse, of Stockwell's, tells me that the Powell Street house will positively remain open all summer, and that a number of novelties are already at hand, and every effort will be made to present a series of plays that will please. This is deliciously modest for a theatrical man and deserves space in consequence.

* * *

Mark Murphy, when he was with Murray as partner, used to be a "comical wee bit of a man." He comes to the California on Monday for the final week there before the closing spell. As usual he is accompanied by what is billed as "a bevy of beauties." We live in hopes. P. A. T.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE
HANDSOMEST THEATRE IN THE WORLD
AL HAYMAN & Co. ..... Proprietors
J. J. GOTTLOB ..... Manager

For One Week, Next Monday, July 3d
Extra Matinee Tuesday, 4th of July
"THAT SMART BIT OF A MAN"
MR. MARK MURPHY
Assisted by Sam J. Ryan and Clara Thropp, and a Company of 20 Fun Provokers, in the Operatic Irish Comedy Success
O'DOWD'S NEIGHBORS
NOTE Commencing July 10th, The California will Close for a period of Three Weeks, during which time the Theatre will be thoroughly renovated.

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE
L. R. STOCKWELL ..... Lessee and Proprietor
ALF ELLINGHOUSE ..... Manager

Monday, July 3d, Second Week
Matinee Saturday Special Matinee Tuesday, July 4th
The Spectacular Military Play
MAINE · AND · GEORGIA
SEE { The Great Battle Scene / Andersonville Prison
Next, - - ROGER LA HAUTE

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

NEW YORK, June 24, 1893.—This town is growing more and more like London every year. It used to be the fashion here to go out of town for a stay of three months during the dog days, but all that is changed now. The really fashionable New York season is not over five months in duration. The smart set leaves town by the first of May and scarcely ever gets back before the middle of November. Then when you subtract from the remaining weeks the number that are spent at Tuxedo, Lakewood, and the other favorite winter resorts, not to speak of Florida excursions, you get a fairly good idea of how little those who remain in town see of the fashionable set.

It happens, however, to be my privilege to get around among this same smart set a very good deal, whether they be here, at Newport or Lennox, guests of the Ponce-de-Leon, or riding in Rotten Row. So when I subscribe myself "Reflector," I beg you to believe that the great majority of the reflections set down herein are direct from the mirroring depths of "The Glass of Fashion" the world over, and not clippings from the press at large.

It amuses me to see, now and again, paragraphs in various papers about the *threatened* crinoline craze and efforts that are being made to "prevent its adoption." This is ludicrously absurd, for the crinoline has not only come among us in truth, but has been with us for the past eight or ten months and continues to grow in favor. Even in the fashionable yachting costumes of the period the excessive bouffante bell skirt is to be found in all its fullness.

I believe your belles at the Golden Gate do not go in very heartily for boating or sailing. It's a pity, too, because a pretty girl is never prettier than in a perfectly gotten up yachting costume. It is a distinctive dress in itself and generally most becoming. This season white duck, which lends its stiffness well to the enormous sleeves and shoulder draperies of the times, is quite in advance of anything else in point of popularity. Linens of all kinds are popular, and for cruising the warmer and stouter serges and mohair cloths are chosen.

We are surely returning with seven-league boots to the period of our grandmothers. This is in every sense the period of gayety, amounting at times to gaudiness in apparel. A great majority of the popular fabrics for summer wear are in brilliant colorings with profusely flowered and figured grounds. The old-fashioned brocades, with their rich combinations of figures and warm colors, will undoubtedly be held in high esteem this autumn. Fabrics of this description, when made up in the prevailing fashions, are extremely attractive.

Let me say here, so that we need not misunderstand one another, that the object of this communication is to reflect fashionable things as used by fashionable people, from the standpoint of an observer and not of a *modiste* or a milliner.

This is the time of year when the belle gives a great share of her attention to her hosiery. The reason for this is plain. My lady can't step from the launch to the deck of the yacht, mount the painfully perpendicular ladder to the box seat of the coach or dogcart, nor enjoy a siesta in a hammock, without running a very considerable risk of displaying at least a brief glimpse of one, and not infrequently both—well, ankles. Stockings this season are in keeping with the general richness and gayety of the outer garments. There are some exquisite creations shown in variegated patterns that fetch simply fabulous prices. Of course you have read or heard of the Infanta's weakness in this line. The gracious lady has in her wardrobe a number of pairs of stockings, with garters of great beauty and value to match, that in point of gaudiness of design and coloring would scarcely be considered good form in this country.

The well-dressed man is a matter of well-nigh as much moment nowadays as the woman. I think it is a good sign, too, that such is the case. In this Republican land of ours, we have set our faces against class discrimination by the use of titular appendage, but there is no reason why a man of gentle birth and good breeding should not be as different in appearance from the "mob," as he is different from it in manners. We can't prevent the lower classes from imitating our fashions, but we can and should be able to wear our clothes in a way that is as impossible to a clodhopper as modesty is to a Chicagoan.

The men are better dressed this year than ever before. Then again, there is a growing tendency to a departure from the painful sombreness of garb that makes the average lot of American business men look like a meeting of the Brotherhood of Advanced and Liberal-minded Burial Experts. In the way of cravats and neckwear generally, the colors are nearly as brilliant as those which make the women so distinctly striking this season. The rich combinations of East Indian patterns and the bright-hued plaids are much worn. Light blues and pinks, and even delicate shades of green, in light silks and lawns, are popular. The colored shirt and the white standing collar are quite the proper thing for morning wear, with tweeds or flannels *bien entendu*. In the soft and comfortable shirt, known to the medium-class habberdashers as the "Stanley," the proper thing to wear with the turned down collar is a scarf of the same material as the shirt itself. Madras cloth and Cheviots in light blues and pinks are good form.

Our belles are inclined to treat us to a very fetching display this summer in the line of stunning things in bathing dresses. When a woman has once paraded the sands at Trouville, she is inclined to be rather braver in her apparel when she takes her dip at Narragansett or on the Jersey shore. French women of the very swellest set are only too willing to appear in costumes that in beauty and point of brevity would simply paralyze a Philadelphia matron at Cape May, for instance.

The brave and athletic man who breasts the billows this year will be a far less displeasing sight than usual. The dreadfully ugly black dress that has been worn for many seasons has given way to bright and attractive stripes and solid colors, such as maroons and dark blues. THE REFLECTOR.

LUCILE & STONE,

Now in the White House Building, will remove temporarily on June 1st to 128 Post Street, until their new Building is completed, and will sell all Millinery at greatly reduced prices.

All householders know that in this season of house-cleaning it is money in their pockets to do business with a responsible firm that may be relied on to do first-class work. Such a firm is J. Spaulding & Co, whose Pioneer Carpet Beating and Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, at 353 and 357 Tehama Street are known throughout the city.

Madame Forbes, Modiste. Street suits a specialty. Rooms 5 and 6, 131 Post Street, over the Lace House.

The Woodland *Democrat* is talking politics already: "Of all the tales which the Republican organs are now trying to impose upon the people as truth, none is more mythical than the charge that the Democratic administration is responsible for the dire result of the Sherman law."

GRAND

Midsummer Clearance Sale!

Cloaks, Dress Goods,
Silks, Laces,
Ribbons, Parasols,
Men's Furnishings,
Gloves, Corsets, Hosiery,
Underwear,
House Furnishing Goods,
Lace Curtains,
Linens, Etc.

AT SWEEPING CUTS IN PRICES

J. J. O'Brien & Co

Murphy Building, - Cor. Market and Jones Sts.

HOTEL RAFAEL

San Rafael, Marin County, Cal.

Now Open For Guests

FOR ACCOMMODATIONS APPLY TO

CHAS. PETERSEN, - 124 Sansome St., S. F.

—OR—

O. M. BRENNAN, - - Manager Hotel Rafael

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN'S LAUGH.

She laughed, laughed, laughed, shaking all her white hair, and her rings, in the outbursts of laughter, jingled on her slender fingers. Truly, I had never seen an aged person show good humor to that free and persistent extent. She scarcely awoke, whether it was sunshine or rain, before she began to laugh. She burst out during breakfast burst out at the window, burst out when in the street, and they assured me that at night, between the ghastly shrouding sheets, she burst out again. As one may well think, I was astonished to see such a laugher at an age when the melancholy of the close of life overwhelms us. One day I went up to where she sat laughing on her doorstep.

"Existence must have been kind and pleasant to you," I said, "since you are so joyful."

She held her sides. "Ah! no. Ho, ho, ho! Not so, my dear sir," she answered with redoubled laughter. "Existence has been cruel and contrary to me as to the rest of the world. Young girl, I loved; but he whom I adored lied in saying that he loved me. Ah! what tears I wept for the double treachery the day when he married my best friend! Young woman, I vowed honest and faithful tenderness to the husband given me, but the ingrate scarcely concerned himself about me; his days devoted to ambition, his nights to gambling and debauchery. Ah! what tears fell upon the window, black with shadows or livid with the moon, through which I vainly watched for his return! Then, in rage and supreme hope, passion carried me to a lover who promised eternal ecstasy. But, after clasping me to his cowardly heart, he went away disdainfully. Ah! what sobs at night in the carriage before the door where I had seen him enter with another woman, whom I hated and pitied!"

"Alas! little old lady," I said, "you have memories that cannot cheer your soul.'

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! my good sir," said she, always laughing. "For, growing old, I soon learned that in this world, where death alone is real and certain, it is chimerical to believe in the realization of dreams! Besides, the dreamed-of joys, even if one obtained them, are not worth—such happiness is denied us—the pains that one takes to hope for them, nor the chagrin that one would have to lose them, and I laugh, my good sir, I laugh to have foolishly wept so much."

No more beautiful spot than El Campo. No more delightful ride on the bay. Nothing to offend the most fastidious will be permitted. A grand concert, under the leadership of Prof. Marcus M. Blum, every Sunday. The following is the programme for Sunday, July 2d.

PART FIRST.

1. Grand March, "Greeting to El Campo"....*Blum*
2. Overture, "Bohemian Girl".....*Balfe*
3. Gavotte, "Princess" ....*Czibulka*
4. Grand Selection, "Maritana".....*Wallace*
   Introducing Solos for Cornet, Euphonium, and Basso.
5. Waltz, "Homage to the Ladies".....*Waldteufel*
6. Medley, "Black Brigade".....*Beyer*

PART SECOND.

7. Overture, "World's Fair Jubilee".....*Williams*
8. Caprice, "Moonlight on the Lake"....*Rollinson*
9. Selection, "Ernani".....*Verdi*
   With Solo for Baritone.
10. Waltz, "After the Ball".....*Harris*
11. Grand Medley of National Melodies.....*Moses*
12. Galop, "Up and Away."....*Brooks*

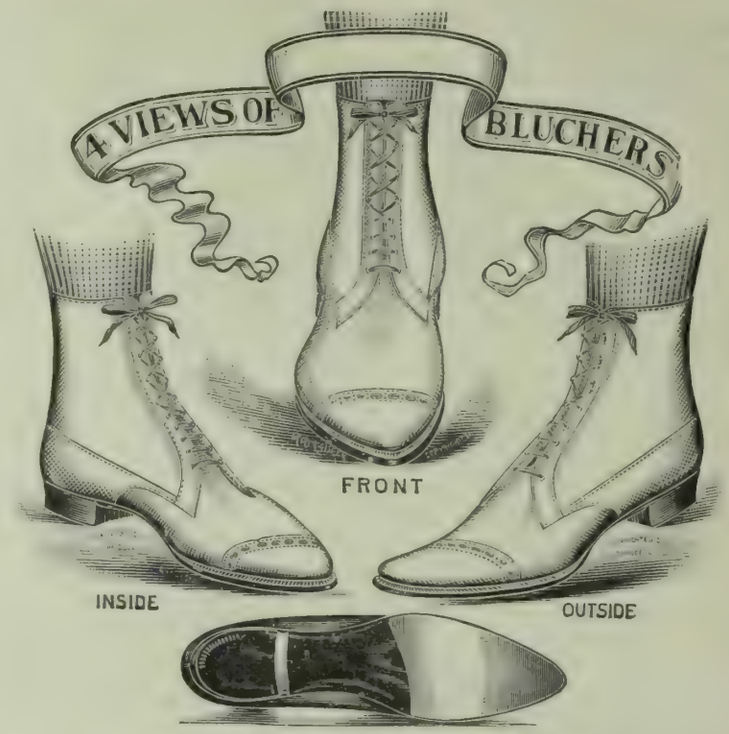
THE LATEST SHADES IN STATIONERY.

Apple Green and Royal Court Blue are the popular colors now being used in fancy correspondence. Those who desire to keep abreast of the dictates of polite society should call on Sanborn, Vail & Co. and secure a box of these fine papers. At this store can be found the finest designs in letter paper, writing materials, cards, cases and desk decorations.

"Quips," of Buffalo, says that about five years ago John Ruskin wrote the following effusion:

"St. Peter went to fish,
When sprats were twopence a dish;
But St. Peter went to preach
When sprats were twopence each."

I meet ye on the avenue,
So daintily bedight,
From straw *chapeau* to dainty shoe,
All sweetness and all light;
Ye peerless maids of summertime,
I wonder who ye be,
But whence ye come, or what ye are,
Ye bringeth joy to me.



Call and see these new styles -they are all the rage

TAN RUSSIAN CALF BLUCHERS, $3, $4, $5, $6.

GREAT COMBINATION SALE OF Fine Shoes

Buy of the Manufacturer and Save Jobbers', Drummers' and Agents' Profits

NOLAN BROS. SHOE CO.

Successors to Nolan & Sons

812 and 814 MARKET STREET - - SAN FRANCISCO

LARKSPUR INN

THIS DESIRABLE

Summer AND Winter Resort

—IS—

NOW OPEN

FOR THE SEASON

Lawn Tennis Telephone and Telegraph
Salt Water Bathing
Livery Connected with Hotel

The Most Equable Climate in Northern California.

HEPBURN & TERRY, Mgrs.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the center of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and earthquake proof. Has nine elevators. Every room is large, light and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way and tropical plants are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure rooms in advance by telegraphing.

THE PALACE HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The infinite complexities of admirably involuted plots compel the bitter end perusal of the literary efforts of Miss Amelia E. Barr. The idea of pausing on the tender side of the climax would be as obnoxious as listening to tuneful musical phrases punctuated with indefinite gaps. A redeeming feature is her style, readable and rather graceful, whose characteristics aid the tired mind to comprehend her immitigable catastrophies. "A Singer of the Sea" is like the rest of the Barr series. The heroine is our old friend, pretty, thoughtless, wayward, wicked, pert, repentant. There is a naughty, fascinating man very much in the foreground, and a true-hearted, stupid lover always blocking the horizon; a strong old father and a tender mother, and you have the earth works for this commonplace structure; it is abominably overdecorated in places, but there is nothing really bad in it—the type of story one gives to one's country cousins. There is only one theory in the book—that the fisher people love more and longer than any other class, and that because they are between life and death. At every sailing the husband goes with the kiss of eternal farewell, knowing not what may be in the wind for him. He returns and it is as though from the grasp of death. There are a few bits of sea songs which are rather pretty.

"All Along the River," by M. E. Braddon, has none of her customary freshness; it is hard and unnatural, and the heroine is guilty of the unpardonable sin of being too long a dying. Die she does, but only after much preparation and dismal repentance, the verdicts of innumerable doctors, and the reading of Italian testaments. In the end, it appears she was more sinned against than sinning. Rather a rare sort of creature this heroine, one of those pale, lily-like damsels Miss Braddon delights in drawing. Before dying, she sees the ghost of her lover, and one is obliged to feel sorry for the poor, long-suffering husband, that he cannot follow them into the next world and see that the flirtation is not continued. The only refreshing character in the book is Colonel Disney's sister Allegra. She says: "I have grown up to match my name; if I had been christened Penserosa, I might have been quite a different person."

There is a pretty and decidedly graphic description of the English cemetery in Rome, and of the slab which records Shelley's death and the death of that faithful friend who was laid beside him sixty years afterward.

The only pleasure I had in "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib," by Sara Jeannette Duncan, was the unsatisfactory one of anticipation. Chapters of the first part of the book are not so bad, but it is full of dismal platitudes. That they are given us in the writer's best, jerky style is true, but even that palls after a few chapters of nothing else. It drags and halts until one wishes young Brown or his wife or both of them would contract jungle fever.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib," by Sara Jeannette Duncan. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"A Singer of the Sea," by Amelia E. Barr. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"All Along the River," by M. E. Braddon. Cassell Publishing Company. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

The San Jose *Mercury* says: "The people of California are interested in the proposed Mid-winter World's Fair for many reasons, not the least of which is that they would like to see San Francisco get up and do something."

Delbeck "Extra Dry"

CHAMPAGNE

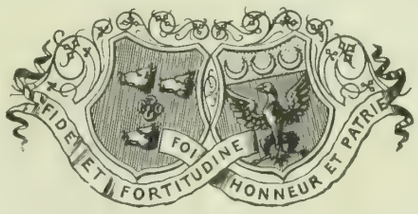
DELBECK & Cie EXTRA DRY REIMS

The Perfection of a Dry Wine

THE BARTON & GUESTIER

(Established 1725 Bordeaux.)

Clarets, White Wines and Olive Oils



JAMES DE FREMERY & CO

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General Agents for the Pacific Coast.

Rents

Our Renting Department is under the management of experienced hands and is one of the best equipped in the city. Our terms for Collecting Rents, Placing Insurance and Renting Houses are moderate and we Guarantee Satisfaction.

BALDWIN & HAMMOND

10 MONTGOMERY STREET

SIMON & ROBERT

French Ladies' Hairdressers

ARTISTS IN BANG AND WIG MAKING

THE BEST HAIRDRESSING PARLORS IN S. F.

221 Powell Street, Cor. of Geary

ASSESSMENT NOTICES.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE. UTAH CON MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth day of June, 1893, an assessment (No. 18) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 58, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eighteenth day of July, 1893, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the fifth day of August, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

Office—Room 58, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE—HALE & NORCROSS SILVER Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the first day of June, 1893, an assessment (No. 104) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary at the office of the company, room 26, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on TUESDAY, the 25th day of July, 1893, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 18th day of August, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees. A. B. THOMPSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

PERSONAL.—THE BEAUTY OF THE ROMANS WAS largely due to fine unguents used in their famous Roman Baths, and Dr. O. P. Brown's celebrated HERBAL TISSUE BUILDER is a Roman Oil which has a wonderful effect on the skin, acting as a plumping, beautifying, clarifying, absorbent Tissue Food, Skin Tonic and Wrinkle Fraser. Most skins, hungry for nourishment, absorb it as thirsty plants do water. Send 10c. for sample, testimonials and Lady's 8-page paper illustrating Woman's Life and treating on care of face and body. J. GIBSON BROWN, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Wife of the County Clerk of El Dorado County, Placerville, Cal., writes Nov. 25th, 1892:—"It is the finest preparation for the skin I ever used—makes the skin white, clear, and like satin, etc."

PACIFIC TOWEL CO.

No. 9 LICK PLACE, San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone No. 1780. GEO. E. MOORE PROPRIETOR.

HOTEL VENDOME, SAN JOSE

"California's Favorite Summer Resort." *"The Haunt of the Elite of the Coast."*

This Hotel is the most commodious and comfortable in the country. With its charming grounds, beautiful drives proximity to San Francisco, elegant appointments, and unexcelled table, it is an ideal abiding place.

Terms Reasonable GEO. P. SNELL, Manager

Mount Hamilton Stage Company and Hotel Vendome Stables

Daily Stages for Lick Observatory leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M., returning about 6:00 P. M. Saturdays only Stages leave at 12:30 P. M. For further information, address F. H. ROSS & SONS, San Jose.

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WHISKEY

VERY OLD

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THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO.

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Fine Fancy Shirts

Negligee Shirts

Summer Underwear

POPULAR PRICES

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The Latest Parisian Fashions in Hair Dressing

MME. J. PHILLIPS

Ladies' Hair Dresser, Hair Culturist and Toilet Artiste

836 MARKET STREET

Importer of Human Hair Goods and Toilet Articles for Private and Stage Use.

Private Rooms for Hair Dressing, Shampooing and Tonic Treatment.

HAYWARDS PARK

At the Terminus of the Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway.

Romantic walks; mountain streams; dense woods; secluded lunching places; mineral springs; beautiful banks of ferns, maiden-hair and wild-flowers.

Cars connect with all broad-gauge local trains at Twenty-third avenue, Oakland; also, with narrow-gauge at Thirteenth and Franklin Sts.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

As yet no solution of the silver problem has been solved, and financiers and Congressmen have filled columns in the different newspapers as to the best way out of the difficulty. President Cleveland has convened Congress in extra session, and though the impression is that the Sherman Bill will be repealed, still nothing is offered in lieu thereof. Though the Democratic party had in its platforms and resolutions that it was in favor of the remonetization, President Cleveland ignores it and wishes for the demonetization of silver. Although at the first alarm silver declined to 62 cents per ounce, since then it has reacted and now is about 73.

In banking circles the alarm about the stringency of money is about over and everything is moving along smoothly, and though no loans are made, still accommodations are rendered to regular customers. Much of the alarm in financial circles was created by newspaper articles tending to show overspeculation and inflation in value. To show how much reliance can be placed on such reports, we note the last few days news was received that in Paris the so'diers are being called out to suppress the riotous students and workmen. Now, we all know where ever a country is in turmoil, its bonds decline, for capital takes the first alarm; in the last few days French rents (bonds) have increased in va'ue from 96 francs to 97 francs and 20 centimes.

In mining marts everything is on the down grade and business is at an ebb tide at the Stock Boards. In fact, so dull is it, that the old question of selling the Pine Street building is being revived, this time at a figure that will bring a purchaser. This will, no doubt, be the principal topic of discussion at the annual meeting this month when new officers are being elected. At no time since 1884 have prices of shares been so low; at that time the highest stock on the Comstock Lode sold for 60 cents, at present but two stocks, Ophir and Con. Virginia and California are selling above $1 per share. At the present selling price (Thursday morning's board) the whole Comstock Lode was selling for less than $1,000 000. Now, the question is, can these low figures prevail and can the controllers of the mines, the owners of the Virginia and Truckee Railroad, the many different mill owners, the contractors who supply wood and water (Mackay and Flood are said to realize $600 000 per year from this source alone), allow them to still farther descend, and become so low that assessments cannot be collected? We do not believe all these interests will be allowed to be jeopardized, and therefore are of the opinion that a revival will come, and that speedily.

During the present month, assessments to the amount of $180,000 will fall due on the various mines on the Comstock; something must be done, or none of this can be collected. The various Secretaries have posted the financial condition of the mines; those having cash on hand July 1st are: Bodie Con., $8724; Bullion, $19,443; Con. California and Virginia, $61,312; Caledonia, $8856; Gould and Curry, $15,582; Mexican, $7871; Ophir, $7762; Sierra Nevada, $10,819

Among those that report an indebtedness are the Belcher, $2375; Best & Belcher, $4495; Crown Point, $8 38; Hale & Norcross, $8177; Potosi, $28,980 (with bullion to be received); Savage, $7554.

From the North End mines no news of importance has been received. The Con. Virginia during the last week extracted 245 tons of ore, and shipments to the Morgan Mill amounted to 598 tons; average assay value car samples was $31.47. Bullion on hand in assay office, $12,334. Two winzes have been sunk from the 1500 foot level in the openings. A quartz formation was encountered, showing narrow streaks of ore that assay $20 per ton. Nothing new from the 1650 foot level. Nothing but progress work in the Ophir, Mexican, Sierra Nevada. From the Middle Mines the Potosi reports that during the past week 650 tons of ore were extracted and sent to the Nevada Mill. Shipped to U. S. Mint, Carson, 400 pounds of crude bullion. Nothing to report from the 930 or 1000 foot levels. At the Gold Hill group Belcher, Crown Point, and Yellow Jacket are making but a poor show, and the 1100 foot level of the latter is expected to be a failure; the ore assays but $15 per ton.

News from California mines is scarce. From local source we get the following: Quite an excitement was created at Irmaville, Amador County, by the news that a strike was made at the Irma Mine. The ledge is over two feet wide and prospects $20 per ton. The Caldwell Mine, located at Wet Gulch, Calaveras County, has resumed work. The former working of the mine was highly remunerative to its former owners.

All the rock was hauled to a mill twelve miles and paid $40 per ton; the late workings have paid $16 per ton, and are worked in a small prospecting mill at the Oro Fino Mine, El Dorado County. Forty men are employed; there are about 300 tons of ore on the dump ready to be crushed.

At the Montezuma Mine, Inyo County, the leaching process of working ore is being used; the ore carries from $8 to $30 in gold and 18 to 20 ounces in silver; none of the lead is saved, and of the ore it carries 28 per cent; the concentrates obtained by leaching are worth from $1600 to $1800 per ton. There is on the dump ready for working at least 2000 tons. A company is being formed to buy the Ward Mine, Green Creek. The price is $16,000.

A strike was made this week at the Lupin Gravel Mine; the gravel pays from $1.50 to $2 per pan.

A prospect is being worked at the Mammoth Consolidated Mining Company, Placer. From a single pan of dirt there was secured $10 in coarse gold. Six hundred dollars in gold was obtained of Cook & Co. from their Placer Mine, Soda Creek, Plumas County, the result of the summer's work.

The Stock and Bond Board has not yet resumed business. Their vacation extends the balance of the week, so we cannot report the prices of local securities, although a small lot of Spring Valley Water sold at $96½ at the San Francisco Board.

SURETY.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists, in 50c. and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well-informed you will not accept any substitute if offered.

SEA BEACH HOTEL

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The leading Family Hotel, located on a bluff commanding a view of the beach, mountains and Monterey bay, the finest land and marine view on the coast. The beach is unsurpassed, and plunge baths have been erected to accommodate those not familiar with surf bathing. Electric cars connect the beach and hotel with the cliffs and all parts of the city. The hotel is well equipped, having modern improvements, a ball-room, tennis court, croquet grounds, billiard parlors, club-rooms and an orchestra.

FOR TERMS, ADDRESS

JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

HAPPY IDEAS.

Staylate (yawns)—Excuse me.
Ethel Knox—Certainly; good night.—*Vogue.*

"They are the closest of friends."
"Yes; I never knew one of them to lend the other a cent."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

"How did he propose to you?"
"He never did. He was smart enough to take it for granted."

"Yes, we sent Archie out West to grow up with the country."
"And did he?"
"No; he *went* up with it."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Mrs. Jabber—I hear your husband ran off with the cook. That's too bad.
Mrs. Coolcuddle—Oh, it wasn't our cook.—*Town Topics.*

Fitz Pappy—Aw, Miss Edythe, may I have the delightful pleasure of riding home with you?
Edythe—No, thanks, Mr. Fitz Pappy, but you can watch me start if that will be any satisfaction.—*Vogue.*

She—What makes the man?
He—Worth.
She—And the woman?
He—Worth, sometimes.—*Vogue.*

Maiden—My extremity, sir, is even greater than it seems.
Knight Errant—Another girl who pinches her feet.—*Town Topics.*

Eulalie, Eulalie, where have you been?
"I've been to Chicago to see their Queen."
What did you think of her, Eulalie, dear?
"The toughest of matrons I've met over here."
—*Town Topics.*

A PROPOSAL.

Timed by the rhythm of a languid strain,
Leaning together in a waltz we turned;
And a pent passion in my being burned
Till dumb endurance grew a very pain.
Yet I was silent, deeming speech in vain;
Surely, as one in nether hell, I yearned—
Why should I climb to heaven to be spurned,
Why pray for what I never could attain?

The music throbbed. Across my lips there swept
A flame of hair. And then—I know not why—
But, seeing by her lashes that she wept,
I dared my hopeless love to testify.
O God! against my side her heart upleapt
In sudden, silent, passionate reply.

GRANITE DUST. R. C. MACFIC.

THE NEW EL CAMPO.

On Sunday last the fine steamer "Ukiah" left her moorings with a large crowd of San Francisco's best people on board bound for El Campo. These grounds were opened on that day as a first-class Sunday family resort, dancing not being one of the features. It is the intention of the management to make this place popular by furnishing the best of music and refreshments, the price of the latter being in keeping with good service.

WILSHIRE'S LATEST MOVE.

The Wilshire Safe and Scale Co. have removed to the large and commodious store, 6 California Street, near the junction of Market Street. Mr. W. B. Wilshire, the head of this Company, has been in the safe and scale business in this city for many years, and has succeeded in establishing a good name for his goods on this Coast. "The Wilshire Safes and Buffalo Scales" can be found in all the towns and cities and have stood all the tests of severe fires, and withstood the tests of burglars.

A young African, fresh from the rural districts, was being interviewed a few days ago by her prospective mistress with a view to finding out her capabilities as housemaid. Among other things, it having been mentioned that waiting upon the table would be included in the duties, the girl suddenly interrupted with the announcement: "Well, if you does your own reachin' and stretchin' I'll come for six dollars a month, but if I got ter do yer reachin' and stretchin' for yer, I axes eight."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Delbeck "Extra Dry"
CHAMPAGNE

The Perfection of a Dry Wine

THE BARTON & GUESTIER
(Established 1725 Bordeaux.)
Clarets, White Wines and Olive Oils

JAMES DE FREMERY & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO
General Agents for the Pacific Coast.

Rents
Our Renting Department is under the management of experienced hands and is one of the best equipped in the city. Our terms for Collecting Rents, Placing Insurance and Renting Houses are moderate and we Guarantee Satisfaction.
BALDWIN & HAMMOND
10 MONTGOMERY STREET

SIMON & ROBERT
French Ladies' Hairdressers
ARTISTS IN BANG AND WIG MAKING
THE BEST HAIRDRESSING PARLORS IN S. F.
221 Powell Street, Cor. of Geary

ASSESSMENT NOTICES.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE—UTAH CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth day of June, 1893, an assessment (No. 18) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary at the office of the company, room 58, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eighteenth day of July, 1893, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction: and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the fifth day of August, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

Office—Room 58, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE—HALE & NORCROSS SILVER Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 21st day of June, 1893, an assessment (No. 104) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary at the office of the company, room 26, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on TUESDAY, the 25th day of July, 1893, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 18th day of August, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale By order of the Board of Trustees. A. B. THOMPSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MOTHERS SAMARITAN POWDERS are a Positive Cure for MORNING SICKNESS.
One Box containing 12 Powders will be Sufficient to Cure Any Case.
SAMARITAN POWDER CO.
Box 214.
Price, $2.00. OAKLAND, - - CAL.

PACIFIC TOWEL CO.
No. 9 LICK PLACE, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone No. 1780. GEO. E. MOORE PROPRIETOR.

HOTEL VENDOME, SAN JOSE
"California's Favorite Summer Resort." "The Haunt of the Elite of the Coast."
This Hotel is the most commodious and comfortable in the country. With its charming grounds, beautiful drives proximity to San Francisco, elegant appointments, and unexcelled table, it is an ideal abiding place.
Terms Reasonable GEO. P. SNELL, Manager

Mount Hamilton Stage Company and Hotel Vendome Stables
Daily Stages for Lick Observatory leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M., returning about 6:00 P. M. Saturdays only Stages leave at 12:30 P. M. For further information, address F. H. ROSS & SONS, San Jose.

INSURE WITH THE
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.
CAPITAL: $1,000,000 ASSETS: $3,000,000
The FIREMAN'S FUND is one of the Most Reliable Insurance Companies in the World.
ITS RECORD FOR HONORABLE AND PROMPT PAYMENT OF LOSSES IS FIRMLY ESTABLISHED.
THE HOME OFFICE OF THIS COMPANY IS
401-407 CALIFORNIA ST.
SAN FRANCISCO

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OF LONDON
Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720
CAPITAL PAID UP, - - - $ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS, - - - - - - - 21,584,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, - 8,980,251.00
Robert Dickson, Manager, San Francisco.
City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery St

FIRE
LION FIRE INS. CO., of London. Assets, $4,712,747. Commenced in Cal. 1879
IMPERIAL INS. CO., of London Assets, $10,190,349. Commenced in Cal. 1859
WM. SEXTON, Manager R. C. MEDCRAFT, Sub-Manager
Pacific Department, 214 SANSOME ST., S. F

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT
Guardian Assurance Co. Of London Established A. D. 1821
Paid-up Capital - $ 5,000,000
Cash Assets - - $23,194,249
Sun Insurance Office Of London Established A. D. 1710
Cash Assets - - $10,117,045
Assets in America $2,510,368
WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

AACHEN AND MUNICH
Fire : Insurance : Company
OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY
ESTABLISHED 1825
Capital, $2,250,000.00 Total Assets, $6,854,653.65
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT:
312 PINE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., - - - GENERAL MANAGERS

AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE CO., of New York
BRITISH AMERICAN ASSURANCE CO., of Toronto
WESTERN ASSURANCE CO., of Toronto
A. R. GURREY, Manager C. A. STUART, Asst. Man
Pacific Department, 423 California St., S. F.

OFFICE DESKS
BANK AND SCHOOL FURNITURE
Andrews Upright Cabinet Folding Beds
THEATRE AND CHURCH CHAIRS
C. F. WEBER & CO. Post and Stockton Sts. SAN FRANCISCO.

THE SOUL IN THE CORNER OF THE WOODS.

CATULLE MENDES.

One moonlight night in winter, at the time when I was a highwayman on the main road—and then I did not think at all of the fine rhymes of sonnets that I should make later—I saw lying in the herbs on the verge of the forest a Soul, a frail little Soul who, there, all alone, had gone to sleep—yes, there, alas! ah, alas! there! And at first I turned away from her. For what had I to do with a soul? What I needed was a peddler with full money-bag, or some farmer returning from the fair where he had sold his chickens and calves.

How unexpectedly—not having eaten since the partridge that, two days before, a poacher of my acquaintance had given me, and which I, already famished, swallowed all raw with its feathers—with what sudden fury I should have assailed the passer-by laden with money! and if he had hesitated to hand over his funds to me, I should have strangled him without remorse, thinking of the good meat and fine wine in the neighboring inn, kept by a famous receiver of stolen goods. Certainly I could have had no remorse, being hungry! A hundred times I had stolen, twenty times I had killed, and I had the peaceful conscience of an infant or of a wolf. As to the little Soul asleep there, she could be of no use to me.

I was going to follow my path when, in spite of myself, I looked at her again. It seemed to me that she sparkled under the moon, that she was all clothed with diamonds and amethysts! To tell the truth I had never seen such fine gems; I learned later that the amethysts were Dreams, that the diamonds were Glories. I made a rush, my hands reddened by rapine, and I took the Soul by the throat.

"Ah! do not strangle me!" said she, rousing with a start. "All that you desire I will give you. If you do me no harm I will even give you another diamond that I have not upon me, that I bear within me, the purest, the most beautiful of all, Love! Only be gentle with me—it is all that I ask of you—and you shall see how resplendent and glowing is the Kohinoor that I reserve for one who does not brutalize me."

But my rage was unbridled, I could not restrain myself, I strangled the Soul, the little Soul, then I bore away the jewels she had worn.

Since that time I am illustrious among men. I scarcely remember to have been a thief on the highway! Thanks to the Dreams which I have stolen and the Glories that I have usurped, I sing verses which are repeated at public festivals to the enthusiasm of crowds. But the remorse of which I formerly knew nothing, after so many thefts and assassinations, now rends my heart! and that which above all makes me desolate and heart-broken, is that I can never have the other diamond, the purest, the most beautiful of all, that she had not upon her, that she had within her, and that she would have given me if I had not killed her, the little Soul in the corner of the woods!

The Haywards Hotel is filling rapidly with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

All householders know that in this season of house-cleaning it is money in their pockets to do business with a responsible firm that may be relied on to do first-class work. Such a firm is J. Spaulding & Co., whose Pioneer Carpet Beating and Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, at 353 and 357 Tehama Street are known throughout the city.

CAMP TAYLOR
MARIN COUNTY
One Hour and Forty-Five Minutes from San Francisco. Finest Summer Resort in the State.
. . . PRICES REDUCED . . .
Round Trip on Sundays, - One Dollar
Fine Drives, Walks, Fishing, Hunting, Boating and Bathing . . . .
HOFMANN & WOENNE, - Proprietors
San Francisco Office, 707 MARKET STREET

Cazadero
W. N. HART, K. S. HART, F. R. HART } Props.
Hotel and Cottages
87 Miles North of San Francisco, at the terminus of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, among the giant Sonoma redwoods of Austin Creek canyon. Cazadero has undergone many improvements at the hands of the new managers, and opens for the season of 1893 unsurpassed by any mountain resort in California. The fishing and hunting are of unusual excellence, and a fine swimming bath has been added to the many natural attractions. Tents for campers. Terms—$10 to $14 per week.

LEA'S
PURE REFINED
SEA SALT
FOR A SEA BATH AT HOME
For Sale by all Druggists Ten Cents

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1893, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1893.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., 441 California St.—A Dividend has been declared for the six months ending June 20, 1893, on the deposits in the Savings Department of this Company, at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits; payable on and after July 1, 1893.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Sec'y and Treas.

USE
FREDRIKSON'S SWEDISH AMYKOS ACEPTIN
FOR THE TOILET
For Sale by all Druggists. Beware of Imitations.

CONRAD! CONRAD! CONRAD!
A CARD TO THE PUBLIC
While it is true I have been chosen the President of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, vice M. A. DAUPHIN, deceased, I still retain the Presidency of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing Company, so that all proposals for supplies, machinery, etc., as well as all business communications on other subjects, should be addressed to me here as heretofore.
After January 1, 1894, my business will be removed to Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Central America, and will there go on as now without any break.
PAUL CONRAD,
New Orleans, La.
Lock Box 1358.

HO! FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR

The Evening Post's Offer

"Are you going to Chicago?"

"By all means!"

"You can travel there FREE for a little trouble."

"How?"

"Get 15 yearly or 85 weekly subscribers and the EVENING POST will give you a first-class Round-Trip Ticket to Chicago."

For further particulars apply EVENING POST, Cor. Bush and Kearny

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wants is the paper that has the news. Everyone

READS

the local columns, where is found the epitome of the day's life, and

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record of home events. The paper that supplies this to the people of

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is the one the people read, and no journal in Alameda County has a bigger circulation than the

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whose local news, editorials, miscellany, and make-up are the best.

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Flat Opening,

STRONGEST SEWED BOOK IN THE MARKET.

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MANUFACTURERS AND BINDERS OF BOOKS

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COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch; in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard

Also, HEAVY NAUGHT DUCKS; WAGON AND DRAPER DUCKS from 30 to 120 Inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks.

Manufactured by MOUNT VERNON COMPANY, Baltimore

MURPHY, GRANT & CO., Pacific Coast Sole Agents

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N. E. Cor. Sansome and Sutter Streets, San Francisco

Cash Capital and Surplus, - - - $6,250,000

JOHN J. VALENTINE, President | HOMER S. KING, Manager
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM June 10, 1893.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	7.45 p m
7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey and Sacramento	6 45 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	6 45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	6.45 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Port Costa	12 15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4 00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
*5 00 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
7 00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m
8.00 p m	Castic Crag and Dunsmuir, via Woodland and Willows	7.15 a m
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION Narrow Gauge.	
‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
	COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)	
*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.30 p m
‡7 30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.26 p m
‡9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.06 p m
12 05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	4.25 p m
*2.00 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*11.23 a m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations	*9 47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations	†7.26 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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A Preventive and Cure for Poison Oak. Perfectly Free from any Poisonous Ingredients. Its Application is Followed by Immediate Relief. A Few Applications Produce a Cure. A Perfect Cure Guaranteed.

Is also an excellent remedy for Chilblains, Itch, Cuts, Burns and Ulcers.

Price 50 Cents per Bottle.

Prepared by O. O. HIGGINS, Druggist and Apothecary

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BRUT a Grand Wine, Exceedingly Dry

GRAND VIN SEC The Perfection of a Dry Wine

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CABERNET BLEND—The richest and finest of Table Clarets.

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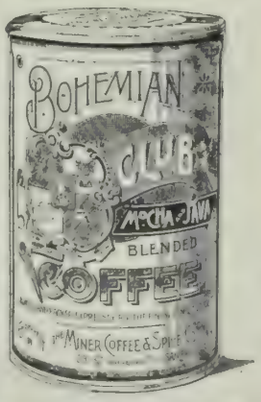

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Price 10 cents

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A JOURNAL FOR THOSE IN THE SWIM.

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

GEORGIA CAYVAN.

HERBERT KELCEY.

AMERICA'S FAMOUS SUMMER AND WINTER
· · RESORT · ·

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE MOST ELEGANT SEASIDE ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD

GEO. SCHONEWALD, - - - Manager.

THE WAVE

Vol. X. No. 28. San Francisco, July 15, 1893. 10 Cents

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal,

Is published every Saturday, by the proprietor at the CROCKER BUILDING, corner Market and Post Streets, San Francisco.

SUBSCRIPTION, $4 per year, $2 six months, $1 three months. Foreign subscriptions (countries in postal union) $5 per year. Sample copies free on application. The trade is supplied by the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS CO., 210 Post Street; East of the Rocky Mountains by the AMERICAN NEWS CO., New York.

THE WAVE is kept on file and is on sale at BRENTANO'S, 17 Avenue de'l Opera, Paris, France; 5 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address Rooms 220–221, Crocker Building,

J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 15, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room. California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES.

THE ASSUMPTION that journalists are invariably actuated by motives of malice in criticising the actions of individuals is an error too common to be worth controverting. Because of an inability to regard dispassionately the doings of Society or their friends, most people insist on seeing in the comment of another the same prejudices by which they themselves are prompted. I dared, last week, to allude—and that most gently—to certain rumors that formed the current gossip of three clubs, and I am accused of unparalleled license. It does not seem to appeal to my critics that a journal has other duties than that of a mere news recorder.

* * *

It is impossible, no matter how admirably regulated a Society may be, to avoid scandal. For the well-being of the rest it is best when aught occurs, that the facts be known. Then misunderstandings are avoided and the blame is placed where it belongs. The province of a journal of THE WAVE'S *mètier* is, above all things, to guard Society against the viciousness of individuals. When accusations of a certain kind are made, their very seriousness calls for positive action. The silent rumor is an enemy far more insidious than the open charge. It is far better to put the object of suspicion on his guard than to harass his reputation through the agency of secret slander.

* * *

That the name of the University Club should have been involved in a connection so disagreeable, I sincerely regret. The organization, without doubt, is one of the most flourishing in the city, and gives evidence of more vitality than any of its predecessors. It must be remembered, though, that one does not hold the church accountable for the shortcomings of its professors, nor the entire bench for the inability of certain judges. In every fold there are black sheep, and I do not imagine the most patriotic of club men would argue that the membership of the 'Varsity is composed strictly of angels.

* * *

An interesting announcement is the engagement of Mr. Louis Hirsch and Miss Minnie Weil, both of whom are well-known in Society circles. Miss Weil is the sister of Mrs. Walter M. Castle and possesses her good looks to a marked degree. She is a bright and intelligent girl who has made herself a decided favorite. There are few more popular men in town than Lou Hirsch. He is prominently identified with the San Francisco Verein, of which he was president a few years ago. I believe the important question was asked at a dinner party some two weeks ago.

* * *

The inimitable Haxton is due here next week, and his friends are preparing for him a reception such as no millionaire was ever accorded. I speak of millionaires, of course, as the true nobility of California. He has waxed prosperous, and his outlines have swelled in due proportion to his importance since with Alan Kelly he shared the *kudos* of that eventful evening off the heads. Otherwise, he is as Bohemian as ever and no less supercilious—considering everything, easily the most interesting personality local journalism has known. He is strictly a bird of passage, so far as San Francisco is concerned, and he threatens to take off with him to Paris a certain literary light whose checkered achievements have won him considerable notoriety. Haxton is quite a wealthy personage now, and can afford to indulge all manner of freaks.

* * *

I am inclined to believe Dr. Will Mizner is yet destined to be the wealthiest member of his family. Some time ago he left San Francisco for Spokane, where he hung out his shingle, prepared to treat half the ills that flesh is heir to. Being an honest and frank young man, he made no pretensions about going any further than his science. He soon found, however, that there are more profitable pursuits than medicine in that far western country, and the latest news from him announces his abandonment of medicine for the working of a gold mine, in which he owns a good-sized interest. Indeed, his friends claim he has struck it rich, of which I am glad. Doubtless the near future will bring Dr. Will to San Francisco with a belt full of gold dust and a generous determination to show the Bohemian Club the proper way round.

* * *

BARON VON BALVERIN, the Dutch nobleman whose challenge to Willis Polk furnished a sensation at San Rafael, is more comfortably provided with real estate than most of his aristocratic compatriots. Rather a taciturn person, with mild manners and a gentle mustache, his appearance is in no degree suggestive of fire-eating. His assumption that the versatile architect proposed insulting him bespeaks an imagination more pronounced than his conversation indicates, for Willis is nothing, if not peaceable. Had he but known that Polk comes of a good old Kentucky family and learned the use of a six-shooter long ere he handled a pencil, I am sure the nobleman would have been less easily offended.

* * *

While I am not especially rejoicing over Baron von Balverin's escape, the audacity of his challenge is due, I am positive, to his ignorance of the fact that Polk, Sr., the progenitor of the lively Willis, was esteemed the best shot with a pistol in Louisville "befoh th' wah, sah." In fact, so certain was he to find a billet for his bullet that no one ever thought of calling him out. But that is years ago. Just why this Dutch personage should have imagined himself the object of certain paragraphs in last week's WAVE, I cannot comprehend. No one else thought of him in the connection.

* * *

AN INTERESTING *coterie* of bankers and capitalists has its headquarters at the Hotel Rafael. It includes Lilienthals, Steinharts, Seligmans, Hellmans, Haases, Walters, Gerstles, Slosses, and Hechts—the combination representing more millions and influence than any other in the State. While it is not given to serious discussion of the vital financial problems of the moment, the shadow of Sansome Street is over it, and no touch of humor that deals with the need of dollars goes

unappreciated. Much amusement was had over a trick Will Fries played on his brother-in-law, Bert Hecht. They went to a dinner together Saturday night, and, after reaching the house of the host, Hecht discovered he had not a dollar in his clothes—the predicament is not an uncommon one.

* * *

Application to his relative for a twenty dollar piece was met by immediate compliance on condition that the accommodation be considered a call loan, absolutely payable on demand. Neither thought more about it that night, but awakening in the vicinity of four o'clock next morning, Fries recalled the circumstances and determined to have fun if he could get no sleep. So he repaired to Hecht's door and knocked loudly. A sleepy "Who's there?" came from the room.

"I'm here for that call loan of twenty dollars," he answered. "You've got to pay it at once."

There was a mutter of objurgations, followed by the sound of renewed snoring. The creditor was not to be denied, however. He banged and banged again with such vigorous vehemence that Hecht finally appeared, opened an inch of the door and flung the coin down the corridor. By the time he had recovered it Fries was ready to return to bed.

* * *

Who sent the check? The question distracts journalism, the clubs, even the general public. Mr. De Young regards the trick as an outrage and is wondering which of all his long and eminent list of enemies is guilty. I am told that a jolly *coterie* of Pacific-Union Club men, having sworn each other to secrecy, made out the check, signed Mrs. Stanford's name, and sent it to Mike, never imagining he would take it so seriously. They were confounded when the startling success of the trick was flaunted from staring headlines, and began to tremble. However, no one will ever guess their identity, and they will take precautions that the editor of the *Chronicle* will never know.

* * *

THAT the room is actually haunted no one really believes, but I know of one man and two girls refusing positively to sleep in it. Just as though it were possible to cultivate a ghost in the space of a year or so. The story arose thus: A certain clubman crossed to the Hotel Rafael a few nights after the tournament, and was accommodated with a comfortable apartment and an invitation to join in the jubilance of the evening. He accepted. The night was a "wet" one—champagne flowed entertainingly, they sang songs, told stories, and when the visitor sought his couch streaks in the eastern sky warned the return of the sun. He was somewhat the worse for wear, decidedly and actively in the first stages of repentance.

* * *

His sleep was profound and lasting. The chambermaid crept silently by his door; his friends inquired gently for his appearance. Not a sign of him. The hours sped, fled. About dinner-time a bell boy confided to a porter, So-and-so must be dead. The rumor spread. The guests heard it; it got to the office; a force was dispatched to see. He was not dead, that interesting clubman, but snoring. To a friend who had accompanied the rescue party he turned uneasily over:

"Say, ole man, what's the matter with letting a fellow sleep?" he muttered.

That is the basis of the haunted room story, and Manager Brennan says it's a libel.

* * *

The town is pitiably dull just at this moment. There are more members of the smart set away now than at any time in my recollection. I am afraid I must admit that the potent charms of the great "White City" and its fair, have captured a large number of our elect. I don't think that the summer resorts are as well patronized as usual, and as I haven't heard of any particular exodus to Europe, I am forced to believe that the fascinations of the Fair have been stronger than the dread of the Illinois climate. A crowd of people always acts like a magnet, and whether or no the World's Exposition is to be reckoned a great or a little success, it is undeniable that a very large number of the prominent from all over the world are to be found there.

* * *

THE COUNTRY CLUB will be in evidence at Del Monte this August. I am glad to say my fears of the postponement of this most interesting out-of-door *fête* of the year were groundless. If the festivity is less brilliant than last year, it will not be for lack of attractions. There will be an admirable band of fifty-five pieces, pyrotechnics galore, a big ball Saturday night, followed by a swell supper, and all sorts and conditions of picnics, excursions, and all the other affairs that make life at Del Monte worth living. President Fred Webster has taken the event in hand, and that his achievements will fall a whit below the success of last August, I refuse to believe.

* * *

The shooting should be interesting this year. It is to be hoped the *Examiner* will not again indulge in a burst of hysterical extravagance over the dove slaughter. From the sensational point of view the article was admirable because it created a controversy; but one must concede, from the point of view of common sense, that it was unabated rot. I am told of any number of people who have secured rooms at Del Monte for the event and would warn those who have not already made application to delay no longer.

* * *

THERE IS to be a ladies' tennis tournament at the Hotel Mateo very soon—a decidedly brilliant affair. I believe Miss Mattie Gibbs is organizing it, and she is enlisting the services of expert racket wielders from the Presidio, from Oakland, even from the Western Addition. Some valuable prizes are promised by Manager Clark, who intends giving the girls something worth exerting all their talents for. Just at present some good work is being done on the courts by Miss Waters, Miss Durand, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellicott, who practice every afternoon. I believe the match is set to take place at the latter end of July.

* * *

Quite a craze for bathing has been developed at San Mateo. I am not exaggerating a particle in stating that one may see as graceful figures and as pretty bathing gowns on the beach of Coyote Island as at Santa Cruz or Monterey. Every day a large and jolly party sets out from the Hotel for the bay, and then one is confronted with a vision of plashing nymphs whom Actaeon might have gazed on with as much enjoyment and far more safety than on that memorable occasion which so enraged Diana. Among the cleverest swimmers are Mrs. Ojeda and Miss Martel Miss Jennie Masten, who has since departed for town, was invariably the first to reach the raft moored a hundred yards out.

* * *

Among the latest additions to the guest list at Hotel Mateo are Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, the Misses Kip and Miss Jolliffe. There are several jolly parties in the cottages, and everyone is having an enjoyable time. The hops on Saturday night are decidedly gay affairs—the sole drawback being the sad scarcity of men. The manner in which an enterprising maiden dragged into service a nomad journalist last Saturday night was very amusing and created quite a diversion for other damsels who had been less enterprising.

* * *

THOUGH THERE has been no overwhelming gayety at Santa Cruz this season to make it brilliant, it still remains the most comfortable and agreeable of places to enjoy a civilized summer in. Just now, with its tempered winds and clear sunshine, the city by the sea is in the prime of its season. The Sea Beach Hotel is well filled, not so much with San Francisco families and personages, though the Goads, Dimonds, McKinstrys, Williams, and others remain, but with a contingent from the interior towns. The standard of taste in brides is well exemplified; as usual, ravishing loveliness is at a premium, and the interior appears to be endowed or overstocked with young women of apparently useful qualities, unburdened with the fatal gift, however.

* * *

Occasional breaks in the tranquility of swimming, tea drinking, and picnicking relieve the social calm, and set the ready tongue awag. Some nights since an Eastern guest of the Sea Beach took charge of a Santa Cruzan with strong and disastrous talents for the brown October. A hum in the air, pure Saxon, plain linen, and a windmill of limbs in the passage resulted, and Mrs. Somebody rang her bell. The Eastern guest needed no pressing to depart by freight train in the dewy

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

dawn for Monterey, and Mrs. Somebody rang her bell.

* * *

Mrs. Somebody was a benefactress for at least three days the tale grew weirder and weirder, and all from the ringing of the bell—nothing seemed to stop that bell. Even at meals it rang, and through the calculations of how much some one paid for complexions, wondering how many years she drops from her age, guessing they were left very badly off, and through the sorrows that such a nice fellow should be so much of a card fancier, tinkled the tintinnabulation of Mrs. Somebody's bell.

* * *

The sounds of gentle disagreement, the pressing of a button, the gathering of pretty faces in fascinating raiment in the witching hours give the variety which makes life worth living in the country when there are no men. True, there were youths who played at being men as well as the manly poker game in the Holy Cross city, only to the end of accentuating their youthfulness, however. Long and loud lamentations went up from their ma's, and a probability of stern and cold acts on the part of their pas.

* * *

WHILE DEL MONTE is hardly gay, yet there is a distinct improvement in both the dimensions and the make-up of the guest list. A number of very nice people have located themselves for the summer, and from now on I have no doubt there will be plenty of activity and considerable life. Among prospective arrivals are Mrs. Will Crocker, Miss Sperry, Mrs. Hager and Miss Hager, the Popes, Murphys, Franks, Childs, and many more. The Wielands are enjoying their sojourn, and take long drives in their admirably appointed Victoria. The Cunninghams are equipped with equipages and a determination to utilize every moment of their sojourn. They go in for fishing and shooting, Mrs. Cunningham being a practiced angler, who can land a fish almost as dexterously as her husband.

* * *

That Mrs. Jimmy Robinson is the belle at Del Monte just now there is no question. She is always smartly gowned and grows handsomer every day. Miss Mamie McDermott, the bright and fascinating daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDermott, finds her main pleasure in driving around an admirably bred cob in a tiny cart. Of course, there is a contingent for the tanks every morning, though the swimming is not very remarkable just at present. The sole sensation of the week was the destruction of the Monterey school-house. Occurring about bed time, the clangor of the bells brought a disheveled collection of guests in all manner of undress to the conflagration. The scenic effects of the blaze were marvelously beautiful.

* * *

IN SAUSALITO there are two men to every woman. The result is the competition for the favors of the sex is extremely keen. Sadly lacking in fascination is the maiden who has not a variety of *beaux* on the string, and sorely neglected is she if her invitations do not take her out boating or fishing, riding or walking each night of her life. It must be admitted there are any number of beautiful girls installed in cottages and hotels all over the hillside. They gather to meet the afternoon boat in picturesque summer raiment, and between five o'clock and dusk the bay is covered with swift craft. Later on one hears the music of mandolins, the tinkling of guitars, and it is safe to surmise the enchantresses are receiving the devotions of the immediate victims of their fascinations.

* * *

The question, Who is the belle of Sausalito? arouses considerable feeling, seemingly. The honor is claimed by two cliques for two very handsome women—Mrs. Bert Sherwood and Mrs. Will Van Bergen. Both have admirable figures and a pronounced style. In certain sets it is dangerous to claim precedence for Mrs. Sherwood, while tributes to the stunning manner of Mrs. Van Bergen are distinctly in order. Elsewhere, the opposite sentiment prevails, and to uphold the charms of the latter lady is to be dubbed a dodo.

* * *

Miss Agnes Flood and the Misses Le Count gave a very enjoyable afternoon tea last Sunday at Miss Flood's home in Sausalito. The afternoon was very pleasantly spent. Misses Moffitt, Brown, Flood, and the Le Count sisters played some very pretty airs on their mandolins and guitars.

* * *

Quite a number of Oaklanders indulged themselves with a trip in the country this week. Rob Fitzgerald, who might have torn up railroad ties had he not been lucky enough to miss election, and Miss Fitzgerald are at Santa Cruz. Phil Remillard, whose engagement is rumored, was also at the Sea Beach. Carrie Nicholson, who has just returned from Europe, leaves for New York next week. The Dunhams were at San Rafael for a week, as were the Strongs, Crouches, and Fishers. Not many Oaklanders are at Del Monte this season, although Miss Nellie Chabot and her mother are there as usual. Mrs. Dr. Fish has taken up her abode at Monterey permanently, and her daughter and son-in-law, Lieutenant and Mrs. Nichols, occupy her apartments in Oakland.

* * *

F. M. Smith and Byron Smith, the borax kings, were called home most suddenly from the World's Fair, by the death of their mother. Julius P. Smith did not arrive in time for the funeral, nor did he know of the sad news until his arrival on the China steamer. Mrs. F. Marion Smith did not return, as she had no one to leave in the *role* of chaperone for the five girls in her charge. That Mr. Smith is certainly the most generous individual on this side. To the five girls in Mrs. Smith's care, he gave this trip to the World's Fair, and now they are all visiting the Smith's summer home, where they have at their disposal a yacht, horses, and all things that make life worth living. They are not to be home, I believe, before winter.

* * *

The engagement of two well-known Alamedans has just been given to a waiting world. They are Miss Gisella Kruger and Oliver Haslett. She is decidedly pretty and is noted for her devotion to horseback riding. Indeed, the distinction of being a pioneer in the bifurcated skirt movement belongs to her. The Hasletts are among the "good old families" of Alameda and the prospective bridegroom has all the excellent qualities that distinguish his brethren. The date for the nuptials has yet to be fixed.

* * *

IF THE FLORAL FESTIVAL they talk of having in connection with the Mid-winter Fair proves half as effective, from the betrothal point of view, as the spring carnival at Santa Barbara, Oakland will have excellent reason for rejoicing. The manner in which the Hayne-Foulkes *affaire* was precipitated makes an interesting story. Miss Foulkes was the guest of Mrs. Douton, a charming Englishwoman who presides over a country place called Miramar, and Ben Hayne was a frequent guest there. An ardent Southerner, as one might expect from his descent, he found Miss Foulkes sympathetic, for she, too, is a rebel—a decided one at that. On the great day of the Festival, Ben Hayne appeared in white, wearing a saddle cloth and sash of red carnations. She, too, was in snowy attire, trimmed with scarlet carnations, and a band of them round her sailor hat. Result—their engagement.

* * *

If rumor be true, Mr. Austin Hayne has fallen a victim to the fascination of another of Oakland's most charming and beautiful belles. The maiden in question makes a trip to Santa Barbara every year, and the two have met quite frequently. My assumption of the effectiveness of floral festivals, apparently, is not unfounded.

* * *

The good friends and the rich relatives of a certain bank will have to rally to its aid with deposits or it must die of inanition. After a prolonged period of prosperity it has been hard hit by a series of misfortunes and I hear most of the deposits have been withdrawn. Within the last few weeks, the story goes that some $800,000 has been taken out and that other accounts are to follow. I sincerely hope the downfall will be averted inasmuch as the pride of the proprietors has already been sufficiently humbled.

* * *

MR. JAMES DENMAN is a very old man and ought to be entitled to respectful treatment at the hands of his colleagues in the Board of Supervisors. On behalf of the citizens at large, who know the intrinsic value

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

of the gentleman from the Twelfth Ward—his worth as a man, his services as an educator, and his integrity as a public official—I protest against a job being put up on him such as has recently been exposed at the City Hall. Of course, Mr. Denman is an important member of the Board of Supervisors. Without him, perhaps, it would be difficult to successfully conduct the business of the city. But all this is no excuse for making the old gentleman's life a burden.

* * *

The story has reached me through an authentic channel and I have no reason to doubt it. It seems that Mr. Denman is a member of three important Committees—Finance, Streets, and Health and Police. Before one of those Committees all the nuisances clamoring for special privileges and personal exemptions ultimately come. Denman takes a lively interest in everything, and his colleagues have seized upon this fact as a pretext for putting upon him a great deal of disagreeable work. Recently the practice has grown into a huge joke, and for the past two months every weeping female, angry tax-payer, or scheming contractor seeking favors at the hands of the Supervisors has been sent to Denman. The advice of the other Supervisors has been, "You had better see Denman about that, you can never get it through the Board unless you do." Or, "Yes, I know it is rather hard for a poor woman, who has no money, to put down a stone sidewalk, but Mr. Denman is the boy you want to see. He is the only man around here who can help you."

* * *

So it has fallen out that "See Denman" have become the watchwords of the City Hall. The footsteps of the old gentleman have been dogged for weeks by the supplicating throng. They have made him turn out of bed at night, and arise in the morning before daylight to listen to their tales. In a fruitless endeavor to satisfy the mob, Denman has nearly run his legs off. He is quite wealthy and has nothing to do except to cut off coupons and collect his rents, but even those meagre occupations have been abandoned in a vain effort to do his duty. One day last week the old man suddenly discovered that he was the victim of a conspiracy. He caught Sands Forman in the very act of advising a weeping female with a threatening sidewalk to "see Denman." This brought on a circus. The gentleman from the Twelfth promptly declared himself, and offered to fight any member of the Board, Marquis of Queensbury style, for ten dollars a corner. Since that challenge, the hard cases are being sent down to Supervisor Dundon's foundry. Dundon has not yet tumbled. When he does, I fear serious trouble.

* * *

THE APPEARANCE in the world of a son and heir to my esteemed fellow citizen, the late Boss Buckley, is a matter that I am loath to pass over in silence. Mr Buckley has many relatives in this city whose noses have been thrown out of joint by the prospect that the wealth of the blind politician is now certain to remain in his family, but that fact is not a good reason why the residue of his late subjects should not rejoice at the happy event. If Buck will now bring this young gentleman back to San Francisco and teach him the art of ward politics, perhaps after awhile we may find it convenient to turn the management of public affairs over to him. At all events, there will be something to conjure with in the mere name of Buckley.

* * *

For, after all, until he became drunk with power, Buckley gave us a pretty good government. Compared with the last one, when we abdicated in favor of Kelly and Crimmins, his rule was enlightened and honest. The fact that he saved a little money, however, instead of spending it for drink and in riotous living, made the town mad. In San Francisco all a man need do, if he wishes to bring down upon him the maledictions of the press and pulpit, is to devise a scheme for accumulating money. All our wealthy men like D. O. Mills, Jim Keene, M. S. Latham, C. P. Huntington, and Charles Crocker, have been driven away by the envy of the unsuccessful gold hunters. Those who have remained, like Stanford, Baldwin, Flood, and Sharon, were possessed of the skins of a pachyderm or they could never have stood it. If Buckley had squandered his money instead of saving it, I have not the least doubt but that he would be the undisputed Boss of the Democracy in this city to-day.

* * *

I understand, however, that neither the Boss nor his son and heir will ever return to San Francisco. Mrs. Buckley, a very estimable Boston girl, was, I am told, the cause of his leaving the scene of his triumphs in this region. When Buckley brought her here and she saw what he could not, the faces of some of his associates, she conceived a violent antipathy to her surroundings. He was blind and helpless and her womanly instinct taught her that his lambs, in the event that political misfortunes came and he could no longer supply them with places and money, would probably murder him. So she insisted on immediate flight, and, safe in England, she has steadily opposed his return. I doubt whether she will ever consent to live again even temporarily in San Francisco. She certainly will never permit the Boss to re-enter the arena of politics, and if there are any lambs left who yearn for a recurrence of the joyous days when champagne corks popped in the Manhattan Club and its halls were filled with the smoke of fragrant Havanas, they may as well resign to their fate. If the junior Buckley ever ascends to bossdom it will be in Boston, where his father will probably spend the remainder of his days.

* * *

CONSIDERING the multiplicity of Californians at Chicago, the supply of World's Fair stories is lamentably low. Our countrymen rarely fail at conspicuousness and I cannot persuade myself they have abandoned their swagger in favor of humility. That they are lost in the great ruck of tourists and sight-seers, I refuse to believe. During the stay of Governor Markham there occurred a variety of official festivities, receptions, etc., all, doubtless, very interesting. The great occasion was a banquet at the Auditorium Hotel which all the prominences attended in full evening dress, even unto ruffled shirt fronts. There were endless poorly handled courses culminating in indecorously broiled plover.

* * *

The fact that the knees of the birds were jammed into the sockets of their eyes, is not the point of the episode, however, but the unpleasant circumstance that the chandeliers dripped tar or some other adhesive substance on the chairs of the feasters. The result—each was glued to his seat and standing seemed to mean destruction to his garment. However, by dint of wriggling and twisting complete demolition was avoided, and the usual run of speeches followed. The spectacle of this series of personages endeavoring to free themselves from the furniture was ludicrous in the extreme. The talking was only a little more uninteresting than public speaking invariably is. Horace Platt and James D. Phelan figured with some success as exceptions—their oratorical outburst being clever and even witty. Horace exploited the Native Daughter into a Helen of Troy and decked her out with a set of superlatives that might have befitted a Cleopatra.

* * *

IT IS CURIOUS that Mayor Ellert did not add to his World's Fair Executive Committee the name of James D. Phelan. Active and energetic as the five men in whose hands the destinies of our enterprise are, I am strongly of opinion that Jim Phelan's industry, ability, and experience would have proved an effective adjunct. I have never been able to comprehend the basis on which journalism awards credit for services performed, but it seems to me that Mr. McMurray and several others have gained the *kudos* for putting the California Building in shape that rightfully belong to Mr. Phelan. First of our Commissioners on the ground he gave the work unremitting supervision, striving harder for the honor of the State than I am certain he would for individual gain.

* * *

My impression is, it will be some months before he recovers the health which his active work among the swamps at Jackson Park deprived him of. He has certainly done admirably and it seems to me there should be some recognition of services so generously given without expectation of return.

* * *

WHILE THE POSSESSION of a millionaire parent is a condition of existence that compensates for a variety of drawbacks, per-

The doctors recommend for indigestion after dinner, chewing for half an hour Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Chewing Gum.

fect happiness is seldom the lot of the budding capitalist. There is Edgar Sutro, for instance, whose father, Adolph of that ilk, has untold thousands in outside lands, in baths, books, and plaster casts at the Cliff. An eccentric if very able old person is the philanthropist, somewhat given to imposing on his immediate surrounders a will strong enough to move mountains if there were any objectionable ones in its vicinity. Between Edgar and himself that harmony which should characterize the relations of father and son have not existed, and now, I am assured, he is on the verge of formally disowning the young man, permitting him henceforth to work out his own salvation.

* * *

Some months ago when King McManus, of the Potrero, opened with some flourish a liquor resort at the political headquarters of the defunct Republican bosses, it was whispered around that he had secured in young Mr. Sutro not only a partner but a patron. Such an acquisition won him general congratulation, and he responded with genial winks to the demands of his friends for an explanation. The political world affected to trace a connection between the combination and the designs of the Omnibus Railroad Company, and, on this interesting assumption, a structure of rainbow glitter was reared. Indeed, some false prophets predicted aggressively that McManus had resigned his Potrero throne to reign over the Republican party. Confronted with these rumors the King winked mysteriously and was silent.

* * *

Alas, for the prediction, Sutro, and the King, the connection between the street railway corporation and McManus was imaginary. Not only does the millionaire parent regard the alliance degrading, but the millionaire uncle considers the nephew has disgraced the family. They have offered him money to go to Europe, have begged him to blot from the Sutro escutcheon the stain of the Third Street resort. He refuses. Some time ago, it may be remembered, Mr. Sutro took unto himself in marriage a young person whom he loved more well than wisely—inasmuch as both parents disapproved the selection. He is headstrong, however, and almost as hard to turn from the immediate accomplishment of a purpose as the builder of the great tunnel.

* * *

Recently, the parent having cut off supplies, Edgar is borrowing money from whoever will loan it, promising repayment as soon as he comes into possession of a property which his parent deeded him some fifteen years ago. Four summers hence it will belong to him and then this ambitious young gentleman will doubtless snap his fingers at Papa Adolph, inasmuch as the property in question is worth nigh on a hundred thousand dollars. Yet, if the offspring of millionairedom had the tense frugality of their parentage most of us would be slaves in a generation. It is good that prodigality follows so close on the footsteps of acquisitiveness.

* * *

THE LATE Edward C. Marshall, who died on Sunday in this city at the ripe old age of seventy-two, was the last great orator, I believe, of the famous Marshall family of Kentucky. If he has any successor among his own people I have never heard of him. Indeed, Marshall belonged to a race of flowery orators who have already disappeared from the country—men who practiced the tricks of the platform for love of them, and who cultivated the art of oratory as a science. The dead man was a master of the rostrum. He could take the worst complaint imaginable and with sophistry and specious reasoning, at the end of an hour's speech, make it seem to the plain intellect a just and righteous cause. As a lawyer his attainments were few and scattered. He knew some of the maxims laid down in the horn books, but that was all. He had absolutely no knowledge of the great principles of the science of jurisprudence, and did not want any. Profundity was not his forte.

* * *

But before a jury or an impressionable court he was a tower of strength. On the political hustings he was irresistible. In 1884, he was regarded by the Democracy as the chief offender against the platform of 1883, which called for the discipline of the Southern Pacific Company. He was the Attorney-General, and as the law officer of the State he had sided with the railroad in the tax controversy. But when the Stockton Convention purposed "reading" him out of the party, he asked to be heard. So great were his persuasive powers on the platform, that after his speech he was "ejected" from the party by a very narrow majority. He came near capturing a convention of his enemies with his wit and eloquence, and to this day members of that famous gathering are found who regret having voted to "read" him out of the party.

* * *

Ned Marshall was a brother of Humphrey Marshall, the famous Kentucky politician, concerning whom I recall a most laughable instance of the former's ready wit. When both were young men, I believe during Ned's term in Congress from this State (1851–1852), they often indulged a passion for gambling. One night in Washington, they sought the tiger's lair, and, while wrestling with the animal, the police raided the game. The players scattered, Ned and his brother ascending to the roof and escaping by jumping to an adjoining shed. In descending from this shed, Humphrey fell into a pile of oyster shells, one of which cut a deep gash in his forehead.

* * *

Years afterward, both having served in the War of the Rebellion, the two brothers met in Kentucky and swapped cock and bull war stories for the benefit of an audience of young admirers over a bottle of the genuine stuff. A youth in the party, who had hung upon their words with breathless attention, suddenly asked:

"Mr. Marshall, how did you receive that scar on your forehead?"

Humphrey blushed to the roots of his hair, and was on the point of making a humiliating confession, when Ned interrupted:

"That scar, sir, was inflicted by a shell."

Of course, an explanation was avoided, and when he laughed about it subsequently, Humphrey said, "By Jove, that was literally true. The cut was made by a shell, but it would have broken my heart to have had that young man know it was an oyster shell."

* * *

HOWEVER OBJECTIONABLE from a legal point of view, there was something eminently grotesque about the performance of Mayor Pardee and his subordinates in Oakland the other night. Imagine the procession of Common Councillors, deputies of the Street Department, and police officers, headed by this comic opera functionary, marching down the city's principal thoroughfare, and there, without warrant of law or other public necessity, destroying the property of a private corporation. To verbal abuse of the Southern Pacific most of us have become habituated long ere this. The injustice of the anti-railroad fight has so frequently been stated that it is incredible to expect results from further repetition. One fact is positive, however, that the affair was an outrage of the most aggravated character.

* * *

Of course, there is a story behind the occurrence. Mayor Pardee is an oculist by profession, and, like many another, climbed into his degree of minor prominence by means of the railroad. The officials of the heartless corporation, regarding him as promising, aided him in one way or another, granted him favors, passes, courtesies of all kinds. Taking to politics as a diversion, he became ardent for distinction, and enlisted himself as a candidate for Mayor on the Non-Partisan ticket. Declaring, secretly, to the railroad people his friendship for Huntington and Crocker, and to the mob denouncing Gage and de Golia, he obtained the requisite votes to defeat Davie, whose hostility to the Kentucky corporation was, at least, open.

* * *

For some time all went well. The Water Front case was tried legally, and it seemed as though the questions at issue would be fought out on a fair basis. At this juncture the partisans of the defeated candidate began declaring Pardee the tool of the corporation, hinting he would not dare take action against the road. Designing lawyers and politicians took up the rumor and enlarged on it, until Mayor Pardee felt himself obliged to vindicate his independence for the benefit of the mob. That is why he led a force to destroy the property of his erstwhile friend and benefactor. At the expense of the fair name of

Quite a fad East is to chew for half an hour after dinner, Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Gum for indigestion.

his city and his own dignity, he illustrated how absolutely exempt from influence his is.

* * *

With the legal rights of the Water Front controversy I have no concern. It not infrequently happens in disputes between individuals that unseemly squabbles for possession occur, but they are always to be deplored, and universally condemned. But when the officers of a municipality, whose duty it is, above all others, to preserve peace, suppress lawlessness, and promote the general welfare of the community, so far forget the dignity of their positions and the responsibility resting upon them, as to assume the leadership of an organized mob, seizing and maintaining by force the possession of property, the right to which is in dispute, it is high time they are retired to the shades of private life, from the seclusion of which they were unwittingly and unwisely promoted.

* * *

IT WOULD be hard to persuade me ever again into regarding Captain McDonald as a model of taciturnity. I am impressed with the belief that his reputation for silence was acquired by having nothing to say. Such a stream of denunciation as he directed at bank, his brother, his nephews and every one else. This vehemence was more vigorous than tactful, and, I cannot but believe, renders the task of those who hope to rehabilitate the concern more difficult than before. What the upshot of the collapse will be no one seems to know. I am credibly informed, however, the financial stringency over, that the much-abused securities of the institution will prove far better properties than it is fashionable to consider them at this juncture.

* * *

For the John Brown Land Company in the Mohawk Valley Canal, in the Los Angeles cable bonds, there is a future. Most of us know the present prosperity of the Bank of California is due to what conservative financiers pronounced errors. Had it not been for the immense increase in the value of certain San Joaquin Valley lands, seized as security for an overdraft, the surplus of the Brown-Alvord concern would not now approach its present dimensions. Perhaps a shrewd manipulator would not have sunk so much good coin in enterprises of a character so speculative, but there is ample margin between the actual valuation and the bank's advance. What is more, a clever manipulator, better known south of Tehachapi than in San Francisco, informed me Dr. MacDonald could undoubtedly recoup his immediate losses, and make a handsome profit besides, if given the alleged doubtful assets of the bank.

* * *

What a hard time Police Judge Campbell will have collecting that $50,000 he sued the *Post* for. Much against his will, I am told, he commenced proceedings, being by no means anxious for the notoriety the trial may confer on him. Rather an amusing person is this Campbell. He seems to have the exquisite discretion of an ostrich, who imagines the concealment of its head screens also its huge body and legs. There is ample evidence forthcoming to exhibit this judicial functionary's proclivities, and, if I am not misinformed, the case will prove eminently readable.

* * *

IN THE CALIFORNIA room, which Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins and Miss Lilian O'Hara preside over, Edmund Russell, the inimitable æsthete, has established his headquarters. In addition to his utility as an exhibit, this interesting personage has contributed serviceable hints as to furnishing and decorating. Indeed, he is pronounced quite invaluable, and, in his ladylike way, doubtless is. Chancing in the other day, he found Miss O'Hara covering a recent addition to the library of local authors. An inspiration seized him. Quickly taking the soft, pliable leather from her gentle hands, he proceeded to smooth it out, to mark and to measure, with the deep intentness of genius and the inimitable grace of Delsarte.

* * *

It was a most refined spectacle. Farmers and farmeresses, from Indiana and Missouri, filled the room and watched the great man. Suddenly he snatched up a pair of scissors, and put his head to one side.

"Oh, see Mollie," said one of these females ignorant of the sacrilege she was committing. "See that—he's a glovemaker, showin' folk how they make them Californy gloves. Be'ant yer, sir?"

There was nothing for the eminent æsthete to do but faint, which I am told he did with Delsartean dexterity.

* * *

THERE IS one thing the New City Hall Commissioners should thoroughly consider before they erect over the rotunda the tall tower which they have in contemplation. As I understand it, this tower will be four hundred and fifty feet high—a straight shaft of steel and marble, brick and terra cotta. The serious question is, Will not such a vaulting mass of material in the region proposed jeopardize the safety and vitiate the life insurance of all the tax-eaters employed in the municipal building? It is well known that the insurance companies do not take hazardous risks at the usual rates. If, for instance, a City Hall employé, who is an extra good risk (being certain of a long life if he can retain his place at the public crib) leaves his job and becomes a railway brakeman or acid mixer in a dynamite factory, his life insurance at once lapses.

* * *

Without claiming any expert knowledge, being a mere architectural layman, as it were, I am willing, however, to say that I think a tower four hundred and fifty feet high on the City Hall would cause an immediate and proportional increase in life insurance premiums in the vicinity. If such a tower should fall into Market Street, a portion of it would land in Central Park, where it might carrom on Dan McNeil without doing any damage. If it should fall nor'westerly, it would certainly turn the august members of our Supreme Court, who are located on the corner of McAllister and Larkin Streets, into something resembling German pancakes. If it should fall nor'easterly, it would burst the crust of our only poet (barring Mr. A. Bierce), who will soon be located in the northeast wing. I refer to Mr. John Vance Cheney, Librarian of the Free Public Library. Falling in any other direction, it would smash tax-eaters by the dozen.

* * *

However, I am not opposed to a tall tower on the ground urged by some of my Silurian fellow citizens, viz., that it is going to cost a few dollars. Everything costs money. It is just as expensive, for example, to feed and clothe a Silurian as a progressive citizen, and he is of infinitely less value to the community. Indeed, I doubt if he is of any value whatever. Usually, the owner of some real estate, which he pugnaciously refuses to improve, he shouts and bawls with holy horror whenever anything is proposed looking to the advancement of the city. Stinking sewers, badly-paved streets, dried-up verdure in the parks, and general public decay, seem to be his idea of paradise.

* * *

Ordinarily, the opposition of the Silurians would cause me to advocate that tower, but I cannot consent, knowingly, to jeopardize the lives or increase the life insurance of our precious tax-eaters. There are some choice specimens at the City Hall and it will never do to risk losing them. Think of the famine that would be occasioned were the tower to fall and smash such life-timers as Hiram Cook, Louie Jacobs, A. D. Miesegaes, Larry Welch, Ed. Williams, Major Ruggles, Fred Lees, John A Russell, Harry Farquharson, Billy Patterson, Johnny Ryan, and others too numerous to mention. These gentlemen are things of beauty and joys forever, and to lose them would be worse than death.

* * *

BETWEEN the Garcelon will contest and the Water Front issue, the interest of Oakland is divided. Of course, the Sessions episode attracts more than a mild measure of attention, but that is for the moment. Everyone on Jackson Street knew the Merritts, and all were stirred up over the article in the *Examiner* which described, with such amusing boldness, the inner life of the millionaire's mansion, and dear old Mrs. Garcelon going to market, her ears full of huge solitaire diamonds. Accusations of authorship are flying in the Jackson Street set, but, as usual, that is all there is for it. One story contained in the article told of the personage who, longing to have a souvenir of the Merritts, took from the mantel two China cups and saucers.

* * *

There is a sequel to that especial episode:

Dr. Hammond recommends as a certain cure for chronic dyspepsia and indigestion, chewing Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Gum after each meal for half an hour.

walking homeward, this personage carried a cup in each hand, concealed in the folds of a voluminous skirt. On the way she met a man she knew very intimately, to whom only a chilly bow was accorded. He still wonders what he had done at that especial time and why his excellent friend failed to notice the proffer of his hand.

* * *

Some one should write a ballad about the San Rafael hero, Monteith, who seems so busily engaged tying his environment up with libel suits. He has eight of them, civil and criminal, on hand at the moment, and is busy looking for more victims to sue. In the magnificent aggregation, that affair of his with Bierce seems to have assumed undue insignificance, for nothing further has been done in the connection. Judging by late developments, the best opening for Monteith is not at Folsom, according to The Prattler, but at Napa—the door of the State Lunatic Asylum.

* * *

In selecting W. S. Goodfellow to succeed the late John R. Jarboe as its attorney, the German Savings Bank people showed themselves desirous of perpetuating the system of title research which the latter had inaugurated. Mr. Goodfellow obtained the best part of his legal training in the office of Jarboe & Harrison; he is thoroughly acquainted with the great expert's technical proclivities, besides being familiar with the aspect and make-up of deeds to five-sixths of the property of San Francisco. For some time he has handled Senator Fair's law business—a good portion of it, at least, and has won as much of the old gentleman's confidence as is ever vouchsafed to anyone by exhibiting a masterly capacity at keeping his mouth shut—quite a trick, too.

* * *

A pretty woman in a pretty hat is certainly a very charming thing to look upon, but a pretty woman with her tresses done up in an attractive way is not only quite as pleasing an object, but, at the same time, a distinct boon to the individual who happens to sit behind her at the play. At the Baldwin, on the opening night, I was somewhat surprised to see nearly a hundred women without head coverings of any kind. During the play the effect was really admirable; afterwards, the delay demanded by the rearranging of the hats and bonnets in the dressing-rooms was a trifle inconvenient, but everybody seemed willing to bear the slight drawback in support of the reformation. In London and Paris ladies always go to the theatre or the opera in carriages; in this Republican land of ours we content ourselves with cable cars as a rule, and so the women either must wear their hats or set them aside in the dressing-rooms at the playhouse. There's the reason for the difference in fashion.

* * *

HILLIARD JUDGE is soon to honor this city with a visit. He threatens even to go to Santa Cruz and renew there the brilliant conquests on the sands that gave him the reputation of an irresistible enslaver of youthful affections. *Habitués* of the Sea Beach must recall that startling complexion of his, and the deep interest he could always command for conversations the most trivial with maidens the most impossible. In addition to this distinction, Mr. Judge is the son-in-law of the Gotham millionaire Lorillard, a privilege he shares with Stuart Taylor, who, I understand, is cultivating the arts in Paris. That eminent capacity for earning an income which even plutocrats are presumed to commend in the husbands of their heiresses, Mr. Judge never possessed. He was a person of leisure, and never did aught that might be considered labor.

* * *

Fortune, or rather his father-in-law, has recently smiled on Judge, and he is now President of the Coney Island Transportation Company—a concern of whose capital stock Mr. Lorillard owns the controlling interest. The duties of the place compel his attendance at the office two hours a day for three months of the year—arduous conditions whose compliance commands a salary of $6000 per annum. The actual object of his coming here is to secure in Southern California an agreeable home for Mr. Lorillard, who proposes in the future to spend his winters in this State. He will have stables there, keep a string of runners, and, in a variety of ways, confer distinction on the environment. Of course, Mr. Judge will unite pleasure with the business of his tour. Neither his fascinations nor his complexion have lost their virility.

* * *

Journalism is distracted over the fierce fight being waged between the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle*. This time the bone of contention is neither circulation nor advertising. It is confined to the editorial departments. Tom Garrett, who acts as City Editor for Mr. De Young is determined to outstrip the attainments of Mr. Millard, who has just been selected by Mr. Hearst to preside over his own local department. The result is, both are straining every imaginable nerve, and woe betide the man who cannot bring in stories. Besides covering the ordinary details both have their best men round skirmishing, and it is a poor story nowadays that defies publication. The main difficulty is that in this fervent rush after news they have invaded the social domain sacred to weekly journalism, and filch from me the interesting *moreeaux* of gossip I expect to regale my individual readers with.

* * *

Local room gossip is confined to a discussion of the "scoops" of the morning. The City Editors beam or frown as the tally runs for or against them. It is popularly supposed that Mr. Millard was affable to the verge of geniality over the Frank McDonald tale which, with the Pacific Bank story, were the best catches of the week. But Mr. Garrett was triumphant over the Masten *esclandre*—a story, indeed, that should never have been published, and I am sure would not, had it occurred at another time.

* * *

THAT ROGER MAGEE is well able to hold his own with the members of his Bohemian *coterie* is a fact most of them have good evidence of. In the ledgers of the organization quite a number of neat things are down to his credit, but, when retold, the especial narrator invariably gives the *mot* as his own—a way they have in Bohemia. One brief tale has crept into circulation, however, and it is more than half worth the telling. Roger, in days gone by, was one of the most tireless frequenters of Sausalito and given ardently to boating in its several phases. One Monday morning the *Examiner* had a sad, dark tale of the drowning, near Tiburon, of a person named McGee. Who could it be but Roger? His friends grieved.

* * *

Later on that morning a few of his friends, each wearing a funereal air, drifted into his office prepared to commiserate his brother on the sad loss. To their consternation, who should meet them, with beaming effusiveness, but the victim in person.

"Why, Roger," they all cried in chorus, "we thought you were drowned."

"I thought so, too," was the reply, "until I saw how the paper spelt me name."

The Witness.

The typhus fever, now epidemic, can be avoided by adding to your milk Sherwood's Monogram Whisky. Sold everywhere.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A COMMERCIAL MONOLOGUE.

Commercial travelers say that San Francisco is rapidly becoming a "sample town." This means that it is becoming a place where drummers exhibit specimens of the goods they desire to sell, and where they find merchants who are willing to inspect and purchase their wares. Shirt Tail Cañon, Red Dog, and Poker Flat are all "sample towns." At certain stated periods drummers appear at those places with a trunk full of goods. They proceed to the hotel, engage a room, spread out their samples, and sally forth to entice curiously inclined merchants in to see them. In this way orders are secured and sent home to be filled. Personally, I do not know that San Francisco is becoming a town where commercial travelers congregate to sell things by sample, but my information is to that effect, and my informants being experts and truthful, I am bound to some extent to credit them.

* * *

I do not know that being a "sample town" is in its way a bad thing, but from the contemptuous manner in which commercial men refer to such towns, I infer that they do not rank very high in the mercantile world. Certainly the progress of Shirt Tail Cañon, Red Dog, and Poker Flat during the past forty years does not indicate that "sampling" has very much to do with commercial advancement. If it be undesirable, then, to be a "sample town" the question is, how can San Francisco stem the tide of mercantile stagnation that is creeping upon it and become a town where drummers send their orders to be filled? The answer to this is, plainly, become a manufacturing centre. How is this to be done? Simply by the investment of surplus capital in enterprises that produce manufactured goods, instead of permitting it to lie idle in the banks awaiting real estate booms, or keeping it in the business of handling "samples" of Eastern products. I am aware of the fact that it is easy to say a thing like this, but quite hard to induce the people interested to take a practical view of it.

* * *

And this brings me logically to a consideration of the present attitude of the merchants of San Francisco toward the economic laws which are slowly squeezing them to death. These men live in a city which is the centre of the most productive country (considering the area under cultivation) in the world. They have wool, wine, fruit, iron, gold, silver, lead, borax, cattle—nearly everything in abundance. Partly because fuel happens to be dear, but mainly because of a lack of enterprise, they send everything away to be manufactured, and on its return distribute it for a small profit to their consumers. In fact, they are engaged in the business so ludicrously described by an English economist as exporting a hide for a shilling and importing the tail for a crown. The cost of the transportation and exchange outward and inward, and the manufacturers' profit, is a dead loss to the state. Our merchants are in the position of the farmer who sells his wheat to the miller and buys it back in flour. A small flour mill would have enabled him to dispense with the miller and save the miller's profit. The effect of the policy we are pursuing is already showing results, San Francisco is becoming a "sample town," for the simple and manifest reason that we are paying a foreign country (the East for our purposes is a foreign country) to do our manufacturing. The millions that are wasted in this way could, by a simple reversal of this order of things, be retained here to give employment to hosts of industrious people.

* * *

It is a fact, notwithstanding the short-sightedness of our mercantile element, who are content to deal in Eastern "samples" instead of fabricated products of their own, that there is some little manufacturing done in San Francisco. Indeed, there is considerable. The statistics of Assessor Siebe last year showed that probably one-third of all the goods consumed in this city are manufactured here from raw material produced in the state. Instead of increasing this total by judicious investments and a commercial policy which would maintain the financial protection guaranteed by good, stiff rates on west-bound freight on the overland railroads, what are our merchants doing? They are paying an expert railroad traffic manager $10,000 a year to fight the overland railroads and make them come down in their charges. They have established an Isthmian steamship line over which they are importing at bare cost thousands of tons of the cheap manufactured products of the East, which they are placing upon the markets here in direct competition with the products of the labor of their own people, And yet they wonder why there is commercial stagnation and depression.

* * *

Within the past three months, I am informed by good authority, many of our small manufacturing establishments have closed their doors, others are on the point of doing so. Long before the end of this year the streets of San Francisco will be filled with idle workingmen. Already the unemployed are so numerous that Dr. O'Donnell and Dennis Kearney have commenced to reorganize the sand lot horde of 1878–9. When, within a few months from now, these proletarians get to demanding "bread or blood" the promoters of the North American Navigation cheap goods line may exclaim, "Why all this discontent? Are we not furnishing goods to workingmen cheaper than ever?" The answer to this will be, "Yes, you are furnishing cheap goods to workingmen; but of what use are cheap goods to a workingman who cannot earn the money to buy them." This is the old story of the English free trader who thought a cheap shoe was of more value in the economy of a country than a prosperous shoemaker. I trust that in the history which will sometime be written of the fight Traffic Manager Leeds is making to emancipate the merchants of San Francisco, his employers will be dealt with leniently. Like Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, I wish "no human bein' no harm." But if contemporary justice ever does overtake them they will receive a severe scorching.

* * *

In this matter it does not strike me that the welfare of the Southern Pacific Company cuts a very large figure. I know all its enemies are rejoicing to think that it has been compelled to reduce its rates on West bound freight to compete with the figures made by the Traffic Association's Panama line. But that reduction is a very small affair when compared with the aggregate of its tonnage to the Pacific. Neither Nevada nor Arizona gains anything, nor has there been any reduction forced on local freight. I imagine that if it were possible to compute the damage done to the commercial prosperity of San Francisco by flooding it with cheap Eastern goods, it would be found that where the Southern Pacific has been forced to lose a cent we have lost a dollar. The shrinkage in real estate values in this city consequent upon a decline in manufacturing and poverty among the masses, will alone amount to millions. How much did the business depression of 1878–9 cost the city of San Francisco? These trading hucksters, whose only use in a community is to exact tribute from the chattels they handle, may discover before long that it has done them no good to break down the overland railroad protective tariff that sustained our small manufacturers. They may discover that their vast stocks of "pauper" goods are not any more salable than the stocks they formerly imported at higher rates.

* * *

Taking the ground, as I do, that up to the time of the recent reduction in overland freight rates, the Southern Pacific Company was the best friend San Francisco had, I cannot refrain from observing that in my judgment the fight that is being made against it proceeds mainly from prejudice and silurianism. The merchants of San Francisco do nothing to keep its streets and sewers clean and in repair; they do nothing to provide a fire department capable of putting out its fires, and the police they employ are scarcely numerous enough to protect its residents from robbery. This being the case, how on earth can they be expected to see an economic principle so plain as the one I have illustrated? They neglect to make their city desirable for residence purposes, and yet they invite people to live here and consume their wares. A more absurd position than that which they now occupy could scarcely be imagined. They seek a profit in destroying the industries of the town; they traduce and outrage the only corporation in the state the extension of whose lines actually creates wealth, and they seek to frustrate every attempt it makes to foster or lead enterprise; they neglect to provide for the proper discharge of the municipal functions that make a city habitable, and yet they wonder why the population is idle, and why people do not flock here to live.

* * *

This is silurianism pure and simple. It is

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AND COTTAGES

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ROOMS MAY NOW BE ENGAGED

the result of the dull and unemotional reasoning of a set of men who are dead to everything save a cent per cent profit. Undoubtedly it proceeds from the presence in this city of a large number of antiquated mercantile relics of forty nine who have been left behind in the march of progress. They made money trading, before the State began to manufacture, and they are now too old to see a dollar in anything else.

If I were Dictator I would abolish the California Traffic Association and send Mr. Leeds home (provided he did not choose to enter some honest employment here). I would cancel the charters of the North American Navigation Company, and reestablish the rates of the overland railroads. I would put to death all persons who talk of competing lines. In my opinion more railroads would only add to our commercial troubles. Their construction would fasten upon us more interest bearing bonds and more dividend paying stocks to drain our resources, before we create a greater volume of business than the Southern Pacific's lines can handle. When the Southern Pacific can no longer do the business it is time to talk of another railroad. Thus, were I Dictator, having again adjusted the tariff that before the advent of Mr. Leeds protected our local manufacturers, I would order every man with capital to engage in manipulating the raw material of the country. Instead of coal I would use oil for my steam engines, and I would command a certain proportion of the capitalists of the State to search for oil wells. Having done all this and having made my beloved country happy, contented, and prosperous, I would call the magnates of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads together and say to them, "Gentlemen, if you will reduce your overland rates on East bound freight fifty per cent, I will give you a receipt in full for all the money (about 90,000,000 I believe) that you owe the United States." Of course they would be glad to do that, because I should permit them to charge what ever they pleased for transporting every thing except East bound freight.

Would not this arrangement well nigh produce the millenium? With all our own markets protected from Eastern competition in manufactured products, our people would soon be busy making everything they eat, drink, and wear, and with a fifty per cent reduction on East-bound freight we would keep the Southern Pacific working pretty hard to carry our surplus to the aborigines of the Atlantic. Under this arrangement the gold would come pouring in upon us from every quarter, and not a cent would get out. But this happy condition will never be realized so long as the Traffic Association persists in its ambition to become the chief cent per cent parasite of California. J. C. H.

THE LYRE.

She touched—and, lo, each silent silver wire
Won soul and music from her finger tips,
And trembled like some convent-maiden's lips
Pallid with holy passion and desire.
The evening shadows gathered; and the fire
Staggered and struggled with an unseen death.
Yet there I sat, and hushed, and held my breath,
To catch the palpitations of her lyre.

Wildly and witchingly the notes rang forth,
Charming alive the faces on the wall;
Meseemed I saw the warriors above
Wondering with the lyre what life was worth,
And acquiescing when the chorus call,
All tremulous with triumph, answered, "Love!"

—*R. Macfie, in Granite Dust.*

OUR WAY WITH MILLIONAIRES.

It is common talk that Mr. John W. Mackay, who was expected here last month, will not leave New York this summer, unless it be for a hasty run to London, and that he will not be seen in San Francisco till next winter, if then. The story goes that he has abandoned the idea of spending a million or two in trying to develop another Comstock in the Vanderbilt mines, and that we may not see much more of him. If so, it will be a matter rather of regret than of surprise.

It is only a couple of years or so since he was dragged unconsciously into a wild speculation in wheat, which caused him serious embarrassment and cost him a large sum of money. A few months ago, a crank, whom he had never injured and did not know, shot him in broad daylight, in a public thoroughfare. The crank was arrested and tried, and a jury of intelligent San Franciscans could not find that he had been guilty of crime. Nor did the organs of public opinion see anything to censure in the jury's action. There were people who thought that Mackay had been served just right for making so much money. They could not even find it in them to blame the physicians, who, discovering this man lying wounded and helpless by the roadside, stripped him of his valuables and carried off his purse. Mr. Mackay may hanker to return to a place where he meets with such treatment; but again, he may not.

He is not the only rich man who has been taught by experience that in San Francisco it is hopeless for a camel to expect to go through the eye of a needle. Mr. D. O. Mills was a useful citizen, sound in counsel, and, when occasion required, open-handed. Rather than suffer the workingmen to legislate him out of his property, he transplanted his belongings to the other side of the continent. Another San Franciscan, whose address is now New York, is James B. Haggin. He was, perhaps, the best all-round citizen we had. He was gifted with supernatural wisdom, and the activity of his mind kept him constantly busy in useful enterprises. Again, Mr. C. P. Huntington said, when he became President of the Southern Pacific, that he would spend half his time here. He now finds that six weeks in the year satiate his appetite for the air of the Coast.

Of course, New York is a larger and livelier place than San Francisco. A millionaire can get more for his money there than here. There are better operas and theatres there, stronger men, more lovable women, more brilliant society, more art and music, a more bounteous annual crop of letters. But this is not a bad place either. A man with money can gather round him here a circle of find minds, and he can surround himself with all the creature comforts which anyone can need. No one wings his eastward flight solely because the Golden Gate is out of the world. There must be some other reason.

If we could assume that the tendency of mining booms, and bonanza days, and sudden and surprising fortunes was to unsettle faith in sound doctrine, and to promote faith in false doctrine, we could understand that anomalies of Californian opinion frighten our rich people away. When a man is working for two dollars a day, his head is level, and it is reasonably safe to bunk in his tent; but if the same man finds a ten thousand dollar nugget one day after going hungry for three months previous, his mind is pretty sure to be unbalanced, and nothing will be certain about his notions, except that they will be wrong. As Commodore Vanderbilt said of his son-in-law, the late Elliot Shepard, he will be more kinds of damfool at once than any one you ever knew. It is, perhaps, by a study of his record that we can comprehend the class which divides its time between stoneing Chinamen, organizing labor unions for the ultimate reduction of wages, railing at every one who has made money, and driving the rich out of the community.

John Bonner

Young Mr. Gillyflower, who is in love with the Reverend Boanerges Blownozzle's daughter, dines with his possible father-in-law.

The Rev. Mr. Blownozzle (to the servant)—Maryann, pass the plate to Mr. Gillyflower.

Maryann passes it.

Mr. Gillyflower (dreamily)—Oh, of course! Here's for the poor heathen.

He puts a silver dollar deftly in a *fricandeau aux épinards.*

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Lessee.

MASKS AND FACES

THE BALDWIN.

"AMERICANS ABROAD."

Written for the Lyceum Theatre by Victorien Sardou. English adaption by Abby Sage Richardson.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

GILBERT RAYMOND, an American artist. ... HERBERT KELCEY
RICHARD FAIRBANKS, a rich American.....W. J. LEMOYNE
LANGOLEHE, a Frenchman of leisure .....E. J. RATCLIFFE
CASSIMIR LOLLY, a social parasite ....FRITZ WILLIAMS
BARDIN, a decorative artist..... .... ROBERT WEED
PRADLETON, butler to Fairbanks ....AUGUSTUS COOK
LORD SALTONSTALL, an English tourist .....ROBERT WEED
MARCEL ....V. GLASER
FLORENCE WINTHROP, an American girl.GEORGIE CAYVAN
JESSIE FAIRBANKS, her cousin.... .....EFFIE SHANNON
BARONESS DE BEAUMONT, a society broker..... .... MRS. CHARLES WALCOT
MME. PONTCARRE, a singing teacher..... .... MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN
MME. OLIVARES, from Rio Janeiro .....MADGE CARR
ANGELA, IDA .... daughters of Mme Olivares .....BESSIE TYREE ....ANNIE LELAND
JULIE..... JOSEPHINE BENNETT

Time—The Present. Place—France.
ACT 1.—At a Private Hotel in Cannes, France. Afternoon.
ACT 2.—Miss Winthrop's Studio in Paris. Noon.
ACT 3.—At a Chateau in the Country, near Paris. Evening.

I am inclined to think that skilled dramatists do not do their very best work when that work is done to order. This is the impression I had formed of M. Sardou's latest play in advance, and I am free to confess that the interpretation of the play, as I witnessed it on Monday night, has in no way altered that impression. "Americans Abroad" is a charming piece of dramatic construction, put together with the inimitable skill of a master, presented in a most refined and satisfying way, and altogether a very agreeable evening's entertainment, *voila tout.* One might be forgiven for saying that one had hoped for more. But it is the old story over again. Perfunctory work is never sincere. It lacks the chief element of greatness in all things—purpose. The only thing remotely resembling this essential is a purpose to achieve, not greatness, not even excellence, but simply the completion of the order. This is strikingly apparent in the play in question. It is utterly lacking in character. Were it not for the adroit way in which the complications which arise in the last act are disposed of, one might safely say that "Americans Abroad" could have been written by one of half a dozen clever play-builders we know of. The theme is entirely conventional, the dialogue of even a lower order of merit. It must be borne in mind, however, that a work emanating from so finished an *artiste* as Sardou subjects itself to criticism of a far more trying kind than the efforts of one less certainly capable. Sardou has, by his indisputable merit, placed himself upon a very high plane, and all the work that he does must be judged from that plane. It may be that the *cachet* which accompanies his signature is sufficient to demonstrate the marketable quality of his work to the dramatic speculator, but if we would criticise that work at all, it is from the standpoint of the author's known capabilities, by comparison, in other words, that his products are to be judged. It has been said in defense of the piece in question that the author was hampered by the necessity of placing the members of the Lyceum Company in congenial roles, made to suit them, as it were. To my mind this is no defense at all. Messrs. Kelcey and Le Moyne, Miss Cayvan, Miss Shannon, and the others are all people of a certain amount of distinct personality. If it were necessary to make characters to fit them, then the author simply had a fair share of his work done for him in advance. The characters in "Americans Abroad" are admirably suited to the members of the Lyceum Company. It is not there that the defect lies It is in the fact that the characters, as M. Sardou has drawn them, are not interesting. The central idea, commonplace as it is, is good enough. It is in the way in which the idea is set before the auditor that the weakness is so apparent. In brief, there is no single touch of greatness, such as we are entitled to look for in a work from so eminent an author, in the entire piece. There is not a single brilliant situation, not a single brilliant speech, not a single character that interests. I am sure that if such criticism of his work was made to M. Sardou, he would smile (aside) and say that he thought he had fulfilled his contract. So he has, but as I said in advance, I don't think that contract labor agrees with great playwrights. It may with their purses but not with their products. There is one thing, however, to be said which may in a measure serve as an excuse for the monotony of the dialogue: it has suffered the dread ordeal of translation. Mrs. Richardson's work is smooth and unobjectionable from the standpoint of diction, but it lacks utterly the terseness and brilliancy of Sardou's language as we know it in "Dora," "Nos Intimes," or "Fedora." Of Mr. Frohman's players there is little to be said save in praise. They are always satisfactory if not satisfying. They read their lines well, wear their clothes well, and are well mannered people generally. Miss Cayvan retains all of her old charm of manner, Miss Shannon, prettier if anything than before, is as demure as ever, and the men acquit themselves creditably throughout.

"The Grey Mare" is the piece which Mr. Frohman invites us to look upon on Monday evening at the Baldwin. It is a three-act comedy, the joint work of Messrs. George R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh. Both of these gentlemen are skilled dramatic mechanics. Mr. Sims once came near writing a great melodrama, "The Silver King," and ever since then has traded on the reputation that work, or rather his share in that work, has given him, coupled perhaps with the fame of his marvelously clumsy, though popular, verses.

The new members of Mr. Stockwell's Company will make their first appearance on Monday evening in "Our Bachelors" at the Powell Street. It is quite agreeable to know that one may now visit this cozy little house without being bombarded out of one's seat and stifled in the dreadful powder smoke of a sanguinary battle field. "Roger La Houte," a powerful melodrama from the French, is in preparation.

The California is undergoing about the same process of rejuvenation as the Baldwin was subjected to. There are not to be any radical changes, so Mr. Gottlob tells me, simply a general freshening up of all parts of the establishment. The carpets are to be changed, the painting and the decorations generally touched up, and the whole place put in "spick and span" order for the coming of the magnetic Mantell.

Georgia Cayvan wears a few stunning dresses in "Americans Abroad" at the Baldwin, and on the first night it was really amusing to hear the comments, even in the most intense situations of the piece, which the women in the audience would pass upon her costumes. The men, as a rule, were dressed in the very height of fashion as it is understood to-day in Europe and the East. Long-tailed frock coats, bright neckties and top hats with "crook" canes about made up the costume of each and every character.

A testimonial concert is to be given on Thursday evening at Metropolitan Temple, and Meyer Cohen is the recipient. Mr. Cohen is about to start for the East, and his friends have decided to add to his purse's depth by gathering together as many of his acquaintances as possible, at one dollar per head, and to offer to them in return what seems likely to be a very attractive programme. P. A. T.

THE NEW FAMILY RESORT.

The need of a park or pleasure ground situated at some convenient point on the bay, and which could be visited on Sundays by the great mass of seekers after pleasure and recreation, has long been talked of. A short time since, the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company determined to make El Campo such a place, and they have succeeded in drawing the attention of the public to that resort. Each Sunday the Company has a fine band which discourses select music under the leadership of Prof. Blum. The following is the programme for to-morrow:

PART FIRST.

1. March, "Famous 22d Regt."..... *Gilmore*
2. Overture, "Lustspiel" .... *Kela Bela*
3. Dance, "D'Afrique" ..... *Jaxome*
4. Potpourri, "Der Freischutz" ..... *Von Weber*
   With Solos for Cornet and Trombone.
5. Waltz, "Fleur D'Alsace"..... *Steiner*
6. Medley of Popular Scotch Airs..... ....
   Arranged by Blum

PART SECOND.

7. Serio-Comic Jamboree .... *Beyer*
8. Gavotte, "Erminie" ..... *Jakobowsky*
9. Waltz, "After the Ball" ....*Harris*
   By Request.
10. Selection, "Un Ballo In Maschera".. ..... *Verdi*
    With Clarinets and Euphonium.
11. Baritone Solo, "In the Cellar Deep"..... *Fischer*
    By Thos. Lowans.
12. Galop, "They're Off" .....*Steinhauser*

CRYING BABIES.

Some people do not love Them. They should use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect infant food. A million American babies have been raised to man and womanhood on the Eagle brand. Grocers and Druggists.

Peggy—What did that independent, self-willed, handsome sister do?

Paula—Oh, she married one of the assistant bookkeepers in her father's bank. He is still an assistant bookkeeper.

Peggy—And what d d the homely, modest girl do?

Paula—She married a little dude to please her father. He is now a member of the firm.—*Truth.*

AMUSEMENTS.

BALDWIN THEATRE

AL. HAYMAN & Co., - - - - - Proprietors
ALFRED BOUVIER, - - - - - - Manager

Matinee to-day at 2 P. M. This evening at 8 P. M.

AMERICANS ABROAD

Next Monday, July 17th Second Week

LYCEUM · THEATRE · COMPANY

First Time Here of

THE GREY MARE

The Lyceum Success of Two Seasons ago
Full Strength of Company

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STOCKWELL'S THEATRE

L. R. STOCKWELL.....Lessee and Proprietor
ALF ELLINGHOUSE.....Manager

Monday Evening, July 17th

BEGINNING OF THE SECOND SEASON

THE · NEW · STOCKWELL · COMPANY · OF · PLAYERS

Opening in the Amusing Comedy

OUR BACHELORS

NEXT—Monday, July 24th—By special arrangement with Mr. Augustin Daly, will be presented the powerful drama, ROGER LA HONTE.

AMATEUR SPORT

I have a letter from the East which conveys some interesting information regarding the doings of the California turfites, both at Washington Park and on the New York and New Jersey courses. The followers of the Keene fortunes are distinctly in the dumps, and as most of the Californians speculatively inclined have a deep devotion for the "J. R. and F. P." colors, the result is that many of them are not a little out of pocket. The two pets of the stable, St. Leonards and Chorister are, beyond question, not up to the mark. A number of fat purses have recently been lost by a head, or, perhaps, I might say, with equal truth, from the lack of a head with a sufficient amount of brain matter within.

My good friend Follansbee, who follows closely in the wake of his cousin, Foxhall Keene, has, I understand, suffered a number of rather severe knocks in the past fortnight. "Jack" is every inch a racing man, and stands by the colors of his stable regardless of cost. I am told that his losings since the middle of June are considerable, and, while his interests in Mexican land values are large, the accumulation of losses are quite sufficient to be disagreeable.

There is a certain amount of satisfaction to a number of the "P. C. B. H." people in the news that comes from Chicago relative to Tom Williams' recent success at Washington Park. Ashe has got back "Geraldine," and one more act in the serio-comic controversy has been played, but Williams, after a patient waiting, has finally managed to land some profitable purses. It is rather amusing, however, to note the magnified proportions which are given to his gains in some of the local papers. When last week he carried off two events out of the six his profits were set down as amounting to $20,000. The purses themselves reached about one-fourth of that sum; the balance, presumably, was made up from the pool boxes. To the best of my knowledge and belief this assumption is entirely groundless. Anyone who knows Mr. Williams, and has watched his methods on the race course, is doubtless aware of the fact that it is not his practice to play short horses, even if they carry his own colors, therefore, I I doubt very much whether the bookmakers were very hard hit by his most creditable victories.

The Macdonough and Fair contingents seem to suffer from the same depression as is affecting the more pretentious and extensive Keene stable. I don't know, and I doubt if anyone else does, just exactly how the books balance up to date, but it is pretty certain that there is a distinct deficit that will require not a few good-sized purses and stakes to make the accounts come out at the large instead of the small end. As I have all along predicted, however, I have no doubt but what the youngsters in both stables will show far better form in the autumn.

* * *

The Olympic Club seems to be enjoying a period of considerable enthusiasm. The arrival of the celebrated Bliss has boomed football to an enormous extent, and prospects are that by the time that the autumn season is at hand we shall enjoy a period of distinct football craze. I have lately seen several members of the Stanford team, and they all tell me that the College has material at its disposal wherewith to place in the field the strongest eleven, they believe, which has yet been seen on the Coast. The Berkeley players have not, apparently, been very active of late, and athletics generally and the prospect of the formation of a representative crew seem to have engrossed most of the attention of the U. C. men.

The prospects are, I understand, that the proposal to reduce the initiation fee in the Olympic Club to $40 is likely to be adopted. For one, I regret that such is the case. I honestly do not believe that there is any reason why such a course should be taken. The club enjoys a sufficient prosperity to warrant it continuing on its present lines; there are enough members, additions to the roll is not what is needed. More men with more leisure and more genuine devotion to amateur sport would do far more for the development of the Club and the credit of the State in the athletic world than a long list of outside members with but little athletic interest or capabilities, who could be induced to join because "it don't cost much."

* * *

Since the outburst of enthusiasm over the three days' tourney at San Rafael, lawn tennis has somewhat lost its interest, even to its most enthusiastic adherents. The chief topics of discussion in tennis circles are the prospects of the California trio, Taylor, Tobin, and Hubbard, on Eastern courts. While confessing a considerable admiration for all three of these young players, I, for one, have but scant hopes of their winning many victories from the Eastern cracks. I think that Taylor, for instance, knows sufficient of the intricacies of the game to very fairly figure as a prospective winner, but, unfortunately, he has not the advantage of a practical daily application which is enjoyed by most of the celebrated Eastern players and which is considered in England absolutely indispensable to good form.

The Olympic Club players will come together to-morrow for the opening of their club tournament at their own grounds. Some of the more enthusiastic declare that the prospects are that a number of really brilliant beginners will be turned out. I hope that this may be the case, for thus far the season has produced but little of promise among the younger players.

* * *

Most of the Country Club men are away enjoying their mid-summer vacations with rod and gun alike, and I understand that not a few of them met with the marked success in field and stream. There is little trap shooting being done, and I don't think that a single member of the Club is in what might be called championship form. President Webster tells me that so many of the members of the Club have gone Eastward, bent on World's Fair visiting and attendance at the big race meetings, that there is but scant attendance at the Club and but little practice of any kind being done.

* * *

I met Jim Coleman at the Palace some days ago, attended, be it understood, by his portly Fidus Achates, the heir to many Celtic thrones. Skipper O'Connell appears hale and hearty and well replenished as to the inner being, but the sea-legs one would look for in the master of so smart a craft as the long-postponed "Miranda" are distinctly lacking.

The speedy "Aggie," now that she has been relieved of her burden of debt, has been indulging in some fast tacks during the past week up and down the Coast. She started from Santa Cruz, minus her owners, with a party of Mr. Wieland's friends and stood well out to sea. Some very good sport was had fishing from the small boats, and a rattling sail into port on Wednesday, in the face of a stiff breeze, completed a most enjoyable cruise.

There is rather a good yarn afloat anent the victory of the "Lurline" in the Santa Cruz Fourth of July race. Commodore Macdonough has always deemed, and I think still does maintain, that his graceful "Jessie" is far and away the speedier craft of the crack trio. He is always determined, however, that when he was beaten that it wouldn't be by the "Aggie" at any cost. When the boats got away the "Lurline" was the better sailed of the three, and got the benefit of what breeze there was. With this advantage, and in the light winds, she got so far away from the "Aggie" and the "Jessie" that those on board the Wieland boat, partly, too, from a motive of courtesy to Commodore "Dolly," practically gave up the race at the outset, but determined, by way of diversion, to have some fun with the bluff Commodore on the "Jessie" the "Aggie" stood out to sea, quite out of her course some twenty miles. The moment she made the tack the "Jessie" followed suit, leaving the "Lurline" with the race at her mercy. It took Commodore Macdonough some little time to discover the trick which had been played upon him, and he finally headed away after the distant Spreckels' craft. In Santa Cruz harbor, the following day, the Commodore admitted that he had been well tricked, but vowed that he would have followed the "Aggie" double the distance to discover what monkey tricks she was up to.

The Haywards people are going to have a try at the charms of the game of tennis this week when the Alameda championship is to be decided upon the grounds of the Haywards Hotel. I am told that Oakland's pride, Champion Driscoll, is not going to take part, but will allow his less distinguished fellow countymen to compete for the honors.

THE STARTER.

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Can be had in light-weights for summer, and medium and heavy-weights for Fall and Winter-wear.

The "Stuttgart" Underwear is manufactured also in cashmere in all weights.

The cashmere garments ate made of yarn composed of 5 threads of wool and one thread of cotton spun together to prevent shrinking.

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THE BABY AND THE PIRATES.

SHOWING THE UTILITY OF UGLINESS.

BY CHARLES HOWELL.

The felucca "Richard Roe" lay at anchor in the Gulf of Policastro. There were only three souls aboard. I might say there were only two souls and a half; for neither Cucot nor Cozette considered that Jean amounted to much. Jean was the baby. So, then, these three made up the grand total of "souls" on board the "Richard Roe" as she (or he) lay at anchor in the Gulf of Policastro on the afternoon in question.

Cucot was a French smuggler, red, round, and hearty—a genuine rogue. Cozette was a black-haired, brawling fishmonger before she married Cucot. She was black-haired and brawling years after the wedding. Marriage was an available security to her. Life subsequent to the ceremony was much the same as it had been before—except, of course, there was Jean.

The joy with which these parents regarded the baby was not, I am forced to admit, of a boisterous or undivided nature. They felt they had reason to be dissatisfied. They had done all that an honest smuggler and a gentle fishmonger could be expected to do, yet here was Jean, at ten months of age, as bald as an apple. He had a cast in one eye, and, what's more, he was bandy-legged. In spite of the disfavor with which he was regarded, Jean was uproarously happy day in and day out, and crawled the "Roe" over from forepeak to tiller.

Speaking of Jean, he had only two faults—he grinned in his sleep, and he simply could not swallow a capsule. His vocabulary was limited to "fudge." A legion of archangels couldn't get anything else out of him. Questions and answers, time and space, height and depth—he turned them all neatly by "fudge." A bald-headed, squinting, bandy-legged baby; as unpromising a young prig as a man often meets—such is the hero of my story.

The "Richard Roe" bobbed up and down at anchor. Beyond the beetling crags of the rock-ribbed shore the sun sank to rest in a flood of golden glory. ("Beetling crags" and "golden glory" will have to do this time.) Cozette came out of the cabin, wiping, with the end of her apron, the suds that clung to her big, red arms. Cucot was leaning against the mast, smoking black tobacco in an exceedingly disreputable pipe. (It's a pity he couldn't have smuggled a meerschaum.)

"I have been thinking, Cozette," he observed, as his wife approached, "we would stand a slim chance with those thieving sea-dogs of pirates over there"—jerking his head toward the "beetling crags"—"if they once learned of the value of our cargo. *Tonnerre de Dieu!* It was the Devil's own luck that the wind should fail this afternoon and we be forced to anchor in this accursed gulf instead of pushing on up to Amalfi and be now lying snugly at a Christian dock. The night will be dark, and I don't like this place, Cozette, I tell you I don't like it!"

"A mullen on your fears!" made answer the gentle Cozette. "I am out of all conceit with you chicken-hearted men. There are no pirates in Policastro; and if there were, what of it? *Fichtre!* Have we not a new *chassepot* in the cabin, and forty rounds of ammunition!"

Piebald Jean sidled up at this moment. He was completing his good-night round of the deck. I shall always think he understood what his parents were saying, for he settled at once upon his haunches and regarded them attentively with his little game eye. Satisfied with his scrutiny, he pushed on in disgust, retracing his trail to the cabin. As he crossed the sill, "fudgedy fudge," said Jean under his breath.

* * * * * * *

Midnight. Cucot and Cozette are fast asleep in the cabin. Cucot and Cozette are snoring loudly. On a coarse blanket a few feet away little Jean sleeps lightly. He is grinning ominously. As he sleeps he keeps muttering, "fudge, fudge, fudge."

The smuggler's laces and silks are piled in profusion about the stuffy apartment. The "Richard Roe" is lying as still as though she were high and dry aground. The Gulf is as shiny as glass, and black and forbidding. "Beetling crags" throw fantastic shadows on the water. Shades of all the pirates! What a night for blunder if you but knew it!

* * * * * * *

"Hist."

A voice from the sea!

"Stoop lower, Lazetto. Your cap hides my view of the cabin. Quick! Keep your pistols pointed straight at the door, and have a dirk within reach, every man of you."

A murderous pair of eyes look over the starboard rail of the felucca "Richard Roe."

Eight stalwart Italian pirates stepped stealthily upon the deck of the silent "Richard Roe." Bushy brows accentuated villainous, beady eyes. Thick, matted hair fell upon mantled shoulders. There was a pistol in each hand and a dirk in each mouth. Sashes, crimson as blood, were swathed about their waists.

Zandas, the Pirate King, has stopped short in his approach.

"Hist!"

He stays Lazetto's step with an iron grip on the arm.

"Hah! You heard it, did you not, that moaning, jumbling sound? There is some living thing moving at the stern."

"I heard it," says Lazetto, under his breath. "Perhaps the smuggler is awake."

Eight brown hands clutched eight shining weapons. The cautious approach is resumed. I pity Cucot if he really is awake. I pity Cozette, too, and little Jean.

"*Per Bacco!* There it is again! How strange it is. Zandas, I am, yet I like it not. Lazetto, I say it is not of man's making. It sounds like the dragging of a heavy body along the ship. *Santa Maria!* It comes this way."

The pirates have stopped amidships. Each one holds his breath the better to catch the startling sounds. Dragging, dragging; inch by inch, foot by foot, and steadily towards them. Well may the pirates tremble. This is no earthly visitant. Blanch, Zandas! Quail, Lazetto! Tremble, Dimettro! Pray fast you other five.

Of a sudden, "'Fore Heaven," shrieks Zandas, "I see a spectre!" At the end of the ship, emerging from the shadow, a hideous, haunting thing is dragging into view. It is unearthly. It is not beast, nor man—nor yet even woman. It stops and gloats on the shivering pirates. It leers in ghoulish confidence; it raises a hand sodden as that of a corpse and points with the stump of a finger full at the horrified group. Describe it I cannot. Attempt it I will not. The moon breaks through the clouds and a single ray falls on the Object's head, and is reflected as from a polished mirror. Strange. But this shadow is casting a shadow. The moonlight glints its legs and throws black silhouettes of them in grotesque and startling *curves* against the furled canvas. That settles it.

With a yell of frenzied despair eight pirates plunge over the rail and row as for life from the haunted ship. As they bend to the straining oars they breathe hot prayers to the saints.

The goblin seems rather amused. Stumps of fingers take hold upon the rail and it draws itself up to its height. It looks out upon the disappearing robbers and flutters its hands in triumph. It throws back its head and—*it grins.*

Out in the darkness the seadogs' boat is skimming as if bewitched. Zandas and Lazetto crouch trembling in the stern and cast furtive glances back at the ship. There is no use in denying it—these men are badly scared. They converse in whispers as their companions tug at the oars.

Zandas (fervently)—Now praise be to the Saints, the evil is averted.

Lazetto—I shall say twenty aves for this deliverance, at the shrine of holy Ambrose.

Zandas (shivering)—*Volesse Iddio che non ritornasse mai più.* I never saw anything so horrible. I could have endured the sight of it, but when it spoke my very soul deserted me.

Lazetto—So then it spoke! Tell me, good Zandas, what did it say?

Zandas—Come closer, Lazetto. I would whisper the accursed word. As we were pulling away from the ship, *pera Lucia,* I heard the goblin say FUDGE!

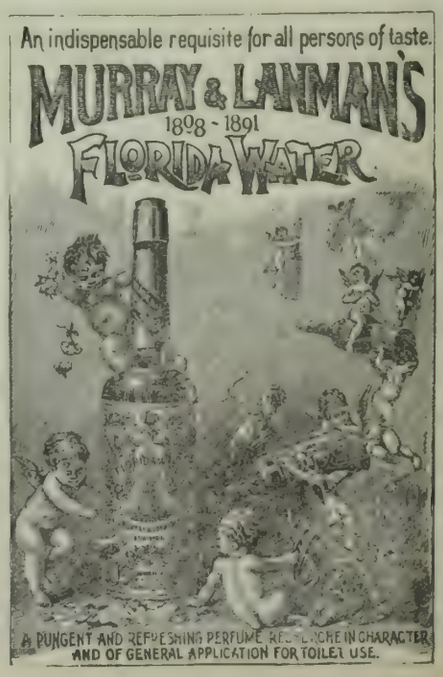
* * * * * * *

The "Richard Roe" lies motionless in the Gulf of Policastro. "Beetling crags" throw shadows on the water. Cozette comes leisurely out and gathers up the goblin and carries him into the cabin. Cucot rolls on his bunk, holding his sides that are shaking with laughter.

"Oh, Cozette, Cozette!' said he, between his shrieks. "This thing is going to kill me. How did you ever think of it! It was a beautiful idea. So then the baby is good for something after all! Oh! *Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!*"

Algy—Been making a pwoposal of mawwidge, deah boy? Your twousers are tewwibly baggy.

Wegy—Deah no; went to Episcopal Church with mamma.—*Town Topics.*



THE GLASS OF FASHION.

The craze of colors continues. The perfectly appointed paint box of the artist pales into insignificance in comparison with the wild blaze of coloring that dominates costumes of men and women alike. There is absolutely no limit to the degree to which the desire for bright things seems to reach. Well-nigh every part of the fashionable woman's wardrobe has brilliant tints and really startling combinations of coloring in the ascendency. Gloves, hats, parasols, and even note paper follow in the lead of the fashions that prevail in garments. You have but to go to the Baldwin Theatre and see how much this peculiar craze has affected even the clothing of the men. All the younger members of the company are addicted to cravats that, in point of hues, would drive the dullest *toco* to desperate deeds.

Curiously enough, in contrast to the extreme brilliancy of the outer garments, fair woman has quite set her face against the formerly widely popular colored *lingerie* in silks and lawns. The purest and the freshest of white linens, the fabrics as fine as a spider's web, are decidedly in vogue; while they retain all the freshness and that indescribable charm of cleanliness which white alone conveys, they are far, far from being simple in their construction. The amount of lace and delicate trimmings that are added is positively startling.

There is no department of a well-dressed woman's wardrobe which is more important in these summer days than that devoted to her parasols. You simply can't have too many of them. And if you really want to be just exactly correct, each costume demands its accompanying sun-shade. There are to be found any number of marvelously pretty confections in this line in our best shops. The same *penchant* for color may be observed. The brightest hues of the rainbow are none too bright to decorate this charming *capote* for a fair face. Silks, foulards, lawns, and batists, are all employed in the covering of the fashionable parasol. Knots of brilliant colored ribbon and flounces of the creamiest of lace, all serve their parts in adding to the beauty of this charming adjunct to the summer gown.

The well-dressed girl of to-day has certainly a merit peculiar, and it may be said somewhat uncommon to her sex—consistency. Her entire costume, fashion decrees, shall be in perfect keeping. This rule is carried to the extent of making even her card case and *portmannaie* in keeping with her gown. As a result one may go to a fashionable jeweler's and find as wide a variation in the colorings of the leather goods as are discoverable in the sample cases at one's stationer's.

The Eton jacket, with its broad *revers*, and, to my mind, incongruous sleeves, seems to have obtained a well-nigh universal popularity. One sees it everywhere and made in almost every conceivable kind and quality of cloth. It had its existence primarily as a covering for that peculiarly undressy, if comfortable, invention, the shirt waist. A woman never looks dressed in a shirt waist. It may be admissible for summer wear in the country in the privacy of one's own grounds, and possibly where the exercise of pulling an oar or handling a racket demands freedom and light apparel, but for street wear, to my mind, the shirt waist, even with the addition of the fetching Eton jacket, is distinctly removed from good form.

I am not infrequently shocked by the lack of good taste I am forced to observe on the promenades. It seems incomprehensib e that a woman with an atom of good taste should get herself up in a straw sailor hat, a soft outing costume generally, a pair of summery wash-gloves and russet shoes, and then wear over the latter, stout cloth gaiters, intended exclusively for winter wear and invented for the purpose of keeping the feet *warm*. White spats made of duck or linen, worn over pipe-clayed Oxford ties or possibly patent leathers, are distinctly attractive and suitable for driving, sailing, or the piazza.

I have a letter at hand from a *confrere* of mine who is fortunate enough to frequent the boulevards and in a position to speak with authority upon the dictates of the great Parisian arbiters of Fashion. Doucet, I am told, is still king, or, had I better not say, emperor, for, indeed, a no more despotic monarch ever ruled, with more tyrannical sway, than does the dictator of the World of Dress. As I have all along held, the present craze for excessive *bouffancie* in feminine costumes is purely a thing of the moment. The enormous bell skirt and the gigantic shoulder decorations obtained their chief popularity from their novelty—the costume is in no sense a popular one with women, it is not comfortable, extremely perishable, and particularly high-priced. My Parisian informant tells me that the prospects are that the early autumn will see a radical change in the fashions, so I would suggest, in the interest of my fair readers, that it would, perhaps, be unwise for them to stock their wardrobes too generously with costumes in the prevailing mode.

It is rather amusing to see announcements, from time to time, in the daily papers, to the effect that we are threatened with this or that change of style in men's dress, when the change, such as it is, has taken place months and months before. A peculiar example of this is to be found in the recent comments of a supposedly humorous character upon the "advent" of the long-tailed frock. Something like a year ago, the New York tailors began adding, inch by inch, to the depth of the skirts, and last winter the fashion reached its height. It still obtains, in a fair measure, in the making of the summer frock coat which is worn exclusively on the race courses or for coaching. There is but one evening dress in summer time that is permissible, and that is the only dress that is permissible at any other season—evening clothes. It is allowable at one's club or in one's own house to wear the short, tailless dress coat called, for some inexplicable reason, in this country, the "Tuxedo." I must confess, however, that I can't approve of gentlemen who do such things as I saw at the Baldwin on Monday evening. "Tuxedos" and top hats are as incongruous as tail coats and Derbys.

The color craze, as I have said before, has permeated man's wardrobe as well as woman's, and it is not at all unlikely that before another season is out we should find all the men belonging to the smart set got up in gray and "pink," as it is professionally called in hunting parlance, broadcloth with the necessary accompaniment of breeches. So a word to the wise young man these summer days—plenty of exercise makes bountiful calves.

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LIBRARY NOTES

It is hard to write a play, it is harder to write a short one—to have an incident and refrain from lengths in the telling. Brander Matthews, in "The Decision of the Court," has, what is considered in America, not much of an incident—a divorce. As to the length, I suppose it might have been dragged out even a bit more. It is worked up for all it is worth, however. In the beginning of the dialogue, they are husband and wife; in a few moments word is received of their divorce, and in the end they conclude to return to first principles. It is not stated whether they have the ceremony performed again. Should it not be after the divorce has been granted? This comedy was first acted in America in the theatre of Arts and Letters. The theatre is closed now, and I do not imagine the "Decision" in question aided materially in averting the collapse.

T. R. Sullivan has written not a few readable stories. More than half interesting are some of these in "Day and Night Stories." Overdrawn in places, of course, and decidedly replete with repetitions; but even these faults are comparatively minor compared to some he usually indulges in. "The Toledo Blade" is the best of the present collection. It is romantic and more than satisfying in its tragic ending. The strength of the Spanish hate, apparently wasting itself in dreams, but recovering its first fierceness in action, is the power of the story. There is a cold Englishman and a beautiful señorita. His father had killed hers, and she stabs him to the heart when he tells his love. "With a groan, all that was earthly of him fell quivering at her feet, and she sank upon her knees with the hilt held up before her like a cross and sobbing prayers to be forgiven." From all that had gone before, I expected her to dance a fandango over the remains.

That *Scribner's Magazine* has always been an authority upon the South every one admits who is fortunate enough not to have visions of those war articles in the *Century*. In the new book of short stories of southern life there are several I enjoyed reading again. "How the Derby Was Won," by Harrison Robertson, is full of horse talk and contains a graphic description of a race. The true Southerner is always at his best on the track; it is to him what Wall Street is to the Yankee. The women, too, appear to the greatest advantage—with their good-looking-from-a-distance gown, and their wild enthusiasm, which they call "delightful animation." It was by riding the wild three-year-old which her lover owned that the Derby was won. Had the story been strung out a page or two longer there must have been a marriage. As it is, the tale cuts off on the matrimonial brink. As a whole, this Southern fiction is by no means up to the level of the preceding volumes. The Page story cannot be called an excellent example; the Harris tale his admirers would hardly claim as a fair specimen of their favorite.

"Théophile Gautier," by Maxime du Camp, is a clever biography. It is indeed a pen picture—the smallest characteristics set down with an attention to detail rare in anything so interesting. Full recognition is given to Gautier's talents in all artistic directions. One could agree with Story that they are but fingers on one hand. Gautier's life was sad and sordid; his dreams were always curbed by stern necessity. Ben Jonson says: "Know that the finest muse in the world will not keep a man, and that these ladies may be our mistresses, never our wives." Poor Gautier knew it, "his legitimate wife was criticism—a prudent match—which brought him for a marriage portion dramatic articles." He did not enjoy the writing of them, and they are not in his best style. He says "the newspaper article is a shrub that loses its leaves every evening and never bears any fruit." Even in his travels, of which he has written so wonderfully, he is obliged to serve "copy" for the wherewithal to be able to live. His appreciative biographer assures us that Gautier was strictly moral; his theories are only—theories. "Fortunid" teaches a moral, and "Mademoiselle de Maupin" is a harmless little story—his voluptuous admiration for form and color is only the eye of the artist guiding the pen of the writer.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Thomas Jefferson," by James Schouler. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Stories of the South," Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Théophile Gautier," by Maxime du Camp, prefaced by Andrew Lang. T. Fisher Unwin, London, publisher. For sale by William Doxey.

"The Decision of the Court," by Brander Matthews, Harpers' "Black and White" series. For sale by William Doxey.

"Day and Night Stories," by T. R. Sullivan. Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers.

"Youth," by Chas. Wagner. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, New York. For sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

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Sailings (at 3 p. m.)—S. S. "Peru," July 22d; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," August 10th; S. S. "City of Peking," August 31st; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Sept. 12th.

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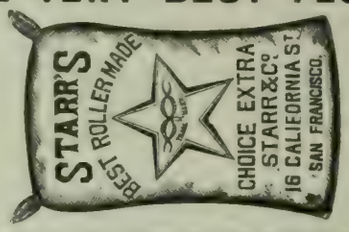

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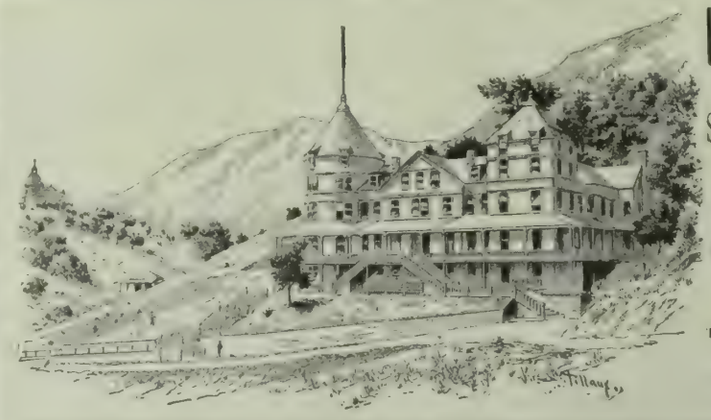

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I. STEINHART P. N. LILIENTHAL
A. L. SELIGMAN, Cashier

Capital authorized	£1,200,000
Capital subscribed	600,000
Capital paid up	300 300
Reserve fund	129,000
Undivided profits	9,948

As per head office statement December 31, 1892

STATEMENT OF SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH

JUNE 30, 1893

ASSETS

Loans and discounts			$4,901 279 64
Foreign Letters of Credit			681,218 49
Stock, Bonds and Bullion			30,691 60
Bank Buildings and other Real Estate			103,942 95
Cash Resources—			
Due from Banks and Bankers		$533,662 12	
Cash on hand	$1,516,763 13		
Checks on Clearing House	208,861 16	1,725,624 29	
			$2 259,285 41
			$7.976.418 09

LIABILITIES

Acceptances outstanding		$28,539 24
Due Depositors	$2,896,659 45	
Due Banks and Bankers	23,931 24	
		2,920,590 99
Special Reserve and Undivided Profits		261,852 94
Capital and Amount Due Head Office, London		4,765,435 22
		$7,976 418 09

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Manager.
A. L. SELIGMAN, Cashier.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

—OF—

The Nevada Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

JULY 1, - - 1893

ASSETS

Loans and discounts	$4 155,103 68
Bonds	448,990 60
Bullion, etc	20,674 42
Furniture and fixtures	3,000 00
Customers' liability on letters of credits	743,998 84
Due from banks and bankers	1,295,310 21
Money on hand	1,296,678 57
Total Assets	$7 963,786 32

LIABILITIES

Capital	$3,000,000 00
Reserve	400,000 00
Undivided profits	188,789 77
Due depositors	2,708,834 58
Due banks and bankers	1,030,235 69
Sterling credits	6,8,650 53
Other Liabilities	6,855 75
Dividends unpaid	420 00
Total Liabilities	$7,963,786 32

State of California, City and County of San Francisco ss: Isaias W. Hellman, President and D. B. Davidson, Cashier, of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, being each and severally only sworn, each for himself, deposes and says that the foregoing statement is true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of July, 1893.
ISAIAS W. HELLMAN President
D. B. DAVIDSON, Cashier

COAL

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No time is so eventless as the moment in the world of music. The Tivoli, with its second week of "Ali Baba," gave the only music to be heard in the city for money. Though Drama is opening its doors auspiciously, Music remains silent; no single pipe or trill breaks the summer solemnity. However, there are signs and rumors of an awakening, and the midst of August promises to find an awakening to something like life.

For the coming season the public are led to expect at least two new comic operas, whose writers and composers are more or less well-known citizens. During the past two years we have done not, perhaps, particularly wisely or well in bringing forth new comic opera, yet numerously enough, and the fever rises steadily. In time, with patience and the proper admixture of malice, the metropolis of the Golden West will pride itself upon more comic opera making than any centre of it own size. Since "Said Pasha" won praise and pennies enough to support its volatile creator Stahl in the pomp of rural German luxury, there has been a cohort of intrepid aspirants in the same field. So far that luxuriantly reminiscent work has had no true successor. Clever librettos, ploddingly laborious music, and fiery cross advertising have made the passing dollar to dance languidly into readily capacious wallets, but only at random and in the style capricious. The public, ever anxious for some new thing, allowed itself to be saddled, but after a trifle of indulgent buck-jumping, threw these operatic trappings into oblivious moat with no traces of regretful tears. Since the rise and decline of the Eastern potentate six local composers have done deeds of caution and daring, but have equally tasted the truth of parable from patience that the dust of earthy to-day is the earth of a dusty to-morrow in the matter of hitting the public fancy. Nothing daunted, however, Messrs. Guillaume Sauvlet and Noah Brandt intend producing their compositions in the approaching season. Mr. Sauvlet has undertaken a subject entitled "The Banished Lord," the scene oscillating betwixt England and America somewhere about 1760, while Mr. Brandt's muse has soared upwards with a version of Captain Cook's vicissitudes, called "Captain Cook." What's in a subject? the librettists appear to ask from their fitful explosions of choice. There are knights of the pen humorous amongst us, who would no doubt make fine and funny scenes from "Leviticus the Pentateuch" and the "Constitution" were their wits brought to bear. As to the music of those works speculation is all that can at present be indulged. Mr. Sauvlet has shown a readiness in writing pianoforte and song music in stylish moods, and Mr. Brandt's efforts in severe and terpsichorean have met with encouragement. "The Banished Lord" is being rehearsed with the intention of being produced after the manner of "Baroness Meta" and "Bluff King Hal" at the Grand Opera House, for the benefit of a deserving charity and the glory of ambitious vocalists. Somewhere in November is the date bespoken for the performance. Uncertainty covers the probable list of participants.

Until the next Symphony Concert, to be given during the last week of the present month, no real musical event will break the monotony; Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is the centre of interest. Miss Julia Newman, an amateur endowed with many talents, will play the Liszt *E flat* Concerto. It is to be hoped the pianiste will have better fortune than Miss Aus der Ohe had, who, by the way, was the last to give the same work here. Not alone having to play the solo, the pianiste found it necessary to keep a vigorous stamping of the disengaged foot to keep conductor and orchestra together. Miss Newman, it is said, intends after the performance to make a trip to Europe for purposes of study.

The beginning of August will find numbers of our musicians returned to town; amongst them Miss Marie Withrow, who departed for Europe so suddenly to attend a sick bed. Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan, after a course of training with the celebrated Vannucini, returns to meet his friends once more before taking up professional engagements in Europe. Mr. Robt. Lloyd will resume his work after some months' travel in England, and Mr. and Mrs. Rosewald also recommence their professional labors after a period of travel.

Kelsey Martin

The Haywards Hotel is filling rapidly with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

All householders know that in this season of house-cleaning it is money in their pockets to do business with a responsible firm that may be relied on to do first-class work. Such a firm is J. Spaulding & Co, whose Pioneer Carpet Beating and Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, at 353 and 357 Tehama Street are known throughout the city.

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THE NEW CITY HALL TOWER.

AN INDIVIDUAL OPINION.

BY WILLIS POLK.

San Francisco has the largest and one of the most imposing municipal buildings in the United States. That is, it imposes the belief on the patriotic citizen that it is beautiful. But then it hasn't a *tower* and is, therefore, incomplete. To finish it a *tower* is to be built, and from the designs published in the daily papers it looks as though it was about to be "finished!" This tower bids fair to resemble a toothpick stuck in a pumpkin. There can be no doubt but that a scholarly designed tower would retrieve some of the inexcusable faults that at present adorn the city's big building, but to assume it possible to add to those faults would be to assume next to an impossibility, and that is exactly the assumption that the proposed tower justifies.

The design threatens to perpetuate a bastard combination of a Spanish clere-story crowned by an English cupola resting on a Franco-Roman base. Charles B. Atwood's design for the proposed New York City Hall tower furnished the *motif* for the general outline, and the New Madison Square tower is suggested by a sincere lack of resemblance.

It would be a marvelous performance to achieve an equal amount of vulgarity in detail as that which afflicts the present supervisorial pile, but doubtless the crowning effort of brazen ignorance will blazon forth from our new cupola, judging by the design.

But then the design has not been executed and it may undergo the ordeal of reincarnation, and then the possibility exists that its designer may be executed in its stead. Lovely idea! Or possibly Monsieur Leopold Bonet may be retained to work in a few World's Fair ideas, or inculcate a bit from an old cathedral at Cherbourg and a bit of decorative detail from the Electricity Building. Joseph D. Redding, who is as good an architect as he is a musician, could design a better tower.

In all seriousness, it is a remarkable fact that while San Francisco is a city that really discriminates between fake articles and genuine merit, it usually accepts the fake. Why? Because its wise governors elect to sit in judgment on matters of technique, which in every other well-regulated city is referred to professional juries of known capability. There are only two well-regulated cities in this country.

Nevertheless, the proposed tower is a commendable effort. It commends another trial. The design is encouraging. It encourages improvement.

It could be improved by complete elimination. It could be partly improved by forcing the mass of detail in its lower middle stage into a more harmonious relation to the dignified Corinthian pillars which form the rotunda.

As the design stands, this part is significantly misproportioned to the main structure. Perhaps the only merit in the entire composition is the effective area of repose which marks its upper middle stage. The top is eminently susceptible of improvement. The whole is hopelessly out of scale to the massive structure it is to adorn.

Ars longa, vita brevis est.

BAGGAGE NOTICE.

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FOR TERMS, ADDRESS

JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The past week has seen the prices of mining shares descend still lower. Pine Street at present is forlorn. At the San Francisco Stock Exchange there are not more than a dozen attendants or would-be speculators watching the calls; a session lasts about six minutes. About a half dozen mines are quoted above 50 cents per share and one—only one above $1.00. What the outcome will be it is hard to tell, with the continual decline in silver and stringency in money marts of the world. It would take a pretty good development to galvanize life into the market. None of the so-called small stocks have been able to carry their assessments. Of over a half dozen that have become delinquent in the last sixty days, not one could be sold for the amount of the cost.

In the last two or three weeks the brokers have been busy selling out accounts of customers, they failing to make their margins good, and, at the present, very few of any consequence are being carried. This general cleaning out has made shares scarce in some quarters, and certain brokers have been asking clients, "Where have all these shares gone to?" "The insiders or manipulators have bought them and have them in their tin boxes, and at the right time will spring a deal on the street." This sort of reasoning is misleading and will not bear investigation. No doubt, the insiders have bought shares, but at much higher figures than are at present ruling. They have as much a load to carry as the poorest mud-hen who deals on the street, and instead of making or trying to make a deal they are trying to unload part of their heavy and losing venture on to the few speculators left. Take the case of Haywood, who, in trying to realize on Potosi, has carried the stock down, until to-day it is selling at 40 cents or about $3 per share less than it sold for a few weeks back. Judging by the outlook, it is better to give mining shares a wide go-by, as only assessments and lower figures seem to be the prospect.

The news from the various mines cannot be said to be glowing. At the North End the Superintendent of the Con. Virginia and California reports for the last week: The mine yielded 185 tons of ore; there were worked at the Morgan Mill 204 tons of ore, the average assay value of which, per battery sample, were $28.15 per ton. Bullion shipped to Carson Mint, assay value, $33,319. On the 1500 foot level, a winze sunk from the end of the southwest drift 75 feet above the sill floor was 5 feet in quartz and narrow streaks of ore assaying $20 per ton. On the 1600 foot level gas has been escaping from the old stopes, and at that end they are bulkheading. From the 1660 some ore is being extracted.

In the Ophir, on the 1565 foot level, the east crosscut continues in porphyry and clay. Nothing new in Mexican Union or Sierra Nevada.

In the Middle Mines the Superintendent of the Potosi reports that during the week they have extracted and sent to the mill 559 tons of ore from the 550, 930, 1000, and 1150 foot levels. In the Chollar Mine the north drift on the 930 level is out 126 feet; face is in porphyry and seams of quartz. At the South End, or Gold Hill group, the Yellow Jacket, the winze on the 1100 foot level is still in small bunches of ore, assaying from $9 to $25 per ton. Nothing new from either the north or south drift of this level or the 1200 foot. At the Crown Point, on the 600 and 700 foot levels, drifting has been continued. There were extracted and shipped 188 tons of ore. The bullion produced by the Belcher last month ran over 75 per cent gold. The Bulwer Con. Mine, of Bodie, shipped to the office bullion valued at $7823. The Con Virginia Mine produced during the month of June $33,319, of which $18,268 was gold, $15,051 silver. Silver is quoted in New York at 70 cents per ounce.

In most of the mining counties of California quartz and many of the hydraulic mines are running full blast. At Oroville, Butte County, the Jones brothers have a bonanza in their gravel mine. They have eight men at work; a week's clean-up shows $30 per day to the man; a drift has been run in under the lave about 300 feet. The channel is from 30 to 40 feet wide, nearly all of which is pay gravel.

The gravel mines in the vicinity of Oro Fino, Siskiyou County, are looking favorably for a good yield this year, and Eastleek brothers expect to make a $20,000 clean-up this season. At the Morning Star Mine they have a ledge three feet in thickness that has been opened some 400 feet.

Several good mines have been operated on the ridge between Gibsonville and La Porte, Plumas County. By sinking a shaft between 400 and 500 feet deep, the Thistle people have developed an immense channel of rich gravel and are taking out lots of gold and employing nearly 100 men. There are several miles of this channel, doubtless containing millions of gold which will certainly be worked in the future. It is reported that Van Meter and his partner took out eleven pounds of gold from a pocket near Lewiston, Trinity County, recently.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICES.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE—UTAH CON. MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth day of June, 1893, an assessment (No. 18) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary at the office of the company, room 58, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eighteenth day of July, 1893, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction: and unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the fifth day of August, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

Office—Room 58, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE—HALE & NORCROSS SILVER Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 21st day of June, 1893, an assessment (No. 104) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary at the office of the company, room 26, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on TUESDAY, the 25th day of July, 1893, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 18th day of August, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees. A. B. THOMPSON, Secretary.

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No. 9 LICK PLACE, San Francisco, Cal.

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This Hotel is the most commodious and comfortable in the country. With its charming grounds, beautiful drives proximity to San Francisco, elegant appointments, and unexcelled table, it is an ideal abiding place.

Terms Reasonable GEO. P. SNELL, Manager

Mount Hamilton Stage Company and Hotel Vendome Stables

Daily Stages for Lick Observatory leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M., returning about 6:00 P. M. Saturdays only Stages leave at 12:30 P. M. For further information, address F. H. ROSS & SONS, San Jose.

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Fireman's Fund
Insurance Co.

CAPITAL: $1,000,000
ASSETS: $3,000,000

The FIREMAN'S FUND is one of the Most Reliable Insurance Companies in the World.

ITS RECORD FOR HONORABLE AND PROMPT PAYMENT OF LOSSES IS FIRMLY ESTABLISHED.

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ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OF LONDON
Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

CAPITAL PAID UP, ... $ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS, ... 21,584,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, . 8,980,251.00

Robert Dickson, Manager, San Francisco.
City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery St

FIRE

LION FIRE INS. CO., of London.
Assets, $4,712,747. Commenced in Cal. 1879
IMPERIAL INS. CO., of London
Assets, $10,190,349. Commenced in Cal. 1859

WM. SEXTON, Manager
R. C. MEDCRAFT, Sub-Manager
Pacific Department, 214 SANSOME ST., S. F.

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT

Guardian Assurance Co.
Of London
Established A. D. 1821
Paid-up Capital - $ 5,000,000
Cash Assets - - $23,194,249

Sun Insurance Office
Of London
Established A. D. 1710
Cash Assets - - $10,117,045
Assets in America $2,510,368

WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

AACHEN AND MUNICH
Fire : Insurance : Company
OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY
ESTABLISHED 1825
Capital, $2,250,000.00 Total Assets, $6,854,653.65
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT:
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London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.
OF LIVERPOOL
Capital.....$10,637,500
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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES.

LIFE.

Nothing could better illustrate the difficulty of collections and the consequent stringency in the money market than the all but utter lack of new business in life insurance. It is absolutely silent with the three large companies. Even in the matter of renewals, policy-holders are asking to be carried on. There have been some lapses, and many policy-holders are taking all paid-up policies when concessions cannot be obtained. It would be wise on the part of the companies to wait for the current premiums rather than to force the issuance of paid-up policies for the reason that only the best element among the insurers, as far as health is concerned, would ask for paid-up policies. The sickly prefer to pay up with borrowed money so long as they can possibly borrow it and a man will usually let anything else remain unpaid but his insurance when he is in poor health.

The New York Mutual Life is in its new quarters, and in the nest for business in this jubilee will be even more extravagant than usual. With business so hard to secure, it is difficult to see how it can possibly make money enough to keep abreast of its enormous expenses.

The Manhattan Life, recognizing the financial stringency of the times, has done all possible to treat its policy-holders with leniency, and the move will inure to the benefit of that company.

FIRE.

The item of news in fire insurance circles is the resignation of D. B. Wilson from the management of the Continental. He is a very able man and is not likely to be long "out of a job." The alleged reason of his resignation is his failure to enjoy the friendship of Vice-President Evans, and, if report speak truly, there are few that could or would enjoy that friendship, as it is not considered very desirable. As to Mr. Wilson's successor, the story on the streets is, that Alfred Stillman, late of the Orient and Providence Washington, is the man.

Speculation is rife as to the effect the failure of the New Zealand Mercantile Loan Association, of Auckland, will have on the New Zealand Fire Insurance Company. The two concerns are practically owned by the same people. When the news of the failure reached here, Charles Stewart, of the Western, called at the Dickson Agency and announced the fact, coupling with it the information relative to the close relationship of the two concerns mentioned. A clerk carried the news to the Brown-Craig Agency, and Boardman, of that concern, rushed down to the New Zealand office to collect the re-insurance premiums which that Company has. Hugh Craig was naturally desirous of finding how the story had been started, and is said to have unburdened his mind to Charles Stewart. Having done this, Mr. Craig ordered the flag hoisted over the New Zealand offices to show that it was above water and doing business as usual.

W. S. Duval has returned from New York and the World's Fair city. He is accompanied by his father, who is visiting this Coast.

The Oakland Home seems to be making a success of its Western department, headquarters in the World's Fair city. The manager at Chicago, in a recent letter says he has in the first five months premiums of $182,980 and will reach $400,000 for 1893, with an expense ratio not over 30 per cent.

E. W. S. Van Slyke is an enthusiastic wheelman, and often takes a spin to San Jose on Saturday afternoon. He goes at his pleasure as he goes at his business—in dead earnest.

W. H. C. Fowler will be home next week and then, presumably, the question will be answered as to what two companies he has added to the agency.

LOCAL.

CAMP TAYLOR
MARIN COUNTY

One Hour and Forty-Five Minutes from San Francisco. Finest Summer Resort in the State.

. . . PRICES REDUCED . . .
Round Trip on Sundays, - One Dollar

Fine Drives, Walks, Fishing, Hunting, Boating and Bathing . . . .

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Hotel and Cottages

87 Miles North of San Francisco, at the terminus of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, among the giant Sonoma redwoods of Austin Creek canyon. Cazadero has undergone many improvements at the hands of the new managers, and opens for the season of 1893 unsurpassed by any mountain resort in California. The fishing and hunting are of unusual excellence, and a fine swimming bath has been added to the many natural attractions. Tents for campers. Terms—$10 to $14 per week.

LEA'S
PURE REFINED
SEA SALT
FOR A SEA BATH AT HOME
For Sale by all Druggists Ten Cents

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1893, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth ($5\frac{1}{10}$) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-quarter ($4\frac{1}{4}$) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1893.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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FREDRIKSON'S SWEDISH
AMYKOS ACEPTIN
FOR THE TOILET
For Sale by all Druggists. Beware of Imitations.

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Andrews Upright Cabinet Folding Beds
THEATRE AND CHURCH CHAIRS

C. F. WEBER & CO. { Post and Stockton Sts. SAN FRANCISCO.

CONRAD! CONRAD! CONRAD!

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

While it is true I have been chosen the President of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, vice M. A. DAUPHIN, deceased, I still retain the Presidency of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing Company, so that all proposals for supplies, machinery, etc., as well as all business communications on other subjects, should be addressed to me here as heretofore.

After January 1, 1894, my business will be removed to Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Central America, and will there go on as now without any break.

PAUL CONRAD,
New Orleans, La.

Lock Box 1358.

HO! FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR

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"Are you going to Chicago?"

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"You can travel there FREE for a little trouble."

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record of home events. The paper that supplies this to the people of

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"TIMES"

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM June 10, 1893.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	7.45 p m
7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey and Sacramento	6.45 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	6.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	6.45 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Port Costa	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
*5.00 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m
8.00 p m	Castle Crag and Dunsmuir, via Woodland and Willows	7.15 a m
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION Narrow Gauge.	
‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
	COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)	
*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.30 p m
‡7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.26 p m
‡9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	6.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	4.25 p m
*2.00 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*11.23 a m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations	†7.26 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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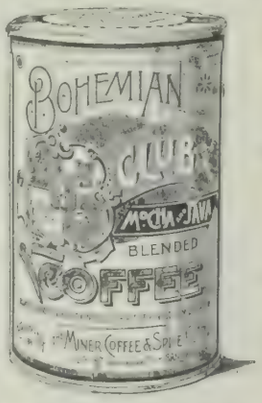

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THE WAVE

Vol. X. No. 29 San Francisco, July 22, 1893. 10 Cents

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal,

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THE WAVE is kept on file and is on sale at BRENTANO'S, 17 Avenue de'l Opera, Paris, France; 5 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address Rooms 220-221, Crocker Building,

J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 22, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES.

WHEN THERE RULES satisfaction with the *cuisine* at the Bohemian Club one may hope for plots against the Directorate. I have been told it is to divert the minds of the members from episodes of darker mien that the *menu* is kept inadequate. The general tendency of a Bohemian, be he veritable or commercial, to kick, is recognized by the powers that be, and the consequence is the general power of indignation is shattered against the cook. If I am to believe all I hear, there is excellent ground for the indignation of those who are compelled to diet at the Post Street institution. The soup is said to be as vicious as the *entrées*, whose existence one yearns to forget; as for the joints—they are as second-cut as a Pleasanton hop. It is only new members, of course, who are reckless enough to eat the sweets.

* * *

I wonder this institution does not employ the services of some one with intelligence enough to cater well. It is a talent and an art. The fact is, the Pacific-Union is really little better, for the cook, who is also president of the dining-room, is not competent for both positions, however adequate he might be in the manipulation of joints. Some of the wits are alluding facetiously to the Pacific-Union as the cathedral—because it is so intensely solemn and sombre inside. Why not call it an undertaking parlor at once? The atmosphere is redolent of admirably preserved decay.

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THE BRILLIANT RECEPTION accorded the Vice-President impressed me with the patriotism of San Francisco. Not only was he given the freedom of the city on a silver plate, but he was honored with the hand of Mayor Ellert and the warm grasp of the Board of Supervisors; how ardent that pressure is I leave to the imagination of those who are ambitious of franchises. I feel certain the intellectual faces of our great men must have impressed Mr. Stevenson, who, hailing from Illinois, is doubtless energetic, and, perhaps, intelligent—though I must not be too sweeping in this age of financial miracles. Are Mr. Popper and Mr. English aware, I wonder, of the fact that several of the high political lights who accompanied the party to this land of promise were given an opportunity of studying at first hand the admirably regulated cable system of the municipality?

* * *

Carriages in plenty were provided, and the Reception Committee, of course, expected they would find seats. In the scramble, however, the Supervisors and certain members of the Board of Trade obtained accommodation, while the visitors discovered our cable cars. As for the public reception at the Pavilion it was almost as sensational as such ceremonies invariably succeed in being—the air was heavy with the relics of campaign oratory—the mortified shreds of resuscitated speeches; he was indeed deaf who dodged the flying platitudes. One query in the connection I may be forgiven for putting: How does it happen the Vice-Presidential party is at the Baldwin when there are first-class hotels in San Francisco?

* * *

In the possibilities of humiliation there is no pang so poignant as that inflicted by the foreigner who responds to one's well-meant lingual efforts with a rejoinder in English. Some time ago there flourished here a Professor Haupt who possessed the happy knack of initiating his pupils, in five lessons, into the mysteries of German. Among those most actively interested was Colonel Trumbo who buckled to with an energy that brooked no denial. Alas, he and Sam Shortridge, one hot afternoon last week, found themselves thirsty and turned into the establishment of a prosperous Teuton for refreshment.

"*Zwei bier, Mein Herr,*" called Colonel Trumbo with much aplomb.

"Draw the gentlemen two beers, Hans," said the German.

* * *

PROPER REGARD for social distinction among the *jeunesse doré* requires not only the possession of a "willie-boy," but that of a room at Burlinghame. The accessories and the surroundings there are keyed far above the pitch that pertains to Monterey even. It is an effort and an achievement degrees above what fashion has ever aspired to. Imagine the collection of equipages—a tally-ho coach, drags, four-in-hands, and inimitable horses. Life there is worth living, be it only for that evening ride from the depot to the club-house. Just at present, the live stock end of the project attracts attention. An Englishman named Rider has been engaged to instruct in equestrianism those of the club members and residents who desire to learn. He is also to initiate them into the mysteries of tooling a four-in-hand. Polo, too, is among his accomplishments.

* * *

Within a few days the polo grounds will have been laid out according to his direction, and then there will be the opportunity of plying that most fashionable game, for there ought to be no especial hardship in finding ponies. Another pursuit the favored residents of the vicinity may indulge in is golf. More encouraging to the projectors of this social enterprise than any of its other features is the growth of the Bulinghame Club. Awaiting the completion of its permanent home, the organization is installed in two houses—one used as a species of social hall and wineroom—the other, the club-house proper. The available sleeping accommodation has been fully utilized these latter Saturday nights, and, indeed, it has been necessary to occupy some of the rooms in the Sharon cottage.

* * *

Among the men who are making Burlinghame their home for the season are George Hall, Dick Tobin, Charley Baldwin, Johnny Doyle, Harold Wheeler, Northrop Cowles, Shafter Howard, Jack Casserley, and Dick Hammond. Page Brown has a cottage, Willie Howard spends much of his time at the tract, and there is considerable fun to be had there of an evening. The restaurant is run under George Hall's direction and is said to be capital. There seems every pros-

pect of Burlinghame's future, provided there is no recurrence of pinching times.

* * *

JUST WHY Hymen's wings are never bent in the direction of Sausalito, I have long wondered. It is simply surprising but undeniable that I have yet to hear of a single engagement whose foundation was laid in its environment. Pure kindliness alone suggests the advice that an opportunity is here to be taken advantage of, for Sausalito is simply overrun with males. They are much to be pitied, too, for the dreadful loneliness of their condition over there by the sad sea. They find, these deserted mortals, a mere diversion in indulgence in house boats, naphtha launches, sailing craft, and clam bakes, but *voila tout.* Is it not absolutely incumbent upon some of our charitably inclined maids to persuade papa into spending the summer, or what remains of it, in some charming cottage by the hillside?

* * *

The best reason I find for Cupid's slight vogue is that the men who live in Sausalito must labor and toil in San Francisco during the day. They return in the evening to find no one before whom to lay the stories of their day's troubles. Nothing in the world to the really appreciative masculine is quite as delightful as a gentle woman willing, not to say glad, to listen to a poor, tired man's tales of his worldly worries. Honestly, I don't know of a single place on this long Coast of ours in which "woman, lovely woman" is more intensely needed than at Sausalito.

* * *

The marriage of Mrs. Ruth Blackwell and Captain Brooke, of the Life Guards blue, celebrated in London on Thursday last, was doubtless a distinctly swell affair. The groom is a scion of a very excellent old Tory family, and is an exceptionally tall, handsome man with a reputation for fascination. They met in Egypt and the guardsman succumbed. How very charming and accomplished Mrs. Blackwell is, those who met her know. A clever, agreeable, and interesting woman. Captain Brooke is to be congratulated on his choice. In addition to her personal attractions, Mrs. Blackwell was decidedly a rich widow. She has her jointure of something like $15,000 per annum, besides a very comfortable house in London. Blackwell *père* is enormously rich and to her will come her late husband's share of that property.

* * *

Miss Louise Holladay's marriage with Hon. E. Messer, of Greytown, is certainly a brilliant match. He is a very wealthy man of large possessions and considerable influence. As the dailies have not so far vouchsafed spirited accounts of the ceremony, we will have to await the particulars of both ceremonies by mail.

* * *

The Press Club is on the verge of its annual election. At the nominating meeting the other night, two candidates for the presidency were developed in Sam Ewing of the *Examiner* and Jack Bonnet of the *Report.* Both are good newspapermen and good fellows. Bonnet finds scope for his literary talent in the City Hall, while Ewing does railroads and many other things for the Monarch. He is an excellent interviewer and won considerable credit during the Southern Pacific *contretemps* during which he secured some intensely readable talks with Huntington and Stanford. The election is set for August, and I should not be surprised if a lively contest was precipitated.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. La Montagne *née* Catherwood are at Westchester where they have taken the "Spencer House" for the season. This is the charming residence that was made socially famous as the scene of Mr. John Furman's brilliant entertainments last winter. A very fashionable crowd of New Yorkers is gathered there, and no evening passes without dinners and entertainments of one kind or another. Jack Follansbee ran up from New York in the "Vamoose" with a party of ten men recently, and stayed at the Club-house. Later on the season grows gayer. Among the distinguished visitors expected are Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt, who are coming over to the Exposition and, returning, will stop with the Huntingtons at their summer residence near Westchester.

* * *

The Spencer House is a very popular gathering place, and Mrs. La Montague has proved herself as clever a hostess as her mother. She does a great deal of entertaining. Stopping with her is Miss Jennie Catherwood.

* * *

F. L. H. Noble and his bride arrived on Tuesday last from Narragansett Pier, where their wedding was celebrated, and are temporarily installed in a residence on Jones Street. Mrs. Leidy accompanies them and will make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Noble. *Town Topics* has this to say about the bride: "Miss Allwina Leidy is a sweet-faced young woman, of probably not over twenty summers, who has been exceedingly popular in one of the several circles of Philadelphia Society ever since her début. The circle in which Miss Leidy has moved, while forming an integral part of *the* Society, is, in a degree separate and apart from it, in that it is made up, for the most part, of people whose whole thought and life are not given up to the various forms of social gaiety, but who place mind a trifle at least above matter.

* * *

The engagement of Mr. Harry Wilber and Miss Grace de Long is announced. Miss de Long is the daughter of the late Charles A. de Long, Minister to Japan under Grant. Mr. Wilber is an ardent tennis player and an enthusiastic member of the Olympic Club. The date of their marriage has not been fixed.

* * *

ABOUT MONTEREY this week there has been little that one might describe as boisterous gayety. There were additions to the supply of girls, but the list of men abateth not its meagerness. However, the future glows promisingly; there are arrivals galore slated for next week—Crockers, Popes, Murphys, Hagers—and if the sun does not shine any brighter because of their coming, it will be merely out of ill regulated independence. Just now there is little but fishing going on. The catches of J. Parker Whitney form conversational currency for the piazza, as well as fresh material for the art of *Chef* Harder. The bay is full of salmon, however, and it is rare sport hauling them in. Indeed, so generous is the supply that no one thinks of going into ecstacies over twenty-five pounders.

* * *

F. S. Douty brought quite a party of people down from San Mateo on Saturday last. They had a jolly time, drove, bowled, and bathed. The swimming of Mrs. Lieutenant Schwerin was especially admired by the *cognoscenti*, who pronounced her style of natatorial progression perfection. Some excitement was furnished by a tennis tournament organized by Mr. Whitney. There were three prizes and six participants. Mr. Churchill, the winner, was presented with a souvenir spoon which, doubtless, he will preserve as a valuable memento of a most exciting contest.

* * *

Fred Webster and Dick Sprague, of the Country Club, spent some days at Del Monte arranging preliminaries for "the shoot." Save in the matter of music, wherein the ambition is far to excel all previous achievement, the programme will not differ materially from that put through so brilliantly last year. Illuminations, a lunch "under the greenwood tree," the fireworks, and, of course, champagne galore. There will, I predict, be a gathering of beauties at the resort this year, as I am told the anticipatory register already presents the names of at least a score of undisputed belles.

* * *

A SUMMER RESORT hop at which there are actually partners to go round, may be regarded as a phenomenon. At the Hotel Mateo on Saturday night last that actually occurred and the *habitues* have been busy wondering about it since. A charming time was had and the anticipation is for even a jollier dance to-night. On Wednesday night there was a clam bake at Coyote Island which attracted to that interesting region quite a number of young people.

* * *

The news of Harry Bissell's suicide will come as a severe shock to his many friends in town. Such a popular and handsome young fellow as he was, his untimely death is most deplorable. He left San Francisco for Arizona at the instance of his brother-in-law, William Pilcher, who owns extensive interests in the Phœnix Water Works and in other enterprises of that region. He had, I believe, quite a good position, and his future seemed assured. The sympathy of a large circle of friends will

Dr. Hammond recommends as a certain cure for chronic dyspepsia and indigestion, chewing Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Gum after each meal for half an hour.

be extended to his mother and sisters, who are spending the season at Blythedale.

* * *

LIFE AT SAUSALITO, I am informed, is more than half worth living. In spite of the apparent tranquility that reigns, at night there is much fun in the cottages that dot the steep hillside. A curious feature of summer life in this agreeable burg is the distribution of cliques. No general gathering of the gay convenes at any especial house. The nearest approach to one is at the Frenchman's, where James V. Coleman has his headquarters, and where after sundown the choice spirits collect. A capital fellow is James V., the most capable of hosts. At story-telling, reciting, even hypnotizing and mind-reading, he is proficient, and the crowd that centers round him find the hours fly, especially when Dan O'Connell is a member of the party, which quite often happens.

* * *

It is amusing to watch the arrival of the five boat from town. On board, invariably, are several hundred men. For a moment or two the wharf looks brilliant and then, one by one, they disappear, and the streets and lanes are almost as deserted as at midday. Wandering over the hillside one may meet a party of young people in summer garb bound for the water, equipped with banjos and guitars. Or there are harmonic bursts, an occasional song, the tinkle of music from some brilliantly lighted villa. That is all. It must be admitted, though, that if the supply of femininity leaves much to be desired from the numerical point of view, it is distinctly above par in beauty. Such a congregation of handsome maidens as were gathered at the ball I have rarely seen.

* * *

Among the most popular of the maidens are the Le Counts. They are the recipients of a great deal of attention. There are nightly gatherings at the Blithen residence over which Mrs. Sherwood presides. The Abbey is a popular rendezvous; the Hutch is an agreeable place to pass an evening. If you would live well, though, it is to the Frenchman's you go.

* * *

I cannot forbear publishing this communication from B. Biber. It may interest certain clubmen. I am not involved in this especial complication, and suggest that the issue be decided by resort to the *Code:*

To the Editor of THE WAVE:—Among all persons who, through lack of better occupation, become a bore to the unlucky individuals condemned to live in their vicinity, certain members of a well-known club of this city are the most conspicuous. These gentlemen fill out their more than ample leisure time by indulging in "sporty" pastimes, much to the disgust of the neighborhood. A not infrequent occurrence is the throwing of paper bags filled with water at a large dog next door to their club-house, and making faces at him which serve to enrage the animal and make him bark.

The brute, the infernal beast, how dare he make such a noise when the distinguished gentlemen were only trying to make his acquaintance. Immediately they dispatch an epistle to the owner complaining of the bad manners of his dog.

At least once a week, sometimes oftener, the inhabitants of the surrounding country are obliged to listen to a free concert, which consists of drumming some breakdown chords on a piano accompanied by a score of melodious voices screwed to their lightest pitch.

Such concerts invariably last until one or two o'clock in the morning, when they end in a confused boisterous howling. Some of the participants continue their parts on their way home, and it is useless to try to get any sleep before the musical tastes of the aforesaid gentlemen are satisfied.

It is most interesting and amusing to observe how partial the ears of the sick members are; while the occasional barking of a dog causes nights of sleeplessness, the yelling of their fellow-members does not disturb them in the least.

It looks very much as if the object of a club-house is to give the members a chance to play pranks and make noise which they are not allowed to do at home.

Such and others are the disadvantages of having neighbors who have more leisure time than they know what to do with, and who are desirous of notoriety, no matter at what price.

B. BIBER, per GEO. BIBER.

* * *

It is somewhat difficult in journalism to attain infallibility. While I do claim a measure of absolute accuracy for most of my strictures on men, women, and things, error is not entirely impossible for me. In speaking of young Mr. Sutro's marriage last week I conveyed the impression that he had wedded without the consent of his parents, and that Mrs. Sutro, Jr. is a *persona non grata* to both. This, I learn, is not the case. Between her and the millionaire philanthropist the friendliest relations exist, and he has offered to do anything imaginable for her—the sole difficulty being between Edgar and himself. It was subsequent to the last quarrel between father and son that Sutro, Jr., joined McManus, and that with a view of making a living for himself, his father having cut off his income. Recently, however, he sold out at considerable loss and McManus now has sole possession of the Third Street establishment. The main difficulty between father and son seems to be a distinct likeness in their temperaments which seems to prevent the young man from yielding to the behests of his father. I imagine a reconciliation will follow in the near future.

* * *

Henry J. Crocker, President of the Olympic Club, gave an elaborate dinner party at his residence on Washington Street last Friday evening in honor of Laurie Bliss, the new football coach of the Olympic Club. Ten gentlemen were invited to meet him.

* * *

THEY ARE STILL talking Merritt in Oakland. To the exclusion of most other subjects the discussion of the auction occupies the 150. It was an all-sorts-and-conditions gathering and it was out for souvenirs. I saw some women whose position is far above par purchasing mere curtains and carpets. As for photographic albums, tidies and towels, they were in positive demand—some, indeed, disappearing without the formality of purchase. One episode did not reach the dailies over there. A certain damsel of degree had hung round the monumental sleeping couch of the late millionaire, and was observed to finger admiringly the pillow shams with which it was adorned.

* * *

Suddenly they were missed. Suspicion fell on the maiden. She was invited by a policeman into an adjoining room, and after a short delay she produced the articles. The matter was known to several newspaper people, but it was preserved from print.

* * *

The Oakland bridal parties who were at Castle Crag have returned. Even honeymoons come to an end. Gradually returning homewards are the June brides and grooms, all looking brisk and brilliant after their holiday. Some have come from Castle Crag, others from Coronado and Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey and Miss Minnie Bailey, of Jackson Street, are still at the Tavern, and Mayor and Mrs. Pardee have lately gone Shastawards. No more passes for Pardee. He is in search of fish and rest. Alex Rosborough entertains all the guests at the Crag with his comic songs. Karl Howard, who has been absent for six months at Santa Barbara, has returned to Oakland, but leaves for his abiding-place next week, accompanied by his mother. His friends are endeavoring to infer the meaning of his long-continued absence, but have finally decided he has won the heart of a Santa Barbara maiden, and it is only a matter of time before the engagement may be announced. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Muchmore and Mr. and Mrs. George Greenwood *née* Tubbs, are Oakland bridal parties at Coronado. The latter couple spent a week at the Vendome and had their bridesmaids and ushers spend Saturday to Monday with them. On Monday the *cortege* bade the happy pair farewell on their departure for San Diego.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cross, *née* Elsie Pheby, have departed for New Mexico, where Mr. Cross is mining gold with his father-in-law, Tom Pheby. Everyone is sorry they have gone so far away, but certainly they have a delightfully lonely place for their honeymoon.

* * *

The brilliant histrionic career predicted for Miss Maud Russell must remain but a memory of what "might have been." While studying at the "Emerson College of Acting and Oratory" this promising young woman captured the heart of one of Boston's *jeunesse doré*, and a wedding is to occur next year instead of a debut. Dr. Russell went on to meet the young man, and quite approves his daughter's choice. So few girls are there with real talent that it seems a pity Miss Russell should give up her ambition. She has all the physical equipment of a tragedy queen, and her voice is delightful. Her many friends and admirers are more than disappointed to learn she has done so banal a thing as to fall in love.

* * *

IT IS MY opinion (which may be taken for whatever it happens to be worth) that the failure of Billy Foote to kill somebody during the Heath trial, has irretrievably ruined his reputation. At the outset there was every prospect of bloodshed. To all appearances,

Quite a fad East is to chew for half an hour after dinner, Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Gum for indigestion.

Mr. Foote was bent on a general slaughter of the opposing witnesses and attorneys. But about the middle of the trial, his warlike designs seem to have petered out. Whether the pugnacity of Grove L. Johnson, who is physically much the weakest man in the case, terrified him, or whether his heart failed him as he drew nearer and nearer to his deadly determination, yet remains to be seen. At all events, his reputation as a fighter is gone.

* * *

In the near future, I anticipate the total eclipse of Mr. Foote. Moreover, I shall not be surprised to see his light extinguished by some insignificant barrister for whom, under ordinary circumstances, he would entertain nothing but feelings of contempt. It will be remembered that Goliah swaggered around a long time before he met his fate at the hands of the unpretending David. So, now that it is certain that Mr. Foote's desperate courage is located entirely in his jaw, some infinitesimal creature, whom an inscrutable Providence has designed for the work, will, in the near future, send him into disgraceful retirement. But before this happens, let me retail a little story concerning Billy's youth that has never been in print.

* * *

Billy's father was a very notable man. At one time he was Governor of Mississippi, and at another a member of the Federal Senate. Naturally he trained Billy up with a proper appreciation of his pedigree and personal importance. Once upon a time, with two other boys, Billy left the ancestral home on a cherry stealing expedition. The owner of the orchard, soon after they had begun to devour his cherries, espied them, and with a stout rawhide sought to revenge himself for the stolen fruit. The boys separated and ran for dear life. Billy escaped by means of a boat in which he paddled to the middle of a neighboring stream, while the angry orchardist, rawhide in hand, stood on the bank, gesticulated wildly and shouted:

"You d—— little cuss, if I could *only* get my hands on you!"

Pale as a sheet, frightened nearly to death, and with the tears streaming down his cheeks, while he frantically worked at his paddle, Billy yelled:

"Oh, sir, (boo hoo) you bawl at me (boo hoo) just as though I was an ordinary (boo hoo) boy, but (boo hoo) I ain't (boo hoo).

Down at Fresno they sized Billy up as an ordinary fighter, but he ain't, that's all.

* * *

IT STRIKES ME that a great deal of unnecessary space is being given by the newspapers to the vacancy in the United States Senate, soon to be filled by Governor Markham. The term of the appointee, whoever he is, will expire immediately upon the meeting of the next Legislature, and at most, the gentleman selected will sit through the deliberations of one Congress. Even if he should be so fortunate as to be chosen by the Legislature of 1895, his term would again terminate at the end of another Congress, or in 1897. Therefore, it is perfectly plain that the appointment, except that it may emblazon some plebian name forever upon the State roster, will amount to nothing. To become a Senator, in the full meaning of that designation, a man should pass through the Legislature, serve two or three terms in Congress, and be an ex-Governor of his State. After that, in Washington, they will listen to what he has to say.

* * *

If I were a Democrat (which I am not), I should like to see Governor Markham appoint Mr. De Young. That would insure the success of my party at the next State election. If I were a Republican (which, thank heaven, I am not), I should prefer either Mr. Stump or Mr. Scott. Neither one of these gentlemen would dare to open his mouth during the coming session of Congress, and thus I would be in no danger of having a printed speech (which was never delivered) franked to me, giving their "views" upon the tariff question, the silver question, or some other question, the mere contemplation of which causes a man to sigh for another world.

* * *

I would not speak thus in general upon the subject of Senators had I not once enjoyed the acquaintance of a real live one. His name was George Hearst, and he was about as lively an old fellow as I ever knew. One day, after his return from a session of Congress, I said to him:

"Uncle George, how do you like that lay out at Washington?"

"Waal," he replied, "tew tell you the truth, I ain't much stuck on it. You see, that's a game I don't exactly understand. Ef they hed a quartz mill in that air Senate I could tell 'em jest how tew run it, but this business of movin', an' makin' speeches, an' passin' bills kinder sticks me. Ef a man was to stay there ten or fifteen year I shouldn't be s'prised ef he could pick up enough about the business to git along very well; but I guess I'm too old to commence on it now. You have to begin young on that game, I can tell you."

This being the case, it does not appear that it makes any difference on whom Governor Markham confers the toga. Colonel Mazuma himself would do as well as anybody.

* * *

SOMETHING MORE than a citizen of San Jose is Barney Murphy. He is the institution of Santa Clara County, the prominent personality whose fame laughs at the confines of Gilroy and Mountain View and extends on both sides of Mt. Hamilton. A genial, diplomatic individual is Barney, slow to a decision and mighty fixed on a climax. He has more friends than he has relations, and the Murphy family is a respectable percentage of the State's population. Among politicians he is pre-eminently popular because he has, naturally, the negativity whose acquirement is the aspiration of most properly constituted leaders. He is so clever in this especial regard, that if it were possible for a single question to have more than two sides, the increase of facets would not embarrass him in the slightest.

* * *

This eminent adaptiveness is not Machiavelian, however, for there is no man in California more honest or more truly just than Barney. If the Democratic party has him as its standard bearer in the next campaign, I am persuaded Governor Murphy, if less Magnetic than the Hypnotic Hand, will be the most popular executive we have ever had. Illustrative of his proclivities, I heard rather a good little story the other night. When Barney was Mayor of San Jose, his extensive landed interests occupied a great deal of his time. Indeed, it was almost as much of an achievement to find him as it was to make him commit himself. A certain old granger whose section of the county road was the worse for lack of repair was anxious to induce the Municipality to take action.

* * *

He had several consultations with the Mayor and several other times failed to find him. Coming from the office one day, wearing a disappointed expression, a friend accosted him:

"Well, Caleb, and how's Barney Murphy to-day?"

"As he always is," was the dry answer, "on the fence or on the ranch."

* * *

WHEN the Board of Supervisors refused to levy a sufficient tax to extinguish the deficit of the last fiscal year, amounting to over $300,000, its members imagined that they were performing a stupendous political feat. In the report of the Finance Committee, Messrs. James and Denman, who are responsible for the cheese-paring levy, took occasion to throw several bouquets at themselves and lay the flattering unction to their souls that in the future they would be properly rewarded for their magnanimous action. But the thing is turning into a veritable boomerang. The deficit in the general fund has spread desolation among the employés of the city. With a few fortunate exceptions, not a single man of them will receive his salary for the month of June.

* * *

The effect of this will be the political destruction of those Supervisors who are responsible for it. James and Denman are both candidates for Mayor. But when, next year, they come to face three hundred indignant firemen, four hundred indignant policemen, and about one thousand other irate tax-eaters (who were compelled in June to live on wind and Spring Valley water), they will sing a tune somewhat resembling the one the old cow died on. It will be useless to talk about the dollar limit and political pledges then. That kind of blather may go down when it does not interfere with salaries, but

Richardson & Robbins' Plum Pudding—A Delicious Dessert.

when it does, the bread and beer brigade will decline to listen to it. If I were Mr. Denman or Mr. James, I would lose no time in withdrawing from the Mayoralty fight. Their geese are, so to speak, cooked.

* * *

THE MINING EXPERT who fails of recognition in California need not regard the neglect of his talent as universal. For his knowledge and experience there is ample scope in Africa, where the yellow metal is now being found in quantity. I know of several men who have gone there and prospered exceedingly, and doubtless the news of their good fortune will send others in the same direction. There is John Hays Hammond, for instance, who so recently set out for South Africa to handle a group of mines for the Rothschilds. The offer came some time ago—salary $25,000 per annum, a house, and all expenses. But this clever expert has interests in this State that demand attention, and at first he declined, accepting later, however, on condition of spending a portion of his time in California. With him went eight picked miners, one of whom is to receive $12,000 per annum. That Jack Hammond will come home with a fortune is well within the possibilities.

* * *

But he is not the only one. Hamilton Smith, who for so long a time was connected with the North Bloomfield mines, is now chief expert for the Rothschilds. Another graduate from Bloomfield, Perkins, has recently gone to Mashonaland for that firm of bankers. Gardner Williams, who about ten years ago went to the Kimberley district for Baron Grant, on a paper salary of $18,000 per annum, is now Superintendent of the diamond mines, with a stipend of $50,000. It seems the Baron's scheme was a terrific fiasco, and he got but little out of it. In the palmy days of the Comstock, such huge salaries were never paid.

* * *

HIS INIMITABLE STYLE is not the sole warrant to distinction that Ambrose Bierce possesses. He can reasonably claim precedence as the foremost of literary hoodoos. Doubtless it would be difficult to infer accurately a connection between the failure of a publishing firm and the issuance of one of the Prattler's books. Still, the premises are ample to justify the conclusion—a condition rather than a theory. In the meantime, however, there has been little profit in his several ventures, and he has the sad experience of labor without return. However, I have no doubt that it is only a matter of time before the dollars will begin flowing in on him, and the period of depression will then be forgotten.

* * *

The struggle to find a publisher for "Soldiers and Civilians" has been sufficiently commented upon. After the first edition had precipitated controversy, a New York firm volunteered to bring out an issue of the book; it did so, and soon after there was a corpse for a series of creditors to fight over. They are still fighting. Then came "Black Beetles," a venture, conjointly, of Dr. G. A. Danziger and Langton, a Clay Street printer. The book appeared—at a cost far above estimate, and Langton closed his doors. Doubtless, like the first firm, he would have done so had there never existed a Bierce. Next in order, "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," which Schulte, of Chicago, agreed to give to a patient world. Some six thousand copies were printed; the volume was selling finely, when the somber intelligence came that this promising firm had ceased to exist. Serious as that especial blow was, the worst had yet to follow.

* * *

Determined to find a house that could withstand his baleful influence, Bierce selected, as the medium for producing his latest volume of stories, the Cassell Publishing Company—one of the most widely known concerns in America. The book was well under way; he had corrected two-thirds of the proofs, when across the continent came a somber dispatch—Cassell's had gone under owing to the defalcation of President Dunham, who seems to have appropriated to himself the sum of $150,000. Thieving, like murder, will out, and doubtless discovery was not hastened by Bierce. There is the coincidence, however, and doubtless the hearts of those who have suffered incineration in Prattle will not sorrow.

* * *

STRONG AS IT IS subtle is the connection between religion and politics. Not that ecclesiastical eminence means political distinction. That would be obvious and therefore undesirable. But it would be senseless to deny the "pull" of a prelate like Archbishop Riordan, for instance, or the pressure dignitaries like Corrigan or Ireland might bring to bear on an issue. Among the best stories of the year is one which tells how Jim Nealon enlisted, in his candidacy for the Internal Revenue Collectorship, the influence of no less eminent a personage than the Papal Ablegate Mgr. Satolli, who has only been in America long enough to recognize the power and prominence of Hibernia in the Catholicity of the country. A mild and intellectual old diplomat is this emissary of the Vatican, eminently capable of handling the controversies of the Archbishops.

* * *

The brilliant career of ex-Assessor Nealon exemplifies the efficacy of holiness applied to worldliness. The story of his life reads like a bit of romance. It practically illustrates the fact, that virtue is not always its own only reward. Years ago, some saintly men established at Sacramento a monastery, a chapel, a cemetery and other theological accessories, for their own benefit first, and for that of an interesting if growing community. In their zeal for the perfect equipment of their establishment, these gentle priests imported from the Emerald Island a energetic young grave-digger, who knew to a nicety the etiquette that pertains to the fine art of sextonry. Never were there dug such graves as those young Jim Nealon excavated—neat, clean-cut; it relieved the sting of many an untimely death, the thought of being buried as admirably as though one had died in the old country. However excellent as a method of acquiring a working knowledge of real estate, grave-digging does not compare with assessing as a method of accumulating coin. This *en passant.*

* * *

That as enterprising a Romanist as Jim Nealon should abandon so solemn a pursuit and seek his fortune in the metropolis, is hardly astonishing. Coming to town he found himself a Deputy County Clerk in short order, and a patriot in less time than it takes to change one's clothes. Gifted with a voice as redolent of his nationality as his features, and an admirable regard for the dictum of the Powers-that-Be, political as well as divine, it was not long ere the star of Nealon was in the ascendant and his colleagues saluted him as a coming man. At a subsequent Democratic Convention, Mr. Buckley selected as his own candidate for Assessor, Hon. James C. Nealon, member of several Sodalities, and a friend of the godly in general. He was elected, and, I have no doubt, made as excellent an officer as any of his predecessors; he continued the sanctity of his life and was discreetly blind to the value of clerical property and deeply sensible of the favor Mr. Buckley had conferred on him. Who would dare, if they cared to, forget that inimitable speech on election night, wherein the new Assessor called down blessings on the head of the Boss. "Oh, that great and good man Misther Bookley," he ejaculated, "oim his frind for iver."

* * *

But a single drawback to his perfect happiness intruded itself. In the meteoric rapidity of his political career, Mr. Nealon had neglected a trivial formality which the law insists upon: he had forgotten to become a citizen. Some envious soul directed a contemporary Grand Jury's attention to the omission, and Mr. Nealon was compelled to forage amid the Justices of Solano County for a certificate that met the legal requirements. It was not what is known as a clean bill of health but it served the purpose and after that Mr. Nealon assessed undisturbed. Given a proper economy and an eye to the fitness of things, there is no reason why one should not make money at this form of exertion. Possessing both, the ex-grave digger acquired a fortune. Retiring into private life, he had won the distinction of signing his occupation capitalist, equivalent to "gentleman" in the Colonies, or "Squire" in the old country.

* * *

But the bee of political ambition still buzzed in his bonnet. Anticipating the winning of fresh laurels, which the lexicon of thrift defines "dollars," he entered the lists as

Richardson & Robbins' Potted Ham for Picnics and Teas.

candidate for the Internal Revenue Collectorship. Armed with a petition so portentously long that it was shipped to the National Capital as freight and required the services of several men to lug into the presidential presence, James C. Nealon went to Washington. He talked with Cleveland, assured him of a surpassing ability, which the fellow actually persuades himself he is possessed of, and demanded the appointment as an acknowledgment not only of past appreciation but of favors already in the background. He seemed to imagine he had a claim on the community.

* * *

Alas, neither the subtle fascination of his accent nor the exuberance of the local demand for his services, drew the recognition of Cleveland. He went home sadder, wiser, and on the broad bosom of the Church sobbed out the sorrow of his frustration. However, the divinity which shapeth extremities took compassion on his disappointment, and rumor has it that between a prominent functionary of Rome and ex-Mayor Grace, of New York, there passed letters. Then it was that a select petition was prepared; it was beautifully engrossed, admirably decorated, and the first name on its highly gilded page was that of the saintly ablegate, the excellent Satolli. A patriot enterprising enough to enlist in his cause the signature of so eminent a dignitary deserves Presidential recognition. I think Cleveland should appoint ex-Assessor James C. Nealon Bishop of Milpitas.

* * *

THESE ARE the times that try men's assets. It is remarkable how few failures have occurred, considering how completely the banks have shut off accommodation. Overdrafts are stopped, and unless one has county or United States bonds, it is impossible to get coin. The difficulty is that the banks are undecided when to resume business. They have millions in their vaults awaiting an emergency, and hardly dare let it go lest disturbances elsewhere may precipitate a panic in San Francisco. Once the situation gives evidence of relaxation, the farmers' requirements are to be taken care of.

* * *

In the subject of finance there is so much interest being manifested that it actually extends to the individuality of bankers and the business of the sundry institutions they preside over. The business of the Pacific seems to have been pretty thoroughly divided up. I am told, though, that the Crocker-Woolworth has made the most distinct gain. Most of the builders' accounts have come to it, due partly to the removal of the Exchange from its old quarters on Pine Street to Post. Besides, it has caught a number of choice commercial accounts that cannot fail to add to its prosperity. I have heard some very complimentary things said of President Will Crocker's management during the crisis, and am told he was the recipient of compliments from sources whose approval is worth something.

* * *

HARDLY THE STUPIDEST of the reminiscences of his stumping career that the death of Ned Marshall has evoked, is the story of Frank Pixley's mule. He had an unique faculty for repartee—ready, flashing, decisive. Time and again, in a verbal encounter, his adversary, crushed by a stinging retort, would yearn for the good old days when the code flourished, and quickness of hand might match sharpness of wit. Speaking in Tuolumne one campaign, his vigorous utterances so incensed a quiet old granger of the region that he had the hardihood to interrupt with a loud "You're a liar." He was an inoffensive old man, and Marshall contented himself with a glare, and continued. The harangue increased in vehemence, and the granger's wrath rose with the orator's passion. Again he cried, "You're a liar." There was no rejoinder.

* * *

Winding up his speech, Marshall begged for a moment of explanation. "Before I left town, Frank Pixley begged me, on my way through Tuolumne County, to look for an old mule he had lost—a mule that for years had been his constant companion, whom he loved as a brother. In the wilds of Tuolumne he wanders, and I promised Frank that political bias should not prevent me letting him know if I found his whereabouts."

The statement riveted the attention of the crowd.

"But I have comfort for Frank," continued Marshall. "The moment I leave the stand I shall telegraph him the glad tidings. Yes, sirs, and there he is."

The eyes of the crowd followed the direction of the orator's long forefinger pointing straight at the unfortunate old granger who had so indecorously interrupted him. "There's Frank Pixley's mule," he reiterated.

Amid roars of laughter, the old fellow slunk off, and, to his credit, never again attended a political meeting.

* * *

UP AT the County Jail, along with the rats and cockroaches that inhabit that foul-smelling bastile, they have a man whose history presents some strange contrasts. Not that strange contrasts are so unusual as to call for extraordinary comment (I think in a degree every man's life is made up of contrasts), but in the case of Colonel Joseph Monaghan they are especially interesting. Joe is in jail for obtaining money under false pretenses. In fact, he has been convicted, and is now awaiting the result of an appeal to the Supreme Court before he begins a five years' sojourn at the State's summer resort across the bay. The charge was that Joe sold land south of the Park which he knew he did not own, and to which he had no shadow of a title. And for a little thing like that the majestic, inexorable law demands five years of his valuable time.

* * *

Monaghan, of course, was born in Ireland. His name proves that. He came to America over thirty years ago with a cargo of raw Corkonians, upon whose teeth the hair had not yet ceased to grow. Like all young Irishmen who emigrate to the United States, he was looking for trouble, and the Rebellion being then on, he at once enlisted. In 1865 he was mustered out as Captain of his company, and the champion fighter of a tough New York regiment. But the trouble between the North and South had not been sufficiently serious to cool his youthful ardor, and he immediately joined a band of Fenians, and raided Canada. This work, however, was too slow, and after a short service, Joe, with half a dozen equally wild companions, set sail for England, intending to beard the British lion in his den.

* * *

In February, 1866, Joe, with eighteen others, attempted the rescue of several Fenians, who had fallen into the hands of the British soldiers in Dublin. It was a desperate exploit. Many of them were killed, and all but four were captured and hanged. Joe was shot in the jaw, but escaped to the Continent, from whence he made his way to Italy. Here Garibaldi was fighting to liberate his country, and the youthful Fenian lost no time in getting into the thickest of the fight. He joined the Pope's army and served with distinction. To-day he wears a ring, a silent memento of his gallantry on several fields, which was blessed by the Pontiff before it was presented to him by his officers. The war ended, and there being no other difficulties at hand in which he could engage, Joe sailed again for America.

* * *

He arrived in New York penniless and without a friend. For a week he walked the streets looking for genteel work, until finally, descending from the proud pedestal to which he thought his services to Ireland, the Pope, and America had elevated him, he deigned to ask the keeper of a Bowery saloon for a job.

"Phat can yez do?" asked this man.

"Anny thing," replied Joe.

"Kin yez fight?"

"Faith, I kin lick me weight in rattlesnakes."

"Be jabers! you're the feller we're lukin' for."

The next day Joe was matched to thump a local bruiser, and within a month he was a famous heavy-weight pugilist. Since that time Poverty has never laid her heavy hand upon him. He came to San Francisco ten years ago and was quickly received into short-haired society as a veritable hero. After two contests he retired from the ring, however, and opened a saloon, which he has conducted at intervals, with great pecuniary results, ever since. Once he held high public station. The "Solid Nine" Board of Supervisors appointed him its Sergeant at Arms. But at

The doctors recommend for indigestion after dinner, chewing for half an hour Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Chewing Gum.

last grim misfortune has overtaken him. It is a singular manifestation of the irony of fate that a hero of two wars, a Fenian liberator, and a heavy-weight pugilist, covered with the scars of the battlefield and the prize-ring, should now be lodging with the rats and cockroaches in the Broadway Jail. But such is life.

* * *

THE TEMPTATION to compliment the good taste and good sense that Judge McKenna has exhibited in declining the honor thrust upon him by the late Senator Stanford, is irresistible. His action must appeal to everyone as distinctly commendable; it removes the possibility of misconstruction, and it takes from the enemies of the railroad the power of suggesting interested friendship as the motive of such decisions as he may render in favor of the Southern Pacific Company. There is no question but that both the *Call-Bulletin* and the *Report* were but waiting the shadow of an excuse to criticise Judge McKenna. Very quietly and with decided firmness he has removed that possibility.

* * *

No one acquainted with the jurist believes he could be swerved one way or other by his interest in the estate of Senator Stanford. He is one of those men who to avoid the appearance of motive might be inclined to deal more strictly with his friends than he would with an enemy.

* * *

TO DO JAPAN properly, one must have a million or so. The temptations to purchase are irresistible enough to witch gold from the pockets of a skinflint. From all accounts, Mr. and Mrs. J. Phillip Smith, of Santa Cruz, did justice to the manifold productions of Chrysanthemum land by bringing home with them several cases of its treasures. Vases in bronze and porcelain, rich robes and admirable lacquer and embroidered rugs they acquired in quantity, and most of these treasures are to be bestowed in decorating Sunshine Villa, their home on Beach Hill. Among the finest things in the collection is a large cabinet of cherry lacquer of very old manufacture. It is full of excellent bits of cloisonné and satsuma ware, both ancient and modern, besides some exquisite embroideries. Another valuable acquisition is a very large bronze dragon vase, which is to adorn the lawn. It weighs over one thousand pounds and is about twelve feet in height.

* * *

FOR THE attainment of legal results there is nothing like persistence. I see Attorney Ricketts, of the Waterloo Mining Company, has at last wrung from the Secretary of the Interior an order which will doubtless prevent millionaire John S. Doe obtaining a governmental title to his mining property in the Calico district. From this region millions have been taken out, and the greatest share of the profits has gone to Doe and to the Milwaukee capitalists who own the Waterloo property. Almost from the start, however, there has been litigation. The owners of one concern claimed the proprietors of the other were taking ore that did not pertain to them. The amounts ran up into the hundreds of thousands and suit after suit has followed—the Waterloo usually having the best of it.

* * *

Of later date, however, Attorney Ricketts has concentrated his efforts on obstructing the application of the Oriental No. 2—Doe's mine for a United States patent. He applied first to the Commissioner of the Government Land Office and his objections were rejected; subsequently he appealed to the Secretary of the Interior and again suffered defeat. Not disheartened he kept at it, however, and securing a review of the testimony on a writ of *certiorari*, he was fortunate enough to obtain the attention of Secretary Smith, with the result that the Doe application was rejected on the ground that it presented an appearance such as warranted governmental investigation. More of an achievement than appeals to a layman is this decision—the result of persistent fighting and Attorney Ricketts is to be congratulated.

* * *

THOSE of my esteemed but unreliable contemporaries who have recently assumed that the Spring Valley Water Company cannot collect its bills under the new water ordinance, have been, to use a homely but expressive phrase, talking through their whiskers. It so often becomes my duty to correct the mistakes of these contemporaries, and so many people call on me afterward to congratulate me on having told the truth, that really if this thing continues much longer I shall claim the largest circulation, like the *Examiner*, and the most reliable news, like the *Bulletin*—thus at one stroke combining the excellencies of those two truly great, but, as I have already said, unreliable journals.

* * *

The truth is, that the bills of the Spring Valley Water Company are due and payable at the new rates from and after July 1st, just as though the Mayor had signed the order passed in April, and precisely as though there had been no litigation. The logic of the matter is plain. The Board of Supervisors passed the order and enforced it without the Mayor's signature, claiming that the constitution confers upon it exclusive jurisdiction of the water question. If the Supreme Court should decide that this claim is untenable, and that the order is invalid without the concurrence of the Mayor or passage over his veto, then the collection of water bills will stop until another order is passed. But, in the meantime, the Rogers water ordinance is the law, and no person using water can refuse to pay his bill until it has been declared invalid. This is in accordance with the legal maxim that every law is valid until declared otherwise.

* * *

Moreover, if the fact were not as I have stated it, there would be rank injustice in giving the water rate question any other termination. The Spring Valley Company has $20,000,000 worth of property to care for and maintain. It has no other source of income than water rates. To cut them off is like cutting off the fuel of a locomotive. In a short time the machine stops. The newspapers that advise their readers to withhold the money necessary to carry on the business of this corporation, under the specious argument that no legal authority exists to collect it, are engaged in the same work that is inaugurated once a year by the demagogues at the City Hall. That the fixing of water rates has fallen at last into the hands of the Supervisors, is due to the fact that a long line of Lord Mayors have sought to deal unjustly by the Spring Valley Company and its stockholders. To prove this it is only necessary to cite the glaring fact that, during a period of thirteen years, the late Mayor Sanderson was the only Mayor who ever signed a water order.

* * *

A bit of prattle—a genial passage-at-arms between Bierce and Joaquin Miller may not be unworthy of repetition. They met, and on the beaming nose of the poet the eye of the satirist rested enquiringly. No ordinary cardinal is the tone of the feature in question; it is a glare.

"I'd wear a hat, Joaquin, if the sun visited my face so roughly," said Bierce, sympathetically.

"It's not the sun," drawled the poet, "it's whiskey."

"Oh! I knew that, Joaquin," gently responded the satirist.

The Witness.

Sherwood's Keystone Monogram is becoming the watchword with those who seek a pure old whisky.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

San Francisco, July 22, 1893.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The original cause of the present stringency in money is the decline in production caused by the reduction in the working population. We have cut off our labor supply which was the source of our prosperity, and we cannot wonder that the commercial stream is becoming sluggish, and bids fair to cease to flow. But the situation is aggravated by the conservative policy adopted by the banks. Each of those institutions is looking out for itself, and letting the devil take the hindmost among men of business and that is old-fashioned and short-sighted policy.

It is as old as the hills. When in the old days a period of money stringency occurred, the first impulse of a conservative bank manager was to call in his loans, to shut down on applications for discount, and to make himself safe beyond all peradventure. This course of action was not only cruel but likewise suicidal. It is rarely adopted in our time. Merchants who rely upon a certain line of discount at bank must suspend when that resource is cut off, and, in failing, they must inflict injury, which may be fatal, on the small fry of dealers to whom they owe money. When it is perceived that the suspension is caused by the refusal of banks to extend the usual accommodation from purely selfish reasons, it is mere human nature for their victims to turn on them, and attack them where they are vulnerable, namely in their deposits. Such an attack may lead to general smash. No bank can pay all its depositors on demand; if it pursues a course of conduct which leads to a general withdrawal of confidence, it must go down with the customers whom it refused to save.

In other communities banks have learned by experience that they cannot afford to let their customers fail. When money becomes unbearably tight, they must ease the market by a liberal policy. In New York and Boston they attain the object by the issue of Clearing House certificates. These are based on bankable paper and unquestionable collateral. They take the place of coin in the exchanges. When a bank adds to its reserve a few hundred thousand in Clearing House certificates, it can accommodate its dealers to just that amount, and can save those who are solvent from failure. When confidence returns, and merchants are able to meet their paper, the banks pay off the certificates, and business goes on as before.

The idea that a bank can stand up like a rock when everybody around it is failing is the greatest nonsense in the world. In a commercial community, banks and merchants are all practically partners and must share each other's fate. The only people who can go through a commercial crisis without loss are those who owe nothing, and are thus out of business. The problem for a sagacious banker to determine is how shall the loss be minimized and confined to the ranks of those who have been imprudent? It cannot certainly be minimized if the banker sits down on his money bags and declares that whoever may get into trouble he will be certain to pull through.

What we want, at this juncture, is to restore confidence, so that merchants shall feel reasonably certain of being able to collect the money that is due to them and of paying the money which they owe to others. A dealer, who has a capital of $50,000 and a line of $50,000 credit at bank, feels confidence enough to buy and sell on the usual credit up to the extent of the sum of the two; but if the credit is withdrawn, the effect is the same for the time as if he had lost his capital, and he is neither able to go on with his purchases nor willing to discharge any liabilities which he can possibly put off. He incurs no new debts and postpones, if he can, the settlement of old ones. When business gets into this stage, commercial paralysis ensues, and the end of that is a feeling of distrust in the banks, which sooner or later culminates in a run. On the first sign of this stage in London, the Government authorizes the bank to issue notes without regard to the conditions of its charter. In New York, as we said, the Clearing House issues certificates, which take the place of currency in the clearings, and the tension is relieved.

If there is any reason why our banks should not resort to the same expedient here, it is not apparent. It must be assumed that the paper which the banks have discounted is good. The Pacific Bank was unquestionably an exception. It is not necessary to mention names, but there can hardly be a single one of the large banks here whose assets are not worth their face. If so, there would be no risk in a joint issue of certificates to be distributed among banks whose dealers need accommodation, and to be based on A 1 collateral. Banks which have not been pressed for discounts would take out no certificates; those whose customers are suffering for want of money would apply for enough to relieve the suffering. The practical effect of the step would be to bring such obviously strong banks as the Bank of Nevada and Bank of California to the assistance of institutions which have curtailed for self-protection, and to restore to circulation part of the gold hoards which are now lying idle in vaults.

Some of our bankers are still in the elementary class, and regard every rival banker as an enemy, who must not only not be succored, but must be broken down if possible. They learned their knowledge of business from the history of the times when Genoa, Pisa, and Venice strained their utmost effort to destroy each other in the idea that the survivor would benefit by the destruction. It is to be hoped that these constitute a minority, and that the bulk of our financiers understand how dependent they are on each other, and that an injury to one is the concern of all.

A CLOUD NOT BIGGER THAN A POLITICIAN'S HEART.

It is announced that the shipment of green fruit to the East, this year, will fall considerably short of that of last year, and that the quantity of fruit canned will be about half as much as in 1892. The prospect is one of the causes of the dullness of business, of which people complain. So far as the shortage in fruit shipments is concerned, it is said by way of explanation that the Eastern fruit crop is unusually bountiful; and as to the canners, it is said that their industry is crippled by the illiberality of the banks in the matter of discounts. It had not been suspected that the Eastern market for fruit depended on the failure of the crop in Missouri and Ohio, or that the canning industry in this State is conducted with borrowed capital; nor, indeed, are those notions confirmed by inquiry among fruit dealers and fruit growers. The Porter Brothers Company seem to think that California fruit is always marketable at Chicago, at a fair price, whether the Eastern crop be large or small. The leading canning houses repel indignantly the idea that they are dependent on bank accommodation for means to carry on their business. These parties say, quite simply, that the shipments of fruit and the quantity canned are smaller than usual because the growers could not get labor enough in the picking season. The nagging of labor unions at the Chinese and such measures of persecution as the Geary Act are gradually thinning out the only race of people who are suited for labor in the orchard.

No one need distress himself about the setback to our most promising industry, for the Federated Trades, Dr. O'Donnell, Dennis Kearney, and Tom Geary will make up to us any loss which may accrue from this source; they are as rich in money as they are overflowing in intelligence. But for the moment the discovery that we are going backward instead of forward is not gratifying. It will be agreeable to Florida, and not altogether bad news to Missouri. It will probably enable Cincinnati to show up in the next census away ahead of San Francisco, and Nebraska to take a handsome lead of California. But it won't matter. It is what the sandlot has been working for, and we ought to be grateful.

It may be well, however, to keep a sharp eye on Congress during the coming session. There is a cloud gathering over Washington, which is now not larger than the heart of a politician, or the brain of a sandlotter, but which has obvious capacities for expansion. That is a revolt of the manhood and intelligence of the country against pandering to brutal and barbarous anti-Chinese prejudice. For twelve years, honest American blood has boiled at the truckling of politicians to the ignorance of the labor unions. It looks now as though something more than froth would come of the boiling. A combination seems to have been formed between merchant and missionary to strike back at the sandlot. It is observed that China as a nation has contented itself with filing a formal protest against the Geary law; but the Chinese people have shown in a

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variety of ways that they are not unconscious of the insult involved in that enactment. They have sandlotters in China as here; and these have meted out to missionaries the treatment which mobs have inflicted on the pagan on this Coast. Consular reports also state that the Chinese merchants at the ports are discriminating against American merchandise. Chinamen do not, as a rule, allow sentiment to interfere with business; but where British drills compete on equal terms with American drills, and Russian oil with American kerosene, the preference is not given to the American product, as it used to be. These indications of feeling are teaching Eastern churchmen and Eastern Boards of Trade that Chinese exclusion is not so much a matter of indifference as they have supposed it was, and they are preparing to move on the anti-Chinese works with the light of battle in their eye.

Those who have access to the ear of the President profess to know that his views have undergone a change since he signed the Scott Act. He played the demagogue on that occasion in the hope of capturing the vote of California. It did not answer. California rebuked him by going by a round majority for Harrison, showing that the substantial people of the State were not represented by the sandlot. Mr. Cleveland was thus taught that honesty is the best policy even in politics, and he will hereafter see that his action coincides more closely with the sound Christian doctrine in which he was brought up. When Congress meets, he will say that if it is the intention to execute the Geary Act, an appropriation must be made. To that Congress may reply by refusing to appropriate a dollar, and if any controversy is roused by the politicians on this Coast, the whole fabric of anti-Chinese legislation may come down by the run. In that event, it will be seen that Geary has not lived in vain.

John Bonner

THE SWEET SORROW.

One said, "I am hungry."

She went toward the apple tree weighted with red apples, and ate according to her hunger.

The other said, "I am thirsty."

She went to look at the grass where the fresh spring babbled, and she drank according to her thirst.

The third said, "I am neither hungry nor thirsty, but I love distractedly."

She went into the world, loved and was not loved, and suffered bitter pangs.

Then, one day, all three women met.

One said, "Having eaten, I am no longer hungry, and I am very contented."

The second said, "Having drank, I am no more thirsty, and I am quite satisfied."

But the third: "I have loved and no one has loved me! But I am happier than you because I love yet.

CATULLE MENDES.

The Haywards Hotel is filling rapidly with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

"Do I make myself plain?" asked the angular lecturer on Woman's Rights, stopping in the middle of her discourse.

"You don't have to, mum," replied a voice from the rear; "the Lord done it for you long ago."—*Vogue.*

All householders know that in this season of house-cleaning it is money in their pockets to do business with a responsible firm that may be relied on to do first-class work. Such a firm is J. Spaulding & Co., whose Pioneer Carpet Beating and Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, at 353 and 357 Tehama Street are known throughout the city.

"INDIANA."

Excepting the change of bill at the Tivoli no new thing is being done in music. The summer silence remains as blank as it always has been—only the ushering in of late August or early September will bring in the full chorus of local life. Representing the sole musical performances to be heard in the city, the Tivoli's efforts are received with more than ordinary interest by the class of amusement lovers who form its general audience. The return to French comic opera is a happy one, and especially when the representation is of a libretto wedded to a tuneful concert by Audran.

Genuine French music of the Perichole Mme. Angot type has a fizzing gaiety unknown to composers of the German or English nationality, and Audran, though not a brilliant exemplar is, however, one of the school. His talent for writing klinking tunes is very much in the style of Planguette whom he has often successfully imitated. For the class of libretto illustrated Audran's music always has an effective fitness which at least lifts it out of the commonplace, and in designing his rhythms this composer has real skill. After the gorgeous commonplaces of local works in this line, these neatly arranged specimens of French taste are miracles of fine art. Something of individuality belongs to the easy handling of the simple material in scoring it for orchestra, fancy and feeling brighten the piece very gracefully. The libretto, consisting of a galaxy of startlingly impossible events, good humoredly strung together, gives the desired opportunities for songlets, duets, trios, and ensembles in the usual light opera form. There is enough interest, variety, and humor in it to hold the attention of an audience, however. No particularly striking number stands out of the score with any distinctively pronounced feature; there is enough of tuneful rhythm, however, throughout to recommend it well to the public ear. The effect of the solo for banjo with voice and orchestral accompaniment, is particularly grateful to the audience, and is made in a passage of tasteful, simple brevity.

For the most part, the costuming is pretty and with more evidence of refinement than is customary. Duels and suicides in color are often thrown at the eyeballs with sensational results from behind these footlights. The principals, Miss Sallinger and shapely Fanny Liddiard, fairly well fit the roles given them and sing to the best of their capacity. Ferris Hartman, a comedian of a peculiar caste, enters into the confidence of his audience, and performs the whole function of his calling in duly amusing that variable gathering. The general stage training of the company is maintained at its usual state of efficiency.

Kelsey Martin

Commencing in the first week of September at Golden Gate Hall, the new and thoroughly satisfactory concert-room on Sutter Street, Mr. Alfred Wilkie intends carrying on the series of concerts given last season at the Palace Hotel. With the attractions of new music, several new and promising singers, and a capable and experienced accompanist, added to the convenience and comfort of the new chamber, the performances should draw largely from the ranks of amateurs.

Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan is expected at an early date, and it is more than probable that his public appearance will be one of the events of especial interest in the early part of the season.

The proposed Winter Fair will not be without garniture in the shape of music, for a Concert Band, under the direction of Sousa, who visited us as leader of the Marine Band of Washington, will be heard there. The organization which he brings has won extraordinary popularity at the Chicago Fair and in the great Eastern cities since its incorporation a year ago.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York are now safely installed in their new quarters, the finest of any insurance office in town. The building itself is a splendid addition to the many fine structures erected in our midst during the last two years. In fact, the Mutual Life Building is looked upon by the building trades as a model of art.

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MASKS AND FACES

THE BALDWIN.

"THE GREY MARE."

A Comedy in [illegible] Acts (adapted from the German), by George R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh

THE CAST:

John M[illegible] M.P. .....HERBERT KELCEY
DAVID MAXWELL, Mus. Bac. Oxon.....E. J. RATCLIFFE
Alexander Maxwell, John's ward .....FRITZ WILLIAMS
COLONEL GAVACHAN, chief of county constabulary.....
.....W. J. LEMOYNE
RICHARD BESWICK, solicitor.....CHARLES WALCOT
THE COUNT DE CHEVRELLE .....EUGENE ORMONDE
COLLINS, livery stable keeper.....AUGUSTUS COOK
STUBS, butler to John Maxwell.....CHARLES W. KING
KATE STANHOPE, engaged to John.....GEORGIE CAYVAN
JULIA, her sister, wife of David.....EFFIE SHANNON
HELENE, the Count's daughter.....ANNIE LELAND
MARIE, her maid .....BESSIE TYREE

Time—The Present.

SCENE—Interior of the new wing of John Maxwell's house.

Act 1. Morning. Act 2. Evening. Act 3. Next morning.

When Benedix conceived the idea of using the dangerous results of indiscriminate fibbing as the central motive of a farce, he achieved a success which made all Germany laugh and added in good measure to his already well established reputation. Once again I am forced to speak of the dread ordeal of translation in reviewing the performance of Herr Benedix's work, anglicized under the title of "The Grey Mare" and presented this week at the Baldwin by Mr. Frohman's players. The skeleton of the piece contains much that is admirable in the making of farcical situations and the sequence of events is admirable; it is in the transplanting of the thing into an atmosphere so distinctly British that the play suffers most. The situations are un-English, thoroughly so. The characters are un-English, save perhaps for the stableman with a multitude of mal-aspirations. But the dialogue and the general treatment is as distinctly English as could be. It is not to be assumed that I intend for a moment to submit that because the piece is too English in tendency that I find that a cause for objection. It is on the total lack of congruity that I rest what blame I may find attached to the adaptation.

It seems to me fitting in just such a case as this, to say that I am of the opinion that the daily newspapers of this city are inclined to deputize as critics of performances of this order, employees who are, in every sense, quite lacking in the capacities of critics. A play adapted from so estimable a source, for instance, as "The Grey Mare," is worthy of at least a certain amount of serious consideration. It in no sense betokens a knowledge of the proprieties to write a "funny story" about a first night performance as given by what is beyond question one of the foremost companies of our time. If nothing more sensible than the inane twaddle which appears too often on a Tuesday morning, anent the opening performance of the previous evening, is within the capacity of our critics, it would be much better, it seems to me, to simply mention the fact that this, that, or the other play had been presented, and to quit at that.

There is a sufficient amount of creditable effort in the adaptation of Bendedix's farce to warrant at least a sensible criticism of it. "The Grey Mare" may not be a good piay from our point of view, but, at the same time, I hold that it is incumbent upon those who have the temerity to criticise it in the public prints, to state their reasons for their strictures upon the work. If it be lacking in qualities essential to a good play, and I for one hold that it is, let us say why and in what it is lacking; if we cannot or may not, let us hold our peace. The bare recital of the thread of the story is reportorial, not critical. He is a poor physician, indeed, who stops at diagnosis and fails in even a suggestion of a remedy for the discovered illness.

"The Grey Mare," to my mind, has much merit. There is a rapidity of action and a most creditable continuity in the action of the piece. The situations are funny, many of them, if incongruous, and the interpretation of those situations most creditable to Mr. Frohman's Company. Because Mr. Kelcey looks absurd in the mackintosh coat in the last act, I can't see just why he should be made fun of. He is expected to look absurd; he is supposed to be comic, and he does just what he is expected to do—raise a laugh. It is not at the expense of Mr. Kelcey, but at the expense of the character he succeeds in portraying, that the laugh comes. Mr. Ratcliffe is boisterous, maybe; it is his province to be boisterous. Why? Because he is intrusted with a part, the lines of which demand boisterous treatment. In brief, I am not quite satisfied that Messrs. Sims and Raleigh have done justice to the undeniably quaint idea of Benedix's, but I for one wish to testify that the members of the Lyceum Company, and Mr. Frohman himself, have done full justice to "The Grey Mare" as it came into their hands.

Before "The Grey Mare" the audience was introduced to "White Roses," a *lever de rideau* which has the distinction of having been selected as the best, out of some hundreds of plays which were submitted in competition for a substantial prize offered some time ago by the New York *Herald*. It is only a fragment, just a trifling bit, if you please, but it contains, to my mind, a great measure of merit. It relates simply an incident, and but an insignificant one at that—what matter, it is in the telling of that brief story that the capacity or incapacity of the author is to be considered, the ability or the inability of the interpreters to be criticised. The dialogue is bright and written in good English, the characters cleverly sketched, and I must say admirably portrayed by Miss Cayvan, Miss Shannon and Mrs. Whiffen.

* * *

I want to add a word this week in praise of Mr. Frohman's stage manager. I have never seen, save in one or two of the foremost European playhouses, a more perfect appreciation of the proprieties of stage detail than is shown in the performances of the Lyceum Company during their stay at the Baldwin. There is lacking, I admit, the charm of finish in the way of accessories and of scenic construction which one finds at the home theatre in New York, but it is undeniable to any one who knows aught of such matters, that the general management of the stage is in every way worthy of all praise.

To those who are fond of a really well-constructed and engrossing melodrama, I am fain to recommend a visit next week to Stockwell's. "Roger La Honte," which I saw some five years ago in Paris and subsequently in English at Niblo's in New York, is one of the best plays of that character which has been written in many a day. The adaptation which is to be presented at the Powell Street house is by a very clever man—in that line—Augustin Daly. The story is one of much interest and the way in which it is set forth, both by author and adapter, is, to my recollection, most satisfying.

The Lyceum Company has but a week more, before Mr. Bronson Howard's last piece, "Aristocracy," is to be presented to us by the Palmer Company. During the coming week we shall have plenty to entertain us at the Baldwin. On Monday and Tuesday a very graceful little play, "The Idler," is offered. On Wednesday night one of Boucicault's very best things, "Old Heads and Young Hearts" is the card, on Thursday there is to be a repetition of Sardou's "Americans Abroad," and on Friday, Saturday, and at the matinee the two old favorites of the Company, "The Wife" and "The Charity Ball," are on the bills.

The new-comers at Stockwell's are a decided acquisition. New faces, new voices, and new manners always bring a charm with them, and in the present instance there is the added advantage of distinct talent in the performers themselves. "Our Bachelors," the old piece which Robson and Crane made popular years ago, is too well known to justify criticism. It is not a good play, but it has its humorous and at times ludicrous situations to redeem it. It was selected originally for the opportunities it afforded to the "twin comedians." Mr. Stockwell and Mr. Osbourne assume these two characters in the present revival. In a broad comedy part Stockwell is always funny. He possesses the merit of a distinct and peculiar personality. Mr. Osbourne is scarcely comfortable in his character of the Judge, I think. Miss Brandon is at times very charming and always looks well. In her scenes with Mr. Stockwell in the second act she is very good indeed. Mrs. Bates and Miss Foltz are both already well known to us, and in "Our Bachelors" acquit themselves with credit. I don't like the butler. Why is it necessary that he should make such a complete guy of the part? Mr. Cook, of the Frohman Company, might give him many good points in the portrayal of such a role. Of the new members of the company, Mr. Frawley's part demands prior consideration, for such a small character has been entrusted to Miss Grey that one can only admire the charm of her manner, the pretty intonations of her well-bred speech, and the gracious way she wears a number of very pretty dresses. In addition she is very fair to look upon, and I hope that before long we shall see her in some part in which her true capabilities may be judged. Mr. Frawley, I am glad to say, is a very valuable addition to the stock. He is thoroughly at home in his part, a more or less good one, and displays an amount of snap and an interest in his work which is refreshing. Besides this, he wears his clothes well.

AMUSEMENTS.

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AMATEUR SPORT

Unless something unlooked for happens, I very much fear that I shall before long be compelled to announce the withdrawal of at least one of the California stables that left here only a few months ago, full of prospects and with colors flying. I don't want to play the role of wet blanket to the hopes of any of the Coast enthusiasts, but I must say that I can't—well, see how any purse, no matter how plethoric, can stand the strain of recessent losses, such as have come to several stables in the past few weeks.

There is but one solution, to my mind, of the ill-luck of the Californians on the Eastern courses. It is not a flattering solution, but the truth, even if it be a bitter pill to swallow, is oftentimes more beneficial than blinding confidence. The trouble with the Californian's entries this season is that the horses are clearly outclassed. They are handled by competent men and have all the advantages enjoyed by any other stables, but they don't win races, simply because they are not good enough for their company.

"Tom" Williams has, I think, fared less badly than any of the others. It is not so much due to the fact that he has captured more purses, but that he is, in every way, a better betting man than any of his neighbors. "Tom" is shrewd and calculating, and has learned his lessons at the Bay District Track —enough said. I hear directly that he has in the past fortnight won a number of good size wagers on other horses than his own, be it understood. He is determined, so I am told, to have a go at the pencillers at Monmouth during the balance of the month.

* * *

The coming of "Bliss of Yale," the great Eastern expert, has set the football world agog, and now one hears of nothing but the new kicks and the new wedge schemes which he has brought out here to show the Olympics just how easy it is to secure a touch down and to kick a goal if you only know how and have the proper material to work with. I shall be glad to see him develop the O. A. C.'s into a team strong enough to bring out all the capabilities of the college men.

There is not much going on in the Olympic Club which is worth recording. Up at the track there is a fair attendance every afternoon and quite a turnout on Saturdays and Sundays. I went out last week and had a look at the tennis players. I must confess I failed to discover much championship timber among the lot. There are a number of young and spirited players, but they display but a scant knowledge of the true intricacies of the game. It wouldn't be half a bad scheme if the Club would send East for some ex-champion in need of a salary, or for some professional who could give the young players the points they are so sadly in need of. If the scheme works in football and in rowing, why shouldn't it in tennis?

* * *

The cricketers, who as a rule are Englishmen, are in many ways the most ardent of our gentlemen athletes. Every Sunday during the season finds them busily employed at their favorite game, and while in most cases they don't play brilliant cricket by any means, they are certainly consistent in the devotion to and in their enjoyment of the graceful sport.

Lieut. Humphreys, of the Engineer corps, who was here on his way home from Central America a day or two ago, is a Philadelphian and one of the most brilliant players in the renowned Germantown Club, the only club in this country which ever won a victory of a visiting team from the home of the game. I am sorry that the Lieutenant couldn't be induced to stop over long enough to have a try at our local talent in Alameda.

* * *

I've been down to the Union Iron Works to have a look at the steam yacht which Mr. E. W. Hopkins is having built, and I can safely assure you that we are about to have at least one vessel in that line of pleasure craft of which we shall have cause to be proud. The dimensions of the boat have already been given in detail, so I'll spare you repetition in that direction. Just how fast the new boat is going to be is a problem, but I know that the Scotts expect to make a brilliant addition to their record as speed producers.

The interior of the yacht is going to be a marvel of beauty and of comfort, and no expense will be spared by the wealthy owner to put as pretty and attractive a boat on the water as money and good taste can make. The accommodations are to be, above all, spacious and comfortable in every way. It is Mr. Hopkins' intention, I am told, to make up a most attractive party for his opening cruise, "far out on the deep, deep blue," and I am much in hopes that the unquestionable success of his venture will prompt some more of our wealthy young sailormen to follow his example.

The club-house at Burlinghame is pronounced a success and I firmly believe that it is going to develop a distinct interest in coaching and driving generally among our gentlemen whips. Why can't we have a daily or at least a tri-weekly coach, with a member on the box-seat, that would run down to the club-house and back? It has never been done here and I think the very novelty of the thing, if not the distinct charm of such a trip, would attract many patrons. Horse flesh, even of good quality, is cheap in California, the roads in San Mateo County are good, and the scenery along the drive all that could be desired.

There is no more popular sport among the men belonging to the smart set in Europe and the East than coaching, and none, I can testify, in which women take a more genuine interest. A pretty woman, in a pretty gown, under a pretty parasol, and on top of a coach, is really at her prettiest. It is often too hot of a summer day to indulge in coaching in the East, but I warrant that the bracing breezes from the sea which sweep the San Mateo County Road would prevent any such objection being raised to my suggestion.

* * *

The more I think of it the more I am inclined to feel that Californians, when they are at home, don't quite know how to enjoy life at its fullest measure. To anyone, for instance, who is fond of the water, there is no way in which more thorough enjoyment can be found than in life on a house boat. You will find scores and scores of them upon the Thames and a very large number around Staten Island and on Long Island Sound. How many have we out here? And yet the neighborhood of Sausalito and the Tiburon shore is nearly ideal for such a purpose. "Dick" Tobin has a pretty "river boat" at Tiburon and Frank Cartan transformed Mr. Hearst's coal tender, copper bottomed and all, into a very satisfactory craft. What I marvel at is that more men have not followed their example. Heaven knows there is little enough to keep the men in town these dreary summer evenings.

House boats are not an expensive indulgence in the long run—no rent and no taxes. To be sure, one can spend a great deal of money in the fitting up of one of these charm-aquatorial residences, but once started they are really inexpensive. One servant, if he be well-trained, is sufficient for a modest outfit. And then the early morning dip is so incomparably superior to the best tubbing that was ever dreamed of.

* * *

The three tennis men upon whom California pins her hopes of glory in the championships in Eastern States have gone from us, and, as a result, there is very little interest manifested in tennis circles just at present. I hear from the East that Clarence Hobart is in superb form this year, and that according to the best of judges he is practically unbeatable for the championship of the United States. Just how many aces better than "Billy" Taylor he is it would be interesting to know.

The ladies seem to be taking a rather more active interest in the game this year than they did last, and a good deal of enthusiastic playing is being indulged in at all the summer resorts. I expect to see some very spirited contests in the autumn championships, and, if I mistake not, there are some surprises in store in the way of new players.

* * *

The bicyclers are busy "cruising," even if they are not knocking anything off the records. The growth of the fad for road riding is simply astonishing, and every day one discovers new men and not a few new women in the ranks. Many of our clubmen have taken to bicycling as a means of health-giving, flesh-reducing exercise. "Downey" Harvey, in a dark blue sweater, plows his way over Park roads with the skill of an old-timer, and he has quite a number of his class who follow suit.

THE STARTER.

—THE—

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THE CABECILLA.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The good Priest had finished saying Mass when they brought the prisoners before him. It was a savage corner of the Arichulegui Mountain. A broken rock, from which the twisted stalk of a giant fig tree struggled forth, served as a semblance of an altar; a Carlist banner fringed with silver was used as a cloth, and two chipped water coolers took the place of wine cruets. When the sacristan Miguel, who served the Mass, raised them in his hand in changing to the side of the Gospel, one could hear the noise of the cartouche in his cartridge box.

Around about, the Carlist soldiers were ranged in silence, gun in cross belt, their white caps thrown on the ground to kneel upon. The burning sun concentrated its fiery heat on the hollows of the rock, and from time to time a grey Merle would pass back and forth as the chanting of the Priest and his assistant floated on the hot air. Up higher, on top of the ridge, the sentinels kept guard, their forms outlined against the sky like silhouettes.

Strange sight! this Priest chief of an army, officiating in the midst of its soldiers. The double life of the Cabecilla could be read in his countenance. The ecstatic air, the hard features, accentuated by the bronze tint of an outdoor life and not the ascetic pallor of the cloister; small, brilliant black eyes, a forehead crossed with enormous veins, which seemed to be knotted like cords. Each time that he turned to his people to say *Dominus Vobiscum*, one could see his uniform underneath his stole and the butt end of a pistol and a catalan knife peeping from out his rumpled surplice.

"What is he going to do with us," asked the prisoners of each other with terror, as while waiting for the ending of the Mass they recalled among themselves all the acts of ferocity with which the Cabecilla was credited and which had given him a certain renown in the Royalist army. By a miracle, as it seemed, the Priest was in a merciful mood. This Mass in the open air, his success of the night before, and the gayety of Eastertide all combined to give this strange creature a ray of joy and good feeling. As soon as the service was ended, whilst the sacristan cleared the altar and put away the sacred vessels in a large case to be strapped on the back of a mule at the tail end of the expedition—the Priest advanced towards the prisoners. They were a dozen of republican carabineers, worn out by a day's battle, a night of agony in the straw of a shepherd's hut where they had been shut up after the action. Pallid with fear, and emaciated with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, they huddled together like a flock of sheep in a pen; their uniforms filled with hay, their cross belts in disorder, the pompons in their helmets thick with dust as their shoes were thick with dirt, they presented a sinister and vanquished appearance. The Cabecilla looked at them for an instant with a little chuckle; he was not sorry to see the soldiers of the Republic humbled on their knees in the midst of the Carlist army, who were well fed and well equipped hardy mountaineers of the Basque and Navarre. "*Viva Dios!* my children," said he to them with a benevolent air, "the Republic feeds her defenders poorly; you all look as thin as the wolves of the Pyrenees when the mountains are covered with snow. They treat soldiers better in the service of the good cause; will you be seated *hermanos*, throw off those infernal helmets and put on the white caps. As this is the joyous Easter day, to those who will cry, 'Long live the King,' I will give freedom and the life of a soldier in my army."

Before the good Priest had ceased, all the helmets were thrown in the air, and cries of "Long live King Carlos, life to the Cabecilla" resounded on all sides. Poor devils! they were so afraid to die, and the odor of the meat frying in a pan over the fire near by among the rocks was so tempting.

"Give them something to eat quickly," said the Priest laughing. "When the wolves cry out so loud they show long teeth."

The carabineers disappeared, but the youngest one among them remained standing before the chief in a firm and resolute attitude, which was in strong contrast with the child-like face and downy cheeks. His coat was too large, making a pleat in the back and under the arms necessary; his eyes blazed with fever; they were the eyes of an Arab with the flame of a Spaniard, and this flame fixed itself on the Cabecilla.

"What is it you want?" said he to the youth.

"Nothing—I wait for you to decide my fate."

"But your fate shall be that of the others. I have not named anyone; grace is extended to you all."

"The others are traitors and cowards. I alone have not cried, 'Long live the King.'"

The Cabecilla trembled and looked him full in the face. "What is your name?"

"Tonio Vidal."

"From where do you come?"

"From Puycerda."

"What age?"

"Seventeen."

"The Republic has no more men then, that she is reduced to enrolling children."

"They did not enroll me, father; I volunteered."

"Do you know that there are means to make you cry, 'Long live the King?'"

The boy made a gesture of superb disdain. "I defy you," he said.

"Then you prefer to die?"

"A hundred times."

"'Tis well; you shall die." Then the Priest made a sign to the platoon of execution to range around the condemned boy, who did not shrink an inch. At sight of such courage, the chief had a feeling of intense pity.

"Is there nothing you wish before..... nothing to eat or drink?"

"No," replied the boy, "but I am a good Catholic, and before appearing in the presence of God I should like to make my confession."

The Cabecilla had on his surplice and stole; "Kneel down," said he, as he seated himself on a rock. The soldiers withdrew and the boy began, "My father, I have sinned....." but in the middle of the confession a terrible fusilade was heard at the entrance to the defile. "To arms" cried the sentinels. The Cabecilla bounded up, gave his orders, distributed his men, spread his soldiers, and he himself picked up a blunderbuss without taking time to disrobe; when turning he saw the boy still kneeling.

"What are you doing?" said he.

"I am waiting for absolution."

"That is true," said the Priest; "I had forgotten." Gravely he raised his hand over the young head bent before him, and gave the blessing, then before leaving he looked around for the platoon; they were dispersed in the disorder of attack; he stepped back a pace, took aim and fired!—*Translated from the French by A. R.*

DOVE AND DEMON.

I.

What black and brilliant eyes she had! What red, alluring lips, what a marvelously soft skin, what superb grace of figure! No wonder men worshipped her, and no wonder women criticised.

She thrilled me with a look. The touch of her hand agitated me. The pressure of her mouth to mine set me afire.

And she—this peerless one, this goddess of my world—she was mine, all mine. Heaven! was it a dream? Was I mad with a hallucination?

Tenderly I clasped her, and held her quivering, yielding form in one long, ecstatic embrace. There could be no mistake; we lived and loved.

"Some day" I said, humbling myself before her "some day you will regret your choice. You will see how utterly unworthy of you I am. Oh, you will regrte!"

"No, no, no," she answered, flinging her arms about me. "I shall always, always love you as I do now!"

I kissed her with a feeling akin to reverence. "How pure and how good you are!" I said softly.

We were wed in the month of flowers. I could scarce believe that there was a heaven other than the one into which I entered then.

II.

I killed him. I am free to confess it now. I shot him through the heart with no more compunction than I would slay a cur. He robbed me of all life held dear, and so my act was justifiable. To think that I had called him *friend!*

I told her, as calmly as I could, and without looking into her false face, that I did not wish to see her again, and thus drove her from me.

My trial by the law was a remarkable one. Although I pleaded "not guilty," there was not the slightest doubt of the truth; but those grim-visaged jurors who heard my case had loved ones of their own, and they unreservedly acquitted me.

Then I became the misanthrope and wanderer, and the years passed.

III.

The masked ball in Paris is the theatre of the inception of many an intrigue. I had been struck with the most queenly figure in all the glittering throng, and though I did not see her face, I was confident that she was beautiful. . . .

When the day came, and for the first time I had a plain view of her features, a cry of bitter anguish burst from me and I reeled backward in horror and shame.

Then she, too, saw and understood—*and laughed.*

For an hour I was a madman. If I killed her I know not; but afterwards I read that she was found dead in the apartment.

Regrets? you ask. Yes—that I did not die with her.—*Town Topics.*

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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

THE CLASS OF FASHION

I confess to a more or less mercenary weakness, and who doesn't who is honest enough to confess at all. I wish I owned a starch factory. Why? Simply because the next season is going to demand an amount of the stiffening concoction in the proper make-up of my lady's *lingerie* that is simply unparalleled in the history of the feminine world. Two stars of the feminine sky, starch and linen, have come into conjunction and the brilliancy of the crinoline planet seems to be on the wane in consequence. As I have told you before, the white skirt reigns supreme to-day in *mi-ladi's* chiffoniers, and in addition, her clever *femme de chambre* has found that sufficient starch, if used properly in the laundering of the garment, is a most admirable substitute for the crinoline or even haircloth skirts.

If you would have your skirts stand out at just the proper angle, to have your draperies *bouffante* to just the correct degree, you have but to order your petticoats built on proper lines, of proper quality of linen, and then instruct your washerwoman to put just the proper amount of starch in their "making up," and you have solved the problem. Of course, the charming *frou frou* of the silken skirt, which our fashionable story writers rave about, is likely to be relegated to tomb of "jasmine flowers" and "low-curled locks," but, *grand meme*, what woman wills, she does, and the starch skirt is *de riguer*.

Speaking of white skirts reminds me that in summer time almost every well-dressed woman who is clever enough to know what comfort means, will insist that the only proper material in which she may gown her gracious self is "wash material," no matter of what sort it may be. There is always a delightful suggestion to the wise of cleanliness and care in the woman who appears in a gown which carries with it the suggestion of "just from the wash." The very best of tailor-made costumes, the most graceful of confections in cloth, are always just a trifle suggestive of having been worn "once too often."

Brown bread and butter and brown sugar spread thereon, delightfully reminiscent of the days of our youth, brings to mind the era of "Brown Holland." This is certainly an age of resuscitation in the way of feminine apparel. We have elected to wear the things which our grandmothers wore, and "Brown Holland" is among the number, and one of the most prominent and popular of that number, too. It is charmingly fresh and cool and adapts itself so well to the eccentric folds and shapes which our "tailor men" demand now-a-days. It has but one real rival and that is "Duck." Any kind of Duck, white preferably, is in demand this season, and with it Towelling, Grass Cloth, and Crashings, a new material, not so heavy and unbeautiful, be it understood, as what we dance on, but of the same general construction.

It is certainly in keeping with the balance of our old world styles, but to me a trifle startling, the effort to re-establish the once overwhelmingly popular shape of the "poke bonnet." It takes a very pretty face to look its prettiest in a "poke." But what the fashions will we will, so I think it is safe to say that before the autumn comes, you'll find the proper thing is to comb your tresses over you ears and put a poke bonnet over it all. The "Poke" to-day is a pretty thing as I hear it described from Paris and New York. Tulle, that inestimably valuable adjunct to the milliner's table, plays the chief part in its construction. Pink tulle, three scarlet poppies on the hair, within the crown and black velvet ribbons, tied loosely behind, is one combination. Yellow tulle and a tiny bunch of forget-me-nots, with broad white satin strings, is another. Both charming for a summer headgear, aren't they?

Have you seen a *satin* bathing dress yet? The fad, for it can't be called a fashion, started in France a year ago, and I hear that some women who reckon *le devnier cri* as the unalterable law of fashion, have adopted it. It clings and glistens and is said to be "simply stunning." What more can one ask?

I always pity the men in this town during the summer—they have so much the worse of it in apparel. How can a man dress well in San Francisco in summer and be comfortable? The answer has the merit of brevity as well as truth—he can't. If one goes out in the morning from one's lodgings in clothing that will be comfortable during the sunny portion of the day, you'll find him shivering like an aspen by 4:30 when the "trades" begin to blow.

There has been a great deal of guying of an alleged humorous kind indulged in of late at the expense of the man who turns up his trousers at the bottom. It is simply senseless—the guying. Like almost everything else the Englishman does in the matter of dress, it is sensible and has a vast amount of good reason back of it. It keeps the bottom of the trousers out of the dust and dirt of our filthy streets, and keeps the light-hued tweeds and flannels of the summer time clean instead of besmirched with Market Street mire.

Let me say one more thing about incongruity in the matter of dress, and not anent women this time, either. The very broad-brimmed straw hat is a very sensible thing, but, like everything else in this world, it has its place, and that place is not the city thoroughfare. It is intended for the country or the seashore, to be worn to keep off the blistering rays of a hot sun, and not as an adjunct to a black cutaway coat or a cutaway coat of any kind, or, in fact, anything else but flannels.

Please don't wear colored flowers in your button-hole if you would be well dressed. Violets are the sole exception to the rule, dictated by good taste of the most easily understood kind it seems to me. It's finnicky to have the color match the shade of your cravat, and if it don't do that—well, the result is simply atrocious. If you will wear a *boutonniere*, and don't do it except at suitable times, wear white flowers and only white flowers.

Gloves are *de rigeur* in every civilized community with evening dress, and the assumption that because it is summer time they may be dispensed with, is a false one. A properly fitting glove is by no means the furnace which it is so often said to be, and many's the girl who hails as a most considerate and well-mannered man him who never thinks of clasping her waist in the waltz unless his hand be encased in kid. THE REFLECTOR.

VALUABLE BUT NOT COSTLY.

It may save you a great deal of trouble in cooking. Try it. We refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, regarded by most housekeepers as absolutely essential in culinary uses, and unsurpassed in coffee. All Grocers and Druggists sell the Eagle Brand.

Madame Forbes, Modiste. Street suits a specialty. Rooms 5 and 6, 131 Post Street, over the Lace House.

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Best for Health, Economy and Beauty.
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COAL

TELEPHONE 1864

J. C. WILSON & CO.

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BRANCH OFFICE

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TELEPHONE No. 54

LIBRARY NOTES

Perhaps in no other book is Mrs. Parr's talent for stringing things out so well shown as in her latest, "The Squire." It drags its weary length past generations, even unto the fifth. The story commences with two families, and by making them marry and adopt indiscriminately it seems as though there were six. Of course, they all resemble one another (when one is safely by the first few generations), and in every scene there is an old man or woman exclaiming "her eyes!" or his, as the case may be. It is not a readable story—it might be if one were provided with a chart and could follow the wandering matches. It is an honest sort of book, however, full of homely situations and women with principles, the only bad person is a harmless little flirt who has a penchant for smiling at men when she does not mean it. She repents at great length, however, and cheerfully marries in expiation.

"Many Inventions," by Rudyard Kipling, has among its dozen short stories several that have not been published before. Of the recent ones there is nothing to be said except that they strongly resemble the others. No new notes are struck in Mr. Kipling's chord and the harping upon his one string is growing a bit monotonous. The "Soldiers Three" figure at great length in their respective roles and I have arrived at the point when the mixing up of the same would be a blessed relief. If Ortheris would play Mulvaney or *vice versa* one might hope for a new sensation. The Kipling popularity does not seem to be on the wane; especially in England is he appreciated. One cannot help thinking that perhaps it is because that staid and slow people commence to be sure they understand his jokes. How ever it is, it seems he suits them, so I suppose we shall be treated to many new volumes. Of Mr. Kipling's poetry too much has been said. Of course, at times it has dash and ring, but one always feels there is a missing note. It is really a certain unknown quantity far removed from the obviousness of its sentiment and rhythm that is the greatest charm of this verse. I suppose one must have been a midshipman to fully appreciate this from "Many Inventions:"

"Well, ah, fare you well, and it's Ushant gives the door to us,
Whirling like a wind-mill on the dirty scud to lee,
Till the last, last flicker goes
From the tumbling water-rows,
And we're off to Mother Carey,
(Walk her down to Mother Carey!)
Oh, we're bound for Mother Carey where she feeds her chicks at sea!"

One of the most stupid and overdrawn novels of this year of masterpieces in that direction is "The Tragedy of Wild River Valley," by Martha Findley. It is full of dark plots, smiling villains, and hysterical women; there are numberless robberies, several murders, as many lynchings, and the wrong-doers all die with holy sentiments upon their lips. There is not one gleam of cleverness in the book—not even a quotation well applied. The only amusing scenes are the lynchings, for at the best a woman's description is never very graphic; she always makes a background of dark, dim forest with just enough morn light to show the man's ghastly face. The picture is full of thrills and gaspings, it gives one the feeling that she would be believed if she dared but make the rope of shaded wool or darkest gray to match the landscape. In "The Tragedy of Wild Hill Valley" we are treated to a really feminine view of such things, and, to say the least, it is not interesting. The people who drag their weary existences beyond the last chapter of the book are hardly worth the saving, they are of such weak stuff, a species of Sunday school personalities, set forth in biblical platitudes. They all trust in God—an excellent practice in its way which one might forgive if there was less space given to the verbal material of their petitions.

The latest issue of that interesting series of biographies, "Makers of America," is "Thomas Jefferson," by James Schouler. The characteristics of the great Virginian are vaguely familiar to many of us; his name is one of those that naturally occur to the mind as a factor in the history of the country. But time blurs the outlines of these strong figures of the past just as the sands of the desert have marred the features of the Sphinx. In order to restore the distinctness of profile one must dive into history, and I can suggest no more agreeable way of reviving one's recollections than by reading this brief biography. Mr. Schouler possesses a lucid and agreeable style that infuses driest details with a graceful charm.

I never heard the harshest critic pronounce the "Cosmopolitan" poor value for twenty-five cents. The fact that it was excellent at the price, however, has not deterred Mr. Brishen Walker from deducting fifty per cent from its selling price. It is marvelous how much can be given for so low a figure, but these are the days of cut rates and low prices.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Many Inventions," by Rudyard Kipling. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Squire," by Mrs. Parr. Cassell Publishing Company, N. Y., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Tragedy of Wild River Valley," by Martha Finley. Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Joseph Jefferson," by James Schouler. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

THE HOME BENEFIT LIFE.

The dailies have been full, during the last few weeks, of the affairs of the Home Benefit Life Insurance Company. Certain charges made against the management induced Insurance Commissioner Wilson to examine carefully into its affairs with the result that he has pronounced it perfectly solvent. On that account he has declined to revoke the license of the Company, and endorses the project whereby the membership of the Home Benefit Life is to be transferred to the Mutual Benefit Life Association of New York. In the report the Commissioner says:

After a careful perusal of the list of policy-holders I think I can safely say that the membership of the Association is taken from the better class of our citizens.

Since January 1, 1893, the Association has written 123 new policies, aggregating an insurance of $269,000. During that time 316 persons have allowed their policies to lapse for non-payment of assessments. Among these are Nathan Meyer and Arnold Stahl, two of the gentlemen who charge that the company is insolvent. Strange as it may appear, one of these gentlemen, Mr. Stahl, since the beginning of this investigation, has applied in writing to the company for reinstatement.

I am perfectly satisfied that the management of the Home Benefit Life Association has been honest. The books of the Association are kept in a clear, business-like manner up to date and it requires but a short time to ascertain from the books the exact status of the company.

The total assets on July 15, 1893, were $128,921.84, while the total liabilities were $97,054.99, leaving a total surplus upon said date of $31,866.85. Of course, as I said before, the condition of this company will depend entirely upon the payment by its members of the assessments already called and to be called, but it is not likely that the company will collect all of its so-called contingent mortuary assets, because some of its members probably will neglect to pay their assessments.

I can certainly find no evidence that any of the funds of the Association have been misappropriated or not properly applied by the officers and directors to the legitimate uses of the company.

I deem it a wise move on the part of the managers of the Home Benefit to have reinsured, as it has done, and under the circumstances I do not deem it my duty to revoke its license.

GRAND

Midsummer Clearance Sale!

Cloaks, Dress Goods,
Silks, Laces,
Ribbons, Parasols,
Men's Furnishings,
Gloves, Corsets, Hosiery,
Underwear,
House Furnishing Goods,
Lace Curtains,
Linens, Etc.

AT SWEEPING CUTS IN PRICES

J. J. O'Brien & Co.

Murphy Building, - Cor. Market and Jones Sts.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the center of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and earthquake proof. Has nine elevators. Every room is large, light and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way and tropical plants are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure rooms in advance by telegraphing.

THE PALACE HOTEL
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FOR SALE

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

$25,000

On very easy terms. The beautiful Pacific Heights Residence of Mr. Alfred Bouvier, 2524 Broadway, near Scott, is offered for sale in consequence of the owner's approaching departure for Europe.

House of thirteen rooms, of which, six are bed rooms and two servant's rooms, and in addition there are bath rooms, laundry, store room, studio, etc. Thoroughly and completely finished and in absolutely perfect repair.

Lot 50 x 100. House surrounded by lawn on all sides. Marine view that can never be imperilled. A rare opportunity to secure a comfortable and artistic home. House will be shown by appointment only.

SHAINWALD, BUCKBEE & CO., Agents.

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By using the MANHATTAN MEDICAL SEA SALT, you are enabled to enjoy the luxury of a refreshing salt water bath in your own house.

NATURAL

As a remedial agent in Rheumatism, Debility, Weakness or Soreness of the Joints, and Affections of the Muscular System, it is very beneficial.

SEA BATH

This Salt has been purified and freed from all animal and vegetable matter usually found in the surf, and therefore, can be used with perfect freedom.

Our facilities for obtaining this Salt enable us to put the price within the reach of all.

AT HOME

The trial package, or 10 cent size, contains sufficient Salt for 2 to 4 baths, and the large 5 lb. boxes, price 25 cents, contain ufficient Salt for 5 to 10 baths, according to strength desired.

L. R. ELLERT, AGENT

S. W. Cor. Kearny and California Sts., - - - San Francisco

TELEPHONE No. 1035

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE-MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING Company—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California: location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth day of July, 1893, an assessment (No. 48) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the TWENTY-SECOND (22d) day of August, 1893, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twelfth day of September, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal.

PACIFIC TOWEL CO.

No. 9 LICK PLACE, San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone No. 1780. GEO. E. MOORE PROPRIETOR.

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MR. LESLEY MARTIN

Pianist.

Has resumed Instruction,

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COLLEGE NOTRE DAME SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

Forty-Third Year

Studies resumed Tuesday, August 8, 1893.

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THE SALISBURY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Eleventh Year; New Equipment; Personal Instruction; both College-Preparatory and Finishing.

MR. A. H. KAYTON

VIOLINIST

Has Resumed Instructions on the Violin

Address Sherman, Clay & Co., or Residence, 1012 Leavenworth St., San Francisco, Cal.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES

LIFE

The Equitable Life is looking for live life agents. Ransom White is on deck again as manager of the metropolitan district, and this will enable the aspiring solicitor to see the head man and make the dicker direct.

The heavy expenses of life insurance companies in the matter of commissions have often been commented upon in THE WAVE. The expense ratio of companies reporting to the New York Insurance Company in 1891 was 21, for 1892 the ratio is 22.4. The gain in insurance written was less than in 1891 by one-half, which is proof positive that the increased commission paid was not due to increased business.

FIRE

Rolla V. Watt, who went East to attend the Convention of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, at Montreal, is taking in the World's Fair on his way home.

Fowler of Bromfield & Fowler, will be home on Monday. He is spending a day or two in Chicago, and will have been away from the city about six months when he returns.

Mention has not been made before of the fact that the Balfour, Guthrie agency, under Manager George E. Spencer, has moved into fine new offices in the high basement of the Mutual Life building, southeast corner of Sansome and California.

D. B. Wilson's resignation mentioned in this column last week goes into effect September 1st.

George W. Dornin, of the National Fire, is in Honolulu.

W. J. Callingham is back again from the East. He has been to the World's Fair.

Insurance business in the fire line is not over active; there may be a chance to write a steep risk or two on the mid-winter exposition buildings if and when they are erected. LOCAL.

OF INTEREST TO BOTH SEXES.

One of the requirements of polite Society which should never be disregarded is to have one's name engraved on a copper plate, from which calling cards are printed. The soft appearance and general attractiveness given a fine card when printed from a copper plate is alone sufficient to compensate one for its additional cost. Sanborn, Vail & Co. make a specialty of copper plate engraving and carry a fine line of choice stationery.

CRIME'S MERITED PENALTY.

SCENE I.

[Paris, in the time of the Regency. The Comtesse de Froufrou's boudoir.]

The Marquis—Countess, I love you, I adore you.

The Countess—If you will pick a quarrel with that tall blond you may see walking in the garden yonder, I will be yours.

The Marquis—It is picked.

[Exit after kissing her bottine.]

SCENE II.

[The garden. Enter the Marquis to the Blond, who is flirting with the gardener's daughter.]

The Marquis—You are a libidinous scoundrel, sir.

The Blond—What? Who the devil are you? I don't know you.

The Marquis—It matters not. Take that.

[Slaps him in the face and they exeunt for the duel.]

SCENE III.

[The Countess's boudoir, as before. Enter the Marquis.]

The Marquis—Well, he is dead.

The Countess (joyfully)—Then I am thine.

The Marquis—But who was he? Your husband?

The Countess—No, indeed. The odious creature lived on the entresol, and played the flute so persistently that I could not hear myself think.

An excellent and a rare opportunity for securing a beautiful home is offered some one. The handsome Pacific Heights residence of Mr. Alfred Bouvier has just been placed on the market in consequence of the approaching departure of Mr. and Mrs. Bouvier for Europe. The house is widely known as possessing one of the most picturesque and artistic, and at the same time thoroughly comfortable interiors in the city. Purchasable homes with fine marine views are becoming very scarce, and it is safe to predict this will not be long on the market. In another column the particulars can be found.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York via Panama

Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon)—S. S. "City of Sydney," July 31st; S. S. "San Juan," August 3d; S. S. "Colima," August 14th; S. S. "San Jose," August 23d.

NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday steamer will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, etc.

Sailings (at 3 p. m.)—S. S. "Peru," July 22d; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro," August 10th; S. S. "City of New York," August 17th; S. S. "City of Peking," August 31st.

Round trip tickets at reduced rates.

For Freight and Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

Cazadero

W. N. HART, K. S. HART, F. R. HART } Props

Hotel and Cottages

87 Miles North of San Francisco, at the terminus of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, among the giant Sonoma redwoods of Austin Creek canyon. Cazadero has undergone many improvements at the hands of the new managers, and opens for the season of 1893 unsurpassed by any mountain resort in California. The fishing and hunting are of unusual excellence, and a fine swimming bath has been added to the many natural attractions. Tents for campers. Terms $10 to $14 per week.

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KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists, in 50c. and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well-informed you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Fine Fancy Shirts

Negligee Shirts

Summer Underwear

POPULAR PRICES

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The Latest Parisian Fashions in Hair Dressing

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Ladies' Hair Dresser, Hair Culturist and Toilet Artiste

836 MARKET STREET

Importer of Human Hair Goods and Toilet Articles for Private and Stage Use.

Private Rooms for Hair Dressing, Shampooing and Tonic Treatment.

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At the Terminus of the Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway.

Romantic walks; mountain streams; dense woods; secluded lunching places; mineral springs; beautiful banks of ferns, maiden-hair and wild-flowers.

Cars connect with all broad-gauge local trains at Twenty-third avenue, Oakland; also, with narrow-gauge at Thirteenth and Franklin Sts.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

A MIRACULOUS CATCH.

All in white and with his white cat playing around him, Johnny fished, his line in the stream of water.

For fish? No, for planets. For Jenny had said to him: "If you bring me a basket full of stars, I will allow you to kiss my lips!"

At first he thought of casting his line into the sky, but the heavens are very high, and he resigned himself to fishing in the stream for the reflections of stars. There was a bite!

It is Venus that has bitten. He took it, he put it in the basket. He cast his line again. Mars, Mercury, Neptune, Jupiter biting, each in turn! The basket ought to be full now; Johnny thought that he had surely the right to go to Jenny and demand the promised recompense.

Followed by his gamboling and mewing cat, he arrived, basket on arm.

"What are you bringing me there?" said she.

"The reflections," said he, "of the stars you desired."

"Good! It is the stars themselves that I want. Since you offer me but their vain resemblance, you can have of my lips but their image in the mirror. Come, come, kiss my mouth in that glass; I give you leave!"

Johnny was extremely disconcerted. But then almost nothing was better than nothing at all. He was going to content himself with the pink image, instead of the real lips, when Jenny, who had lifted the cover, cried: "But your basket is empty!" and, furious, she turned from the mirror where Johnny, if he had placed a kiss, would have kissed but an absence of smile.

Where were they, the reflections of stars fished from the water? Eh! the cat had eaten them.

THE WAGERS.

Geraldine said to me: "Let us wager, sir, that you are thinking of me."

"Oh! not at all, I swear to you."

"But yes!"

"But no!"

"What did you think about if you please?"

"A little rose opening in a bush of thorns."

"You see that I have won! For you cannot deny, I think, that with my infantine mouth and my teasing little ways I am just like a blooming rose?"

I smiled in owning my defeat.

The instant after:

"For the second time, sir," said Geraldine, "let us wager that you are thinking of me."

"Oh! not the least in the world, I assure you."

"But yes!"

"But no!"

"Then what did you think of, if you please?"

"Of a warbling bird in a tangle of reeds and heath."

"You see, I have won! For you have not the face to maintain, I suppose, that my voice under my curls is not exactly like the twitter of a bird?"

I had again to acknowledge her victory.

A little later:

"Once more, the last time, let us bet, sir," said Geraldine, "that you are thinking about me!"

"Oh! in no way, I declare it, alas!"

"But yes!"

"But no!"

"What were your thoughts, if you please?"

"About the faithful swallow who has but one love."

Geraldine burst out laughing.

"Ah! this time I have lost!" said she.

C. MENDES.

BAGGAGE NOTICE.

Round-trip transfer tickets are now on sale at any of our offices at reduced rates, viz.: One round trip, 50 cents; single trip, 35 cents.

Keep your baggage checks until you reach this city; Morton's Special Delivery, 17 Geary Street, 408 Taylor Street, and Oakland Ferry Depot (waiting-room).

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson

HOTEL RAFAEL

San Rafael, Marin County, Cal.

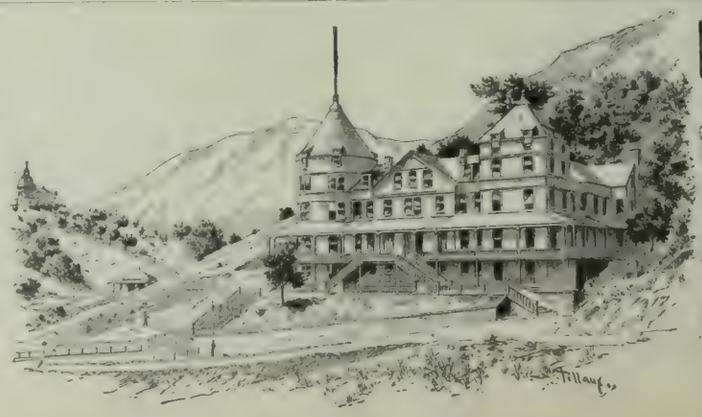
Now Open For Guests

FOR ACCOMMODATIONS APPLY TO

CHAS. PETERSEN, - 124 Sansome St., S. F.

—OR—

O. M. BRENNAN, - - Manager Hotel Rafael



LARKSPUR INN

THIS DESIRABLE

Summer AND Winter Resort

—IS—

NOW OPEN

FOR THE SEASON

Lawn Tennis Telephone and Telegraph

Salt Water Bathing

Livery Connected with Hotel

The Most Equable Climate in Northern California.

HEPBURN & TERRY, Mgrs.

HAPPY IDEAS.

Stomachache and marriage are the world's two greatest means of doubling people up.—*Truth.*

"Don't do that; my chaperone might see you."
"That wouldn't matter. I'm willing to kiss her, too."—*Town Topics.*

Clara—Why are you so bitter against him, just because he proposed and you refused him?
Maude—The wretch! He said he would never ask me again.—*Vogue.*

Willie—Pa, what did the pastor mean when he spoke of a "thirst after righteousness?"
Pa—He means that right after service is the best time to take a drink.—*Town Topics.*

President Life Insurance Company—Make a note to fire the young man who has charge of sending floral pillows to the funerals of deceased policy-holders
Secretary—What has he done?
President—Sent one inscribed "His gain is our loss."—*Truth.*

"We had a terrible time with the convention of physicians in our city the other day."
"What about?"
"They found a disease, and then couldn't discover a microbe for it."—*Vogue.*

Tillinghast—This ten dollar gold-piece is the rarest coin in the world.
Winebiddle (after an inspection)—Nonsense! I've seen hundreds like it.
Tillinghast—Indeed you haven't. I brought that coin back from Chicago with me.—*Town Topics.*

Freshley (passing the sugar to his fair *vis à vis* at the table)—Sweets to the sweet.
She (returning dish of vegetables)—Beets to the beat.—*Truth.*

Julia—Someone is coming Mabel. Oh, it's Mr. de Borden.
Mabel—Is he with his monocle?
Julia—Yes.
Mabel—Never mind him, then. He can't see beyond his nose in that case.—*Vogue.*

Romeo (bravely)—I wish these were the days when a man could fight for the woman he loves.
Juliet (consolingly)—Well, darling, these are the days when a man can fight with the woman he is married to, and I understand that is a lot more dangerous.—*Town Topics.*

Bobby—Mamma, I've just heard something I think you ought to know. Sister Nellie has eloped with the coachman!
Mamma (calmly)—Let this teach you, dear, how inscrutable are the ways of divine Providence. However great our misfortune, let us ever be thankful things are no worse. Why, it might have been the cook that ran away!—*Truth.*

Madeline—Did he make amends for stealing that kiss?
Olga—Yes. He was very manly and would not stop until he had made complete restitution.—*Town Topics.*

"See here, Doctor, your testimony wasn't at all what we wanted."
"I know that, my dear sir. But I was retained by your opponents last night."—*Truth.*

Cholly—A fellah knocked me down yesterday.
Chappie—Good gracious! What for?
Cholly—Took me for a man.—*Town Topics.*

"Do you believe in predestination?" asked the tree of the mill-stream.
"Certainly I do," said the mill-stream. "I was born to be dammed."—*Truth.*

A DAY'S DESTINY.

The morning broke in splendor bright,
No trace of tears, no blur of blight;
The afternoon was one long reach
Of dream-waves on a sandy beach.
And evening laid the day to rest
With peaceful poppies on its breast.

'Twixt purple dawn and shadowy sky
Two lovers kissed their last good-bye;
A mother clasped her dead child's hand,
A ship went down in sight of land,
And, lured by Passion's fearful spell,
A girl passed through the Gates of Hell.

—CLARENCE T. URMY.

Delbeck "Extra Dry"
CHAMPAGNE

The Perfection of a Dry Wine

THE BARTON & GUESTIER
(Established 1725 Bordeaux.)
Clarets, White Wines and Olive Oils

JAMES DE FREMERY & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO
General Agents for the Pacific Coast.

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Our Renting Department is under the management of experienced hands and is one of the best equipped in the city. Our terms for Collecting Rents, Placing Insurance and Renting Houses are moderate and we Guarantee Satisfaction.
BALDWIN & HAMMOND
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SIMON & ROBERT
French Ladies' Hairdressers
ARTISTS IN BANG AND WIG MAKING
THE BEST HAIRDRESSING PARLORS IN S. F.
221 Powell Street, Cor. of Geary

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE—HALE & NORCROSS SILVER Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 21st day of June, 1892, an assessment (No 104) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary at the office of the company, room 26, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on TUESDAY, the 6th day of July, 1892, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the 18th day of August, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees. A. B. THOMPSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 26, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MOTHERS SAMARITAN POWDERS are a Positive Cure for MORNING SICKNESS.
One Box containing 12 Powders will be Sufficient to Cure Any Case.
SAMARITAN POWDER CO.
Box 214.
Price, $2.00. OAKLAND, - - CAL.

SAFE ECONOMICAL RELIABLE
INDEPENDENT GAS LIGHTING PLANT
No Country Residence or Suburban Home is Complete without a PEERLESS GAS MACHINE.
ABANDON COAL OIL AND MAKE YOUR OWN GAS!
BADLAM BROS., Manufacturers, 519 MARKET ST., S. F.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue

LEA'S
PURE REFINED
SEA SALT
FOR A SEA BATH AT HOME
For Sale by all Druggists Ten Cents

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"California's Favorite Summer Resort." "The Haunt of the Elite of the Coast."
This Hotel is the most commodious and comfortable in the country. With its charming grounds, beautiful drives proximity to San Francisco, elegant appointments, and unexcelled table, it is an ideal abiding place.
Terms Reasonable GEO. P. SNELL, Manager

Mount Hamilton Stage Company and Hotel Vendome Stables
Daily Stages for Lick Observatory leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M., returning about 6:00 P. M. Saturdays only Stages leave at 12:30 P. M. For further information, address F. H. Ross & Sons, San Jose.

INSURE WITH THE
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.
CAPITAL: $1,000,000 ASSETS: $3,000,000
The FIREMAN'S FUND is one of the Most Reliable Insurance Companies in the World.
ITS RECORD FOR HONORABLE AND PROMPT PAYMENT OF LOSSES IS FIRMLY ESTABLISHED.
THE HOME OFFICE OF THIS COMPANY IS
401-407 CALIFORNIA ST.
SAN FRANCISCO

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OF LONDON
Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720
CAPITAL PAID UP, - - - $ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS, - - - - - - 21,584,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, - 8,980,251.00
Robert Dickson, Manager, San Francisco.
City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery St

FIRE
LION FIRE INS. CO., of London. Assets, $4,712,747. Commenced in Cal. 1879
IMPERIAL INS. CO., of London Assets, $10,190,349. Commenced in Cal. 1859
WM. SEXTON, Manager R. C. MEDCRAFT, Sub-Manager
Pacific Department, 214 SANSOME ST., S. F.

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT
Guardian Assurance Co. Of London Established A. D. 1821
Paid-up Capital - $ 5,000,000
Cash Assets - - $23,194 249
Sun Insurance Office Of London Established A. D. 1710
Cash Assets - - $10,117,045
Assets in America $2,510,968
WM. I. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal

AACHEN AND MUNICH
Fire : Insurance : Company
OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY
ESTABLISHED 1825
Capital, $2,250,000.00 Total Assets, $6,854,653.65
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT:
312 PINE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., - - - GENERAL MANAGERS

AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE CO., of New York
BRITISH AMERICAN ASSURANCE CO., of Toronto
WESTERN ASSURANCE CO., of Toronto
A. R. GURREY, Manager C. A. STUART, Ass't Man
Pacific Department, 423 California St., S. F.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, Manager D. E. MILES, Ass't Manager
PACIFIC DEPARTMENT
London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.
OF LIVERPOOL
Capital.....$10,637,500
Net Surplus over all liabilities.....3,116,305
315 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

From the present outlook, it appears that instead of the money market becoming easier, the very opposite is occurring. Banks and money lenders will not under any consideration make loans or advance coin even on the most approved securities. What the outcome will be, it is hard to predict. Merchants and manufacturers who have been conducting their business largely on borrowed capital, find it hard to accommodate their customers. The worst feature is that orchardists and wheat-growers feel the pinch worst. The fruit-raiser cannot market his fruit, as the canner, who absorbs the biggest part of the product this year, will not can any fruit for the want of the necessary capital. Wheat, which is a staple article, now lies in the warehouse and field (for the want of sacks) without a buyer. At present, wheat is quoted lower than it has been for many years—63½ cents for spot wheat in Chicago and 67½ cents for September delivery, or at the rate of 1½ per cent per month more than for cash.

Many speculators believe at the present figures wheat is a buy, but from the outlook, it would appear to the writer different. India is one of the largest wheat producers, and the labor employed therein is that of coolie; the buyer uses silver as the medium of exchange, and it would appear that out wheat would be handicapped in the Liverpool market.

The several meetings that have been held in this city last week, wherein the silver question was the bone of contention, have been productive of inducing the press to realize how much the white metal enters into our commercial and industrial business, and also how much of the panicky feeling that is felt through the country hinges on the proper solution of this question. The extra Congress that has been called must do something as a relief and bring life and energy back to our cities. That legislation must be wise or Colorado, Montana, Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico, with their many towns depending on the mining industry, will become tenantless and bankrupt.

As regards the Stock Market nothing has occurred to bring a ray of sunshine to the face of a broker. Business at the different Exchanges is at a standstill; sessions do not last over ten or fifteen minutes, and the total commissions would not pay the expenses of one decent office. A meeting was held and a circular drawn up, by the terms of which mining may be continued on the Comstock. The proposition is for a general reduction of expenses all round—the various Presidents, Secretaries, and Superintendents are agreeing to reduction of 25 per cent in salaries. It remains for the mills, lumber supplies, railroads, etc., to acquiesce, and the proposition will be laid before the Miners' Union to do likewise. As regards the prices at which shares are quoted, it is enough to say at one time during the week the whole Comstock was selling at figures that would not exceed three-quarters of a million.

Nothing is in sight to make a market on; no work can be said to be a leader to a development. At the North End and Con. Virginia and California extracted 150 tons of ore; assay value, $30 25 per ton. On the 1650 foot level a good quality of ore continues to be extracted.

In the Ophir they have closed all the openings leading to the Con. Virginia Mine where gas has been escaping.

Nothing new from Mexican, Sierra Nevada, or Union. In the Middle Mines the Potosi reports on the 850 foot level, the south drift is out 150 feet; the face is in porphyry and low-grade quartz, and the 930 is the same. Extracted during the week 658 tons of ore and milled 670 tons; battery assays, $28.80. At the Gold Hills, the Yellow Jacket, on the 1200 foot level, the work continues the same; no improvement to note At the Belcher, on the 200, 350, and 400 foot levels prospect work is being done. The results from the test of the gold rock from the Crown Point have not as yet been announced.

The June returns of the Con. Virginia being all in, show a net balance of cash of $63,421. During the month the mine earned $1300 over and above expenses. At New York silver is quoted at 70½ cents per ounce, a little lower than the ruling price of last week.

Our local gold mines in the various counties of this State, as a rule, are paying well. Quite a number of quartz mines are being worked in Mariposa County, and the investment is panning out well. The country around Hornitos is still rich, and, with the judicious outlay of capital, could be made a thriving section. There are numerous good mines there that have yielded large returns in days gone by, and, with a small outlay, could be put on a bullion-producing basis. Other sections, Sherlock, Colorado, Hite-tone, Sweetwater, abound in rich quartz mines.

The Southerland, after long work of a very discouraging nature, has at last proved a very rich property and the shipment of bullion is a monthly occurrence.

From Benton, Mono County, comes the report of a rich gold find in the Clover district, some two miles from the Wild Rose mine. Ore assaying in the thousands has been brought in.

Several years ago when they ceased working in the Providence quartz mine at Nevada City, Nevada County, the most enthusiastic believer in quartz mining looked crestfallen. Recently a few San Francisco men examined the mine, and regarding the outlook favorable they bought the mine and began to develop it; there was much dead work to be done, but from a dozen men at first, they now have eighty-one on the pay roll, and have erected a fine chlorination work, which is in full operation. Thirty stamps are kept running day and night and enough ore is in sight to keep an indefinite time.

The Vanderbilt district, San Bernardino County, in which Mackay and Flood are heavily interested, has a great prospect before it. Copper, galena, iron, some silver are found but the big paying metal is gold. Some ore from the 200 foot level is now at the office in this city and runs $180 per ton. Most of the ore is easily worked.

SURETY.

CAMP TAYLOR
MARIN COUNTY
One Hour and Forty-Five Minutes from San Francisco. Finest Summer Resort in the State.
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Fine Drives, Walks, Fishing, Hunting, Boating and Bathing . . . .
HOFMANN & WOENNE, - Proprietors
San Francisco Office, 707 MARKET STREET

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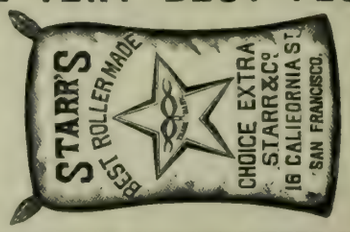

ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT

EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

The Santa Cruz *Sentinel* delivers itself of deep-seated truths like this without turning a hair: "A hoopskirt expansion and a financial contraction do not go well together.

The Stockton *Mail* resents Editor Bunker's criticism on that editorial excursion to the World's Fair. It says: "Its gratuitous insult to the country editors is something which the country editors will not be likely soon to forget."

The tendency to agree with this dictum of the Stockton *Independent* is irresistible: "Le Caron, the Irish spy, is coming to California to improve his health. He ought to sojourn awhile in pandemonium to improve his morals."

The Sacramento *Bee* thus hits off the situation at Fresno: "We have been reading the accounts in the San Francisco papers of the murder trial in Fresno so long that we are in doubt whether Johnson's whiskers or Foote's eye-glasses are on trial for the murder of Lawyer McWhirter. Certainly Heath cuts no figure in the reports."

If the Dixon *Tribune* cannot claim priority for its discoveries its inference is no less pointed: "Those Republican journals that were most vociferous, a few weeks ago, in their demands that Congress be called immediately, are now expressing wonder that such haste should be made."

Mayor Pardee does not seem to have popularized himself with Editor Dargie. About the Broadway episode the *Tribune* says: "It suited the overweening egotism and inordinate greed for sensation of the Mayor to act the part of ringleader to a mob, and to drag the fair fame of the city in the mire. Kearneyism had its day, and California suffered untold injury in consequence—it would appear as though the Mayor of this city desired to outherod Herod, and to have his name become a byword of reproach."

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The Evening Post's Offer

"Are you going to Chicago?"

"By all means!"

"You can travel there FREE for a little trouble."

"How?"

"Get 15 yearly or 85 weekly subscribers and the EVENING POST will give you a first-class Round-Trip Ticket to Chicago."

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that has the news. Everyone

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is found the epitome
of the day's life, and

THE

record of home events.
The paper that supplies
this to the people of

OAKLAND

is the one the people
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Alameda County has a
bigger circulation than the

"TIMES"

whose local news, editorials,
miscellany, and make-up are the best.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM June 10, 1893.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	7.45 p m
7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey and Sacramento	6.45 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.00 a m	Sacramento and Redding via Davis	6.45 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express. Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	6.45 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Port Costa	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
*5.00 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.15 a m
8.00 p m	Castle Crag and Dunsmuir, via Woodland and Willows	7.15 a m
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION Narrow Gauge.	
‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
	COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)	
*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.30 p m
‡7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.26 p m
‡9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	4.25 p m
*2.00 p m	Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*11.23 a m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations	‡7.26 p m

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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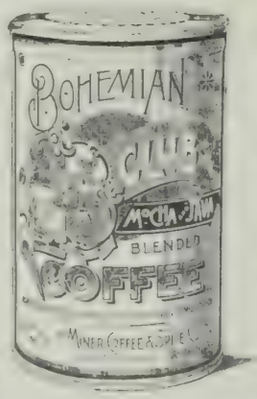

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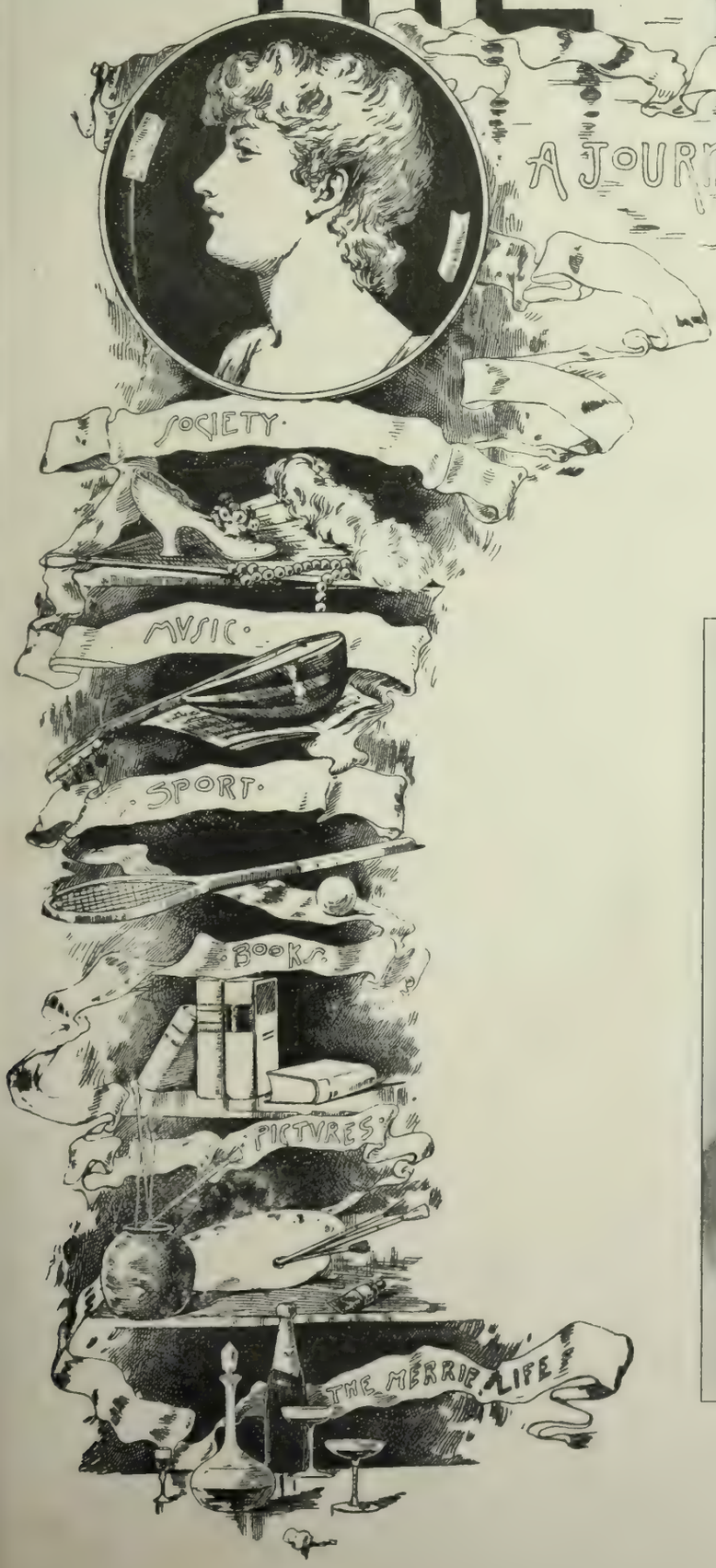
A JOURNAL FOR THOSE IN THE SWIM

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA



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· · RESORT · ·

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE MOST ELEGANT SEASIDE ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD

GEO. SCHONEWALD, - - - Manager.

THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 29, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES.

EVERYBODY WHO IS at any time someone, and all the other members of the Bohemian Club intend going to Meeker's Grove next Saturday night. There are excellent reasons for the trip besides the poem that General Lucius Foote will recite and the address to a redwood, in particular, that General Barnes is down for. As a matter of fact, these are but episodes in the Midsummer Jinks and who dares deny that this is *the* event of the Bohemian year? There are Christmas, autumn, and between-times jinks, but in comparison with this Russian-River redwood-tree celebration what are they? Even Ed. Hamilton hardly knows. Whether Sire Redding feels equal to the distinction of succeeding Buddha Somers no one will ever realize, for his modesty, like the blossom of the acacia, manifesteth itself but once a half century. However, he will do his best, and that of its kind is not half bad. This best is a species of sylvan comedy wherein Bohemian personages robed in "As-you-like-it" tunics, doublets, high boots, *et al.*, roam through groves haunted by electric sparks.

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Choice spirits these participants in the festivity. They will speak an alliterative phraseology abounding in shots, hits, and thrusts, and music of domestic production will background the jewelry of the dialogue. It would not be Sire Redding did the band fall below fifty pieces or the chorus sixty voices. Still the music and the players are but half the event. The redwoods are to be illuminated by the incandescence of a thousand lights. Care will be cremated after the prayers and petitions of George Bromley. Then the Low Jinks, directed by Louis Sloss, Jr., and Donald Graham, introducing Parisian and Berlin and Cracow specialties that George Hall never in his dreamiest moments imagined. Later, Dawn and Sleep until the following noon. That is the hour when Conductor Bauer justifies his election. The Symphony Orchestra, or as much of it as is able, breaks into the *intermezzo* from "Cavalleria Rusticana," followed by "Hail Bohemia," handsewn for the occasion, and sundry other classical and mathematical gems. Then home. In the meantime, the Russian River will wonder where it is at.

* * *

EVEN Commodore Gutte cannot deny the utter failure of the San Francisco Yacht Club hop last Saturday night, nor will he doubt the sincerity of the sympathy I extend to him. There must have been *five* girls on the floor at least, and each had fifteen or twenty applicants for recurring dances. Indeed, they were belles. But this absence of the fair sex was not the solitary drawback—not by any means. The band failed of materialization; the floor committee had no badges; the San Francisco contingent was of the most unassorted character—not even prepossessing from the typewriter standard were certain of the maidens. Indeed, there seemed no reasonable excuse for the entertainment, not even the presence of Commodore I. Gutte.

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To-night there is to be a hop at the Pacific Yacht Club, from which better things are anticipated. I am told of several parties that are being made up for the affair. The entire Sausalito contingent, including the belles of Quality Hill, have graciously signified their intention of being present.

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THE EMINENCE of Laurie Bliss on the football field is not his sole claim to distinction. Under his tuition the Olympic team begins to develop a degree of form that I am persuaded will astonish their adversaries when the season commences. Besides, by his example and precept, the use of profanity is eschewed by the players. Not that the Olympians have a special tendency in the direction of swearwords which Mr. Bliss has to meet and dispel, but the indulgence in expletive is readily pardoned in a person whose shin has been bombarded, or whose immediate proportions have formed the basis for a scrimmage. They are taught to suffer these encroachments in silence and with patience.

* * *

Of course, athletic supremacy is largely the result of moderation in regimen. Like a good Christian, he who would shine on an eleven must learn the rigors of self-denial. By reason of his habits, Mr. Bliss might command a position in the Pacific Bank, for he smokes not, nor does he drink or swear. Otherwise, too, he is excellent, and if he but avoids the fate of Elijah, will, doubtless, be either a bank cashier or the president of a Sunday-school.

* * *

WHO IS W. L. Clark? Quite a good many people in the vast Crocker Building would like to know. Within the past few months a horde of letters have come there addressed to this uncertain person. If he do exist, he is evidently an individual broad of view and well-traveled, for his correspondence comes postmarked from well-nigh every capital in Europe, and, to make the mystery the more interesting, the envelopes have been addressed by a feminine hand. In point of fact, the directory of the Crocker Building has never as yet had among its "C's" the name of "Clark, W. L."

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Something like a year ago one of the most attractive mezzanine offices, directly over the devoted head of the young president of the "Crocker-Woolworth" was occupied by a Mr. Lafayette Cole, "manufacturers' agent." A very pleasant fellow with plenty of coins at hand and a liberal palm to pass them out with, was said Cole. His quarters were brilliant in their furnishings and the whole establishment admirable in every way. But Lafayette went away on a day and hasn't been seen since. There were creditors—there still are. But who is "W. L. Clark" and, in the language of the House of Representatives, "where is he at?"

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THE ENTERTAINING ATTITUDE of Bohemia towards its latest acquisition, Conductor Bauer, excites the interest of the dispassionate among the membership. His

election occasioned more than a ripple of surprise; the idea that the privilege denied a Jewish capitalist should be accorded a musician with a name suggestively Hebraic, provoked quite a degree of wonder. These gentle sentiments were succeeded by feelings of congratulation at the accruing of another composer who might vary the monotony of Rosewald and Stewart, who would, perhaps, add a new strain to the discordant harmonists of the Club's *menage*. How these great people hate one another.

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In spite of name, features, and other suggestions of a Semitic origin, it appears that Bauer comes of an excellent Catholic family, and is not better as a practiced musician than he is as a practical Romanist. Already has his talent been pressed into service, for at the Midsummer Jinks he leads his Symphony Orchestra through the intricacies of an original hymn, "Hail Bohemia," "dashed off" for-the-occasion only by himself. This contribution to the musical literature of the club is merely a species of preliminary canter. Behind it is the inspiration of but a week or two of the sacred precincts. In a month we'll have a new opera. May I suggest "The Jags in the Woods."

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IN THESE days of depressed finances, when only those with big buildings or an interest in gold mines have coin to spare, it is difficult to execute so beautiful a plan as Will Crocker's for the permanent beautifying of his California and Jones Streets corner. Had he been encouraged he proposed building there, from a design of Page Brown's, a series of Spanish villas with charming façades and court yards full of palms and flowers. Alas, the times are not ripe but to this plan another succeeds, no less interesting. Mr. Crocker now proposes to erect a lofty apartment house after the style of those in New York—a large structure admirably built, arranged, and decorated in the best style imaginable, and subdivided into flats arranged on the double story plan which has proved so popular in Gotham. On the roof, which is covered in glass, a large re staurant, from the windows of which those who elect to dine there may command an inimitable view of the city.

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Mr. Crocker has no intention of executing this plan without co-operation, however. He proposes to form a combination of fifteen gentlemen who will put up $10,000 each. There is certainty, if the idea meets favor, that there would be good interest on the investment. Besides, each contributor would be entitled, rent free, to one of the flats. Whether the plan will succeed or not, it has the merit of novelty, and that, nowadays, is much.

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The engagement of Miss Tillie Brandenstein and Willie Greenebaum seems to make happy the friends of both. She is the daughter of Joseph Brandenstein, millionaire, who resides in the big house on the corner of Gough and California Streets, and is a vivacious and exceedingly talented girl, who is an active participator in all Concordia Club gayeties. He is a son of Moses Greenebaum, and is related to the Slosses, Gerstles, Walters. He is a capable young man and decidedly popular. He succeeded, many months ago, in getting a hunting expedition he enjoyed through the Cascades written up at full length. The details of his adventures, I remember, covered several columns and were readable if more than the fact.

* * *

WILD GAYETY has not yet invaded the lustrous and verdurous precincts of Del Monte. The advance guard of the Country Club contingent has hardly begun to arrive. Still the murmur of preparation is over the region and one hears much of the wonderful things that are then to occur. In the meantime the children are enjoying themselves and appear to have much the best of their seniors. On Tuesday last they hired all the donkey carts, and in procession drove to the big oak tree. There they picnicked and had a glorious time singing and playing and listening to the lively strains of Francis Bruguiere's guitar. That is but one of their affairs, however.

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On the Thursday night of last week the young ones organized a fancy-dress ball, and, in their costumes, certainly exhibited originality and brightness. There were flower girls, court ladies, cowboys, and peasants galore. Little Porter and Helena Robinson and Lurline Spreckels were charming in Japanese *Kimouas* and tunics which Mrs. Robinson brought with her from Chrysanthemum Land. The younger Bruguieres, dressed as girls, looked very pretty, and had a most amusing time of it. Manager Shonewald provided lemonade and refreshments, thereby winning the hearts of the generation. Of course, there was no lack of an audience, as the guests all turned out, and the evening was pronounced the most amusing of the season.

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Among the arrivals last week was Judge Dillon in a private car, with several generations of his own family and a pug. Oh, the trouble that said canine precipitated! She loved with an ardent passion this pug, did its lady owner—loved it so that separation meant anguish. There came the moment when the laws of Del Monte demanded the removal of the beloved pug to the stable precincts, and then the lady protested. She even implored, but with no avail. There was but a single way of solving the dilemma—she departed, pug and all, and the region knoweth her no more.

* * *

SAN RAFAEL succeeds just now in being gayer than anywhere else. There is much driving and picnicking and gatherings of one kind or other at the various villas. There are several dinners a week, besides supper parties at the homes of the Slosses, Gerstles, Lilienthals, and Seligmans. There seems general satisfaction over the decision of the hotel management to keep the caravansary open through the winter. In fact, quite a number of the guests have indicated their intention of remaining right along, and I am persuaded the management will reap a fair reward for their enterprise.

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Tennis is very popular. Every afternoon the courts are the gathering place of a bevy of young married people, who go in vivaciously for the game. Among the regular players are the Magees, Barnes, Crooks, the French Consul and his wife, and Mr. Greenway. Later on there will be an invasion of the champion lady players, who are now at San Mateo, to take part in the autumn tournament. It is set for September 8th, 9th, and 10th, and promises to gather almost as large a crowd as the July affair, besides proving more interesting. The winner of the ladies' singles will have to meet Miss Morgan, the present champion.

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Among the excursions which have excited some interest is one undertaken by Jack Crooks and his wife. They have gone off driving through Marin County, and propose going up as far as Cazadero, stopping over there for the Midsummer Jinks. Another, organized by Ed. Schmiedell, is for a trip to Del Monte by buckboard, taking in Santa Cruz *en route*. Harry Simpkins and Dr. Harry Tevis accompany him.

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Ross Valley is rather too quiet for its gayer inhabitants this summer. Owing to a death in the family, the Kittles have done no entertaining, and the absence of Mrs. and Miss Dibblee, prevents the gatherings of the Nonsense Club, of which their pretty home was headquarters. Mrs. Clinton Jones' reception at her residence in the Valley was decidedly a success. Quite a number of ladies helped her to receive her guests. The house was charmingly decorated and there was music, both vocal and instrumental, the latter being supplied by an Italian orchestra.

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San Mateo is eclipsing the record. There were actually not girls enough to go round on Saturday night last, notwithstanding the presence of a tennis contingent of magnitude and decided good looks down at the hotel for the tournament. The belle of the occasion was Miss Clark, an exceptionally handsome girl, who has many admirers. Mrs. Schwerin looked very charming. There is quite a degree of excitement being developed over the tournament. Miss Mattie Gibbs has it in charge, and there are already a fair number of entries. Miss Crouch, of Oakland, a decidedly clever player, Miss Lord, Miss Waters are to participate. Among the attractions of the day is a game between Champion Driscoll and his partner, Bates, who will show the audience what good tennis is. They have

Dr. Hammond recommends as a certain cure for chronic dyspepsia and indigestion, chewing Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Gum after each mea' for half an hour.

arranged for a four-in-hand coach to drive down from town for the affair, remaining for the ball that night.

* * *

Judge and Mrs. Boalt are now traveling in Austrian Tyrol. Since departing from San Francisco they have "done" the Orient thoroughly, Greece and Italy. They are to be absent for some months yet, I believe. Mrs. Bear and Miss Bear, who are now traveling in Europe, contemplate a visit to Marianbad after their trip through Switzerland.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradford, *née* Maud Badlam, gave their first *post* nuptial reception at their apartments in the Palace last Monday night. There were some twenty people present who were entertained by Mrs. Bradford with music and by Miss Lena Dieck with some clever recitations. Mr. and Mrs. Bradford will remain in town only a few weeks longer.

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The marriage of Miss Maud Morrow and Lieutenant A. F. Fechtler, executive officer of the "Albatross," is to be celebrated in October.

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The banking situation has changed materially since last week. One man has had the courage to open his vaults and relieve the needs of the State. To Mr. S. G. Murphy, of the First National Bank, belongs the credit of breaking the coin blockade. Realizing that further adherence to the policy of refusing accommodation to the canners and fruit dealers meant the complete destruction of the interest, and that if farmers were not given coin their crops could not be gathered, Mr. Murphy decided to commence business again and his example has been followed by his colleagues. How much longer they would have persisted in a theory so illogical, on the mere ground of guarding against a general run of which there was but slight probability, I cannot tell. His courage and enterprise cannot fail to make friends both for the First National and for Mr. Murphy.

* * *

All things have an end, even the long summer vacations, and the ushering in of August next week brings the opening of the schools. The mingled indolence and excitement June and July have for the belles of the future is to be replaced by discipline routine and gathering of knowledge and accomplishments, for on the third Madame Ziska resumes the classes of her Institute, and Miss Lake also opens her classrooms on the seventh. A musical given by the pupils of Miss Bolte's Jackson Street school on Friday gave proof of industry and talent in the young people.

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These troublous, panicky times I could hardly believe the story that E. C. Sessions was out of his financial depth and was floundering, for I always regarded him as a tower of monetary strength. But what are the uses of land and houses and bonds if one cannot get gold for them? That is the situation of E. C. Sessions. I see he has decided to sell those Highland Park residence lots of his next Saturday afternoon. I cannot but wish I had money enough to invest in one or two of them, as very distinctly they are worth owning.

* * *

STRANGE TIDINGS from Oakland—the region of true lovers and faithful hearts—a record of ruptured engagements unparelleled. Not that dissonances on the right side of the altar are unknown across the bay, for within the memory of old inhabitants they have occurred. The history of late years, however, contains few such records though. Most important is the announcement that the engagement of Mr. Houghton and Miss Grimes is off. The reasons assigned by everyone I have met are too numerous for mention. The best is that the twain has agreed to differ—and who should know better? Doubtless the news of the severance will attract almost as much attention as their engagement and its subsequent festivities. A second rupture is that between Justice Fred C. Clift and Miss Minnie Bailey—she the daughter of a wealthy Hawaiian personage. They were to have been wedded in the autumn and an affair of moment had been anticipated.

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No one, it seems, is able to fix the cause of the dissonance. Both parents possess the goods of this world—both smiled on the match. Alas! perhaps the course of love ran a trifle too smooth, and each grew tired of the other.

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Mr. and Mrs. George Greenwood, *née* May Tubbs, have returned from a visit to the St. Helena ranch. They chaperoned Miss Tot Hall, Miss Farrier, Nellie Powning. The same party also made a visit to Del Monte, where they were entertained by Miss Nellie Chabot. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hyde, with their accomplished daughters, Miss Adele and Miss Josie, have returned from Alaska. The Ben Morgans, Pringles, and Miss Ethel Moore are camping near Mt. Diablo. Miss Ethel leaves next month to take in the World's Fair, after which she returns to Vassar.

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The Sumner Bugbees, of Oakland, have gone a-visiting. They don't propose returning from New York until November, and while absent their house, "Lakeview," is to be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Adams, who have returned from their wedding journey. The Misses McKee and Sam Bell McKee are at Castle Crag, as are Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller. Miss Bertha Cronch, the Bates family, and several other members of the lawn tennis contingent, are at San Mateo. Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Miss Maud Howard, Shafter and Karl, and Mr. and Mrs. Paxton Howard are at Burlinghame. Mr. and Mrs. John Albright and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albright, with their children, are at the Vendome. Mrs. Will Henshaw has returned from her trip and is ensconced in her own home again. All of the Garbers, of Claremont, are at Lake Tahoe, and Mrs. W. W. Foote is at Haywards. The Metcalfs and Miss Alice Grimes have returned from Mill Valley, and the Costigans and Miss Gertrude Allen will soon abandon their Marin County cottage. Miss Nellie Chabot and Mrs. Chabot are still at Del Monte.

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The engagement of Ernest Ransome, second son of E. L. Ransome, the stone contractor, and Miss Maud Walker, the eldest daughter of Captain Walker, of the Pacific Mail, is announced. Both young people are well known in East Oakland, where their families have been neighbors for years. The date of the wedding is not yet fixed. The engagement of Miss Violet Ransome and Ross Tucker, of Oakland, was announced some months ago, and it is possible there may be a double wedding on the Heights.

* * *

George Grant and Miss Laura Farrell were quietly married in Berkeley last week. The wedding was scarcely mentioned in Oakland, which is curious, considering, the Grants have always been prominent there. It seems the elder Grants did not quite approve, although a representative of the family attended as a guest at the interesting affair.

* * *

THE MID-WINTER FAIR project has assumed proportions of sufficient dignity to warrant one's serious criticism. That I am distinctly in favor of it goes for the saying. It is with the management of the enterprise that these paragraphs have to deal. To my mind but little genuine progress has yet been made. The Finance Committee is no doubt a most circumspect and capable body; in point of reticence it is simply inimitable. Each day one reads of the contributions which are said to be "flowing in;" but the most diligent search fails to reveal to the public eye even an approximation of what said contributions amount to. In grievous doubt are we left as to the extent of that flood of coin, and why? Undeniable it is that as yet the general public affords the project but scant support. The subscriptions from some of our "leading citizens" and our "representative firms" may only be expressed by that favorite Louisiana word, "picyune."

* * *

Levi Strauss, $500; Adam Grant, $500; John Nightingale, $100—one stands appalled at the reckless, awful extravagance of these our millionaires. What is the town coming to if our great fortunes are thus to be squandered on mere enterprises of public moment, or even public necessity? Such superb munificence is unparalleled. In all seriousness, I am compelled to say such kindly eleemosynary assistance is really doing far more harm than good.

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THERE ARE MANY grounds for the belief that when he came down from Sacramento two weeks ago, Governor Markham had made up his mind to appoint Michel H. de Young

Quite a fad East is to chew for half an hour after dinner, Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Gum for indigestion.

United States Senator. It seems hardly credible that the political lessons of the State campaign last year, when Michel ran for Senator and ditched his party, were lost on Mr. Markham; but such appears to have been the cold, unimpassioned fact. I am informed on good authority that the numerous enemies of Mr. De Young did not make all the fuss we have recently witnessed for pure love of political turmoil. They were in possession of positive information that Henry, the Governor, was dead set on conferring the toga on Michel, the editor, and they were determined to prevent the consummation of that event.

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The story, as I have heard it, now that the unpleasantness is all over, makes everything plain. It goes back to the period of Markham's nomination for Governor, in August, 1890. To those whose memories extend so far to the rear as that, it is not necessary to say that Michel bitterly opposed Henry's gubernatorial aspirations. They will remember that in his paper he roasted the tar out of the Los Angeles man, even after he had defeated W. W. Morrow in the Convention and had shouldered the dusty banner of the Old Flag Party. But suddenly one day (so suddenly, in fact, that it caused a thrill to run through the political marrow of the commonwealth), the abuse ceased and Michel began with most charming *naivete*, to puff the candidate. A change of base so complete naturally aroused suspicion among the knowing; and, later on, when the public prints announced that Henry's magnetic hand had been seen furtively to ascend in the elevator of the tall building to the floor popularly supposed to be inhabited by the great editor, that suspicion developed into the well-founded idea, that Michel and Henry were jobbing.

* * *

And sure enough, on several occasions afterward they were seen with their heads together. But it was not until Henry went on to the Chicago Fair that he got the full measure of the editor. On that occasion the latter made it extremely agreeable for Henry, and when that gentleman started for California he had about concluded that the people out here were a collection of choice blockheads who do not know a good man when they see him, else how could they have failed so long to appreciate Mr. De Young? I do not exactly understand how De Young's ever alert enemies managed to fathom Markham's secret intention, for the latter swears by his magnetic hand that he never whispered it to a living soul; but by some occult process known only to politicians they divined it, and gracious! how they made Henry perspire. During his stay at the Palace, an accomplished political linguist informs me, they read the riot act to him in seventeen different languages, including a version of it prepared by Judge Sconchin Maloney.

* * *

But as if this were not enough, some of Michel's enemies threatened and blustered. They told Henry that if he appointed the editor the indignant people of San Francisco would tar and feather him. Not content with sending Michel a bogus check contributing $10,000 to the Mid-Winter Fair, signed by Mrs. Stanford, these same tireless, implacable enemies stuffed two evening papers with the story that Mrs. Stanford had bribed Markham not to appoint him. Both these things were inhuman—more cruel to Mrs. Stanford than to De Young, because the latter sometimes indulges in such warfare himself and knows how to take it—but they were the blows that finally sent Markham to grass. On Friday morning about ten o'clock De Young was summoned to room seventy-five at the Palace. When he departed twenty minutes later he looked ugly around the gills. Markham had told him that he could not stand the pressure. And so it transpired that Michel's malevolent enemies scored another round. Awhile ago I thought the remarkable persistency of the editor would yet, by some hook or crook, land him in the Senate; but I am changing my mind. This was the best chance he will ever have.

* * *

THE NOMADIC JOURNALIST animated by the ambition for travel prefers his request for the freedom of the railroad to W. H. Mills. Besides being land agent of the Central Pacific, Mr. Mills controls the advertising expenditures of the Kentucky corporation, and bestows or denies *largesse* as his mood or discretion dictates. One day there came to him a country editor of minor note, who yearned to convey his talents and himself to Pacific Grove. After a fair amount of genial palavering, the documents were delivered and exit journalist, mildly happy and determined on an early departure. Returning to his desk, and prior to departing for the ocean, the editor and his proprietor had words. Not only that but blows. The result, a vacancy on the staff and a telegram to Mills, the tenor of which ran thus: "I've fired So-and-so. He is a d——d scoundrel, better recall that pass."

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The message found Mills in rather a sportive mood. He immediately telegraphed back:

"Quite agree with you, but if we cut off scoundrels no passes would be issued.

"MILLS."

* * *

NOW THAT ex-Governor Perkins is snugly ensconced in the United States Senate, I trust he will pardon the revival of that ancient story about himself, the old lady in Butte County, and the parlor matches. It was not very long ago that its rehearsal caused the genial ex-Governor to mount his ear (I believe that is the correct figure) and utter cuss words; for the truth is he declares it to be a base libel. But now that he has climbed to the dizzy altitude of a perch in the American House of Lords—become an American Lord as it were—he can afford to be magnanimous.

* * *

The story is very ancient. It was first told at the expense of Mr. Adam who, after the Fall of Man, kept a grocery store at the gateway of a town called Eden, and by easy gradations it has come down to the modern world. It was told on Noah, who sold matches before he built the Ark, and also on Mephistopheles, who was and still is, I believe, an extensive dealer in lucifers. When Perkins ran for Governor in 1879 the story was translated from the original Hebrew and told on him. The revised version runs as follows: Many years ago Perkins kept a grocery store at Oroville, wherein he retailed a very excellent brand of Maryland matches. One day he sold a box to a Celtic washerlady who resided up in the foothills.

* * *

Within twenty-four hours she returned the lucifers and declared, with much accompanying bad language, that they were worthless. Perkins protested vigorously.

"My dear madame," he said, "those are excellent matches. See here," and he lighted one by scratching it in the ordinary masculine way upon his ample thigh.

The old lady was not at all nonplused.

"Faith, Misther Perkins," she said, "an' if yez think O'im goin' to walk tin miles ivery toime Oi wants a light to scratch thim matches on the sate uv yure pantaloons, yez are mistaken, so yez are."

* * *

THE LEAST CRIME of the normal San Franciscan is not his insensibility to the gentle art of the bookbinder. Perhaps I may offend his susceptibilities, which, of course, are exquisite, by treating the subject from an artistic point of view, but that is my misfortune, if a minor consideration. Few there are among the cohorts of book buyers even mildly interested in the covering of their favorite authors. Insistent on the manner and cut of clothes, they neglect their books for their bodies, committing a deeper than cardinal crime. Of course, to this sweeping generalization there are exceptions—individuals who do discriminate between levantine and morocco.

* * *

Chief among the cultured remnant is Dr. Taylor, whose library is, perhaps, the choicest in the State. It contains some of the books that bibliophiles wax ecstatic over and their binding is precious. To London go most of his fine editions, and their covering illustrates the highly artistic and beautiful work of Riviere, whose delightful designs form admirable settings for literary jewels. It is Dr. Taylor's custom to have the best editions of the various authors whose books he has—of an American he buys the domestic print, of an Englishman the home product. He has a priceless collection of Homer's—ancient and modern—indeed, his books are all good and of

The doctors recommend for indigestion after dinner, chewing for half an hour Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Chewing Gum.

the kind that command the attention of the initiated.

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Opposed to the care and attention which Dr. Taylor bestows on his treasures is the manner in which Captain Lees piles indiscriminately the many volumes that compose his library. Distinctly a Californian library is the Chief detective's—containing almost as many books about the Golden State as Bancroft's. Of binding the Captain is not ignorant, but he is unsolicitous. Not so Colonel Harry Brady who presides over the interesting collection of volumes that form the library of the Bohemian Club. There it is one may find a dense loneliness, but it is relieved by some excellent bits of leather work—graceful designs that may well engage the attention. Fred. Zeile has a fine taste in the gentle art. The leisure and the means of making a library are his, and he is clothing his treasures in no base sheepskin.

* * *

Distinctly a connoisseur of the abstruser forms of the binder's art is Will Hearst. Over in that charming house of his at Sausalito so full of treasures, he has books whose covering is like graceful jewelry. A patron of the more expensive of English artists, he has several examples of Riviere and of Cobb and Sanderson. There were some good bindings in the Center library—some chaste and beautiful examples. Very hard to please was the late Center about the manner in which his books were covered, and no one lingered more lovingly over a fine piece of calf or a gracefully tooled border than did he. A mistake he made was printing his name either at the back or on the side of his books. No collector of true feeling will commit so grievous an error.

* * *

The perfection of the binder's art the private library of William Doxey illustrates. An ardent admirer of the craft, he is posted on its mechanical as well as its artistic possibilities. In enshrining rare and beautiful editions in exquisitely decorated levantine or morocco leather he has spent large sums. Indeed, from the mere exterior of his books more artistic pleasure is derivable than from the perusal of other men's collections. A set of Kate Greenaway rhymes and pictures he has lately had done by Riviere, he showed me recently. Covered in dull red and dark olive levantine, they are adorned with a graceful design of flowers in gold. The lightness and beauty of the tooling, the delicate tints of the lining of marbled paper are a revelation.

* * *

Charley Ackerman's library is undoubtedly one of the finest in the city. There is less effort in the direction of standard authors as in the gathering of interesting and readable works on a variety of subjects. Some men will buy only the classics—Mr. Ackerman purchases generally and in that way has accumulated some capital first editions that must gain value as the years go by.

* * *

IN VIEW of Congressional warning, it may seem undue optimism to expect from President Cleveland a minor degree of consideration for California. Is it not about time he forgot the insensate bickerings of our representatives and recognized the compliment which the State paid him in November? So far we have had nothing. To Eastern men have all the prizes gone. I anticipated hearing ere this of Major Rathbone's selection as Spanish or Italian Minister—but no sign of the appointment. We are denied the Hawaiian, the Nicaraguan, the Japanese posts—that of Brazil, but poorly compensates for their loss. The death of Mr. Justice Blatchford, however, affords the President an opportunity of repraation, which, doubtless, he will not take advantage of.

* * *

At the California Bar are some of the greatest legal intellects in the country. We have left a few men whose attainments are as remarkable as their intelligence—men of powerful brain capable of comprehending the principles as well as the practice of law, and who, on the Supreme Bench, would add lustre to that tribunal. Three names naturally occur to me. I will mention but one—Judge Wallace. Apart from his distinguished ability as a lawyer, and the comprehensive grasp of an intellect unusually powerful, he possesses an unique distinction—he writes English. While the decisions of Judge Field are often admirable in their diction, they lack the elemental sweep that characterizes the literary style of the California jurist. Imagine reading with sensations of actual interest and admiration a professional document deciding a mere law point.

* * *

Perhaps it is not the manner of a decision as much as its matter that wins the respect of the Bar. Admitting the lore of the jurist in question, of which there is no doubt, his capacity to make valuable additions to the literature of the profession appeals to the uninitiated who dare to look beyond the "wilderness of single instances." That Wallace has as effective a cohort of enemies as any other man in California, I am aware, but I am under the impression that would not militate against his chances if Cleveland decided to appoint a Western man.

* * *

THERE ARE more Davises than Sam in Carson City—a scion of that interesting family has recently joined the staff of the *Examiner*, and, if one only attends to the passing throng, he may be seen almost any afternoon on Kearny Street. Between his less distinguished relative and the editor of the *Appeal* there exists a resemblance that would be amazing in another family. In that especial combination, however, nothing surprises—not even likeness. He, this aspirant for the ink reputation, is free and easy of way and unaffected of attitude; besides, his idea of news is a trifle crude—but as he comes from Nevada that may be forgiven him.

* * *

Some nights ago Mr. Davis burst into the office of the *Examiner's* City Editor, and, throwing himself breezily into a chair, announced he had a scoop. Everyone was all attention at once—a scoop's a big thing in journalism these days. "Yes, a big thing,"—running his fingers through his long dark hair.

"And what is it?" inquired City Editor Millard, eagerly.

"Horrible affair—a gang of Spaniards in Madrid hatching a big plot against Naples, and there's hades to pay about it down in the restaurant where I had dinner," drawled Mr. Davis. "Guess you put out the boys on that and you'll have the story of the year."

It has not appeared yet.

* * *

The fact that Al. Bouvier offers his house for sale must not be construed as an augury of intented departure. It seems he is determined to live nearer Market Street and has decided to dispose of what is really one of the most artistic residences in the Western Addition. It is something more than an ordinary sacrifice, inasmuch as a great deal of work, thought and time were lavished by the theatrical manager and his wife on the construction of their home. The interior is very beautiful, not only for the decorations, but because of the quaint arrangement of passageways, parlors and windows. Much of the fresco work was done by Mrs. Bouvier, who is an artist of ability and culture.

* * *

TO BE handed down to posterity (or, as it is written, prosperity) at the brush of the cleverest miniature painter in the States, is a possibility within the reach of aspiring San Franciscans. Just prior to the death of Senator Stanford there arrived here from Washington Miss Campbell, a brilliant artist, who achieved fame by painting charming miniatures of the prominent men of the National Capital. She did exquisite work for Vice-President Morton, for Sentor Jones, and others, and it struck Mrs. Stanford as an excellent idea to have her execute portraits of the deceased trustees of the Palo Alto institution, besides a picture of its founder. To fill this order Miss Campbell came to San Francisco, and announces her intention of remaining here throughout the season.

* * *

Doubtless she will be given an opportunity of painting portraits of the surviving trustees. Those of our capitalists who are in the condition of being transmitted to the next degeneration by an unpromising canvas of David Neal's may find in the medium of Miss Campbell's brush an alibi as well as an antidote.

* * *

MY CURIOSITY to discover the motive of that ardent political enthusiasm which the arrival of the Vice-President evoked may be forgiven. Having learnt to question the sincerity of any unusual development of ebullience, I have often found considerable material in its source. A skeptical wire-puller, who is good enough to confide in me at times,

attributes it to Cleveland's rheumatism. The illness of the great man, exaggerated by the correspondents, suggested to all sorts and conditions of aspirants the possibility of his demise. In that contingency his mantle would descend on the shoulders of Adlai, and acquaintance with him might prove an asset of value.

* * *

While Grover is doubtless suffering mild twinges, they are a meagre basis for anticipating the early enthronement of the Vice-President. However, in no other contingency would the great man have had an opportunity of viewing the array of Democratic war horses. By recalling the facial characteristics of the ambitious whose hands he shook he will know, in the event of presidential disaster, exactly who not to appoint to office Yet there are optimists who insist the demonstration was an exhibition of loyalty.

* * *

A feature of the Stevenson visit that should not be lost sight of, is the interesting fact of Adlai paying his way. The idea of so eminent a personage considering a pass beneath his dignity, when a character no less sacred than Wanamaker accepted everything in sight, is inconceivable to the thrifty mind, and I demand an explanation. The story did not emerge at the time, but I am told the ex-Postmaster General left Santa Barbara in a huff because the committee refused him the dozen complimentary tickets to the Flower Carnival he had the effrontery to demand. They offered him four which he declined, and straightway retired to the decorative seclusion of his private car—disappointed at being considered a mere spectator rather than a scenic accessory.

* * *

The solitary *esclandre* of the trip was the San Jose excursion, which was a somewhat lamentable fizzle. It seems the Vice-President was specially invited to appear there by a reverend personage, and the Mayor, instead of selecting the young and active men of the municipality to arrange a reception, entrusted the responsibility to a set of fogies, who neglected it. The result was mournful. The Mayor, in a short jacket, shook the visitor's hand and seemed not to know what to do with himself. There was no enthusiasm, and not until Max Popper and Bill English went to work did the active spirits realize the situation and cheer.

* * *

Furthermore, there were no carriages provided for the party; no citizens accompanied them in their drive through the environment. The sole detail that had attention was the decoration of Vendome and the excellent lunch served, and for these Manager Snell was responsible.

* * *

GEORGE F. PARSONS, a writer on the New York *Tribune*, who died the other day, was for many years a notable journalist on this Coast. His last and best work here, perhaps, was done on the Sacramento *Record-Union*. While editor of that paper he invented and promulgated the peculiar theory that instead of relieving the swollen flood of the Sacramento River at high water, the breaking of the Yolo levee actually augmented it. This was so contrary to the ordinary belief that for awhile everybody laughed at the idea, but ultimately Parsons proved it to be the fact. Just how he worked it out I do not now remember, but observations resulted in establishing his theory.

* * *

One of Parsons' eccentricities cropped out in his chirography. Ordinarily it was not at all remarkable, but occasionally a spasm of labored penmanship overcame him that caused a howl among the printers. He would cut a sheet of note paper into six or eight strips crosswise, and on each one, with infinite pains, compose a half column editorial. The writing was perfectly legible, but so finely drawn that only with a magnifying glass could it be deciphered. After a few days of this kind of penmanship Parsons would recover and resume his usual hand. As a writer he was forcible, but neither brilliant nor profound. He belonged to a class of Americanized Englishmen who think and write on collegiate lines, but who, lacking imagination, never rise into the higher realms of literature. No history of Pacific Coast journalism, however, will ever be complete without a sketch of Parsons. For a long time he was the leading thinker of the interior press.

* * *

IF LITTLE Maurice Schmitt, of the Fire Commission, does not look sharp he will get a blast from the big newspapers one of these days that will once again make the hair grow on the top of his head. Maurice has been a Fire Commissioner for several years, and a just regard for the truth compels me to add, a very good one. At one time he cherished the silly notion that nature had designed him for a political boss, and at another, for a short period with reckless desperation, he contemplated placing himself before the people as a candidate for something. Fortunately neither of these aberrations resulted seriously. So far as I know, while under them, the attention of the Commissioners of Lunacy was not even called to his case.

* * *

But lately Maurice, who understands the needs of the Fire Department excellently well, and who, if so minded, is capable of capital administration, has taken a new tack which promises to land him where some of the daily papers, and perhaps the Grand Jury, will take a shot at him. This time there is nothing phantasmal about his aberration. He is not engaged in the pleasing task of imagining himself a political boss or a possible Mayor or Governor, nor, indeed, in sighing for the days when "me and Chris" used to run this town, but he is employing his talents, if certain rumors are true, in the not very edifying work of jobbing the city.

* * *

The big appropriation made for the Fire Department by the Supervisors this year, will be consumed largely in the purchase of apparatus for extinguishing fires. This apparatus will consist of fire engines, chemical engines, hooks and ladders, hose and hose wagons. Although so far the Supervisors have ordered the purchase of but five La France and two Champion chemical engines, costing about $25,000, there is a vigorous roar among the dealers in that kind of machinery. They say that one Hart, a brother-in-law of Commissioner Schmitt, has secured the agency for a firm of fire apparatus manufacturers in the East, and that the officials of the Fire Department are giving him all the business at extravagant prices. Already they cheerfully acknowledge themselves to have been frozen out. If this brother-in-law graft should be discovered on Maurice he will certainly be parboiled by the big newspapers. I should not like to see Maurice parboiled. Hence this paragraph of warning. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

* * *

THE GOOD OLD saying about the meat of one man and the poison of some one else is entertainingly illustrated by the appointment of a Mr. Eldridge as United States Bank Commissioner. Who the fortunate subject of this presidential lightning is, I am not aware. At all events he was not recommended by the Congressional delegation whose approval of the candidacy of Joe Ryland, Cashier of the First National Bank of Los Gatos, had been gazetted far and wide. Considerably in the banking line are the Rylands. The progenitor of the family is President of the First National at San Jose besides a stockholder in sundry other financial institutions of prominence. There is no doubt that Joseph of that ilk would have filled the position admirably but it happened he was unable to take it.

* * *

Right in the teeth of the financial storm he received news that Cleveland had decided on his appointment and that he must instantly undertake the duties of the office. It was a perilous moment; his resignation might be translated by the depositors of the institution as an evidence of weakness; a run on that bank might precipitate a panic in San Jose. The contingency was too hazardous to be precipitated and Cashier Ryland decided to resign his chance of federal preferment for another time. As some one had to be selected, Eldridge was nominated and his commission immediately issued. The moral is that Cleveland did not, as is suggested, override the wishes of the delegation, but actually complied with its demands.

* * *

Rather an interesting bit of journalistic gossip tells of the dethronement of E. Katz, for so long Eastern agent of the *Examiner*, and the succession to the post of W. J. Ritchie. That we are to lose so capable and genial a

comrade as Ritchie is certainly a source of regret, but our loss, as the tombstones say, is his gain, for the emoluments of the agency are large and the prospects better. Not that his position as superintendent of circulation left much to be desired, for Mr. Hearst recognized liberally the valuable work he had done in building up the daily and actually creating the immense circulation that the weekly has attained. His ideas were put into practice and the results certainly justified expectations.

* * *

THE ADMIRABLE QUALITIES which distinguish certain Hibernian advocates do not always obtain from their clients or the Bar that respect they are entitled to. It is the custom of certain lawyers I have met to allude humorously to the eminent and highly respectable Irish practitioner, Judge Cooney, as "the family lawyer," because of a partiality he evinces for attending funerals. It has happened, indeed, that his presence at an obsequies has resulted in probate fees of some magnitude, but that is no reason why he should be ridiculed by less industrious colleagues. Knowing the benevolence of the Judge's disposition, I am free to say his mortuary proclivities are absolutely disinterested and must be attributed to sympathy and tender thoughtfulness rather than to an ambition for probate business.

* * *

One of these carpers at this excellent man tells a story about the manner in which he explained to a client the sad fact of a nonsuit. It seems he was retained by an unfortunate laborer, who had collided with a Southern Pacific engine, to bring a hundred thousand dollars damage suit for injuries sustained. The case was tried in the Superior Court, a delegation of the Kentucky corporation's lawyers appearing against the estimable Cooney. Through some oversight or other he failed to make good the complaint and the result was the motion of the railroad representative for a nonsuit was granted. With all the dignity in the world the Judge gathered up his law tomes and retired.

* * *

As he was walking down the steps of the City Hall the client, who had hitherto preserved a masterly silence, translating the early termination of the trial into a victory, caught him by the coat tails.

"Jouge, Jouge," he said, "an' do I get a-ll av it?"

The jurist never budged; his long face lengthened. In tones portentously grave he replied, without turning around:

"Owing to a ticnecality av th' law you get none av it."

* * *

THE SPIRIT of provincialism which animates nearly everything in this overgrown village, evidently is not absent from the architectural profession to which it gives employment. A number of gentlemen, I observe by the papers, who follow the business of designing Oregon pine cornices, redwood cupolas, and other things, waited on the City Hall Commissioners last week, and told them that the building over which it is now proposed to erect a tower in the form of a cable railway smokestack is a fine and imposing piece of architecture. From what this opinion arises, unless it is a vague notion that, perhaps, in some manner a flattering view of the offensive points of an unsightly heap of building material may yield a personal revenue, I confess I am unable to divine. But, nevertheless, I protest against it. Is it not enough that we should be compelled to come into daily contact with this architectural monster, without being told by eminent and learned men that it is a striking example of constructive art?

* * *

With half an eye one should be able to see that this ancient pile of concrete lacks the essential prerequisite of a work of art, namely, honesty in structure and integrity in design. It is pretended that the City Hall is built of gray granite. But, in fact, it is made of salt-water bricks, Portland cement, and North Beach sea sand. The imposing pilasters that give the building its massive, solid appearance, are capped with pieces which, it is pretended, were carved by a skillful and artistic hand. As a matter of fact, they were molded in a Ninth Ward foundry. The keystones of the graceful stuccoed arches are made of cast iron and painted yellow to represent San Jose sandstone. The dignified Corinthian columns at the main entrances were manufactured out of scrap iron by Oscar Lewis, the foundryman.

* * *

In short, the whole thing is an arrant and stupendous architectural fraud. Wanting the integrity of true art all the pleas in behalf of its dignity and grace fall flat. Fifty years hence, when the cement on the outer walls begins to peel off, the people of that generation, discovering how they have been fooled, will get mad and tear the building down. In one respect only does the New City Hall eclipse all the architectural efforts of mankind. That is in the strength and variety of the smells which pervade its interior. They encompass the whole zymotic calendar. The foul odors that arose from the Army Street sewer before the glue factories at the Potrero were suppressed, pale into ineffectual insignificance beside the monumental stinks which abound in this building. When I have visited the City Hall before now to pay my taxes (I am never tempted there for any other purpose) I have imagined that the agglutinated cesspools of Butchertown must have deposited their odorous contents beneath the basement floor and distributed their foul vapors throughout the building. I still think this to be a reasonable way of accounting for them. Of all the things about the City Hall these smells are the only ones of which the original architect ought to feel proud. They are certainly a lasting monument to his genius.

* * *

IT IS SELDOM a man is afforded, in this humdrum world of ours, an opportunity to become truly great. There is in San Francisco to-day, an individual to whom this chance is offered. The success of the Mid-Winter Fair has been jeopardized from the very outset because one of the prime movers in the project is the editor and proprietor of a great newspaper. That it was a vital error to put this personage in the leading place, no one denies. His associations are such that a significant antagonism is developed by the mere fact of his intimate connection with it. I am perfectly willing to accord to his infinite energy and astonishing fertility, which is almost genius, all the credit that is justly due, but I insist his prominence in the whole movement has been distinctly to the detriment of the fair.

* * *

I hold, therefore, that the opportunity is offered the gentleman in question to pen a note to the Board of Managers of the fair and the public at large, in which he gracefully retires from all public connection with the fair's management. I am certain many of our leading men of means, whose names have been withheld from the subscription list, will then add their thousands to the general fund. Only convince them that the project is run solely in the interest of the public, solely for the benefit of the town, and in no sense for the aggrandizement of either an individual or a party organ, and success will dawn. I think I can promise the result of such a course will redound far more greatly to his credit than a continuance in his present attitude, which constitutes a direct menace to the success of the great project. Some men are capable of rising to heights of generosity, capable of superb sacrifice of self when public acclamation demands acts of great sacrifice. Are you, Mr. De Young?

The Witness.

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A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

San Francisco, July 29, 1893.

THE RELATION OF BANKS TO BUSINESS.

When there is that loss of confidence in the commercial future which we call a panic, money goes into hiding.

In a normal condition the cash goes into banks and is by them distributed in the form of loans to be used in the promotion of enterprise and the maintenance of trade.

California is suffering just now because the condition is not normal and the banks are not distributing money.

It is true that business cannot be maintained without some form of banking. The bank is not modern. There were bankers in Babylon. Some banking processes are modern, but the system itself is old.

The primary function of banks, the reception and distribution of money, began with commerce, and when Senator Peffer cries out to the people to make a new declaration of independence of the bankers, and to do their own business without the banks, his programme goes back to a time of commercial barbarism.

Before discussing the present attitude of California banks it is well to recall the fact that conservatism is not a crime in banking.

The credit of a business community is largely affected by the condition of prices. When the land boom was on in Los Angeles the kiting of realty prices bloated local credit. The banks of that city were roundly abused because they would not make loans on this bloat. Thanks, largely, to the financial foresight and genius of I. W. Hellman, the banks weathered the storm of criticism, and when the boom broke, and fictitious credit fell with the wild inflation of land prices which had stilted it, the banks of Los Angeles remained sound and unaffected by the collapse. The mercantile community felt a pinch when the boom broke, and, luckily, found solvent banks to fall back on, and I do not remember that a single commercial failure occurred.

It is evident that had the banks exhausted themselves by doing what they were cursed for refusing to do, they would have broken with the boom, and the mercantile class, having no support to fall back on, would have been piled up with them in a common wreck.

In some respects the present situation suggests that of Los Angeles; prices again affect credit, but they depress and shrink instead of inflating it. Hardly any business man has now the credit to which he is entitled, and no business enterprise has the credit justified by its assets. Crow's feet are on the cheek bones of trade because the flesh beneath has shrunk.

There is but one present remedy, and that is the enlargement of money sufficient for the needs of trade, to be effected by bank loans on the basis of *actual* credit. In the Los Angeles case they would have wrecked themselves and the community by loaning on the basis of an inflated credit. Now they will afflict the community and paralyze trade by restricting their emission of money to the basis of a credit that is temporarily and artificially shrunken.

Of course, it is a matter in which good banking judgment must be brought to bear upon the determination of what actual credit is, but surely the insight and genius which could separate the bone from the blubber of credit in the Los Angeles boom, can now approximately fix the real standard of credit. If this is done, the crops will move, canneries will open, labor will be employed, money will circulate freely through the banks again, and confidence will return.

Let the press cease unreasonable criticism of the banks and replace it with information which the public needs for enlightenment upon the situation, and the Peffer view of things will make no impression; the true relation of banks to business will be so well understood that there will be no danger of a run and the money that has gone into hiding will be called out and get into the swim.

John P. Irish.

EMPIRICAL FINANCE.

Impinged upon the banking situation is the financial condition that has resulted from fifteen years' discussion of empirical finance.

The first condition of general prosperity is stability of financial policy. This has been unknown since 1878. Every time that the extreme silver standard party has secured legislation to carry out its ideas the condition of the country has grown worse, its condition as a debtor nation has grown more marked and confidence has weakened.

It is difficult for men to see why these things should come of empirical finance. They find no difficulty in understanding how empiricism in personal affairs wastes a man's substance and destroys his credit, but there remains to them a mystery about the same policy exploited by men in the mass which makes up the nation.

If a farmer should reject a reaper when his wheat is ripe and attempt to harvest it with a corkscrew; if he should refuse to dig a well in the ground for water, but insist upon boring a hole in the air; if he should use his plow as a musical instrument and attempt to plow with a piano, his cash and credit would soon go glimmering, and everybody would understand why.

But when a nation does things equally wild in finance people wonder why failure follows.

Between 1792 and 1873 we coined only eight millions of standard silver dollars in eighty-one years. Since 1878 we have coined or issued four or five hundred millions of standard silver dollars, in fifteen years. Yet the silver standard men say that all the staple products of the country are less in price since 1873 than before, because we have not enough standard silver dollars, in the face of the fact that prices have fallen while we have fifty standard silver dollars where we had only one when prices were higher! Perhaps they will explain why prices have fallen an average of thirty-one per cent under that enormous increase in the volume of standard silver dollars, and will tell just how many more such dollars we must circulate to bring prices back to their level when the volume of silver was fifty times less!

The silver legislation so far indulged in has seemed to threaten the disjointing of our financial policy from that of the rest of the world, it has aided in keeping us a debtor nation and has menaced public and private credit.

This empirical policy has been supported by a perfect confusion of things unlike. Its supporters hopelessly mix the standard of value with the legal tender quality of money. We may have the gold standard dollar, as we have, with only a few millions of actual gold dollars in circulation, and at the same time have a safe and perfect legal tender currency of a billion or two billions of dollars in wholesome and beneficial circulation, if the needs of commerce demand so much. The standard of value has no relation to the abundance of currency any more than the standard of measure has to do with the yield of wheat which must be measured by it.

Indeed, I have no doubt that if we should finally settle this issue and determine as our permanent policy that the unit of value shall be a gold dollar of twenty-five and eight-tenths grains, nine hundred fine, the resulting stability of our finances would so restore credit and confidence and recall enterprise, that the use of silver as a legal tender coin and in subsidiary coinage, measurable by the single gold standard, would be far greater than the present coin use of that metal, with the prospect of a favorable effect upon its bullion value.

Jno. P. Irish.

THE HEATH CASE.

A REVIEW.

The Heath trial is over. The long agony of weeks, in the stifling atmosphere of a Fresno Court, ends in the disagreement of the jury. The toil and labor are but adjourned to a future day, to be once more taken up and once more gone through. The jury, it is reported, stood all along eleven for murder in the first degree, and one alone for acquittal. We have read the testimony as published in the morning papers, and have followed, from day to day, the developments of this most extraordinary case. As long as the matter was still pending we have, from motives of obvious propriety, forborne any comment. Now, however, there is nothing to restrain us from expressing our views, both upon the conduct of the trial and the merits of the case. It is our firm conviction that Heath was not guilty of the killing of McWhirter. The reasons we may hereafter explain, not now. For the present we shall confine ourselves to answering the question how it is possible, in view of the all but unanimous vote of the jury to the contrary, for us to entertain that conviction. The answer is we are satisfied that the con-

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clusion reached was brought about by causes lying wholly outside of the testimony in the case. We intend no impeachment of the intelligence or integrity of the jury when we say that the verdict arrived at by eleven-twelfths of their number was the result of the almost incredible incompetency, not to say imbecility, of the defense. Never in the history of California has a case of life and death been conducted with such utter ignorance of the legitimate resources of advocacy, and such unqualified defiance of decency and propriety.

In the first place, the defense was conducted absolutely without a plan. It was a pilotless ship, tossed about, compassless, rudderless, pathless. It had the appearance of the scrimmage of school boys, rather than the contest of grave men, with a human life as the stake. It no more resembled the performances of great advocates in criminal cases, than the bobbing of a cork upon the wave suggests the motion of the Charleston, or a pile of bricks resembles the Mills Building, or the tumultuous thronging of a mob recalls the serried tread of a regiment of regulars at the Presidio. The counsel for the defense changed their plans with as much ease and frequency, and apparently with as much unconcern, as they did their linen. Each day brought forth a new hypothesis. The first theory seemed to be that of suicide. There were many facts and circumstances which made this plausible, at least. It was outlined by the senior counsel for the defense during his cross-examination of Mrs. McWhirter. So confident, indeed, seemed he of his ground, that he went the length of claiming he would establish the fact from the lips of the widow herself, and show, besides, that she knew and aided in her husband's plan of self-murder. Why, by the by, the defense should have handicapped the suicide theory with this purposeless attack upon this unfortunate woman—an attack so well calculated to antagonize a jury—the counsel may be able to tell, but no sane man can imagine. This theory, however, was not long cherished. The bantling was suffered to perish in the cradle. After a few days of feeble existence, it was allowed to die with as much unconcern as its birth had been proclaimed with vaunting vehemence. After drifting aimlessly until the close of the evidence, the same counsel, with perfect serenity, announced in his argument that it was not suicide at all, but a foul murder, and reinforced his asseveration by a gushing burst of sympathy for the widow, whom, but a few weeks before, he had held up as the willing participator in her husband's death.

But this startling somersault of the defense was but a feeble illustration of its agility. The voice of the senior counsel had scarcely died upon the air, when the junior, with much honeyed commendation of his colleague, begged leave wholly to dissent from him, and once more to proclaim the suicide theory, and once more to insinuate that the widow, had she chosen to tell the whole truth, could have shed a far different light upon the melancholy events of that fatal night. And then, after the rest and meditation of a whole Sabbath day, the same ingenious gentleman came calmly into Court to inform the jury that, if they for a moment imagined he meant to say McWhirter had, in the absolute sense, killed himself, they had wholly misconstrued his language. What he had said was intended, it seems, in a Pickwickian sense. He had meant to suggest that the killing was accidental. It had been his purpose to state that McWhirter had rushed out of doors at three o'clock in the morning, with a revolver in each hand, for a little pistol practice against his back fence, and that, after firing five shots, he had discharged the sixth clean through his heart, by unexpectedly stumbling against a post. The jury were gravely invited to picture to themselves a man running in the dark, holding a pistol with the muzzle pointing directly towards his heart, his finger upon the trigger, knocking his elbow against an obstruction, and shooting himself dead on the spot. Men gazed into each others' faces to be certain that they were not dreaming, and asked themselves whether they were listening to the rhetorical exercitations of school boys, or the arguments of trained lawyers in a case of blood.

As at this point absurdity had reached the zenith, the speeches for the defense closed. Upon which one of these various theories did the learned gentlemen expect the jury to acquit Heath? The first contradicted the second, the second the third, while the third gave the lie to both the first and second. In what attitude did they wish Mrs. McWhirter to be viewed? As the widow of a murdered man, deserving of all sympathy, or as an unnatural woman who had connived at her husband's death, in order to enrich herself by the unearned price of his life? The jury were left absolute freedom of choice. Is it any wonder, then, that they chose to determine that a defense which was driven to take shelter behind such contradictions and absurdities was a virtual admission of guilt?

But the performances of the counsel were by no means limited to the exhibition of a lack of plan or theory. These might possibly have been pardoned on the score of inexperience or incompetency. Faults graver far remain to be answered for. In one thing, at least, the defense seems to have been consistent, and that was in its determination to carry the contest and achieve victory by a course of systematic bullying. The people of Fresno, the witnesses, the judge, the jury, were to be brought into subjection by the swaggering of a handful of hectoring swash-bucklers. This course, adopted from the first, was pursued with fatal persistency to the last.

The first act opened at the hotel, where a person named Grady obtruded himself into the apartment of Colonel Harry I. Thornton, there to insult and challenge to mortal combat his nephew, Mr. Crittenden Thornton, for no other conceivable reason than that Mr. Grady was among the counsel for the defense, and Mr. Crittenden Thornton among the prosecutors of Richard Heath.

In the second act, the curtain rose upon the combat between Mr. Reel Terry, one of the attorneys for the defense, and a one-armed newspaper reporter, when Mr. Terry, having provoked a contest, because his interlocutor dissented from some views he expressed, his crippled adversary proceeded to administer to him the rebuke of a well-earned chastisement.

The third, fourth, and fifth acts were performed in the presence of the jury, where the authority of the Court was openly contemned, the counsel for the prosecution systematically harassed, and witnesses uninterruptedly browbeaten, bullied, and insulted.

Never, not even in the rude days of mining camp justice, had California witnessed such scenes as were enacted in that Fresno Court. To be a witness for the prosecution was to be denounced as a lying thief, a perjured villain, a jackal, a hyena, a viper, a slimy, creeping thing, a disgrace to humanity, etc., etc. The result of such ruffianism might well have been foreseen. The decent people of Fresno were outraged; and what sympathy might have been felt for the defendant was overwhelmed in a flood of indignation against his defenders. When the audience applauded the action of the judge in fining the senior counsel for the defense for his insolent bearing towards the Court; and again, when the same audience murmured its approval of the well-merited chastisement which Mr. Johnson administered to the same counsel for his unjustifiable aspersion of witnesses, anyone who knows that a jury but reflects the emotions of the community, might have foreseen what the effect would be upon the verdict. From that moment, Richard Heath was doomed.

But, we gladly leave this subject. We avert our eyes from it with relief. The spectacle presented by the defense in the Heath case is one well calculated to fill the heart of every Californian with sorrow and humiliation. An innocent man brought within the shadow of the gallows, an honored name tarnished, a venerable mother bowed down with more than the anguish of death, the sanctuary of justice profaned, the fair fame of our State besmirched and her name made a by-word—these are the gains, these the fruits, of the imexplicable management of the defense of Richard Heath.

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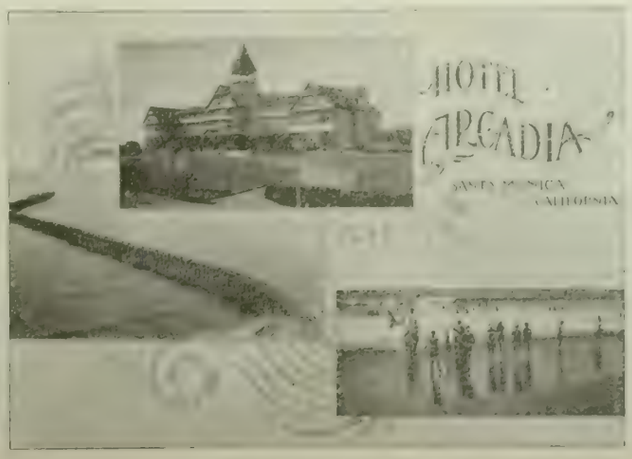

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Lessee.

MASKS AND FACES

THE BALDWIN.

Monday ..... "The Idler."
Tuesday ..... "The Charity Ball."
Wednesday ..... "Old Heads and Young Hearts."
Thursday ..... "Americans Abroad."
Friday ..... "The Wife."
Saturday Matinee ..... "The Wife."
Saturday Night ..... "The Charity Ball."

It is just as a slight testimonial to the good sense as well as from a motive of gratitude to Mr. Frohman for having furnished us with a whole week of very satisfactory entertainment, that I devote the above amount of my valuable space to recording the mixed bill which has been furnished this week at the Baldwin. It is a good lesson to managers who may come among us. One week of any play, no matter how attractive a bit of work it may be, no matter how good its interpretation, is quite enough for San Francisco. The Baldwin is certainly our representative theatre, and it seems to be, so far as I can see, a very wise plan to offer sufficient change there, during a week's engagement, to attract, at least a couple of visits from each of our enthusiastic play-goers.

In commenting upon Mr. Frohman's offerings during the week, I for one think that the interpretation of Boucicault's admirable comedy of "Old Heads and Young Hearts" deserves the most consideration. Both "The Wife" and "The Charity Ball" are quite familiar to us. Both are of the modern "manufactured" class of drawing-room drama. Neither is good, neither very bad, and both quite well suited to the capabilities of the Lyceum players. "Americans Abroad" has already been reviewed at length, and "The Idler," while as yet not quite familiar, has been seen here before.

I am free to confess that I was not enthusiastic over the performance of "Old Heads and Young Hearts" on Wednesday night. There is something manifestly lacking, and I am quite willing to admit that just what that lack is, it is difficult to express quite clearly. There is the same admirable smoothness, the same praiseworthy attention to detail, the same noteworthy regard for the cardinal proprieties of dramatic representation, for which I have already given Mr. Frohman his share of praise; but there is something lacking—snap, go, vim, or whatever you best please to call it.

Boucicault was a dramatist of unquestioned merit. His knowledge of stage craft was clearly demonstrated in many instances; but the measure of his wit was a distinctly doubtful one—that is to say, while many, well-nigh all, of his comedies were in a measure witty, there have been but few actors who could satisfactorily interpret his lines. Boucicault, like many another man of great talent, was distinctly an egotist, and as a rule judged the capacity of the average actor from the same high standard to which he himself had attained. As a result, there are many of the best characters which he conceived, which have gone a-begging for popular appreciation, because of the inability of their interpreters to convey to the audience the full force and brilliancy of the witty Irishman's ideas. "The Shaughran," without Boucicault as "Con," was as dead as "Hamlet" without the Dane. "The Jilt," one of his very highest and most happy efforts, failed utterly for the lack of his presence in the part of the wild Irishman.

Mr. Frohman's players are not to be severely censured for their shortcomings in their presentation of "Old Heads and Young Hearts." The piece is not in their line. I mean by this to say, that the company has become so used to an incessant repretition of characters of our times; of the well-bred, well-groomed, and usually inconspicuous man and the smart and properly gowned woman, without too much personality to offend our present standards, that they are possessed of a feeling of doubt when called upon to illustrate characters of the rollicking, hearty type, which Boucicault was so fond of drawing. The performance, as a whole, has the merit of conscientiousness, nothing more. I don't deem it just to single out any particular member of the cast for condemnation, and I confess that I can't find it in me to accord very much praise to anyone.

In "The Idler" the Lyceum people are seen to distinct advantage. The play in itself is possessed of a good deal of merit. It falls far short of being brilliant, but it is very well put together, and the characters are reasonable and interesting. When Haddon Chambers wrote "Captain Swift" I looked to him for some superior work, something which would elevate him above his fellow craftsmen in the guild to London play builders. He failed quite utterly in "The Idler," which I saw at its first representation in New York some years ago. "Captain Swift" was the best play of the "dress-coat melodrama" kind, save for Sir Charles Young's "Jim, the Penman," which we have had from this industrious guild.

Ratcliffe was the only newcomer in the performance of Monday, save for Miss Carr, who replaced Miss Crossman. Ratcliffe is very satisfactory. I am glad to be able to say that I find a large measure of promise in this young actor. He possesses a great deal of genuine enthusiasm and a devotion to his work, which deserves much praise. Kelcey, Miss Cayvan, and Miss Shannon were very pleasing in their various performances. Le Moyne is not quite comfortable in his uninteresting part.

* * *

"Roger La Honte" is, in its own peculiar line, a very powerful piece of melodramatic work. It is, however, one more example of the debilitating effect of the translator's and adapter's pen, even when that pen is held by so skilled a hand as that of Augustin Daly. I remember having seen "Roger La Honte" during its first run in Paris. At that time I was inclined to liken the work to the best of the productions from that master of modern melodramatic construction, D'Ennery. As I saw the piece some time later at Niblo's in New York, performed too by an admirable company, including William Terris, the Englishman, and Wilton Lackaye, one of our best leading men in character parts, I felt the change. The speeches put into the mouths of the capable French actors, seemed forceful and to the point. In English they seemed bald, stilted, unnatural in every way. At Stockwell's Theatre, while the performance is in many ways a very commendable one, there is the undeniable lack of verisimilitude in the whole thing. It doesn't seem worthy of keen attention, not of serious criticism. The new members of Mr. Stockwell's company showed to considerable advantage. Mr. Holt acts well in the leading part. It is a very good part, but it might well be marred. Mr. Frawley is full of the vitality and enthusiasm for which I had occasion to praise him before. He is a trifle too intense at times, however. A little moderation makes a large measure of merit. Miss Katherine Grey was distinctly successful. I know of no one whom I have seen of late in whom I take as genuine an interest. I believe that before very long we will find her satisfying her audiences with performances of very trying roles. She has a great deal of keen appreciation of the demands of the characters she portrays. I believe this is little more than intuition at the present moment, but the intuition is true, genuine, and wise.

* * *

Monday night will see the reopening of the California, well dusted, fresh painted, and generally brightened up. "The Face in the Moonlight," if one may judge by the very striking lithographs, is likely to be a most startling kind of melodrama. On Tuesday we shall have "Monbars," on Wednesday and Thursday, "The Corsican Brothers," on Friday, "Othello," on Saturday, "Monbars," and at the matinee, "The Face in the Moonlight."

"Aristocracy" is one of the strongest cards which Mr. Hayman offers us during the Baldwin season, and will have its first representation on Monday evening. The Palmer Company is, as a rule, very acceptable, although with the exception of Messrs. Stoddard and Holland there is not overmuch individual merit in it. Mr. Barrymore, who is, I think, a most capable player when the mood is on him, will be seen with the Company this season.

Mr. Brander Mathews, as I knew him but a few years ago, was one of the most genuine and successful pot-boilers I have ever met. He labored, not for the love of it, in the field of dramatic literature; but in some ways he labored well, and at least earned for himself that most valuable distinction to a hearty and laborious pot-boiler, prominence. In his one-act *lever de rideau*, which I had no opportunity to review last week, I cannot find much merit. It is quite of the commonplace order, and, save for the really bright interpretation given it by Mr. Frohman's company, it makes but a sorry spectacle.

P. A. T.

A GOOD CHILD

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable. Grocers and Druggists.

Teacher—How many trips did Columbus make to the New World?

Boy—Three mum.

Teacher—And after which one of these did he die?

—*Truth.*

AMUSEMENTS.

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THE ROMANTIC ACTOR

ROBERT · MANTELL

Supported by a Talented Company of Artists in the Following Repertoire:

Monday ..... THE FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT
Tuesday ..... MONBARS
Wednesday and Thursday ..... THE CORSICAN BROS.
Friday ..... OTHELLO
Saturday Matinee ..... MONBARS
Saturday ..... THE FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT
Sunday ..... MONBARS

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE

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SECOND WEEK MONDAY, JULY 31st

A Decided Success of

THE NEW STOCKWELL COMPANY OF PLAYERS

In the Powerful Drama

ROGER · LA · HONTE

NEXT—MR POTTER OF TEXAS.

AMATEUR SPORT

It has been my purpose from the outset to make this department conspicuous, in at least one particular—authenticity. In addition to the news of events in the amateur sporting world and of comments and criticism upon gentlemanly sport at large, I deem it more than a plain virtue to be able to assure my readers of the absolute reliability of the statements found in these columns. It is too frequently the case that gross misstatement and exaggeration is to be found in the reports of sporting events generally. This constant unreliability has had not a little to do with the conspicuous lack of confidence reposed by the general public in sports of a professional character.

I told you last week, and in advance of any one else, that I should, in all probability, be obliged to announce the withdrawal of at least one of the prominent gentleman stable owners from California. It is with sincere regret that I am forced to record the retirement of "Jack" Follansbee from the turf. No more genuine, honest, and enthusiastic gentleman ever presided over the destinies of a string of thoroughbreds than Follansbee. He loves racing for the sport that there is in it, and the turf can ill-afford to lose a man of his stamp. I see it stated that the chief cause of Mr. Follansbee's retirement is the necessity for his personal overseeing of the vast Mexican ranch in which he and "Will" Hearst are mutually interested. While I know this to be true, I am sorry to say that I believe that the losses which he has suffered from the failure of his own stable to win purses enough to keep up any semblance of a paying interest, as well as the repeated streaks of ill-luck which have followed the speedy Keene horses, have had a great deal to do with Follansbee's determination to quit it for good and all. There are several very likely animals in his stable, and while as yet they have proved but very poor money-makers, they should certainly fetch good prices at the sale.

The second bit of startling intelligence of the week is the news of the withdrawal of "Charlie" Fair. His is another of the California stables that has met with a long and tedious sequence of ill-fortune. In addition to the serious inroads on his income I am told that "Charlie" has once more demonstrated his utter disregard for the alleged prohibitive effects of "bi-chloride of gilt," and has been going it at a much faster pace than any of his horses. As a result, I hear that "Uncle Jimmy" has sent a trusted representative East to look after the affairs of the stable, to close it up if he deems it wise, and, incidentally, to look after the welfare of the wandering Charles.

The one piece of good news in regard to the California stables that I have to give you is that I learn, on the very best authority, that Mr. MacDonough, despite a number of disheartening failures in prominent events, stands at present about $40,000 ahead on the season. I sincerely hope that it is true. I am told that he won over $13,000 on Ameer but a short time since. I for one look for some very satisfactory performances by some of his youngsters during the autumn meetings. Bad luck is again attending the Williams stable, and most of his "pick" are sick and unfit to give battle to the giants of the Eastern courses.

* * *

I don't want to appear a croaker in any sense, but I must confess that every time I see any track athletics out here I am more and more disappointed. It seems that we should be able to turn out some few men who could be called worthy of championship form. We are away behind, however, in all our records. It may be quite satisfactory to most of our young athletes to enjoy the honor of holding "coast records," but, to my mind, that is a very empty honor. I remember Haley on his first appearance in the East. He went there with the exalted reputation of being a sprinter who could do the hundred in "evens" without half trying. He proved to be the very easiest kind of game for Lon Myers, who was then at his zenith. Last Sunday I witnessed the 220-yard handicap at the Olympic grounds, and I must confess that I was disappointed with the showing in every way. Gill's performance from scratch in the eighth was measurably creditable, for, to my eye, he was far from being fit. The watches read, so it was announced, 23½ seconds in the final, and Gill ran a good second to his five-yard man, Hoffman.

Coffin is going to Chicago to have a try with some of the speedy Easterners in the championship walks. I hope to see him show well, but I must counsel him to remember that the cracks there have reputations as dear to them as life itself, and that he will find them trained to the hour. It is the failure to train properly that I find the chief cause of censure in my comments on athletics out here. If a man cannot make up his mind to forego the pleasures of the palate for a sufficient length of time to fit him for his races, he had better give up all idea of accomplishing anything worthy of being recognized.

* * *

The football players are hard at it and are doing some really serious practice work, and they take to their labor with an amount of genuine interest that should set a good example to ambitious athletes in other directions. Bliss says that he finds a good deal of good material in the Olympic boys, and is confident of putting a team in the field that will make the University players do their "level best" to touch them. A number of the players are inclined to look upon the "great man from Yale" as a pretty hard-task master; but the wiser ones find only a commendable energy to bring his men up to the proper notch in the instructor's efforts.

* * *

A number of enthusiastic athletes, who have caught the "mid-winter fair" fever, are discussing a project to get up a big meeting to be held during the prospective exposition and to invite a number of the best of the Eastern runners and walkers, bicyclists and tennis players to come out to the Coast and see what good sport we can have out here in the depth of winter, when their tracks and courts are ice-bound and snow-covered. The plan has my most sincere approval, and I should like much to see it carried through. While, of course, there are many of the Eastern "stars" who are college men and could not get away from their 'varsity duties at that time of year, I believe that quite a number of good performers could be induced to make the trip.

* * *

The defeat of Taylor and Tobin in the second round of the championship doubles at Chicago is naturally a very keen disappointment to our tennis players out here. It was on Taylor's form and ability in particular that we based so much of our expectation. I deem it but just to say, however, that in my estimation both of our players have received but shabby treatment at the hands of the Chicago correspondents. When they won their first victory their opponents were spoken of as distinctly outclassed and of very poor form indeed. Now that the Californians go down ignominiously before the driving game of Hobart and Hovey, the adroit correspondent fails to tell the world at large what kind of metal our champions had to encounter. To the elect the cause of the defeat of Taylor and Tobin is plain, but I think it unfair that the public should be allowed to imagine they met their reverses at the hands of players of mediocre quality. Hobart and Hovey have been my choice all along for the first honors, and unless Chase and his mate turn out a very extraordinary game you will find that the Californians' only defeat was inflicted by the past double players in the United States.

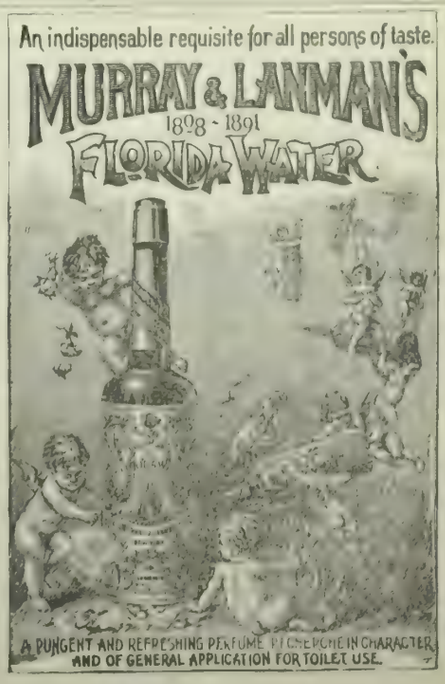
This view of the game on Wednesday puts a very different complexion on things. Clarence Hobart is, to my idea, the best all-round man who wields a racket in this country. His game, an original one, with a number of strokes that are unknown to any other player, is at times phenomenal. His partner, Hovey, is a brilliant man in every sense and has frequently made very bold and threatening bids for first honors in the single-handed game. These two as a team I believe are unbeatable. Chase and Clark had all they could do to win from Scudder and Neely, so I think it is a very safe bet that the men who galloped away from our "best" with such ease will carry off the cup.

The Olympic Club tournament opened on Sunday and a good deal of really spirited tennis was played. I am still of the opinion that a capable coach would add quite fifty per cent to the game of many of the younger players, who have plenty of vim and enthusiasm but a distinct lack of knowledge.

There is a goodly amount of practice going on both at the California's grounds, on Scott Street, and across the Bay.

* * *

The Country Club has finally decided on the dates for its annual shoot at Del Monte. August 27th, 28th, and 29th will see the usual charming bevy of girls who go in all their gorgeousness to witness the expert marksmanship of the clubmen, to utter words of praise and encouragement to their favorites, interlarded with expressions of pity for the "slaughter of the innocents." Most of the clubmen are hard at work practicing at the traps, and I learn that quite a number of surprises may be looked for. THE STARTER.



A PERFECT BLANK.

Why it was called Augusta no one seemed to know. There was nothing August or impressive about the little one-horse western town and indeed there is no reason why the problem of its name should be delved into, as it has little to do with the veracious narrative here set forth. The wherefore of this story is the fact that Augusta's only newspaper had appeared on the streets with its usual hebdomadal regularity, but minus one column of its usual reading matter.

The loungers under the hotel veranda had almost forgotten to watch for the cloud of dust, which daily heralded the advent of the stage, so interested were they in discussing the fact that right in the centre of the second page of the *Reveille* there was one long blank. It was not even headed "Miscellaneous Advertisements." The great and only dry goods store of Augusta had not asked a supposedly expectant public to "Keep your eye on this," there was no announcement to the effect that "This space is reserved by John Smith & Co.," in fact it was an absolutely blank space with the date line rule across the top and nothing else to mar its perfect whiteness.

There was only one place where a solution to the incompleteness of the *Reveille* could be obtained. But stop!—that is not quite correct —there was another place, it was the room of a certain pretty, modest, brown-eyed girl, but as the tenant of that humble apartment would never have told what she knew, and could, under the circumstances, have hardly been expected to tell, it is almost unnecessary even to mention the fact that she did know.

The editor of the *Reveille* was a young man named—well, never mind what his name was, it is of even less importance than the *raison d'etre* of Augusta's. Suffice it to say that the *Reveille* had an editor, business manager, foreman type-sticker, advertising solicitor, and newspaper carrier, etc.; etc., all in the person of one estimable, business-like, and not unsusceptible young man—an admirable Crichton in his own modest country journalistic way. He had been at Augusta almost twelve months, had become fairly popular, had a good stock of enemies as every newspaperman should have, and lived in the hope and expectation of making more and thereby increasing his circulation. Those who called his paper a "sheet," and those who were on friendly terms with the editor all read it, and the people who hated it most were the first to boast that Augusta had a newspaper.

The stage driver himself never forgot to name the *Reveille* as one of the attractions of Augusta, though, for reasons involving the only young woman thus far mentioned, he did not love the proprietor of the paper.

George, for that was the editor's Christian name, had learned to set type and had been in the country newspaper business before; but for some one else. He had saved a few hundred dollars and had achieved the ambition of his life in finding a place which needed a newspaper and could do something besides stock the editorial sanctum with prize squashes. It had been hard work getting in his type and his press and launching the *Reveille* on its long-felt-want-filling career; but he had done it and done it well.

When the statement is made that this man "George" was among other things foreman type-sticker, an error of fact, as every newly fledged lawyer would rejoice to say, was made. He did occupy that very high office once, but he had found it necessary to engage some one else to raise the cry "copy." The someone else was feminine, came up by stage and had a seat next the driver. She had made quite an impression on that Jehu and he never forgot to give her a free "ad" when he discoursed upon the power of the press and the *Reveille* in particular.

The little she, for she was petite as well as brown-eyed and modest, knew her business thoroughly, and exactly fitted her position. She could read the editor's illegible scrawls, and would turn the "revises" into him in first-rate shape. It did not take her long to learn how to "make-up" the paper, and George soon found that he had a perfect gem in the foreman of his composing room, which needless to add, had but one compositor in it and was part of the business office and editorial sanctum. The editor then had plenty of time to hunt up subscribers and advertisements and soon the paper announced in heavy faced type that Timothy Farmhand, being the one hundredth subscriber, would receive the paper FREE for one year.

While it is true that George, thanks to his splendid find in Kate, had the opportunity to show himself much more among his friends and enemies, he did not spend all the time he might have devoted to drumming up business in that way. There was something about the *Reveille* office which had a fascination for him. He never told anyone so, and had he been accused of it would have vehemently denied it, as the manner of most men is when they find that secrets of the sort have lost their right to be called secret. Things, however, went from bad to worse, or at any rate progressed, for there is no standing still in love-making. Almost before George knew it he was turning out "copy" different to anything he had ever written before. What he wrote he placed at the very bottom of all the pile of editorial comment, news notes, and display ads. It was a simple little story, a sort of unfinished tale, for the burden of it was that a certain young man had about attained all he had aspired to in the line of country newspaperdom and in the end had learned that it was not good for man to live alone. He wasted a great deal of good copy paper in writing the short story, and had anyone entered the office and picked up the scraps of M. S. S. which the editor had thus rejected he might have divined that the editorial brain was wrestling with something unusually abstruse or very much below par as newspaper literature goes. As he progressed, however, his courage grew, and finally he wound up by stating, as boldly as a bashful man could, that all his happiness was centered in the acquisition of a partner in the publication of the *Reveille*, not forgetting to let the foreman of the composing-room know who the partner should be. The wad of copy was finished, and George looked round cautiously at the cause of his writing only to see her picking up type as industriously as though it were the last "take" on a great daily, and the time was 2.45 A. M.

He gathered the copy together, placed it on the imposing-stone close to the deft type-sticker and left the office to hunt for more ads, or to find some place where he could hide from himself.

It was quite late, in fact close on to the hour of going to press, when he lifted the latch of his office door and crept in as quietly as a sneak thief. Kate did not hear him enter. She had a galley of type in her hand and only caught sight of him as he brought the revises to her, then she blushed crimson and in her confusion the galley slipped from her hands. The type was "pied" and one column in the Augusta *Reveille* was a perfect blank.

ARTHUR H. BARENDT.

—THE—

WHITE · HOUSE

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

"STUTTGARTER" SANITARY UNDERWEAR

FOR

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND CHILDREN

This Underwear is manufactured in Stuttgart, (Germany) of the finest undyed Australian Wool and is endorsed by the highest medical authorities of Europe and America as being the best article produced for health-wear

Can be had in light-weights for summer, and medium and heavy-weights for Fall and Winter-wear.

The "Stuttgart" Underwear is manufactured also in cashmere in all weights.

The cashmere garments ate made of yarn composed of 5 threads of wool and one thread of cotton spun together to prevent shrinking.

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TELEPHONE 1864

J. C. WILSON & CO.

Have Removed their Principal Office from 41 Market Street to

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BRANCH OFFICE:

908 BROADWAY, - - OAKLAND

TELEPHONE No. 54

Taber

REMOVED TO

121 POST STREET

Between Kearny Street and Grant Avenue

THE CLASS OF FASHION

Miss Flora McFlimsey and her flounces has come among us—that is, into our world of fashion, once more. Furbelows and flounces, frills and fringes all over your gowns—there's the edict of the elect in the well-dressed world. Fashion is a funny thing at best when one pauses to look at it seriously—but then one doesn't as a rule. Incongruity seems to reign throughout. Here we have the greatest possible extravagances in the shapes and the sizes and the general making of the gown of the period and an utter and unparalleled simplicity in the materials. Flounces from waist to hem, some of them of the costliest of lace, draperies and decorations on the bodices of excessive volume and of the most complicated manufacture and yet the materials of simple swiss, percale, muslin, or duck.

Muslin and its kindred materials reign supreme, save, of course, for "outing" and yachting dresses. The very smartest confections turned out by the most swagger shops in Paris are made of the lightest and simplest and most inexpensive materials. Inexpensive by the yard, but after the skilled hands of the great tailors (they go by that title universally now) have turned them into the latest designs, you'll find your bills will run just as high as though the materials were of the most expensive qualities.

One of the very prettiest gowns which has been imported this year is of delicate white muslin. Three deep flounces starting from the hem and then a graduated series of small insertion, mixed with fine lace trimmings all the way to the waist. The skirt is voluminous and kept at its proper inflation, so to speak, by the heavily starched linen skirt beneath. And let me tell you, too, that the fondness for flounces is not in any sense limited to the skirt; the underskirt—the petticoat—it's a pretty old-fashioned word, is ruffled and flounced, too, and bedecked with laces until one would almost wish that, if it were proper, *bien entendu*, mi-ladi would appear on some occasion *en jupon*.

The sash of our youthful days is coming among us again, although in a varied form. Broad sash ribbons for belts are used whenever the opportunity presents itself. A pretty conceit is to have one of the bias-cut ends long and the other short, and the knot on the left-hand side of the waist line well in front. Colored ribbons, even of the brightest hues, for nothing is too brilliant now-a-days, are very effective on the soft white and pale tinted muslins and swisses.

The graceful wing, plucked from the heel of the swift-footed Mercury, has won for itself a very prominent place in the decorating of our gentle Dianas. You find a gold or silver wing in dozens of the very prettiest *coiffures*, and an excessively dainty conceit has just come to me from across the water. A very pretty bodice of fine black lace and tulle, with a very graceful arrangement of shoulder decorations; the waist sleeveless of course. On each shoulder a pretty Mercury's wing partially concealed in the flowing draperies.

It is a very expensive fashion which now prevails in the *beau monde* in London, Paris and the East, but one which we can well afford to indulge out here—that of wearing a cluster of natural flowers with all one's evening *toilettes*. A pretty bouquet, not too large, goes admirably in the broad sash, and a spray or two of trailing leaves add much to the grace of a pretty arm and shoulder; besides, it's the fashion.

If you would be good form on the beach, you must have a bath gown that you can wear, not only from your bath-house to the water's edge, but quite into the water, and which is not to be dispensed with until you are quite submerged in the billows. A dark gown is a charming contrast to a white bathing suit.

I have a letter which comes to me direct from London that announces what is certainly a startling condition of things, even in this erratic age of ours. The great revival of everything of the old world style, the crinoline, the chignon, and all the eccentricities of our grandmothers, has brought back the fashions of "powder, paste, and patches." Truly the days of "Belle Marquise" seem to come again. Find your Austin Dobson and get for yourself a clear idea of what the fascinating if frivolous personage was, as the graceful rhymster pictures her.

Courtplaster and cream are in huge demand in England. What we call "make-up" in this country has long been frowned down upon in good society, and when the athletic girl in her tailor-made gown, her broad-soled shoes, and her generally mannish manner came among us there were very few who would have dared to predict that we should ever return to the present condition of things in woman's apparel and demeanor. For one, I trust sincerely that we shall not fall victims to the latest craze for "painting the lily."

I am glad to see that those who pose as arbiters have practically decided that in hats and in head-dresses a woman may at least use her own discretion and yet not fear to be without the pale of fashion. There is practically no set rule for hats or bonnets this season, and the wise woman is the one who chooses that particular style in shape, size, and color best adapted to her peculiar charms. There is a distinct tendency to vivid colors, and almost all the smart hats are very, very much trimmed.

It is rather amusing to notice the constant repetition of the paragraphs anent the threatened return of the white stocking. It is only necessary for some fashion writer in London or Paris to pen a squib containing the most absurd proposition; provided it be in any sense novel, that squib will travel the length and the breadth of the land, gathering, snowball like, magnitude as it goes. Because Princess May included a number of pairs of white silk stockings in her *trousseau* it was immediately stated, on the "best of authority," that white stockings were to be "proper things" once more. I think if the truth were known it would be found that those identical stockings were not selected by the gracious bride, but were a gift from some patriotic silk spinners. Thus do we make and unmake the laws of Fashion. THE REFLECTOR.

Now that Society is returning to town the ladies are beginning to wonder how they will decorate their homes. This is an important topic of their conversation, and, to begin with, the walls are a feature that should not be forgotten. Green and gold are now the prevailing shades in picture frames, and they make an excellent appearance amid proper surroundings. Sanborn, Vail & Co. have them.

Madame Forbes, Modiste. Street suits a specialty. Rooms 5 and 6, 131 Post Street, over the Lace House.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson

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Midsummer Clearance Sale!

Cloaks, Dress Goods,
Silks, Laces,
Ribbons, Parasols,
Men's Furnishings,
Gloves, Corsets, Hosiery,
Underwear,
House Furnishing Goods,
Lace Curtains,
Linens, Etc.

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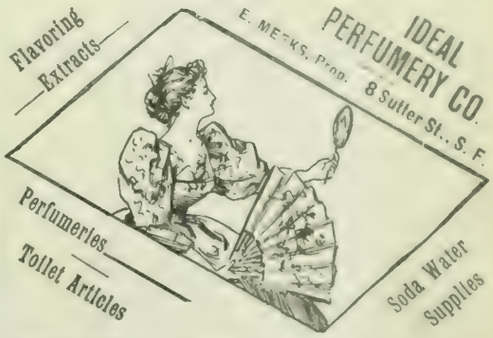

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THE CLUB HOUSE —AT— HAYWARDS PARK
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Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway
ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1893
The well-known Caterer, Jas. Vance, will have charge of the beautifully appointed Dining Hall.
Electric Cars connecting with each Broad and Narrow Gauge Local from San Francisco, run direct to the Park.

LIBRARY NOTES

DEAR MISS MATILDA:—Into what eccentricities of opinion I might be betrayed by an effort at describing the decadence of Kipling or the backsliding of Crawford I will not ask you to realize. Suffice it to say the tears their latest novels drew from my eyes were not wrung by the pathos of their prose. In "Many Inventions" there is no story, save, perhaps, "A Disturber of Traffic," that would make a reputation. As for "Pietro Ghisleri"—who would read it but for the memories of Saracinesca. In no sense of the word a strong story, it yet has the power inseparable from the matter of so able a man as Crawford. In one sense it is readable; one's disappointment is not in the measure of its achievement but by contrast with the brilliance of its predecessors. In it there is none of the wit that redeemed the dialogue of Don Orsino from the sin of tediousness, nor the descriptive eloquence that condoned the perennial pages of "Children of the King." Doubtless Laura is an excellent person, but she is not interesting enough for the full length of a Crawford portraiture. Who with a scrap of morality could criticise the awful example which the sufferings of the wicked little Saville offers those who might think of imitating her? But her remorse fills more pages than one cares to read, and one may be forgiven for desiring her demise if it would but hasten the *denouement*.

It seems a pity so able a writer as Crawford cannot limit his rate of production. Among novelists he has become a species of combined reaper and harvester; his prose has a typewritery flavor that suggests dictation and other abnormal methods of composition. He ought to be condemned to silence and a new field, just as the bumptious Kipling should be dispatched back to India, being first compelled to kill Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Leadroyd, in a manner so complete that even their Creator could not decree their recrudescence. Then some of us might pray for another "Without Benefit of Clergy"—if there might not be a successor to "Beyond the Pale."

"The Love Affairs of an Old Maid" are necessarily those of the mind—the sad, uninteresting tales of an on-looker. From the book by Lilian Bell one learns nothing more valuable than "do not fail to marry"—seemingly opposed to Mr. Punch's much-quoted advice to those on the brink—don't. That such was the intention I am inclined to doubt, but there is no denying the moral of its sad teaching. Its place is beside that funereal compilation, "How Men Propose," and its one merit is in the title. Some of the conversation directed at Mademoiselle's cat is not so dreary as might be supposed, though, of course, it lacks the satisfaction of a reply. It bears a deadly resemblance to a modern sermon—who dares answer the arguments of the preacher, however absurd? My only regret at finishing it was that I could not be the cat for a half hour.

Rather entertaining if not especially admirable from the point of view of manner or plot, is "Suspected," by Louisa Stratenus. It is one of those tales of errors and misapprehensions that put one out of patience with the *dramatis personæ* and compel an ardent desire for the heroine's demise. Still, it is evident that Wolff van Ruwenburg loved her with a pure passion, that, in these days of blunted sensibilities, had the merit of rarity, and for that reason one pursues the volume through all the mazes of the misguided Anna's suspicions, just to find her in the naval officer's arms on the last page. If it were not for this love of climaxes, how many of us could ever pursue our heroes to matrimony, leaving them plunged therein as though the union of two loving hearts was really a finality instead of merely a situation? The authoress of "Suspected" has availed herself generously of the power which pertains to even the most indifferent of creators, for she has dowered her heroine with a degree of fascination which her descriptive talent does not convey a basis for. I may be forgiven my surprise at the rapidity with which she inspired heart-felt devotion in insensible breasts. It is a circumstance that Miss Stratenus does not reveal.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Suspected," by Louisa Stratenus. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Pietro Ghisleri," by F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," by Lilian Bell. Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

A PLEASURABLE RIDE.

The attendance at El Campo on Sundays is on the increase. The splendid musical programme furnished, under the leadership of Professor M. M. Blum, attracts many, while the delightful trip across the bay and the numerous pleasures to be found at the resort induce others in that direction. The railroad management are justly entitled to the congratulations of the pleasure-seeking public for their successful efforts in making El Campo a resort second to none. The fine steamer "Ukiah" leaves Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 10:30 A. M. and 1:45 P. M. Returning, the steamer leaves El Campo at 12:45 and 5 P. M. The following will be to-morrow's programme:

1 March, "Russian River" ..... Czibulka
2 Overture, "Pique Dame" ..... Suppe
3 Chilian Dance, "Manana" ..... Missud
4 Comic Operatic Potpourri ..... Conradi
With Solos for Clarinets and Baritone.
5 Waltz, "Artist's Life" ..... Strauss
6 Marceaux de Salon, "First Heart Throb" ..... Eilenberg
7 Overture, "Merry Birds" ..... Catlin
8 Cheerfulness, Duett for Two Cornets .... Gumbert
Messrs. Walsh and Bennett.
9 Selections, "Bohemian Girl" ..... Balfe
With Solos for Euphonium and Tuba.
10 Waltz, "Spring Flowers" ..... Bosquet
11 Cocoanut Dance, Characteristic ..... Juxome
12 Galop, "On the Rail" ..... Blum

An excellent and a rare opportunity for securing a beautiful home is offered some one. The handsome Pacific Heights residence of Mr. Alfred Bouvier has just been placed on the market in consequence of the approaching departure of Mr. and Mrs. Bouvier for Europe. The house is widely known as possessing one of the most picturesque and artistic, and at the same time thoroughly comfortable interiors in the city. Purchasable homes with fine marine views are becoming very scarce, and it is safe to predict this will not be long on the market. In another column the particulars can be found.

DISILLUSION.

On a Coney Island boat
Once a party was afloat,
Maidens fair and so refined
Drove me almost out of mind.
But when we attained the beach
I was horrified, for each
Of the fair and comely band
Took a Frankfurt in her hand,
Mustarded from greasy can
By a frowsy-looking man.
Fled I with an awful scream—
Things ain't always what they seem.

Town Topics.

THE DRAGON FLY'S WISDOM.

"Golden dragon fly?" said the cloth-of-gold rose.

"What?" said the golden dragon fly.

"This," said the rose. "The pleasure that you take in posing on the rim of the flower-cups I would like to know, I, too. For pity's sake give me your wings so that I can flutter among the blossoms. You can take my place between the leaves on my stalk, and, as we are both gilded, nobody will perceive the change."

"But," said the dragon fly, "will you return me my wings?"

"Certainly," said the rose; "as soon as I have satisfied my longing to visit other flowers, I will hasten to return and you can take flight again."

"You swear it?"

"I swear it."

"Here are my wings, cloth-of-gold rose."

"Thanks, golden dragon fly."

And while the insect suspended itself to the stem, the flower escaped through the garden sunshine.

She took great pleasure in fluttering hither and thither, barely lighting on a lily—for the lilies are such haughty prudes—delaying long on the careless carnations who do not refuse flying caresses. But, remembering the dragon fly who awaited her, and must be weary upon the stem, she came back to the natal rose-bush.

"Here are your wings; let me put myself back in my place."

But she received no response.

"Eh! Don't you hear, golden dragon fly?" she said.

"I hear distinctly," said the dragon fly; "but I care no longer for my wings. Since I have remained here motionless such stray kisses, without my taking any trouble, have delighted me while I pretended to be a flower! Nothing is worth the laziness of being loved."

C. MENDES.

THE LATTER-DAY POET.

I. ZANGWILL.

Bend, bend the knee, and bow the head
To reverence the great unread,
The great unread and much-reviewed,
Whose lines are treasured like the lewd,
His first editions prizes reckoned
Because there never was a second.

Obscurely famous in his rut,
Unknown, unpopular, "uncut,"
Where Byron thrilled a continent,
To thrill an auction-room content,
He struggles through oblivion's bogs
To gain a place in—catalogues!

And falls asleep and joins the dust
In simple hope and modest trust
That, though Posterity neglect
His bones, his books it will collect,
And these will grow—O prospect fair!—
From year to year more "scarce" and "rare."

—Pall Mall Magazine.

Jones (to intoxicated friend)—Good heavens! man, here's your wife. Let's turn back.

His friend—No (hic) she'll never she us. She's looking at her reflection in the windows to she if her hat's (hic) on straight.—*Vogue.*

FOR SALE

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

$25,000

On very easy terms. The beautiful Pacific Heights Residence of Mr. Alfred Bouvier, 2524 Broadway, near Scott, is offered for sale in consequence of the owner's approaching departure for Europe.

House of thirteen rooms, of which, six are bed rooms and two servant's rooms, and in addition there are bath rooms, laundry, store room, studio, etc. Thoroughly and completely finished and in absolutely perfect repair.

Lot 50 x 100. House surrounded by lawn on all sides. Marine view that can never be imperilled. A rare opportunity to secure a comfortable and artistic home. House will be shown by appointment only.

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—Forty-Third Year—
Studies resumed Tuesday, August 8, 1893.

New York City, 741 Fifth Ave., Central Park Entrance.
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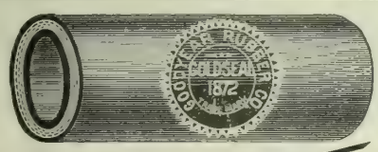
Eleventh Year; New Equipment; Personal Instruction; both College-Preparatory and Finishing.

MR. A. H. KAYTON
VIOLINIST
Has Resumed Instructions on the Violin
Address Sherman, Clay & Co., or Residence, 1012 Leavenworth St., San Francisco, Cal.

MISS LAKE'S SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS
The Next Term begins on Monday August Seventh
1534 SUTTER STREET



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By using the MANHATTAN MEDICAL SEA SALT, you are enabled to enjoy the luxury of a refreshing salt water bath in your own house.
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As a remedial agent in Rheumatism, Debility, Weakness or Soreness of the Joints, and Affections of the Muscular System, it is very beneficial.
SEA BATH
This Salt has been purified and freed from all animal and vegetable matter usually found in the surf, and therefore, can be used with perfect freedom.
Our facilities for obtaining this Salt enable us to put the price within the reach of all.
AT HOME
The trial package, or 10 cent size, contains sufficient Salt for 2 to 4 baths, and the large 5 lb. boxes, price 25 cents, contain sufficient Salt for 5 to 10 baths, according to strength desired.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE-MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING Company—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth day of July, 1893, an assessment (No. 48) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the TWENTY-SECOND (22) day of August, 1893, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction: and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twelfth day of September, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES

The resignation of W. S. Duval, for so long Manager of the P. I. U., gave the underwriters something to talk about last week. The fact that his loss is the gain of the Continental Insurance Company does not seem to lessen the sense of it. He has certainly been an admirable official—he has worked hard and conscientiously, and has exhibited, in his dealings with refractory agents, a discretion and a degree of diplomatic ability that is rare. To fill his place is no easy task In representing the Continental, Mr. Duval has one of the strongest of American companies, and he will certainly make the most of it. Rumor accredits Alfred Stillman with the ambition of accepting his old place, succeeding Mr Duval, and his selection, I am told, is probable. He knows the duties of the office thoroughly, and with the added experience of his work on the street should make the most competent man for the place. There are several other applications, however.

* * *

For their determination to take the full sixty days ere paying losses, the insurance companies cannot be criticised. It has been customary, in times past, to make capital out of a rapid settling up of claims, but the general feeling is that discretion dictates taking every moment the law allows. The financial stringency has no especial bearing on this decision of the companies; it was arrived at for a different cause.

LOCAL.

TWO NIGHTS.

The oval mirror reflects a figure in pale blue gauze. It is the first time Fifine has worn it. Now she is trying the effect of different flowers against it. This Jacqueminot makes a vivid splash—too vivid. The pale pink is better. Fifine lifts two pink, half-blown buds. One she threads through her belt; the other she has fastened against her hair. She takes one parting glance in the oval mirror, and her lips part in a half smile. She knew she was pretty before, but the blue gauze is very becoming, and she is looking her best. With the flush of satisfaction on her face, she descends the stairs, holding her gown carefully so as not to rumple its blue folds. She walks about the room while she waits for him. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. She does not count the strokes. She knows it is the hour he himself mentioned. The garden outside is shining in the moonlight. Fifine loves moonlight under certain conditions. Two in the moonlight makes heaven. One in the moonlight is a nightmare. She draws the shade. She will not enjoy the moonlight, even in anticipation, until he comes. Hark, a step! It has passed on. It was too slow for him. His step is always quick, and light, and eager, too. He is a little late to-night. She goes to the glass to see if the becoming flush still lingers. Yes, it is there, and the roses have not faded. She will not read. It is not worth while for so short a space of time. How strange he should be so late.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, *ten*. One little fall of the hammer in addition to the number it had been unalloyed pleasure to hear, and what a difference to her! He will not come now. Yes, yes, of course, something has detained him. He never disappoints willfully. But the moonlight, the wasted moonlight, and the blue gauze! She removes the fades roses carefully, tenderly. It is not their fault. The becoming flush has gone. She looks tired—after all, there is no beautifier like happiness and anticipation. As she ascends the stairs, she covers her eyes so that she may not see the moonlight.

* * * * * * * * *

Again she dresses slowly, languidly, and not in the blue gauze. She does not wear any flowers. There is no becoming flush and she knows she is not looking her best. As she descends the stairs, she hears his step, unmistakably, this time. He is penitent and loving. She is passive. Together they go out into the garden and he tells her the moon is more beautiful than last night, but it is not the same to her. Some disappointments are so keen that no future gratification of the same desire can ever obliterate them. They are recorded as a permanent loss of happiness. As long as she lives, Fifine remembers that lost moonlight night. Blue gauze and pink roses always recall it, but the night is gone forever.

MABEL C. CRAFT.

IN JAPAN.

AFTER READING MADAME CHRYSANTHEME.

I should like to spend an autumn
In Japan;
Where your wives, when you have bought 'em,
In Japan,
Are by contract wedded to you
For a month, and when that's through, you
Ship them, and they cannot sue you
In Japan.

Everything is small and dainty
In Japan;
Artificial quite, and painty,
In Japan.
The cicala's song incessant
Charms the sense, the opalescent
Moon is loveliest at the crescent
In Japan.

There are curios abounding
In Japan;
And the price is not astounding
In Japan.
Still, you long for (willy-nilly)
Countries rugged, rough, and hilly—
Vowing everything is silly
In Japan.

—*Town Topics.*

AN OCTOBER EVE.

The dead leaves fall
The air is cold and chill;
The world asleep and still.
The pine trees tall
In the dark wood
Stand brown and bare
In sunless solitude.
And everywhere
Reigns o'er the land a silence dread and drear,
O'er snow-capped barren hill and moor and mere.

But, far away,
Borne in a breeze's wake
Thro' shaggy fern and brake,—
A stream's low lay
Whispers along;
And now and then
A throstle's song
Comes down the glen,
Singing the dirges of the faded light,
And heralding the star-attended night.

—*R. Marsh, in Granite Post.*

Sam Davis vigorously expresses himself in the Carson *Appeal* on the Heath case: "To read the proceedings one would think the witnesses, and not the supposed murderer, were on trial. A reporter who, in the interest of justice, runs to cover and unearth crime, is regarded by the legal profession as something too vile to describe, but a lawyer who saves thieves and criminals from jail is a beautiful thing to contemplate. It won't do for the legal fraternity to throw slurs on the newspaper profession."

NOTICE

THE OFFICES OF

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK

HAVE BEEN REMOVED TO

THE MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING

S. E. COR. CALIFORNIA AND SANSOME STS., SAN FRANCISCO

A. B. FORBES & SON., - - - GENERAL AGENTS

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists, in 50c. and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well-informed you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Fine Fancy Shirts

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Summer Underwear

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE ARCHITECTS AND THE MAYOR.

BEING MORE ABOUT THE CITY HALL TOWER.

BY WILLIS POLK.

Mr. Shea complained that the criticisms of his tower were unjust inasmuch as they were based upon the newspaper cuts published recently. Mr. Shea was right. The criticisms were based upon the newspaper cuts! An apology is due. Due to the newspapers! Not because their cuts were good (they were excessively bad) but because they have been charged with rendering Mr. Shea's designs into hideous form. They didn't. They made it charmingly indistinct. They improved it.

The design itself has appeared in *fac-simile* in the *California Architect*. It can now be made to suffer for its faults. Its virtues will shine for themselves. Or perhaps a dozen obscure architects will step forth to commend them.

After seeing the *fac-simile* of the design (ungarbled by newspaper reproduction) it is evident that it merits the full dispraise it has received. An architect who would seriously propose a design so ridiculous is clearly and unreservedly incompetent to produce an artistic solution of the problem.

A tower that is to rank among the great towers of the world should be a scholarly exposition of architecture. It should possess some academical worth.

It should be something that would not suggest amateur effort nor official bigotry. The tower should be subject to careful consideration by well-known experts.

The New City Hall Commissioners took a step in the right direction when they invited all the architects in the city to present their views. A few took the trouble to write. The majority stayed away and the army of incompetents swept down on the meeting and demanded a competition! Just as though they could do any better than Mr. Shea. The whole tribe of pirates have already disfigured the city enough.

The fact that the Commissioners called the meeting is evidence that they sincerely desire to have a well-designed tower. That they have met with no success, the result of last Saturday's meeting proves. If they wish to get a well-designed tower they must resort to expert advice. If a competition is the only expedient, it must be under the direction of architectural experts. But if the Commissioners wish to do something great they should appoint an architect of National reputation to design the tower. And if he is a non-resident Mr. Shea, as the architect for the municipality, could very properly superintend the construction of it.

Mr. Shea undoubtedly possesses talent, but it is untrained. Five years' study at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* would fit him to undertake the building of a monumental tower.

Perhaps.

At least the proposition to build a tower is a public measure and deserves public criticism.

The columns at the entrance to the new San Francisco Savings Union Building look better since they have been boxed up. Their capitals should be boxed up, too.

All householders know that in this season of house-cleaning it is money in their pockets to do business with a responsible firm that may be relied on to do first-class work. Such a firm is J. Spaulding & Co., whose Pioneer Carpet Beating and Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, at 353 and 357 Tehama Street are known throughout the city.

The Haywards Hotel is filling rapidly with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

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Time and habit, in the pursuit after a mastery over the material of any kind of musical art, bring out all manner of strangeness in different temperaments. The fixity of effort ever seeking to refine on itself, the long hours of intent solitude and the stress of repeated and varying emotions, make of the original bundle of possibilities, a personality often unusual and almost always without calmness or even temper. To have shown sense to the point of hair splitting in nice pitch and swell of created sounds is enough for the average capable musician; little affairs of plain dealing, equal rights, and fair play are not worthy of any sort of regard, and the sense of these things is rolled out of existence as far as may be. Compelled to accent a state, sensitive from the beginning, and often coupled with a delicate body, the musician early learns the mental manners of the class labeled "crank." Persons with a talent for making one dollar do the labor of two and the interest producing power of ten, take all musicians and artists generally under this heading, but as it is in life their unprofessed though understood duty is to be unpleasant, the artist therefore dubs them "practical."

Nearly three-thirds of the whole desultory gathering called musicians, making the art a life study or a stop gap, hover giddily on the verge of that vague ism, crankism, and range themselves unconsciously into different orders. Types distinct or vivid come out of the crowd in agreeable numbers. Following music there are cranks knowing and unknowing, thinking and thoughtless, cultivated and crude, loudly egotistic and simply vulgar, bouncing and persuasive, and only alike in the positive belief that the sun of talent resides solely in the cranium of one individual. At times, they are not too particular to mention him.

Dame Nature, good soul, dowered the usual type of male and female musical crank with weak memories and big fancies, bidding each "Thou shalt brag." Never to forget the command is the cherished religion and duty of the chosen band. Few behests are carried out with such noble continuity. The happy result is that to be modest is to be untalented. When taking the form of a mania illustrating original composition, the speeches are brilliantly intuitive. After rumbling through a pianoforte ballad, its maker, sighing impressively, says in the best larger frothed accents, "Prismatic, perfect, for all time—Soh!." The writer of comic opera remarks, "This cut, that cut, and the other roped in, where would I be after seventeen years of such labor on a work destined to universal popularity?"

The type of person believing enthusiasm, for what no one else has heard, to be the surest sign of extreme culture is on the increase. That European travel has much to do with infallible criticism is a belief being assiduously fostered. The high price of seats also has great weight as a sign of culture with another type. Nothing later than Beethoven will give pleasure to the exquisitely fastidious amateur, not at all impressed by D'Albert, seriously disappointed in Pachmann, and only pleased by Paderewski—in a way. Having qualified themselves to judge of the merits of all singers by carefully abstaining from any kind of study of the subject, the type who find Adelina Patti the only woman who really can sing is growing quite powerful. The lordly person believing it impossible for instrumental music to be regarded outside Germany, proclaiming the height of his ideals and the beauty of his talent, the interesting individual who has enemies in the profession, with no business in the world but to dog his or her track, the type whose engagements are supernaturally numerous, the teacher with twenty-eight hour lessons a day, the student who don't care, but her teacher is the only one; these are mixed up with others who have studied with all the best teachers in Europe and America, who are perfect geniuses and can play anything right off, who think there is nothing in method, but feeling and style make things go and the rest don't count, who believe it takes away inspiration to think about a composition. These types and many more believe not with the philosopher that the experiences of the inept even gather value with careful sifting.

Kelly Martin

"Do you smoke?"
"Not nowadays. I just steam."—*Vogue.*

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The people of San Francisco can be congratulated on the way the various banks have withstood the financial storm. While it is true the stagnation in business circles is not yet removed, it is hoped it will disappear as money matters are becoming easier and the banks are making loans. The First National was the first to break the ice by giving advances to the canneries, thereby saving the fruit crop and avoiding bankrupting the orchardists. The East is still in a critical condition. At the New York Stock Exchange railroad and other securities are depressed; a mild panic is prevailing, the depreciation being 3 to 50 points. The wheat market, which was quoted last week at low figures, made quite an advance on the reports of short crops in the Northwest and the impending trouble between France and Siam.

Nothing that looks hopeful to the silver miner can yet be recorded. While meetings are being held in the various cities, one after the other the silver mines are being closed down, and from the present standpoint it looks as though this branch of mining is doomed.

At the Stock Board business is at a standstill, shares are low and dull, and nothing will be done until the outcome of the proposed reductions are known. The Savage Mine, in reducing the pay of the officials 50 per cent, and the other companies doing likewise, is likely to be followed by the mills and transportation lumber companies. If the Miners' Union will reduce the pay of its men it will bring new life to the Comstock. By the reduced expense a grade of ore can be worked that will help to pay running expenses of many mines. At the same time while these reductions are made, useless and unnecessary expense must be avoided. We are credibly informed that the Belcher in its statement says it paid $1200 for legal expenses (after paying a certain amount to its regular attorney) and why should this or any other mine on the Comstock have to pay money for legal expenses, there being no litigation on the tapis?

The San Francisco Stock Exchange, at its executive session on Wednesday, rescinded, for the term of one year, the charge of $500 for listing a mine on the Board. By the payment of the annual dues any gold mine will be listed. This should be an inducement, and if the committee that has the matter in hand go about the business correctly they should be able to place a number of good properties on the list, and make the speculation in their shares of such proportions that will make brokers large commissions. The first gold mine to come to the front and take advantage of the offer made and have its stock listed is the May Flower, of Placer County. This mine was listed in December, 1892, on the Pacific Stock Exchange, and since then, a period of seven months, it has paid 85 cents per share in dividends. The stock was first quoted at $1 per share and sold up to $2.75—now about $2 per share. The Company has in its treasury at present about $17,000, with bullion shipments being made from the mine.

The mining counties of this State are having quite a boom on account of the great decline of silver ore. As the great majority of our mines are gold ones, capitalists are ready and willing to invest in them.

One of the best paying properties in this State is the Kennedy Gold Quartz Mine, situated two miles from Sutter Creek, Amador County. During the past seven months this mine has paid $350,000 in dividends.

From the Mason Mine, at Woodbridge, quartz is extracted that assayed $22.15 per ton in free gold.

In Butte County a number of promising mines are being operated. Five gravel mines are worked at Bangor, the gravel being a hard blue cement. Two of them, the Catskill and the Blue and Gold, have taken out thousands of dollars during the past six months. A pocket was lately uncovered that yielded $1200.

At the Bodie Mill, in Bodie, Mono County, a run of 60 tons of ore from the Noonday is being made; the clean-up is expected to yield handsomely. The Standard Mill is now being run by electricity. This will make a saving of about $18,000 per year.

The Live Oak Con. Quartz Mine, between Auburn and Grass Valley, Nevada County, is giving promise of being a valuable piece of property. The ore body is large and runs $32 to the ton. An 8 stamp mill has just been erected.

The Eagle Bird Mine at Washington is looking well. On the 600 foot level the ledge is 14 feet wide and the rock pays well. What is considered to be one of the richest strikes in gold mining was lately made about 30 miles from Sissons, Shasta County. In an 8-foot shaft a ledge was found that widened from one to two and a half feet, and at one place eight inches is 80 per cent pure gold, which has to be cut out with a chisel. The ledge can be traced for a mile in a southerly direction. Over $10,000 in gold has been taken out.

A group of gold mines 17 miles from Prescott, Ariz., have been sold for $100,000. They embrace the Yankee Girl, Silverton, American Flag, and Invincible Mines. SURETY.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM July 26, 1893.	ARRIVE
7.30 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
7.30 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose.....	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore.....	6.45 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez.....	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 a m
*5 00 p m	Niles and Livermore.....	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10.15 a m
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION Narrow Gauge.	
‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz.....	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m
	COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)	
*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.30 p m
‡7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations.....	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
‡9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.25 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	†7.26 p m

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My grievings soothe, and also does
Enrobe my tongue in heavy furs?
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When to my mind ambition sends
Great hopes, who rose hues to them lends,
And gold hues to my finger ends?
My cigarette.

Who leads my muse to heights sublime,
Who helps to guide my rippling rhyme,
Who makes my heart beat out of time?
My cigarette.

And though I spurn with all my might,
Who yet comes back and feels no spite,
Who is it I'll give up to-night?
My cigarette.

—*Vogue.*

TO THE MOSQUITO.

O prima donna of the vesper hour,
Our strained attention earning by thy song,
Others may greater compass have, or power,
But none by more applause are borne along.
With eager ear we list thy soft advance,
And to discern the peer with utmost pains,
The while thy slender songs our souls entrance
Till loud handclapping encores thy refrains.

—*Truth.*

Maud—Are you going to the Springs this season?

Ethel—No; my husband has to stay in the city, and I can't bear to be away from him for a single day.

Maud—Oh, you silly thing! I knew it would be that way. I told you before you got married that he was just the kind of a wretch to make you keep on loving him, and spoil all your enjoyment.—*Truth.*

Cumso—Compose yourself, my dear sir.

Cawker—But I am already a self-made man.

—*Vogue.*

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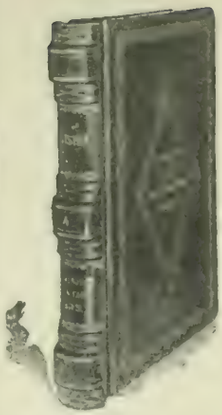

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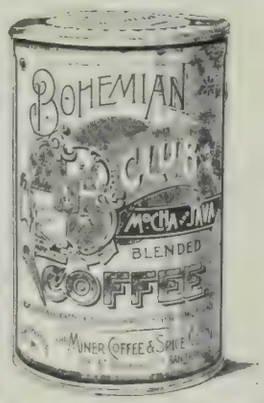

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THE WAVE

A JOURNAL FOR THOSE IN THE SWIM.

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

HOMER S. KING.

AMERICA'S FAMOUS SUMMER AND WINTER
· · RESORT · ·

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE MOST ELEGANT SEASIDE ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD

GEO. SCHONEWALD, - - - Manager.

THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 5, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT —*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES.

SINKING ALL PARTIALITY, and from the purely social point of view, it does seem to me that the Bohemian Club errs seriously in permitting politics to prejudice its Election Committee. These are the piping times of peace, and it is certainly unfair that the animosities of rival gubernatorial candidates should be exhibited in the membership board of so prominent an organization. The action of Congressman Geary's adherents in securing the rejection of Harry Wise's name is liable to embitter the approaching campaign in a manner that I cannot but regret. In accusing the Santa Rosa statesman of active participation in this outbreak of incipient hostility it may be I am doing him an injustice. His friends, perhaps, are alone to blame. In that instance he may well beg their inactivity as a boon.

* * *

Mr. Harry Wise is the bright and active son of Collector John H. Wise. Entrusted to him is the advancement of his father's gubernatorial aspirations. In pursuance of a plan of campaign outlined months ago, he had his name "put up" at the Bohemian Club, intending subsequently to join the Pacific-Union and University Clubs. The political advantage accruing from membership in these organizations must be obvious to all tacticians. At the Post and Dupont Street institution one is liable to meet men of prominence in politics, besides visitors of Democratic or Republican note from all parts of the State. It also affords opportunities of forming affiliations with men of individual character and ability, the advantage of which no one can over-estimate. As soon as Geary's friends realized the bearing of Mr. Wise's move, they promptly commenced to array the Election Committee against him.

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Certain members of the Cosmos Club, of which the Collector's son is a valuable member, were persuaded to describe his personal characteristics as objectionable, to style his brilliant conversational powers as ill directed loquacity. This, combined with the direct wire-pulling of the rival, proved effective. He was blackballed with a unanimity that made a white ball a peculiarity. All this time, Wise, ignorant of the dangerous fight being made against him, had taken no steps to counteract Geary's opposition. His first intimation was had while the balloting was in progress, and prompt action was taken. Certain directors met, and learning of the cabal and its results, promptly pronounced the rejection as illegal, and begged that Mr. Wise's name be again presented. Not unnaturally, however, he has declined the offer, wherein, indeed, he shows a proper spirit. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Wise's versatility realize most keenly the error of his rejection. With his varied talents he could hardly have failed to become a prominent participant in jinks, high and low.

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A GALLIC PHILOSOPHER it is who declares a woman will forgive in her lover everything but indifference. To this sad attitude of the prospective groom is the rupture between Harry Houghton and Miss Grimes ascribed. He was an ardent wooer, it seems, and pleaded his cause for many moons ere her "yes" made him the familiar "happiest man in the world." No one who has met the maiden in question will be persuaded her charm is negative, but it seems her fascination for Mr. Houghton disappeared with her acceptance of his proposal. The ardor of his wooing was succeeded by a complaisance unpardonable in a *fiancé* and impossible in a lover. That, at least, is the accepted explanation.

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The breach was precipitated at Blythedale, where Miss Grimes has been a sojourner these later weeks. Time and again, it seems, Mr. Houghton broke appointments with her, missed boats, and lost connections in a manner quite curious. The consequence was inevitable. Miss Grimes is herself inclined to a distance of manner even with her dearest friends, and those who know her say she is not the type of a girl to overlook a minor disregard of the conventions of betrothal. In spite of social proclivities a trifle pronounced, the character and manliness of Mr. Houghton are unquestionable, and his intimates will, of course, accept no explanation that blames him.

* * *

I am able at last to state authoritatively that the accusations against the reputation of a certain Society personage have been proved unfounded. A thorough investigation of the various rumors discovered their source in a couple of young men, whose imagination, rendered more vivid by over conviviality, led them to leap at a most morbid and unjustifiable conclusion. While I cannot but regret the publicity the whole matter attained, it must be evident that such reports do infinitely more harm by the process of secret circulation than if openly stated.

* * *

MERE PROSE but coldly sets forth the gallant achievement of Colonel Mike Hecht at the great fire. To express adequately the daring of his deed one must needs write poetry, and it is the secret sorrow of my young life that I cannot versify. On the fifth floor of the Buyer & Reich establishment were several boxes, huge cardboard receptacles full to the brim of dainty things. Dresses by the dozen for spring and autumn wear, dainty *lingerie*, and the thousand and one articles that compose a woman's wardrobe. They had just come from Europe and the East—from the swell costume repositories of Paris, London, and New York. As a matter of fact they constituted the *trousseau* of pretty Miss Hilda Hecht, who some time in October becomes the wife of Mr. Marcus Gerstle.

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Imagine the melancholy consequences of the destruction of such admirably selected finery—the delay of regathering such needlework treasures, the postponement of the ceremony, perhaps, inevitably a hundred other inconveniences and discomforts too grievous for cataloguing. In the fraction of a second these contingencies were borne home to Colonel Hecht, who rushed rapidly from one stairs to another through the smoke and flame and heat of the fire to the *locale* of these

precious boxes. Gathering them up with a mighty effort, at imminent danger to life and limb, he bore them to a place of safety where, uninjured by the elements, they now repose.

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There should be some recognition of an exhibition of courage so distinguished—a medal suitably inscribed illustrating the gallant rescue. In the meantime, the hero is receiving the congratulations of his friends with accustomed modesty.

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IS IT THE GENTLE zephyr wafted so genially over the San Mateo hills that precipitates the exuberance at the fashionable caravansary there? Or is said exuberance the protest of variety-loving humanity at the guileless serenity of the environment? To those skilled in the gentle art of solution I leave the problem, presenting for consideration some details of a wet time had there last Saturday at midnight. Into the wilds of the Spring Valley domain, under the blissful moonlight, ventured sundry gay parties, returning to the shades of the hotel on the edges of the Sabbath morn. Alas, the barriers of the Clubhouse were up and padlocked, and carefully cultivated thirsts seemed destined to repine in parched and caked seclusion the absence of liquor. But a bold, bad spirit of the party which, by the way, though not solely male was decidedly fashionable, volunteered the cutting of the Gordian knot, and broke the door in with a muscular shoulder. The prospect was more alluring than several oases in a collection of deserts.

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The absolute wisdom of rejoicing in a clubroom beneath the gleam of the serried rows of decanters is difficult, perhaps, to concede. However, the party was refreshed, and the fashionable and feminine end of it retreated gracefully into the depths of its several downy couches. Not so the males. Bent on a time, they turned from wine to water, or, rather, from sundry varieties of alcohol to a garden hose, whose mission in life is the preservation of verdancy in environing lawns. Heading the gay rioters was the scion of an Episcopal family, and at the window of his eminently respectable parents' sleeping apartment he directed its nozzle. The pressure was rather more than he anticipated, for instead of flicking gently the surface of the glass, the stream burst turbulently through the glazing, projecting an unwelcome flood into the apartment, deluging halls and parlors with painful rapidity.

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Abashed by the destruction, the gay rioters retired bedwards, the culprit s-kipping with bag and baggage by the early morning train. That Sabbath morn witnessed an explosion of wrath from Manager Clark which echoed unto the distant verges of the Parrott tract. There were half a dozen vacancies, including bookkeepers and bell-boys. Certain nice young men were told to depart with a positiveness that admitted no denial, and a firmly worded epistle to the culprit in chief conveyed not only the Manager's opinion of his gentility, but also a bill of three dimensions, the settlement of which is being urged with some severity. The episode has actually put the tennis tournament out of the *habitués'* heads.

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Scene—The Grill Room at the Palace. Time—1:30 P. M. Prominent citizens at every table engaged consuming the inimitable chops and steaks of the *chef*. Enter Louis Lissac, whose eye falls on Judge Levy, the centre of an interested group near the door. In a loud voice he says:

"Hallo, Judge, how are you?"

Six prominent citizens and two waiters glance at the speaker with expressions of surprised recognition.

* * *

Sad news this that comes from San Mateo. The ladies tennis-tournament idea has been abandoned, I am told, and the interesting resort of Manager Clark must find some other diversion to while away these August days. The fair projector of the affair found it impossible, she says, to persuade a sufficiency of damsels into the scheme. The degree of interest developed did not seem to harmonize with the importance of the undertaking, and the result is indefinite postponement. Very melancholy are the several players who had entered, for there were rumors of a number of natty tennis gowns in a distressing stage of semi-completion—the property of damsels who had expected to make up in picturesqueness what they lacked in skill. It is envy, of course—this insinuation of a pretty expert who alleges the abandonment of the tournament was not the absence of entries, but the embarrassment of too many.

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Polo, as it is played at Burlinghame, is written with a small p. They are very optimistic are the wearers of willie-boys engaged in learning the art, and, I have no doubt, Instructor Rider will develop several brilliant players. There is Dick Hammond, for instance, who seems bent on rivaling the versatility of Joe Redding. One week he receives Stevenson; next he is making plans for the World's Fair; again he is polo playing at Burlinghame; and all the time he is disposing of real estate. With the tedium of law Mr. Redding infuses music, a dash of art, some chess, whist, sport, and literature, but Dick Hammond's achievements unquestionably appear to better advantage in type. I am told, by the way, that Hall McAllister has resigned the Secretaryship of the Club, and that Jack Casserly, who is of noble birth, has undertaken the duties in connection with those of Superintendent of the tract. This is the explanation of the mysterious letters, S. and S. P. that now appear on his card.

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FROM Castle Crags are wafted the wailings of lonely maidens. There are belles by the score there—beauties from both sides of the bay—lovely enough to precipitate the destruction of half a dozen Troys. But there are no men. The landscape is oblivious to the beaming of lustrous eyes, and to the cooing of soft, sweet voices there is only the answering murmur of the wind among the pines. It is sad so solitary a condition of affairs should exist under the shadow of Mount Shasta, and the vast capital of fascination that is drawing such meagre interest has my sympathy. However, in the present condition of finance there can neither be marrying nor giving in marriage, and perhaps it is as well not to form combinations that future circumstances may not justify. It is good to remember that ex-Senator Ingalls predicts the early deposition of millionairedom and the substitution in high places of the proletariat.

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Among the guests there these latter days is T. I. Bergin, the well-known lawyer. No one ever accused him of being an admirer of the fair sex, even in his palmiest days; yet he is as much in demand as though he were as young and nimble as a bank clerk. Of course, Colonel Crocker is on hand every Saturday, but it seems he has been generally given up as impregnable to any ordinary siege—a fortress that may be taken by storm but not by stress.

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THE POSSIBILITIES of a comparatively lively August at Del Monte are excellent. Already some important accessions to the list of guests have been made, and I am told of quite a crowd of men going down there on Saturday. It seems curious that the tranquility of this the most delightful of all summer resorts should this season have been so pronounced. While there have been a good many people on the guest list, still they are not the kind that assimilate readily. The complete surcease of gossip, too, is a symptom of the absence of the dowagers whose amplitude has ever made an illustrious background for the wealth of small festivities that have characterized life at the resort. However, the future is promising enough.

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Among the features of Del Monte last week was the Jeremiah Lynch *entourage*, including the spirited charger and the Straduarius. The ex-Senator flits from resort to resort with charming abandon and has developed a turn for athletics that is awe-inspiring. One morning he swam from the bath-house pier to the Del Monte wharf, emerging just as fresh as though he had taken but a little spin along the beach. He also delighted the guests with some spirited violin solos, given with the finish that characterizes his playing. Fred Webster is still at Del Monte. He accompanied Judge Dillon's party and the J. Parker Whitneys across to Santa Cruz on Monday last, but returned during the week. Among late festivities was a picnic given by Mrs. Parker Whitney to the ladies of the Dillon party, who are decidedly handsome women and dress in good style. She invited no men

The doctors recommend for indigestion after dinner, chewing for half an hour Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Chewing Gum.

at all. The party enjoyed itself on the rocks and, I am told, had an excellent time.

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THE SAUSALITO *status quo* is undisturbed since last week. Still are there multitudes of men and a modicum of girls. Still do the gay gather at the Frenchman's, and the brave who deserve the fair congregate at the Slinkey. There has been no abatement of the altitudinousness of the Quality Hill contingent, though I'm given to understand certain members of it actually attended the Pacific Yacht Club hop last Saturday night. That particular affair had some snap to it—a good deal, indeed. More, perhaps, than was actually requisite. I have heard the crowd described as "mixed" which indicates, I suppose, that the list was a trifle more extended than that of the Friday Night Club. However, everyone had fun, the music was good, the girls looked lovely, the moon shone its best, and it did not seem to make much difference whether the gathering was aristocratic or not.

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The engagement is announced of Miss Lilabel Crane, daughter of Mr. L. P. Crane, of the Southern Pacific Company, to Mr. Joseph Henry Marshall, with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co. The wedding will take place on the evening of Wednesday the twenty-third instant.

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Rather a jolly musicale was held at the El Monte, Friday night last. Quite a gathering of the *habitués* listened to music of varied degrees of excellence, and were impressed to the extent of applause. There were vocal effects by Miss Slinkey and Ed. Taylor. Miss Tibbey whistled a variety of pretty things, and Mrs. Varney Gaskill rendered melodious selections on the piano. After all this harmony there was dancing until an early hour, interspersed with lemonade, sandwiches, and other unseasonable indelicacies. That was one event. There have been several excursions to the "Stockbridge," whose commander, Captain Painter, is hospitality in the superlative. It is quite *en regle* for a party of young people to go out to the ship of a night, enjoy a hop on the smooth quarter deck, finishing up with excellent refreshments in the best British style.

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They are almost gay at San Rafael. Luncheons and dinners occur with frequency enough to suggest coin in circulation. Smart gowns are seen at the evening meal and the music wafts harmonies to match the artistic effects of the *chef*. Riding and driving are greatly in vogue, and in the night pool and billiards. Among expert cue wielders of the feminine persuasion are Mrs. Dore, Mrs. A. C. Baldwin, Madame Lalande, Mrs. Tom and Mrs. Will Magee. They are all decidedly clever and make good runs. Among the festivities of the week was a lunch given by Mrs. Seligman on Thursday. On Sunday last there was a very pleasant gathering at the Gerstles. Lawn tennis attracts an energetic group to the courts every afternoon, and I should not be surprised to hear of a team from the hotel entering for the doubles. There is every prospect of the tournament being a success.

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It is too late to comment, this week, on the remarkable success of the Abbey-Cheney amateurs at Chicago. Some four girls, pupils of Mrs. John Vance Cheney, went on there and took part in the Amateur Musical Club Contest, in which forty-one organizations from all over the country competed. They were awarded the diploma of honor. This is certainly a first-rate distinction, and both pupils and teacher are to be congratulated.

* * *

This is the season of school openings, of commencements without celebration, when the young of both sexes are gathered into seminaries, academies, and other establishments for the education of their idea. I am given to understand that while the attendance at the public schools show no increase, there have been positive additions to the lists of certain private institutions. At Miss Lake's, I am told there has been a very gratifying increase.

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On last Tuesday Mrs. Valentine G. Hush, of Fruitvale, entertained at luncheon Mrs. Henry C. Smith, Mrs. W. A. Tucker, Miss Margaretta Smith, and Miss Cromwell, all of Baltimore; also Mr. Frank Hagemeyer, of New York City, the latter being on his return home from an eighteen months' tour around the world.

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The engagement is announced of Miss Adelina Bunnell, the only daughter of the Professor of Greek in the University of California, and Albert B. Elliott, of San Francisco. Miss Bunnell resides in Oakland and is quite a beauty. Among her friends and admirers she is known as "the little Greek"—that on account of her picturesque appearance. Mr. Elliott is a University man and a rising young lawyer.

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The wedding of Miss Gisella Kruger and Mr. Haslett is set for the last Wednesday in August. The ceremony is to be a church affair, and will be followed by a swell reception. Mr. and Mrs. Haslett will reside in Alameda.

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The many friends of the Zeile family will be charmed to hear that Eugene, the lamb of the family whose fleece was shadowy, is about to visit California. He has been in Europe for two years, and this visit to his former home is only a flitting. It is his intention to return to the Rhine-land, where the free-and-easy life of the German student has entirely captivated him. When Mr. Zeile, or Herr Zeile, as he prefers to be called, can tear himself away from the festivities which make up the life of a student in Paris and Berlin he studies medicine.

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More amateur theatricals at the Macdonough. This time the very elect are concerned, the object being a graceful and sequestered Episcopalian Church, and the subject some kind of an opera from the song-smithy of a local musician. The standing of each member of the cast will be socially unquestionable, and if the singing is below the average the vocalists will be above par. That there will not be a huge crowd I cannot be persuaded, for there is no spectacle more popular in Oakland than that of the aristocracy disporting itself theatrically. After an evening of that kind one is reconciled to the joys of obscurity.

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Out of their domestic retreats came all the first-nighters for the Frohman opening at the Macdonough. The elect of Jackson Street and the aristocracy of Piedmont Heights were all in their wonted places. With the youth, beauty and exclusiveness of Alameda County arrayed in its smartest gowns, orchestra and dress circle glittered. I'm sure that none of Solomon's wives, at the climax of his glory, were ever arrayed with half the gorgeousness of some of these. There were Henshaws, Tubbses, Prathers, Wheatons, Dargies, Knowles, Pownings, until the eye ached, besides multitudes more. One gathered that summer vacations are over and that everyone, whether anyone or not, is back in town.

* * *

Miss Lucy Simpson has just discovered why the Society girls have been so lavish in their attentions to her of late, and is quite amused that she so suddenly became the centre of attraction. She has a cousin visiting her (a physician, Dr. Clayton) young, handsome, and wealthy, so eligible for one of the many girls "in the swim" on the Oakland side. Better still, he has decided to locate there. In the same neighborhood resides Dr. Murray L. Johnson, a nephew of J. C. Martin, the railroad attorney. The girls have discovered that Dr. J—— is charming, so he is the recipient of many a perfumed note, etc. Speaking of physicians reminds me that Dr. Clarence Selfridge is engaged to a sweet little country girl, and before many moons have passed she will be installed in a home of her own in Oakland. It is remarkable that so many Oakland men look elsewhere for their brides.

* * *

To the multitudinous swell mansions which Oakland flaunts to the beaming of Alamedan skies an addition of importance is in course of making. It is the home of F. M. Smith, a borax monarch, somewhat interested in cable cars and suspected of some twenty millions. It is large, pretentious, and architecturally good to look upon, with its first story in stone, crowned by a superstructure of hard, polished wood. Some fifty rooms are contained beneath the roof tree—indicating the possibility of some generous entertainments in the future.

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JUST EXACTLY why Governor Markham should have selected George C. Perkins from among the large number of eligibles who were suggested to him for United States Sena

tor, has stumped the political wiseacres of the town. Of course, the ex-Governor is a very prominent citizen, a wealthy man and a worthy subject for almost any distinction; but there are whole families of politicians in that same fix. Mr. Estee, for instance, was once Speaker of the Assembly, later a member of the Constitutional Convention, and later still a candidate for Governor and delegate to the Pan-American Congress. Mr. Felton has held every legislative position in the State, including that of United States Senator itself. Mr. Stump conducted the victorious campaign for his party which resulted in Markham's elevation to office. And last, but not least, General Barnes, who at one time commanded the armies of California.

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Any one of these gentlemen, so far as civic experience is concerned, was the peer of Governor Perkins, and all, I feel assured (though this is put forward on information and belief only) are possessed of as many masculine virtues as he. And yet Markham selected Perkins, who as an orator is inferior to Barnes, as a statesman inferior to Estee, and as a business man no more distinguished than either Felton or Stump. I confess that for a short time after that event the comparisons here instituted rather inclined me to the opinion that the Governor had made a mistake, and that, after all, in his search for a Moses who could lead the Republican hosts out of the wilderness, he had merely selected the best fellow he could find and had let the party go to thunder.

* * *

Light obtained since the appointment, however, has produced a modification of this opinion. I now find that in appointing Perkins, Governor Markham has simply repaid a debt of gratitude which he owed to Senator Stanford. Under all the circumstances, I do not see how he could have ever contemplated appointing anybody else. Gratitude, it is said, is the unfailing sign of a regal mind. I am pleased to observe that Governor Markham cherishes that ennobling sentiment. But permit me to relate the story as I have obtained it from a reliable source. Governor Perkins, in 1885, then fresh from the Executive Mansion, was a candidate before the Legislature for United States Senator. His opponents were M. M. Estee and A. A. Sargent. The Legislature was Republican by a large majority, consequent upon the Blaine tidal wave of the preceding year, and all three candidates, with brass bands and marching legions, had made their canvass before the people.

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In the caucus which preceded the election by the Legislature Perkins had twenty-three votes. On the second ballot a stampede occurred which resulted in the nomination of Leland Stanford who had been in the field less than twenty-four hours. Of Perkins' votes all but one went to Stanford. In fact, they formed the backbone of the combination which nominated him. It is said that on the afternoon of the day on which this caucus took place Governor Perkins was asked who, in the event that he could not be nominated, he preferred for the place. His answer was "Stanford, by all means." The railroad millionaire never forgot this occurrence, and after his death his friends did not forget it. When Governor Markham, here recently, finally concluded that he could not appoint Mr. De Young, a friend of Senator Stanford, to whom he had sent for aid in his dilemna, reminded him that in more ways than one Governor Perkins was the residuary legatee of the dead millionaire.

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This gentleman told Markham that on one occasion he had heard Senator Stanford remark that if he should ever resign he would like to see Perkins appointed to the vacancy. "I can assure you, Governor," this counselor concluded, "that if you wish to respect the wishes of Senator Stanford—if you wish, in a word, to do exactly what he would do were he in your place, you will appoint Governor Perkins." It seems that Markham was anxious to respect the wishes of the dead Senator, but for a reason entirely different from that which usually governs in the political world. Markham was a very poor man in 1890 when he ran for Governor. He had not a cent with which to pay the necessary expenses of his campaign. Senator Stanford heard of his embarrassment and sent him a check for $10,000. In view of all these facts, it is now my opinion that, aware of Stanford's feelings toward Perkins and the political debt that remained unliquidated between them, and with the recollection of that welcome $10,000 check still ringing in his memory, had Markham failed to appoint the ex-sailor boy to the vacant Senatorship he would have been guilty of an act of which even a pothouse politician should be ashamed.

* * *

A STARTLING FACT has been observed at the City Hall. It is so startling that it has taken the breath entirely away from a large number of esteemed citizens, who, charged with various offenses against the law, are confined at the County Jail. I have heard, also, that it is interfering every day with the respiration of a much larger number of even more esteemed citizens who in years past have carried on business in the criminal departments of the Superior Court. Furthermore, I have no doubt that when I make the matter public it will produce labored breathing in other quarters of the town. It is certainly a most startling fact. I refer, gentle reader, to the amazing circumstance that juries in the Superior Court have begun to convict criminals.

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For many years it has been the custom for juries at the City Hall to find everybody accused of crime not guilty; or, if the case was too raw for such a verdict, to disagree. At all events, such a thing as returning a man guilty of murder, manslaughter, embezzlement, or any other offense known to the trial calendar, has been considered a cruel and unusual punishment. Since January, however, the juries seem to have changed this time-honored practice. When, some time ago, in spite of the powerful influences enlisted in his behalf, a jury found Cashier Flood guilty of embezzling the funds of the Donahoe Bank, the current of injustice that for ages has swept through the City Hall was so thoroughly turned from its course that the Judge felt compelled to grant a new trial. Heretofore new trials have never been necessary in these cases. *Vide*, the People *vs.* Curtis and the People *vs.* Harper, two cold-blooded murders, and the People *vs.* White, a cold-blooded embezzlement.

* * *

However, the Flood case appeared to be one of those unfortunate and unpreventable accidents which sometimes upset the best regulated systems of jurisprudence, and I passed it by in silence. But a few days ago, when another jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter against Daley, the shooting Lothario of the Potrero, I posted off to the temple of Justice and unearthed the startling fact to which I have already referred. The explanation of the juridical phenomena, now that it has been exploited, does not present the remarkable features one might expect. It simply amounts to this: Since January Sheriff McDade has drawn the criminal juries himself. Instead of entrusting that duty to a deputy in the pay of the jury-fixers and crooked lawyers who swarm about the criminal Courts, he does the work with his own hands. If a special *venire* is ordered he personally summons the talesmen. I do not know who put McDade up to this business, but it is certainly a fact that jury fixing has gone into innocuous desuetude at the City Hall. The murderers, embezzlers, and crooks generally at the County Jail, as well as those out on bail, are now having their cases postponed from day to day in the hope that McDade will either die or resign. I will wager a small competing overland railroad, which I purpose soon to build, that not one who can help it will be tried during his term of office.

* * *

IN THAT SKEPTICISM which seems to overwhelm even the most spiritual of us condemned to "do time" in San Francisco, I had almost abandoned my favorite and sole surviving superstition—the transmigration of souls. With a persistence equal to a martyr's at the stake had I clung to it, and if my credulousness has lately weakened it is only because I found two bankers convinced of the soundness of the theory. However, I have not now a doubt left, and this happy result is the consequence of a recent study of George Whittell. He is the interesting personage who sways the destinies of the Luning estate and whose

Dr. Hammond recommends as a certain cure for chronic dyspepsia and indigestion, chewing Adams' Tutti-Frutti Pepsin Gum after each meal for half an hour.

rising mausoleum—mansion, I mean, of course—on California Street, is the architectural mystery of the moment. It is not necessary to recall the choice talent for accummulation which resulted in the Luning ten millions. Sufficient to say that the terms charity or generosity were sarcasms when applied in the vicinity of that personage's name.

* * *

With the devotion of a single idea did Nicholas Luning love dollars. In the grief of parting with his gold, he forgot the pangs of death. Considering the mystical power of mind, is it inconceivable that his spirit should yearn to remain in the vicinity of his millions? By some psychical process inexplicable in the light of the latest research, he has succeeded in infusing his son-in-law, George Whittell, with the essence of his individuality. Indeed, it is a matter of faith with the friends of both men that the soul of Luning dwells in the body of Whittell. The same traits that characterized the old financier are the peculiarities of his executor. He is acquiring the old mannerisms. I verily believe he will soon commence that unique parade round the Blythe block and cease all building operations, because his guiding impulse has now no use for brick or mortar.

* * *

Some months ago Mr. Whittell had an accummulation of $100,000 for which he could find no adequate investment. He searched up and down, east and west, and finally turned into a savings bank to implore its manager to accept his dross. "Only take it," he said, "I'll never worry you about its return—just relieve me and I'll do anything for you." As a great favor the sum was taken, and with a contented expression the capitalist retired to his office. The coin scarce was only in its incipient stages when who should swoop down on the bank in question for his beloved dollars but George Whittell.

"My money," he said, "I want that hundred thousand dollars."

"You cannot get it then," said his erstwhile friend, the manager. "I'll return that in the course of time. You've got to wait."

And George Luning Whittell is still waiting.

* * *

SURELY THE DULLEST revolution in history is that which occurred in Honolulu. They take their politics as sadly as the Englishman his pleasures, do these Hawaiians. The preposterous idea of regarding a *bouleversement* of that calibre from other than the comic opera point of view! Who would think of an upheaval, a royal deposition which afforded but a single neat story? For one, I should refuse it a moment's consideration, save that this is the first type-telling of the tale in question—which, indeed, seems good enough to be untrue. That the climax was somewhat detrimental to the pride and the persons of the *dramatis personæ*, that the hasty hand of a mere marine authority should interfere at the moment of consummation are facts to be wept over by those of us unprejudiced enough to yearn for a Sandwich Island sensation.

* * *

In no sense was the party of young gentlemen who arrived at Honolulu on the "Oceanic" one of conspirators. They were thirsty, however, for, though O. & O. liquor is meritorious enough in its way, these sailor stewards are seldom versed in the gentle art of gin-fizz. Arrayed in summer duck and sun-brimmed hats, they were on land three minutes after the anchor, and were led by I know not what inimitable instinct, and Pierrepoint Duryea, into Honolulu's swell saloon. It was Bobby Hargous who reminded the group of the revolution, Louis Webb who inveigled the bartender into narrative, but to Bayard Thayer belongs the honor of including the quiet-looking person at the other end of the counter in the conversation.

"One of the heads of the Provisional Government," whispered the drink-mixer.

The tale, punctuated by "fizzes," had tones in it more garish than the letters of the correspondents—jerked out in brief sentences it had a vivid vigor that enthralled its listeners. "Stevens landed Boston marines—drew 'em up 'tween Palace and Executive Building. We wanted to seize seat of government. Had to have building. Hawaiian army guarding Palace."

* * *

"Eighty men seize Executive Building. Queen says to army, 'Shoot 'em.' 'You shoot,' Stevens says—'you kill marines and that's equivalent to declaring war on America.' They didn't shoot. That's how we got 'em on th' hip. But America ain't standin' in and I guess we're out. Need money and a little noo blood in this."

"That's too bad," said Thayer. "How much have you invested in the fight, and what are the assets of the combination?"

"Oh, I guess $20,000 would cover the coin in it. There's 200 soldiers, their outfit, powder, guns, etc. You could buy us out for that."

"Pete," said Thayer, "suppose we do and we'll run the affairs of this effete kingdom just for a week or two and see how it feels to be monarchs in a Sandwich Island."

There had passed gin-fizzes in number; and Honolulu gin is a shoulder striker.

"You are empowered to treat with us," said Mr. Hargous to the member of the Provisional Government.

"I am," said that worthy, and the bartender nodded. They drank gin-fizzes.

* * *

At this stage of the tale it might be well to explain that young Mr. Thayer is a son of the Boston banker, and Mr. Duryea, a scion of the New York millionaire; that Bobby Hargous is a brother of the famous beauty, and Louis Webb, the brother of Dr. Seward of that ilk, whose wife is a Vanderbilt. They had spent some months of villa life on the Bluff at Yokohama and longed, like the dying Gould, for more worlds to conquer. Of course, none of them had the coin, but there were banks, and who could beat those names on a draft. So from one Honolulu depository to another they wandered in an effort to negotiate a draft on Thayer's Boston bank. The news of their design followed them. They grew more enthusiastic as the plot thickened. Thayer, in the lead, felt his head would admirably set off a crown. In thought, Bobby Hargous strove with Pete Duryea for Prime Minister. Louis Webb was still in consultation with the member of the Provisional Government and lagged behind. They drank gin-fizzes.

* * *

Success at last—a banker who thought well of Thayer. "The money to-morrow," he said. They said, "To morrow, (hic) we'll be kings (hic)." "In a coal hole," interrupted a stern voice. A dozen sturdy sailors jumped swiftly on the quartet of conspirators. They were pinioned quickly; struggling, carried down to the wharf, fighting, pushed up the gangway, and furious, locked up in their staterooms, and there they stayed, a sailor before each door, until the "Oceanic" was well off Diamond Point and the lights of Honolulu grew dim in the distance. Think of it! Had no fool talebearer informed Captain Smith of the great conspiracy, Bayard Thayer would to-day be King of Honolulu, instead of a guest at the Hotel Rafael.

* * *

Mr. GUSTAV SUTRO, President of the Omnibus Cable Company, is fast becoming the most enterprising and wide-awake citizen in this town. Within a few years he has, in the face of a powerful and determined opposition, built up a cable railway system which bids fair to rival any in the country. The recent absorption by his combination of the North Beach and Mission road, makes the system controlled by the Omnibus Company the longest in the city. Now it appears that his business foresight in backing a new fangled electric storage battery car, recently brought here by an Eastern inventor, promises to overturn the street railway business in the State. I am told that Mr. Sutro is alone in this enterprise. The Omnibus Company, although urged by Sutro to do so, refused to take any stock in it.

* * *

In their recent intention to equip the North Beach and Mission road with electricity, the Omnibus Directors preferred the objectionable over-head system. One night, at midnight, they sent a force of men to plant poles on Market Street. Mayor Ellert promptly pulled them up, and they went to law about it. While the other Directors were thus amusing themselves, Sutro took the storage battery car in hand, organized a company on his own account, and put up the money to build a trial motor. A few days ago, I observe by the papers, he ran his storage battery car over the heavy grades of the Potrero hills at the rate of ten miles an hour, thus demonstrating its perfect success. Naturally, the Directors of the Omnibus Company are thunderstruck. While

they have been fooling with electric poles and lawyers, a most valuable invention has slipped through their hands.

* * *

An electrician tells me that this storage battery invention, for which Mr. Sutro personally owns all the rights in California, will probably revolutionize the street railway traffic of the State. He considers it worth a million dollars, spot cash. The difficulty with electric storage cars heretofore has been the "buckling" of the batteries. The designer of Sutro's car has invented a terra cotta battery which does not "buckle." Such a battery will operate a car from thirty to forty miles and easily climb ten per cent grades. It is now said that the Omnibus Company purposes abandoning the law suit instituted to secure the right to put up poles on Market Street, and will purchase from Sutro the privilege of equipping its horse roads with these cars. Mr. Sutro's foresight seems to have made him master for the time being of the electric car situation in San Francisco.

* * *

THE EFFORTS of some of the Silurians to defeat the Mid-Winter Fair project are exceedingly comical. Mr. Bob Mitchell, the silver-tongued orator of the Executive Committee, never did a neater thing than when on Monday last, before the Board of Supervisors, he publicly spanked Mr. Adolph Sutro, the champion Silurian of the time. Mr. Sutro is an excellent old gentleman and I hope he will live many years to carry out his philanthropic intentions at the Cliff House, but he is big enough and old enough to know better than to get in the way of this Mid-Winter Fair. If it is really a fact that he will consent to the Fair only on condition that the Southern Pacific Company removes its engine-houses on Frederick Street, I shall not sympathize with him even though he may receive a much severer spanking than that administered by Mr. Mitchell on Monday.

* * *

But of all the silly things originated by the Silurians about this Fair, the charge that it was started by the Southern Pacific "octopus" to defeat the construction of the Stockton and Bakersfield railroad, is the silliest. A person capable of swallowing such an idea is hardly fit to be outside of a lunatic asylum. Just as though the Mid-Winter Fair was necessary to defeat that railroad, which never had any semblance except in the fevered brains of Traffic Manager Leeds and the editor of the *Swenlaetsew Troper*. According to Mr. Leeds' own figures over $5,000,000 will be required to build this railroad, and after it is built it will commence nowhere and end nowhere. There are no capitalists in California bold enough, even if there were any foolish enough, to undertake such an enterprise. The Mid-Winter Fair did not kill the railroad. The railroad was never alive.

* * *

A SINGULARLY CLEVER friend of mine contrives, in a manner to me most mysterious, to live at the rate of $600 a month on an investment of a couple of thousand dollars. Time and again have I asked myself, is it ability or financial genius that enables so admirable an achievement on so meagre an investment? And as often have I consigned it to the limbo of unsolvable problems with the inexplicable success of R. P. Troy, as matters that no man can understand. Over the prominence of the latter, I am divided between wonder and admiration—how with so minor a degree of mental capacity, and no especial advantages of manner or looks, a man can win two political places within three months, when the city is full of unemployed talent and physical beauty.

* * *

Unpardonable as it may seem, I cannot recall the name of R. P. Troy as occurring in political history prior to the last Democratic Convention at Fresno. He was then a Justice of the Peace of Marin County, wore store clothes, a pompadour hair cut, and a general air of obedience. The latter, I think, together with the uncertainty of the San Rafael delegation won him the Secretaryship of the permanent organization, and that of the State Central Committee fell his way by courtesy. The princely salary that rewards the delivery of small beer decisions under the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais, I cannot guess, but Secretary Troy, whose letters were directed to the Grand Hotel soon developed a more conspicuous individuality than the unimposing young person who at Fresno had seemed to regard Bill English as on terms of private confidence with the Divinity.

* * *

To the onerous duties of that position he added others. Elected Grand Secretary of the League of Democratic Clubs, he aided in that literary campaign which President R. P. Hammond still claims won Cleveland the State. It is not surprising that shortly after November 2d, of blissful memory, he abandoned the last of his San Rafael suits and bloomed forth in a tailor-made frock of faultless fit and graceful lines. His pompadour stood up triumphant, and to the elegant grace of his *ensemble* he added the fascination of gloves. It was about this time one began to realize the unoffending existence of Secretary Troy.

* * *

That a man whose services to the party had been so distinguished should not receive the reward of his perseverance was out of the question, and no one objected to the post at the Custom House which Collector Wise conferred on Secretary Troy. Connected with the duties was a salary of but $150 per month—much less than the rising young man felt himself entitled to. But, in these hard times, to repine is useless, so Mr. Troy waited for Senator Stephen M. White, whose heart he had won by his gentle obedience and mild deference—characteristics one so seldom finds in a California politician.

* * *

Perhaps there is a gulf between the post of president and that of sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate, but I am sure President Cleveland in all his glory will not more fitly perform his duties, or derive from his prominence a greater degree of satisfaction than will R. P. Troy. I cannot but think how graceful he appeared in his newest suit, gloved, brushed, and admirably barbered, assisting at the reception to Vice-President Stevenson. There was something victorious about the set of his pompadour.

* * *

OVER THE SPIRIT of the Olympic Club a change has come. For several weeks I have not heard a complaint. In the corner of the bathing-room the gossips collect as of yore; they are shaved by the barber who toots so skillfully an early morning cornet; they watch the swimmers and divers performing the impossible in Spring Valley, and never a "kick" comes from them. What is the meaning of it? Are the foundations insecure? Has President Crocker threatened violence? Is the victor at the forthcoming tournament to be turned loose on them? Surely it cannot be they are contented. Imagine the select band of thoroughly dissatisfied young gentlemen actually finding aught about the institution to eulogize. It is incredible, besides being unpardonable, and I direct to it the directors' attention. Indeed, I am given to understand that half the membership has paid the much-abused assessment, in spite of the Pacific Bank failure.

* * *

The era of the forty-dollar initiation fee is destined soon to set in again. It seems the seventy-five-dollar exaction was a trifle altitudinous for the remnant of the city's population that is not yet on the Club's membership roll. As many as a single man applied for admittance and enriched the treasury on that basis, and in the same period two score of promising young athletes were dropped for non-payment of dues and other causes. At the former rate the supply of inchoate champions might be maintained at its old average and deficiencies supplied with as much facility as they occur. As a matter of fact, the atmosphere of the big Post Street institution is singularly clear at present, which, perhaps, is more than can be said of the tank.

* * *

CAPITAL READING that litany of Pacific Bank overdrafts the *Chronicle* published the other morning. Journalism, it seems, enjoyed credit at the institution. The attachés of several organs of public opinion dipped freely into the McDonald trough and are now repining because of lost opportunity. They are not satisfied that the dimensions of their overdrafts compare favorably with the amounts others had obtained, and some have forgotten even to be grateful for Mr. McDonald's accommodation. Curious as it may seem, the very individual who wrote the tale for Mr. De Young's paper himself figured as one of the borrowers. As for the others, doubtless they will never hear the end of the guying to which the entire range of their acquaintance is subjecting them. In the mean-

time there is a general yearning to know how they did it.

* * *

If some enterprising journal would but investigate the series of schemes which the litany of names represents, the result would be a startling series of sensations. What, for instance, is the meaning of the Fred W. Lee entry of $110,000? Merely as a hint to my enterprising contemporaries I should suggest judicious probing, for when the State gets through with the bank there will be stockholders to settle with, and curious revelations may emerge. For instance, I should like to hear Seneca Swalm's explanation of his continued detention in San Quentin. It would differ materially, I am persuaded, from that of his prosecutors, and, indeed, might even interest some of the Directors. But that is another story.

* * *

From the journalistic standpoint, the *Chronicle* made a great killing, and City Editor Garrett is kept busy receiving congratulations, which he does with unbecoming modesty. In banking circles, the question of the moment is, Who gave the matter away? and I am told it is next door to an impossibility now for anyone with a newspaper connection to obtain a dollar, even if the security be water bonds.

* * *

The rewards of nocturnal circulation are in no proportion to the wearisome perambulation involved, but one occasionally hears a good thing. In the *Café Royal*, the other night, a seriously inebriated young athlete burst boisterously through the doors, and genially sauntering up to the counter exclaimed vehemently:

"Hic—I can whip—hic—any man in the house." At the moment his fevered eye met the robust proportions of Paddy Ryan, whose proclivity is that of "bouncer" there. Instantly the truculence subsided, and he added:

"Pretty nearly."

* * *

IT IS THE DECISION of the judge rather than the brief of the lawyer that counts in a law contest. I must admit, however, being impressed with the capable manner in which Attorney Wheeler marshalled the evidence against the Murphy maidens before Judge Henshaw last Monday. Of course, that jurist has the blissful privilege of making up his mind and doubtless will exercise it, still, to my idea, there can be no doubt a conspiracy existed and had been proved. I am persuaded that the individuals who have credited Miss Murphy's story about the manner in which the famous letters came to be published, would have acquitted brother Dan of all complicity had they but heard the explanation of his attorney. It was pointed out that the correspondence got into print because of the negligence of the defendant's lawyers, Foote and Metcalfe. Instead of protesting as they should have against the inclusion of extraneous matter as evidence, they permitted everything to go in, and the other side had no discretion.

* * *

To my humble way of thinking, Dan Murphy is the only member of his family who emerges from the ordeal better than he went in. His letters exhibited him a young man of far more sense and ability than most of his intimates credited him with having. Besides, there is no questioning the single-minded character of his efforts to avoid the contest. That Mr. Foote would accuse him of a desire to heap opprobrium on his sisters is what one might expect from Mr. Foote. It might interest certain of the curious to know that the treasures of Miss Nelly's correspondence were merely sifted. There is a veritable Golconda of epistolary gems reposing in the Murphy vault. Had these ever seen type, this brilliantly sarcastic beauty would have had to seek Darkest Africa. Europe would have been closed to her.

* * *

Among the banking tales still going the commercial rounds, is one about a trunk of gold dispatched from the Nevada of this city to the First National of Los Angeles. In the depths of this coffer were packed dollars to the total of half a million, and with all the solemnity in the world it was expressed from San Francisco to the southern metropolis. However, the divinity presiding over financial institutions intervened between the depositors and their accounts, the result being that a week later the self-same coffer was delivered at the vaults of the consignor, seals unbroken, its contents absolutely intact. The panic having been averted there was no necessity for the coin, which was sent whence it had come. However, these accommodations are not vouchsafed without remuneration, and rumor alleges the price paid for this trifling loan, which was never used, was the mild, modest sum of $33,000—a sufficient amount to enable a man of quiet desires to live comfortably a year or so. And yet, it is alleged that all our bankers are pawnbrokers. Not all, I insist.

* * *

The Misses Marie and Eva Withrow, with their mother, who is happily returned to health, have returned from Paris. As the results of a year's study Miss Eva Withrow brings quite a fine showing of artistic works, finished and unfinished. A portrait of Mrs. Withrow which hung in the last *salon*, "Life," an allegorical painting, landscapes, sketches, and pastels without number attest distinct facility of execution and well-spent time. Miss Withrow gives Leutitia credit for more artistic *isms* in a minute than it can keep count of. Symbolism, vibrationism, impressionism are crowded out of sight by still later and wilder craze. Of Californians in Paris the artist mentions meeting William Keith, also young Mr. Keith, who left here some years ago to cultivate a very fine tenor voice. Miss Gertrude Auld is there, too, studying for the stage, under Marchesi. While in London Miss Withrow was permitted to see the splendid designs on which Burne Jones in now working. They are to ornament one of the great public buildings of England.

* * *

It seems a sin to do violence to so capital a story, but I am told at the Press Club that the Newhall highwayman episode, which has figured in all the dailies, was an unadulterated "fake." Quite innocent in the connection was the popular young capitalist, who was unaware of his distinction until a friend with an evening paper insisted on offering congratulations. Since then the hands have been wrung off him, and long ago he has ceased denials that only exposed him to the charge of modesty. I have no doubt that Mr. Newhall would have acted just as the story described, had so able-bodied a burglar attempted the grand larceny of his heirlooms. I am persuaded, however, he would never think of subjecting even a pickpocket to imprisonment after inflicting chastisement so severe. The search-for-a-policeman end of the tale is therefore not even founded on probability.

* * *

The only good story the Pacific-Union Club has given up in months is about a prominent Londoner, who is "doing" the Coast as the guest of a mining millionaire. The scion of a banking family, and hailing from the world's metropolis, one readily forgives the uncertainty of his aspirates. The centre of a group of attentive clubmen, the other evening, he was adducing his impressions of America.

"Rawther cuwious th' idiom of the Coast, you know," he said, adjusting his monocle. "Funny way you people out 'ere 'ave of expressing yawselves. Faw instawnce, man often says to me, 'Wheaw am I 'at?' I always say, 'Wheaw *is* my 'at?'"

The Witness.

A wholesome and agreeable stimulant is found in that Keystone Monogram Whisky.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

SAMOA, STEVENSON, SILVER.

Samoa, speck in the sea, is again threatening to involve two or three great and distant nations in a serious dispute. Why can't we let the happy, light-hearted and lightly-clad heathen alone on their summer islands, where they toil not neither do they spin, to throw the javelin in the sea and eat each other when good digestion waits on appetite?

Why should we subject them to civilization, to clothes, and the Undertakers' Trust, when every hungry man amongst them is willing to do the sarcophagus act for his neighbor?

A few years ago the United States took a hand in Samoan affairs. Two members of the nude nobility of the Islands were rivals for the kingship, and there was a polishing of war clubs, and the tribal gridirons were scoured and made ready for the merry barbecue which would follow the settlement of dynastic questions by eating the defeated party.

Instead of letting nature take her course on those happy isles, the United States, England, and Germany interfered, and the struggle for a crown degenerated to a riot.

Our consul there was Mr. Greenebaum. He told me of the battle, or attempt at one, in which he backed Malietoa, while the German consul backed the other bare-backed chief. The respective armies of the two leaders stood off, resting on their arms, and the kings came face to face. Greenebaum held Malietoa by the breech clout and shoulder, while the German consul took a like grip on the Pretender. The consuls would rush their men together and tell them to fight. Greenebaum said to his king, "Your Majesty is not limited to London prize ring or Queensbury rules; bump him in the belly with your knee and when he goes over gouge him."

But the craven kings would not fight, and so a crown was lost that day.

Greenebaum got a lot of star-spangled glory out of it by going up town and hoisting the American flag over his king's wickayup, but the fit of bunting lost him his place, and England, Germany, and the United States appointed High Joint Commissioners to meet "unter den linden" in the German capital, and make a great, long treaty conclusive of the questions which might have been settled that morning under the cocoanut trees, if the kings had fought.

Again, why should we not let the heathen breathe according to his own sweet will, and crack heads or cocoanuts as his appetite craves a meat or vegetable diet?

* * *

When the Secretary of State requested the Governor of Oregon to protect the treaty rights of Chinese, if the same were threatened on the damp and sacred soil of his State, that functionary said it was a matter of State policy and told the Cabinet officer to mind his own business.

Recently the Vice-President of the United States visited the capital where this singular Governor is sporadic, and had to be received by that infesting official. The Governor turned his reception speech entirely into a kindergarten lesson upon National politics, and a plea for "a more and a fittener currency." He informed the Vice-President that he and all others in authority would be guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors if they fail to run the United States on the Oregon plan.

Mr. Stevenson is a man of good manners, therefore he did not turn upon the Governor his own swill-bucket, but it does seem a pity that some one educated in Oregon official etiquette was not there to tell Pennoyer to mind his own business.

* * *

In the free silver meetings held in this city and Oakland the money-lender has had his jackets warmed. The "creditor class" has been represented as related to the cholera microbe, and lending money is pictured as an offense against the rights of man.

I have looked over the audiences which applauded when the blood of the creditor was demand by Timothy Guy Phelps and recognized the fact that approval issued from the mouths of hundreds of small depositors in our savings banks. They get five and one-fourth per cent a year interest on their deposits which are loaned to the debtor class by the bank acting as agent for lender and borrower. These creditors join in the demand for a silver standard; they think it wisdom from on high when Mr. Phelps demands that the President and Secretary Carlisle be impeached for not redeeming the coin notes in silver instead of gold. Now, every savings bank depositor has loaned gold to the borrower from whom comes back the five and one-fourth per cent interest. If Mr. Carlisle should pay out a dollar in silver to redeem a coin note, it would mean that the gold dollar which now stands behind the silver dollar is withdrawn, and the silver dollar, falling at once to its bullion value, would be worth fifty cents.

Then every creditor who has loaned money by putting it in a savings bank would find his deposit shrunken one-half. Gold would appear at a premium of fifty per cent. The debtor would pay back silver for the gold borrowed, and the creditor, the savings bank depositor, would be punished.

Looking at another aspect of this attack on the creditor class, its folly appears equal to its fury. Men lend money to get the interest upon it. The payment of interest depends entirely upon the prosperity and productive capacity of the borrower. If the lender proceeds to destroy these by destroying the borrower, he loses his principal and his interest, and compared with him the man who gutted the goose that laid the golden eggs becomes a philosopher profunder than Omar Kayyàm.

The creditor class, man for man, is largely in the majority, for every depositor belongs to it, while the aggregation of their deposits, loaned by the bonds as their agents, is invested in the bonds or other securities of great corporations or large individual capitalists who, as a rule, are great borrowers. Therefore, the programme applauded in those meetings would hit in the pocket a majority of the people, for the benefit of a minority of corporate and individual borrowers, who could then pay their debts with fifty cents on the dollar.

* * *

It is arranged that the stage is to be elevated by an Evans-Sontag play, in which the members of the family of the former are to appear. I recognize the pinch which financial distress uses to spur folks into situations from which under normal conditions they would shy, and am aware that this pinch may plead for the wife and family of the train robber, who are sadly convinced of the wisdom of the ancient who remarked that the way of the transgressor is hard, but I sympathize with the community whose debauchery will be advanced by the suggestions of the proposed play and the presence in it of the Evans family. I am sure that if the proper representations were made to Wells, Fargo and the Southern Pacific Railway, the corporations whose presence in the San Joaquin Valley provoked Mr. Evans to enterprises which have failed to support his family, they would put up the money necessary for its present necessities to prevent the footlights shining upon the proposed play and its actors.

JOHN P. IRISH.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

BY COLONEL ISAAC TRUMBO.

Two things, more than all else, ex plain th present financial distress and business stagnation in this country: First, England's settled ambition to compel the demonetization of silver in the United States, and, Second, Grover Cleveland's action in supporting and helping England in this ambition.

England is a creditor nation. The world owes it, as Mr. Gladstone is reported as having said, "Five billions of dollars that it wants paid in gold." England is a money dealer and therefore wants money made dearer and all other property cheaper, and to this end would force the business world to the gold basis. Silver stands in the way of this, and the United States, being the largest producer of the white metal, has steadily been its bulwark as against England's enmity. When Mr. Blaine was living, ever alert and watchful of every American interest, he could always foresee and was always faithfully checkmating England's endeavor to secure the demonetization of silver in the United States. Just before he left the Senate, he introduced a bill for the preservation of silver as a money against England's design, providing "that the dollar shall contain 425 grains of standard silver, shall have unlimited coinage, and be an unlimited legal tender." In supporting this bill, Mr. Blaine contrasted the difference to the common people between the gold and silver nations or the creditor and debtor nations, using England, France, and the United States as the more striking examples of the two classes. He pointed out that while an exclusive gold nation like England may have some massive fortunes, it also has the most helpless poverty in the humble walks of life, and that it is a country where working men own no homes, while the United States shows the reverse condition of a more diffused wealth, with labor in remunerative employment and the working men owning their own homes. He also referred to bi-metallic France, with no such single fortunes as England boasts, presenting a people "who with silver savings paid to Germany a war indemnity that would have beggared the gold bankers of London, and to which the peasantry of England could not have contributed a pound sterling in gold or a single shilling in silver."

If Blaine were alive now, his voice would be heard above all in sufficient protest against this evil day, when a President of the United States is supporting the English idea of completely demonetizing silver here and making this a gold nation also. Indeed, we are upon the extraordinary time when we see an American President not only refusing to employ the statute, placed in the laws of the Republic to guard against just such emergencies as now prevail, by which he is empowered to strengthen the gold reserve and stop the drain of gold to Europe, but also in opposition to the pledge of his own party, setting up a personal policy of his own in support of England's ambition to force this country to a gold basis. Only last year, every political party in America pledged itself to bi-metallism, and Cleveland, in accepting the nomination of his own party, accepted and approved of this

declaration. Yet, now, repudiating his own and his party's pledge of last year, he becomes the powerful ally of England's design against silver in America, accepts the edict of the European banks in New York, and, regardless of the commercial distress prevailing, the contracting money market, the breaking banks, the tumbling business houses, the closing factories, and the shrinking prices of products and labor, puts the war against silver above anything else and is preparing to use the mighty persuasion of his patronage to usurp and control the legislative power of the government and compel the repudiation of silver as money.

Cleveland and his supporters would not only repudiate silver and betray the real interests of this country, but they seek to make this great subject appear as something trivial, a local subject merely, a Western question, interesting only the owners of silver mines. Instead, it is a question affecting every family and every community and every home in the United States. Already the threatened repudiation of silver has thrown a million of laborers out of employment, bringing distress to that many homes; and, for the first time in American history, the working people of large cities are being fed in midsummer by the hand of charity.

In a country whose business is done on the credit system, bankers who are supporting Cleveland's English ideas of a gold basis have made such a banker's panic and fear that the system of discounts has been practically suspended over the whole country, and business men and manufacturers compelled to narrow and lessen all business, and many of them to stop altogether. This is true East and West and North and South. Not only is California's fruit crop largely rotting in the orchards to-day, and California's workmen for the first time going without employment, because of the banks hoarding the money of commerce and trade, as against the prevailing danger and fear, but in the oldest and wealthiest States in the Union as well are factories stopping, business men failing and working people going hungry for food. Indeed, the most striking example of the result of Cleveland's policy is the stoppage of the great Amoskeag Cotton Mills at Manchester, New Hampshire, —mills with a capital of $4,000,000, employing 8000 hands, and paying $250,000 a month in wages to working people, and whose wheels have never stopped before in fifty years. In every State mills are closing and banks failing and distress prevailing. The New York *Sun*, a Democratic paper, estimates that railway and factory stocks have shrunk a billion of dollars since the Fourth of March. Farms and farm products have fallen still more.

Silver is now, as it always has been, the pendulum of prices. It has lost none of its actual value or purchasing power, degraded and belittled as it has been by adverse legislation and hostile criticism. An ounce of silver will buy as much of food or anything of human use to-day as ever before.

As it has fallen or been degraded, as a money, wheat has fallen, and so has the price of labor. To cut off silver as a money is to cut off half the value of everything that everybody owns, but gold; to rob it of its value in money is to rob labor of its fair price, to rob the business man of a fair chance for profit, and the factory of its chance to run at all.

This nation is neither unhealthy nor unsound in its business affairs. The banks have larger deposits than ever before in the country's history. The savings banks had in March over four billions of deposits, which show the healthy condition of the laboring people at that time. The banks of issue and exchange had, of course, twice as much more. All the mills and factories in the land were in operation, and labor fully employed.

Now to change all this, and to aid in this programme to force the world to a gold basis, when all the mines of the world are not producing $100,000,000 a year in gold, is to propose to rob every man who is not a money dealer and a money hoarder of half his property.

All the great nations of Europe, England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and all are hoarding gold, and filling their military chests with the yellow metal, preparatory to war. The United States, producing more silver than any half dozen other nations, does not need to repudiate it, either for war reasons, or to secure stability in values in currency. For it fought the greatest war in history with paper money, and its own credit; and with gold and silver and paper money since has made greater progress in wealth than any other nation in history has ever made in the same length of time. Let silver alone and give us bi-metallism again, with silver having the place that the bill of Mr. Blaine proposed for it, and confidence will come back, bringing good times with it. ISAAC TRUMBO.

AN EXPLANATION—MR. HART.

I think I express the opinion of the people of this town when I say that Attorney-General Hart owes it an explanation. Indeed, I do not see how a man who has recently experienced, as he has, the softening and ennobling influences of religion can longer delay making a clean breast of that business at the Pacific Bank. The recent illumination of the affairs of that institution shows that Mr. Hart is credited with an overdraft of $28,000. I am informed that $18,000 of this sum was procured from the bank in February last, while a Committee of the State Assembly had Mr. Hart on the broiling iron. I do not assert this to be a positive fact; but such is my information.

It will be remembered that over a year ago Hart, on behalf of the State, secured judgments in Judge Levy's Court against the bondsmen of certain ex-State Harbor Commissioners. The judgments aggregated $18,000. The money was paid to Hart personally. In his report to the State Controller, subsequently, he gave an account of several financial transactions, but said nothing about this particular one. In February last, however, a Legislative Committee fell afoul of it, and called on him to settle instantly. Hart declared that he was holding the money pending the commencement of an action to determine the particular State fund into which he should pay it. The Committee considered this a trifle fishy, but as Hart hustled up the money and promptly began the suit, they contented themselves with the filing of a peppery report. Hart claimed that he had the money in his jeans all the time, but this now appears doubtful. The money was really in the jeans of the Pacific Bank, and in order to get it he was forced to make an overdraft. All this may be a mistake, but anyhow Mr. Hart owes us an explanation. The question is, what did he do with the original $18,000?

A SKELETON POEM.

Sand,
moon,
hand,
spoon;
breast,
head,
rest,
weed

A MOMENTOUS SUBJECT

With knitted brows she sits perplexed,
I wonder what can be
The knotty problem that has vexed
Her calm serenity?

What deep suggestion clouds her brain,
And dims her pretty eyes,
And stings her with the subtle pain
Of being over-wise?

Can she have let her instinct grasp
A question that o'erwhelms
Her soul, and leaves it there to gasp
In reason's frigid realms?

At last she speaks in accents low:
"I've no idea at all.
Oh, bother! I should like to know
What they will wear next fall!"

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Lessee.

MASKS AND FACES

THE BALDWIN.

"Aristocracy" is a bitter disappointment. I should prefer to dismiss it with brief comment and bare announcement of its presentation. It is, however, a play of such pretention, the work of a man of such undeniable prominence in the world of dramatic literature, that I am constrained to pass judgment upon it, and as that judgment is condemnatory, the sense of justice which must needs be the incessant accompaniment of true criticism, forces me to give my reasons at some length.

Bronson Howard's reputation is founded upon plays of the distinctly dramatic order. The success which he achieved in "The Banker's Daughter," in "The Henrietta," and in "Shenandoah," was due primarily to the dramatic scenes which these plays contained. All three of them are creditable pieces of construction. The action is forceful, the interest considerable, and the characters bear a sufficient semblance to man and womankind to be understandable to the auditor. Each and every one of the qualities of excellence observable in Mr. Howard's earlier works is lacking in "Aristocracy." But there is a reason for this, and unless that reason is considered, we do not do justice to the author in discussing his latest work.

"Aristocracy" is a play with a purpose; that that purpose is unachieved is regretable, but that the purpose is there must be borne in mind. Mr. Howard has endeavored to write a play with a thesis and he has failed utterly, either in doing justice to his motive, or in interesting his audience.

"*The insidious wiles of foreign influence.* * * * *Here let us stop.*" Washington.

These words from the pen of the "father of his country" are practically the source of Mr. Howard's thesis. This he clearly states upon the play bill. It is regretable that the dramatist did not heed the parting injunction contained in the second clause. I should then have been spared the ordeal of "Aristocracy" and you the equal one of my reviewing.

To illustrate to us, then, the "*insidious wiles of foreign influence,*" to prove to us that "*every lady should be queen,*" and that "*wealth in the United States does not, as in England, give its possessor an immediate entrée to fashionable Society*" has been Mr. Howard's purpose. And how has he acquitted himself? He presents to us a number of characters that, with scarcely an exception, are quite untrue to life, either here or anywhere else in the civilized world, nay more, are, several of them, veritable caricatures. He makes these characters speak lines of nonsensical, meaningless purpose, or of bombastic tirade. He credits some of his characters with the possession of emotions and passions utterly out of the pale of human character, and yet he would ask us to consider these same characters types, "representative men," to quote his words, of our times.

With the dramatic construction of the piece I have equal fault to find. There is not a scene in the entire play which is interesting. The single situation which approaches force, the *finale* of the third act, though too well foreshadowed, is arrived at by laborious and wearying process. The emphasis placed upon the dirk which has descended "from generation unto generation" is inartistic, and its subsequent use contradictory of the speech of the Prince, who declares it a poor weapon against the deadly revolver, and yet when, a moment later, the weapons lay side by side under his hand, he chooses the former.

The last act of the piece is but a commonplace endeavor to unravel a most maladroitly entangled skein full of knots that are entirely improbable and far-fetched in their making. The introduction of what, by courtesy and for the sake of clarity, must be called the "comedy scenes" is at variance with good taste and good playwriting. The characters of Sheridan Stockton (do we rear such lads in California?) The Earl of Caryston-Leigh and of Katherine Laurence are entirely superfluous and could be excused only as "provokers of merriment." Their provocations are of quite a different kind. Finally, the last scene of all is, to my mind, cheap claptrap and bald and unmoving to such a degree that Monday night's audience left the theatre in what can only be called a funereal mood.

It is a distinct satisfaction to turn from consideration of Mr. Howard's work to that of Mr. Palmer's players. It is, indeed, regretable that such competent performers as these should not be seen in some more fitting vehicle. Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Faversham have the two leading roles among the men. Both did as well as could be expected under the trying circumstances, although I should have preferred just one touch of fire in the latter's performance; it would have served to emphasize the repression admirably portrayed in the balance of it. I like Barrymore's force and his manliness, and, above all, he is always intelligent. Mr. Bond's acting in the absurd caricature of a French nobleman won him the only scene call of the evening. It was good farcical acting, horribly out of place and tune. This, however, is no fault of Mr. Bond's. Miss Hampton, as Virginia, was a very pleasant surprise. It is some time since this young actress has been seen here, and her progress is both notable and praiseworthy. She is very sweet and fair to look upon, in her weak and unnatural part, and reads her lines with much intelligence and in a very pleasant voice. Miss Walsh is interesting—she always is. The benefit of an admirable training in Shakesperean plays, coupled with much natural talent, makes her performances finished and agreeable. The court dresses worn by these two ladies, and by Miss Adams as well, made a distinct impression upon the feminine portion of the audience.

The reopening of the California on Monday was attended by an audience of goodly size and generous disposition. I did not have an opportunity of seeing "The Face in the Moonlight" on Monday night, as the more pretentious production at the Baldwin demanded my attention. Tuesday night, that admirable melodrama, D'Ennery's "Monbars," was the bill. It is distinctly refreshing to witness a play of this order after the feeble constructions known to the modern stage as "dramas." The positive genius of D'Ennery as a writer of melodrama is too well defined to need reassertion. It would be extremely beneficial to our budding playwriters if they would devote some time to the study of his methods.

Of Mr. Mantell's performance I have a great deal to say in a complimentary way. There are certain things, in the way of gesture and of intonation, things which I noticed years ago when he made such a distinct success in the part of Loris Ippanoff in "Fedora," which I don't quite like, but there is so much of merit in his genuine enthusiasm, in his admirable power of repression in scenes where most actors would be inclined to overdo the lines and the scene itself, that I am quite willing to say that I know of no one who has visited us in a long time who has given me more satisfaction. Mr. Mantell is a handsome man, but I am forced to say that he still has much to learn in the way of make-up. In the last act of "Monbars" he is ghastly to a degree; the pallor of the grave is in his cheeks, but the voice of the most vigorous in the forum springs from his splendid lungs. Of Mr. Mantell's company I find it hard to say as much in praise.

P. A. T.

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SECURE YOUR SEATS

AMATEUR SPORT

This has been a very indifferent week on the Eastern courses. The Californian contingent remains very far away from the winning post, and I regret to say that I see but a very small chance of any of them doing anything which will serve to take the curse off the unhappy sequence of losses which have been recorded. It is an open secret among the well informed, that the primary cause of the lamentable failure of everything bearing the California colors is due not to any lack of condition, not to any failure in proper handling, nor yet to any shortcomings on the part of owners or riders, but simply to a conspicuous lack of quality. It is just as well to admit, once and for all, that the horses we have sent to the Eastern meetings are completely out-classed. There is not a single representative in any of our stables who approaches, in so far as performances are to be reckoned criterions, first-class form.

I hear that "Tom" Williams has been having a very hot fight with the bookmakers in the past few days, and that the President of the P. C. B. H. A. has not had any too much the best of it. Williams is, beyond all question, a very "game" man when it comes to a question of backing his choice, but as every one knows who has ever had the courage to "bull" the ring on an Eastern course, it is a pretty hard thing to get the best of the wise "bookies" who pay such a splendid stipend for the permit to do a book at a big meeting. "Tom," I believe, has had many ups and downs, and while at Chicago his star was very much in the ascendant. Perhaps the old saw of "lucky at cards," and *vice versa*, has no truth in it; at any rate, I am well informed that Washington Park enriched the Californian's purse in no small measure.

Here is a good story which came to me on Monday in a personal letter from a friend at Pleasure Bay, one of the environs of the great Monmouth Park course, where they have been holding daily race-meetings with but scant success. A certain young Californian, once—and, I presume, still to be—reckoned a very liberal patron of the Palace and the Riche, who is blessed with a good bit of money and a proportionately small amount of brains, went down on the Sandy Hook boat about a fortnight ago, bound for Monmouth. He carried with him some $1200 in the good greenbacks which are the means of exchange in that locality. These dollars the young gentleman had intended to wager on the races, in the line of backing a number of tips which had been given him on the previous evening, at Delmonico's, by a friend. Mr. D—— had his greenbacks stuffed carelessly into his waistcoat pocket. He had been used to the sonorous signal of gold coin, and paid but little attention to his treasure as he indulged in the generous conviviality of the sporting element on the steamboat. His "wad," as they call the roll of greenbacks in the speculative East, was in his pocket, and his long-tailed cream-colored frock coat and field glasses were "just right," and he was, in consequence, quite at peace. Arrived at the track, the young cream-colored speculator started out to back his choices. "He had 'em pat," so he said, and in the first auction pool on the three-quarter mile dash he out-bid no less a person than Griswold Lorrillard for first choice. Three hundred and seventy dollars was the price, and a number of the old-timers looked askance at the cream-colored Californian. With a superb gesture of contempt for small things like hundreds, the young Mr. D—— put his hand in his pocket to pay the price of first choice, and lo! a splendid roll of dark brown paper was brought to light. He had been too familiar with the *fin de siecle* sports on the boat. The roll was there—he had felt of it a score of times—but alas, its color had changed from green to brown.

* * *

The Country Club meet at Monterey in the latter part of the month, I am afraid is not going to be the success that it has been in the past. I am told that there are a large number of the members who are quite out of form and in so far as their preliminary practice is concerned are in no way up to their performances of last season. George Crocker, I believe, is, if quite fit, one of the very best trap shots we have on the Coast, and yet I am fain to say that we may seldom see him at his best. Bob Woodward is a master of the fowling piece when he is fit, and I don't think outside of the Murphys of Long Branch fame, years ago, I ever saw a man who handled a gun with more grace and more perfect self confidence than he does. Donohoe, to my mind, is the surest and the safest shot we have in the Country Club, but I am very much afraid that he is not in the very best of trim this season. I look for a good deal of sport on the last days of the month, but not very great records in the way of shooting.

* * *

There is but scant encouragement from Chicago in the way of our tennis players. The Neel Brothers have been playing a very creditable game in their appearances, but I must confess that so far my predictions have been very well fulfilled. I am afraid that none of our players are of a good enough quality to combat with the best men that the East send forth. Neel beat Scudder in an easy game in the singles at a very creditable score. Both he and his brother play very good tennis when the mood is on them and both have a peculiar faculty in returning, which is in striking contrast to their very commonplace service. I, for one, would be only too glad to see them learn the "fine points" of the game as the result of their observations of the play of Clarence Hobart or any of the other Eastern cracks.

* * *

Over in Alameda the old story of the fight with the Olympic Club springs into new life. I am sorry to think that in the splendid game of athletics we should be allowed to indulge in such small bickerings over the past. I am certain that quarrels of this kind are so distinctly to the detriment of sport that those who have the interest of competition of this kind at heart, should do their utmost to check the rise of unkind feeling which is, to all intents and purposes, on the increase. I hope to see a genuinely "hot" game of football between the Colleges and the Olympics this year, and I, for one, will not willingly allow that chance to be jeopardized by the small and insignificant squabbles of a lot of "cranks" who are neither good players nor good athletes.

* * *

The Olympics are busy at their track. They are working hard at their practice and I am glad to be able to say that there is a marked improvement in their performances. There is one man among them, I'll tell you his name after he has fulfilled my prophecy, who I think has the makings of a truly great sprinter. If this same young gentleman will try hard enough to get himself into proper shape, I think (and I am rather skeptical) he will before long be able to touch 10¼ seconds in the "100," and when he does that I shall mark him down in my books as a fit subject for an "evens" man. Any Olympic man who can run a hundred yards from a fair pistol in 10¼ seconds can, with proper tuition and training, run the distance in "even time" on any good Eastern track.

* * *

"Jimmie" Coleman is in town again after his fishing trip with his "Fidus," and I am told that he does not expect to enjoy a "master's tramp" on the deck of the "Miranda" until some time in the autumn. I was in hopes that the much-talked-of boat would be seen out here during the periods of "lax winds" and "soft summer suns," but it seems that there is small chance of that coming to pass. I shall be able, I hope, next week to give you some details of the "first steam yacht built in California," as Mr. Scott puts it. Mr. Hopkins' craft is ready for the critical review of his friends.

THE STARTER.

ADVANCE IN PRICE OF COAL

need not increase the cost of other necessaries. Housekeepers and mothers can still obtain the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk at a reasonable price. Its quality has been maintained for over thirty years without an equal. Grocers and Druggists.

I am not wishing any of my friends harm when I express the hope that they may all be as well off as is C. P. Huntington. A more ridiculous story than that cabled from London and printed in the New York *Herald* and New York *Times* was never given circulation to. How many men could afford to lose twenty or thirty million dollars and still have forty or fifty millions left? I do not believe for one moment that Huntington has lost even ten million dollars, but I know that the bonds that he holds of representative railway companies, and upon which he receives interest, insure his being a millionaire fifty times over.—*Town Topics.*

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VALUE OF A VANDERBILT.

Various attempts have been made to set a value on a human life. In the State of New York and some other Eastern States the law limits the sum of damages which a jury may award to a widow for the homicide of her husband in a railroad accident to $5000. No limit is set to the damages which may be awarded to a man for personal injuries caused by such an accident, nor to a woman for the blighting of her heart; so that the law is at variance with the logical axiom that a part cannot be greater than the whole. As a general rule, in damage suits the amount of the award is left to the discretion of the jury, which takes into consideration the position of the party injured, the nature of the injury, and the ability of the defendant to pay damages. When Arbuckle, the coffee man, lacerated the heart of an old maid in Ohio, a jury held that she was entitled to a $50,000 plaster; but the family of a Chicago broker, the other day, were only able to collect $4500 for his broken neck. These propositions will now come to the front in New York, in consequence of the recent ludicrous adventure of Mr. George Vanderbilt and Mrs. Dodge.

It appears that Mr. Vanderbilt, though he cannot swim, is prone to perform curious capers in a swimming tank which he has built on his grounds. He is given to diving off the edge of the tank into deep water, relying upon the impetus of his spring to carry his body into shallow water beyond. He was exhibiting his agility before Mrs. Dodge, two other ladies and two boys, when he miscalculated his distance, and instead of rising from his dive in shallow water he rose where he had dived, and only emerged long enough to cry that he was drowning. Mrs. Dodge, who is a swimmer, rushed to his rescue. With the impulse of a drowning man, he seized her round the neck with his arms and wound his legs round her body so that they sank together to the bottom. On this, the boys who are at home in the water, hastened to the spot and pulled Vanderbilt out in a half-drowned condition; they likewise succeeded in getting Mrs. Dodge to land, but she was insensible and some time elapsed before she was resuscitated. On this showing it will be seen that several causes of action may arise.

Mr. Vanderbilt did not actually drown Mrs. Dodge, but it is not his fault he did not. If he had not been torn from her form by the boys he certainly would have drowned her. And though it seems curious that he should have sought to put to death so amiable a person, and one with whom he was apparently on friendly terms, the law presumes malice from acts, and certainly nothing would imply more desperate malice than to entwine one's arms and legs round a beautiful young woman and to plunge with her into deep water. If George Vanderbilt, being consumed by a guilty and hopeless passion for Mrs. Dodge, had desired to kill her and to commit suicide with her in his arms, he might have pursued the very course he did, and the rescue by a third party would not diminish his legal responsibility in damages for his attempt.

On the other hand, it seems more than probable that Vanderbilt would have been drowned if he had not been rescued by Mrs. Dodge and the boys jointly. This might give rise to an action, not for damages but for salvage. According to the old rules of maritime law, a judge of admiralty could not award salvage for the saving of life merely; but where property was saved as well as life, the latter was considered in fixing the amount awarded for salvage. That construction of the law has been modified by recent decisions, and though salvage cannot be claimed where no property at all has been saved—the claim being *ad rem*—yet still where any property has been saved, it would seem that a salvor who has rescued life might pursue his reward beyond the value of the property saved, if the lives were of pecuniary value. In any event, the savior of life has a just claim at common law on the person rescued. Mrs. Dodge and the boys are certainly entitled to compensation for saving what must be of some value to Mr. Vanderbilt—his corporeal existence.

What that compensation should be is a matter for the discretion of a court and a jury. George Vanderbilt is a multi-millionaire. He owns a palatial residence in North Carolina, and a library which has probably cost more money than any public library in this country. His other possessions probably represent not less than $15,000,000—perhaps much more. What is the value of such a life? If Mrs. Dodge were a spinster, he might marry her, and that would be the shortest way of adjusting the matter. But if she is neither spinster nor widow, the case does not call for connubial balm. And then the boys. But for them both the gentleman and the lady would have taken their last sleep on the cement floor of that asphalt pond. They cannot be recompensed by marrying them. In their case nothing but hard cash will answer. Grotius lays down the rule that in a case of salvage an award of half the property saved may be justified when the risk of the salvor has been conspicuous. These boys certainly risked being clutched by the drowning man, as Mrs. Dodge had been, and held in his iron grip until they ceased to struggle. If they had been asked to put a valuation on their lives on the morning of that day, their appraisal would probably have been high.

Of course, it will be said that both Mrs. Dodge and the boys were friends of the Vanderbilts, and would not be so unmannerly as to set a price on what they have done. But manners cut no figure when millions are at stake. Where a person can acquire affluence at a blow, friendship rarely stands in the way.

JOHN BONNER.

Among other prominent professional men who have come to San Francisco within the past few months we may mention Dr. J. M. Meseroll, the well-known dentist of Stockton. The Doctor has fitted out elegant offices in the Flood Building, and, with his prestige as one of the leaders in his profession, will doubtless soon build up a large city practice as well as retaining the patronage of his patients in the interior, who believe that his work is unequaled.

All householders know that in this season of house-cleaning it is money in their pockets to do business with a responsible firm that may be relied on to do first-class work. Such a firm is J. Spaulding & Co., whose Pioneer Carpet Beating and Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, at 353 and 357 Tehama Street are known throughout the city.

The Haywards Hotel is filling rapidly with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

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—THE—

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

Will anyone versed in the Science of Fashion as depicted by the illustrated, *quasi*-comic, *quasi*-society newspapers enlighten me when I ask why it is that they depict all the women of the *grand monde* at the seaside arrayed in bathing dresses which no woman would dare to wear?

I am tolerably familiar with Newport, Long Branch, Nahant, Narragansett, Elberon, in the East, and our own Santa Cruz and Monterey. It is not so very long since I watched the fair products of the Dinard, Trouvillee and Dieppe Bathing Machines, but never in all this limited experience have I encountered the siren of the illustrated newspapers.

For nearly half a century London *Punch* has been a chief authority to English women upon fashions in dress. Women in England who want to "keep up" with the very latest developments in gowning, regard *Punch* as an oracle.

Life is of all others the newspaper of America that pictures most faithfully the manners and dress of our best people. Chaste, as it ordinarily is, I have known instances when it sacrificed truth to the satisfying of the sense of the male reader.

The latest New York craze is bare arms—that is to say, the dress itself is armless, the deficiency being supplied by very long gloves, which, however, do not, within several inches, fulfill the office of a sleeve, the hiatus occurring between the shoulder and the top of the glove. In the glare of a merciless sun the woman whose arm is not quite what it should be, and who cannot, therefore, help out her defects by resort to the favorite powders, is inclined to say that the fashion is not as admirable as it is said to be by her more juvenile and very appointed sisters.

A friend of mine in London writes me that the costumes at the "Fourth of July" celebration at the American Legation were varied and artistic—Mrs. Bayard herself, in a pale gray chiffon trimmed with écru guipure lace, and a bouquet of La France roses, was a charming figure. The rooms were crowded with lovely *Americaines* well-known on both continents. Among the most noteworthy were Lady Randolph Churchill, in a deep sapphire blue and black; Lady Evans, in a *toilette* of electric blue grenadine, with pale pink roses straw hat and pale blue parasol. Lady Playfair wore an effective pale gray, and Mrs. Henry White, in a "biscuit brown" crépon, ornamented with jet and a big black hat, such as Millais requires his picturesque heroines to wear. Such a gathering could not occur without Mrs. Mackay, and charming and pretty as ever she appeared in a simple gown of gray and white *rayee* silk, with old lace shoulder bertha and *bretelles*, and a bonnet of roses.

* * *

The Chicago Exposition has, in America, affected fashions more than most people imagine. Characters from every clime and nationality have combined into a heterogeneous collection of types. I am sure that if Messieurs Worth and Doucet have improved the opportunity by sending accredited representatives, new combinations of a startling kind must be the result.

A couple of weeks ago I threw out a suggestion to the effect that I had information that warranted me in saying that there should be as little replenishment as possible of the female wardrobe at present, and hinted that the authorities had been asserting, in their usual conservative way, that some very radical changes in fashion were about to be made. The reign of the crinoline and of its substitute, the "starched skirt," is at best short-lived. Either we are going back to the picturesque draperies of a season ago, or we are on the verge of the genuine "hoop skirt," despite the crusade of Mrs. John Strange-Winter, the Princess of Wales, *et al.*

THE REFLECTOR.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

"Aristocracy" is to be repeated at the Baldwin all of next week, and, so Mr. Bouvier informs me, will be played until the very close of the Palmer engagement. I should much like to see this Company in some of the plays in which they have earned their well-merited reputation. I should like to see that splendid play of Sir Charles Young's, "Jim, the Penman." It is, to my way of thinking, the best—the very best play of its kind we have had in many years. I should like to see Barrymore in the title role and Blanch Walsh as Mrs. Ralston. The balance of the Company would be quite capable to fill the other roles. Albeit we would miss Holland's splendid performance of Captain Redwood.

"Parrhasius," a classical tragedy, is to be the chief feature of Mr. Mantell's second week at the California. As a curtain-raiser, a one-act comedy-drama, entitled "A Lesson in Acting," will be presented for the first time. During the week, on a day not yet announced, Mr. Mantell will essay the character of "Hamlet."

At Stockwell's we shall look once more upon that curious concoction of Mr. Gunther's, "Mr. Potter of Texas." Stockwell will have a try at the title role, and I imagine he should be fairly good in it, too. I am very sorry to say that Miss Grey, who was so eminently satisfactory in the previous productions during the "new stock" season, leaves for the East in a few days.

The Bush Street Theatre will reopen, I am told, at about the end of the month. The attraction has not yet been announced. I hope that Mr. Leavitt will be able to procure some traveling players who will have enough talent to lift the erstwhile popular little playhouse out of the slough of despond into which it has lately fallen.

Frank—Wish me luck! I am going into the conservatory to propose to Miss Darlington.

Harry—Well, brace up, old man. You look frightfully depressed.

Frank—Ah yes! I fear I am going into a decline.—*Truth.*

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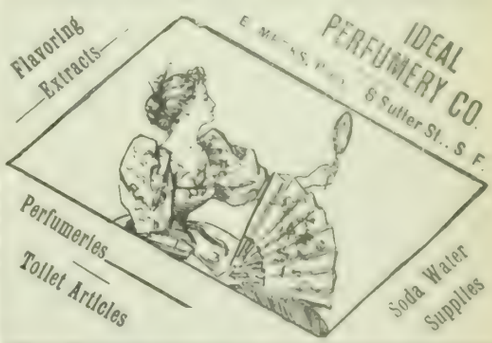

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LIBRARY NOTES

"A Cathedral Courtship," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, contains no more than the courtship. It might as well have been written by a heathen who had never put foot inside a sacred edifice for all we are told about the beauties of cathedrals. I fancied many charming speeches made in the "dim religious light" of solemn aisles—love through stained-glass windows. Instead there are only a few silly conversations between two young people behind the unsuspecting back of a stupid chaperone. Even the Burgos Cathedral, that most fascinating of places, where the stones seem to move with the changing shadows, so wonderfully are they carved, is entered and passed with nothing more than an allusion to its height or breadth, or something equally accurate. I think even a few extracts from guide books might have been an improvement.

"Penelope's English Experiences" in the same book, are not much in the way of "experience," as it is understood outside of England. Penelope's consist in her determination to live for art, a very every-day attack of honest love and the prompt breaking of that same vow. I could hear the bride bells chiming in the distance, even before the man in the story made his appearance. Indeed, Penelope was so willing to be loved, I thought she would have to wait for leap year.

The Fate, or whatever you care to call it, which "providently caters for the sparrow" has at last turned the attention of Bret Harte from maligned California. For a brief breathing space at least her sudden fortunes, her bloodthirsty men and invincible women will not be held up in the garish light of the end of the century by this man who never gets beyond her beads and blanket age.

In "Sally Dows and Other Stories" we are taken to the South—the South just after the war, however, so there is plenty of room for adventure and bloodshed. As long as my State pride is not at stake I can admire Bret Harte's methods a bit, but I must say that Sally, meeting a man for the first time and immediately taking him up on to the cornice of the house to help her tack up vines, seems to me a bit of a stretch of even Southern hospitality. For the end there is the customary struggle between the black servants and their masters, and many exceptions and heroes are proved.

"The Vyvyans, or the Mystery of the Rue Bellechasse," by Andrée Hope, fulfills its title's promise. In it there is a shocking murder, a faithless husband, a heart-broken wife, a score of disappointed lovers, and several irate fathers. The heroine is one of those unfortunate creatures with a face "to go mad about—a face to drag a man's heart out of him, but nevertheless one that may, perchance, turn him into a savage despot did it not drive him mad in a frenzy of despair." It falls rather short of all this, however, when put to that crucial test marriage for the only man this face brightened for leaves her to die neglected. The story wanders aimlessly through many blood-curdling scenes and finally ends on a scaffold. The mystery is all cleared up in the fact that there never was any. The prologue—that ancient appetizer to a dreary feast of stupidity—shows one the whole story without the trouble of reading the book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Sally Dows," by Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. For sale by all book stores.

"A Cathedral Courtship," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. For sale at all book stores.

"The Vyvyans," by Andrée Hope. Rand, McNally & Co., publishers. For sale at all book stores.

AN AGREEABLE RESORT.

The charms of El Campo may not nowadays be decried. Each Sunday there is an increase in the popularity of this beautiful resort. The music, the clear, delicious air of San Rafael, the tempting and beautiful grounds are magnets to the pleasure-loving public. Each Sunday there is an increase in the attendance, and it seems that the railway management is to be congratulated on the manner of its administration, for in the complexion of the crowds gathered there has been a remarkable change. Nowadays one may take there not only one's best girl but one's sainted parents and have no apprehension of their encountering the element in the rough. The fine steamer "Ukiah" leaves Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 10:30 A. M. and 1:45 P. M. Returning, the steamer leaves El Campo at 12:45 and 5 P. M. The following will be to-morrow's programme:

1 March, "Midwinter Fair" ..... Blum
2 Overture, "Poet and Peasant" ..... Suppe
3 Romanza for Baritone, "L'Eclair" ..... Halevy
Mr. Thos. Lowans.
4 Serio-Comic Jamboree ..... Offenbach
With Solos and Variations for Cornets and Clarinets.
5 Waltz, "Dreams of Childhood" ..... Waldteufel
6 Selections, "Il Trovatore" ..... Verdi
7 Overture, "Black Mantles" ..... Bucalossi
8 Spanish Fantasia, "La Paloma" ..... Missud
9 Potpourri, "A Night in Berlin" ..... Hartmann
With Solos for Trombone and Euphonium.
10 Waltz, "Beggar Student" ..... Milloecker
11 Caprice, "Among the Alps" ..... Conradi
12 Galop, "In the Swim" ..... Davis

"That poet is a genius."

"Why?"

"He rhymes raiment with payment. Tailors will tell you that that really is a new idea, the two go together so seldom."—*Truth.*

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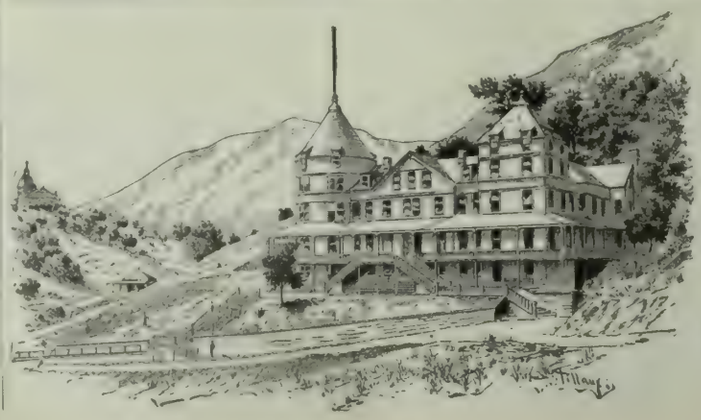

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SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Tradition until lately has held San Francisco to be uninterested in music. Public esteem was bestowed where little art and much muscle rioted. Belief in an unregenerate taste was firm, a handsome warrant of Philistinism could have been comfortably sustained. Change of feeling runs rapidly opposite, and should this stream suffer no let or hindrance, in little time this will be a place steadily interested. For a local afternoon concert during July, last Friday's programme had an extreme drawing power. At such a season no larger audience could have been expected, and without showing rapturous enthusiasm, the large gathering appeared continuously in sympathy with a diverse programme.

Once a month is hardly work enough to presume evenly perfecting performances with. If the form attained is kept with but slight deflection, nothing further can be asked. Until the season proper comes, as much finish as was gained will scarcely be heard. A Strauss waltz, "Sounds from the Vienna Forest," sandwiched betwixt Liszt's *E flat Concerto* and the Seventh Symphony, may be a curious finding, but local taste is nothing if not cosmopolitan, odd, at least. Popular needs have to be catered for, and an appetite for Strauss is not to be disallowed, though a different placing of the lilting qualities of Strauss would have added effectiveness to a fair programme. The selection, altogether, was in some way a popular one, the Symphony itself working hardly less strongly than the great *C Minor* upon popular senses. Liszt's Concerto, though infrequently played here, is known to all pianists of ambition. The Merry Wives Overture gives pleasure to all kinds of music lovers everywhere and always, and the numbers from Reinecke and Delibes are written in moods easily followed and agreeable to the average ear. With nothing unfamiliar the interest of the programme centered, of course, upon the Symphony and Concerto. The addition of Berlioz's analysis of the Symphony was a grateful feature of the printed programme, and, it is to be hoped, will be followed in other instances.

In detail the playing of the Symphony had the results to be expected of performances given at long intervals. If not strong in intensity and solid finish, there was enough of enthusiasm, and the public expressed its pleasure at hearing the work so given, without reserve. The *Scherzo* received the best efforts of the body orchestral, Mr. Bauer conducting as usual, with liveliness. Nicolai's Overture called out a measure of nimble, changeful play of color not followed up in the other works given. Reinecke's drear prelude sometime suspicioned of monotony with its dumbness of muted tone, and the ballet number followed each other in sufficiently balanced contrast.

The soloist, Miss Julia Newman, undertook that *Concerto* whose difficulties proclaim themselves so loudly that none may heedlessly pass them by, which is the strongest of its recommendations as a virtuoso show piece, and also is so constructed that the difficulties stand out boldly enough to make the labor of overcoming them worth while, from the technical pianist's point of view. Ideal performances of Concertos where soloist is neither hampered nor forced by the orchestra are rarely heard, and not here where few rehearsals and infrequent performances are the rule. Miss Newman is endowed with ability in many directions. As a medium for the display of talent in an amateur, presumably her selection of the Concerto was not ill-chosen.

Facile, controlled, and well articulated finger work evidenced both natural and acquired technical skill. In playing and reading the concerto so much unexpected reserve and calmness made the performance superior to other examples of the kind given at these concerts. As usual, the orchestra overweighted the soloist. Miss Newman, it is said, intends studying in Europe. It is to be wished she may be directed in a method which will increase the present effective technique she has acquired, by inducing a better style of octave and trill playing and more depth of touch.

Kelly Martin

COMPLEXION PREPARATIONS COMPARED.

The possibilities of discovering a preparation for the complexion which would produce the soft creaminess of tint that poets and novelists so love to endow their heroines with, has long been the problem of toilet chemistry. Nostrum after nostrum has been compounded; mixture after mixture has been advertised. Sooner or later, however, the deleterious material of which they are composed produces its inevitable result. There is the bloom, the glow, but it is bitterly paid for by a ruined skin, by poisoned blood, by general destruction of health and beauty. That the discovery of Camelline is of more importance than many a world-renowned invention is the opinion of many an able physician aware of the ravages of so-called face preparations. Camelline is put up by Wakelee & Co., corner Bush and Montgmery Streets.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth day of July, 1887, [illegible] No. 40) of twenty-five [illegible] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary at the office of the company, [illegible] Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the TWENTY-SECOND [illegible] of August, 1887, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, [illegible] September, 1887, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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PRESENCE OF MIND.

It was past three in the morning when her lawful lord and spouse stole softly into the room. As he turned up the gas and looked at her long, black, glistening hair that flowed in sullen waves over the white counterpane, the usual feeling of remorse took possession of him, and he marveled within himself that he could be so weak as to prefer a smoky clubroom and the society of rude, rough, riotous men to the gentle being of beauty who had awaited him in quiescent patience till sleep had deadened her anxiety.

His gaze wandered around the luxuriously appointed chamber, the very atmosphere of which should have been sufficient to hold him a willing prisoner in his home, and he resolved then and there that in future she should have no more cause for complaint.

Presently his eye rested upon her sealskin jacket—his last year's Christmas present—from the pocket of which a letter protruded in ugly and annoying prominence. With one of those rapid and peculiar transitions of thought, his mind suddenly shaped itself into an indefinable suspicion of that letter. What was it? What could it be? A short mental struggle resulted in his taking the letter from the pocket and finding the envelope addressed to his wife in a decidedly masculine hand, with the crest of the Racquet Club on the back. Just as he was about to read it without further scruple, he saw her, in the Psyche mirror opposite, awaken with a start.

With a praiseworthy effort at legerdemain he slipped the note up his sleeve, determining to say nothing until he had had an opportunity of reading it.

He reckoned without his host, however, for his wife had seen the movement and understood it all in a moment. For an instant she hesitated. Then, as a quick light came into her dark eyes, she said:

"What is that letter?"

"That is a question you can answer better than I," he replied, coldly.

"Don't try to deceive me," she responded. "That is a letter from some woman, and you know it."

"What do you mean?" he asked, bewildered.

"Give me that letter," said the apparently infuriated woman, springing from the bed.

He made no reply. As she advanced toward him he drew back and the letter slipped to the floor. She picked it up liked a flash and held it with both hands to her bosom.

"Now tell me whom it is from?" she said.

"You had better read it and see," was his response.

"Is it from a woman?"

"You know it is not."

"Darling," she said, as she stepped toward the open grate, in which a fire of cannel coal burned cheerily, "I cannot doubt you. I'll not even read it. See!" And she threw it into the flames.

He went to bed thoughtful.—*Town Topics.*

FEMININE THEOLOGY.

Immortal was her soul, she said!
  I inly smiled to think of all
The doubts by her, unknown, unread,
  Who still believed in Adam's fall,
  Nor knew that good men questioned Paul.
  Dogmatic puss! To settle so
  What saints and sages longed to know,
And none had whispered from the dead!

Immortal was her soul, she *knew!*
  Rose lips exposed her ignorance
Of any other point of view
  With such bewitching arrogance,
  Her eye shot such a spiritual glance,
  That I, half dazzled by the flash
  Of sunlight stored beneath her lash,
Began to think that mine was too.

—*I. Zangwill, in Pall Mall Magazine.*

MAIDEN MOONSHINE.

"Where shall you go, Miss Bess," he asked,
  "This summer-tide beguiling?"
"To London, Paris, and at last
  To Rome," she answered, smiling.

And will she go abroad? Alas,
  'Twas but a sweet pretense, sir;
'Twas London, Conn., and Paris, Mass.,
  And Rome, N. Y., she meant, sir.

—*Vogue.*

The "Christian Endeavor" in Montreal,
Has not proved a gorgeous success at all,
For their creed it lurketh in narrow paths,
And they openly sneered at the Roman Caths.
The end of it was their tents were cut down,
And they wished they had met in New York town.

—*Town Topics.*

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7.30 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis	7 15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore	6.45 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
*5 00 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10.15 a m
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION Narrow Gauge.	
†7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
	COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)	
*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.30 p m
†7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6.26 p m
‡9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	4.25 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations	†7.26 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

Trading in mining shares has been very dull during the past week. On the Comstock there are not more than 250 miners employed at present. The question of reducing expenses in the different mines is being pushed. So far the officials in the Savage, Hale & Norcross, Consolidated California and Virginia, Occidental Con , and the Andes have had their salaries scaled from 25 to 50 per cent. The Virginia Water Company has not as yet reduced its rates. Mr. Flood and the Hobart estate are willing, but Fair and W. E. Dean are opposed. The water bill in the different mines is quite an item, amounting from $150 per month in the small companies to $500 per month from the Con. Virginia and California.

The Miners' Union held a meeting, but will not accept a reduction of 25 per cent until it fully investigates. A committee was appointed to report in thirty days.

One of the reasons very little trading is being done at the Stock Exchange is on account of the many assessments levied during the past few days. Seven mines on the Comstock were assessed, aggregating $135,000. This has acted as a damper on speculation. The news from the front is not very encouraging. From the Superintendent of the Con. Virginia's letter of last week I learn that the extraction of ore will be resumed in a few days. Progress work is being done on the 1500, 1600, and 1650 foot levels. Nothing new to report from the Ophir, Mexican, Union Con., or Sierra Nevada. In the Middle Mines the Potosi, during the week extracted and milled 557 tons of ore, average battery assays $22.77. Shipped to the United States Mint at Carson 437 pounds of crude bullion. The south drift of the 850 foot level is out 193 feet, the face in soft porphyry.

At the Gold Hill end of the Comstock the Yellow Jacket is doing some drifting on the 1200 foot level. Repairs have been made on the 1300 foot level, where they expect shortly to run some crosscuts to prospect the southern portion of the ground lying between the Yellow Jacket incline and the Kentuck. From the Kentuck on the 1100 foot level they are extracting and shipping to the Santiago Mill about 30 tons of ore per day—assay value $8 per ton in gold. In the Crown Point they are getting ready to work on the body of the low grade gold ore they have on the 1100 foot level. Some of this was milled a few weeks ago and went $11 per ton.

While many of the smaller stocks go a begging and the demand for others is nominal, there is a steady demand for Con. Virginia. This is remarkable in the light of the small number of traders. Either Con. Virginia at ruling figures is a sell or else the others are a good buy, for if one deducts the last assessment from selling price there is next to nothing left.

The Morgan Mill, on the Carson River, will resume the crushing of Con. Virginia ore during August. The Oest Mine at Silver City, Nevada, has shipped a gold bar valued at $10,000. The Potosi Mining Company received $6000 in gold as the net result of a sale of bullion, making a total of $13,000 to the July account. On Monday the different mining companies will file their monthly financial standing according to law.

The price of silver advanced from the first of the week; the ruling at present is 70⅜ cents per ounce. Many of the brokers have reduced their office expenses to meet the general dullness that is prevailing.

Mining in the different counties of the State is being actively prosecuted. There is still more or less friction between the hydraulic miners and the Anti-Debris Association. The latter claim that prominent members of the Miners' Association are violating the law in working their hydraulic mines without the necessary restraining dams. This is not believed to be a fact, as the Commission appointed under the Caminetti law is now visiting the different mining sections, and would surely see if the law was violated.

Some rich rock was lately discovered on the 100 foot level of the Irma Mine, Amador County. The quartz assays about $250 per ton in free milling gold. S. H. Frederick and W. Nichols have sunk a shaft 56 feet deep in their mine near Pioneer Creek, and have drifted 80 feet along a ledge of $100 rock, taking out 16 tons and leaving 100 tons exposed. Quite a number of gold properties are worked on the Big Tunnel ground, El Dorado. Wilkerson milled 14 tons of ore that returned $20 per ton; 20 tons milled from another portion yielded $7.50 per ton.

One of the properties that pays well is the W. Y. O. D. gold mine of Grass Valley, Nevada County. Dividend No. 14 of 10 cents per share was declared this past month. This makes $1.20 per share paid to date. Some heavy expenses were incurred lately, and when certain improvements are completed the indications are that larger dividends will be declared. Another good dividend paying gold mine is the Morning Star Mine of Iowa Hill, which has declared dividend No. 31 of $2 per share, or $4800 for the 2400 shares in the mine

Cunha & Co., after a two months' run in their mining claim about two miles north of Yreka, Siskiyou County, cleaned up some 15 pounds of gold dust. Eastlick Bros.' mine at Oro Fino, Scott Valley, cleaned up over $15,000 last week.

Assessments have been levied by the Ophir Mining Co. of 25 cents per share; Yellow Jacket, 25 cents; Justice, 10 cents; Seg. Belcher, 10 cents; Chollar, 10 cents; Belcher, 25 cents; Sierra Nevada, 20 cents. During the month local incorporations paid dividends as per schedule: Gas, $73,500; water, $74,500; powder, $12,000; mining, $67,700; banks, $567,000; others, $52,000; a total of $846,700.

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TO DJALMA.

Oh! Arab Beauty with the lustrous eyes
  Whose silky fringe of light-subduing thrall
Adds depth of languor to the soul that lies
  In ambush there till Love or Passion call—
    If they would wake for me,
    Beauty, I'd give my life for thee!

Oh! Marble Beauty of the supple form;
  How like a statue of some Grecian queen!
A Helen for whose favors Heroes storm!
  A Cleopatra on her galley seen!
    If it would warm for me,
    Goddess! I'd fight till death for thee!

Oh! Darling Beauty with the damask lips!
  Their fragrance bids the flowers droop and die.
'Tis here the bee his sweetest honey sips
  And leaves their luscious treasures with a sigh—
    If they would part for me,
    Beauty, I'd lose my soul for thee.

—Town To

ROBIN AND I.

Sweet is the breath and the bloom of the clover,
  Bright are the dew-drops and cool is the breeze,
Limpid and blue is the dome arching over
  Robin and me in the shade of the trees.

Down in the orchard the cattle are lowing,
  Soft is the call of the quail in the corn,
Gay is the rollicking brooklet that, flowing,
  Gleams in the glow of the king of the morn.

Robin, dear robin, how lightly we're swinging,
  Swinging and whirling the morning away;
Drowsily swaying and dreamily singing,
  I in the hammock and thou on the spray.

Sweet is the breath and the bloom of the clover,
  Bright are the sunbeams and cool is the breeze
Limpid and blue is the dome arching over
  Robin and me in the shade of the trees.

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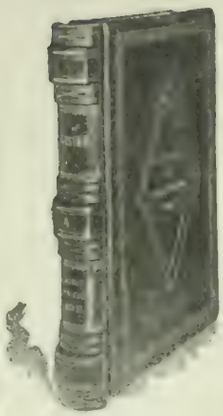

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THE WAVE

Vol. X. No. 32. San Francisco, August 12, 1893. 10 Cents

The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 12, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES.

BOHEMIA is consistent in one particular. Its latest celebration is ever its best. Never was there a Midsummer Jinks to compare with the affair of last week. The annals of Owldom fail to furnish a parallel to the gorgeous splendor of the illuminations, to the inimitable beauty of the music, to the wit and vivacity of the speeches. Buddha and Fred Somers are buried beyond the power of memory by the achievement of Sire Redding. The genius of Bauer has totally eclipsed the melody of Stewart, the harmony of Rosewald. In fact, the Divinities of the days of yore are dethroned, and brand-new gods are enthroned in Bohemia.

* * *

The personalities of the Grant Avenue institution have ever inspired in me a quality of awe so overpowering that I have not yet recovered from the shock of Ed. Hamilton's paper. Inconceivable, unpardonable as it may appear, this audacious journalist had the presumption to fling stones at the idols of my heart. Did he not discredit the legal ability of Joe Redding, the literary knowledge of Harry Brady, the vocal prowess of Villanielle Graham? Is it not true he called the rank and file *pork packers?* The mere fact that one of these penny-a-liners appears in horns and a tail does not excuse the absence of veracity. Call the boys dry-goods dealers, tanners, underwriters, hardware merchants, dried fruit purveyors, teachers of banjo, mandolin, piano, violin—house painters, but not pork packers. Are they not all up in the Pacific-Union Club?

* * *

My respect for Bohemia in general has been accentuated by my observation of the efforts of Bohemia in particular to gratify it. Did not Joe Redding, in the full swing of his large law business, spend weeks among the redwoods designing theatre and illuminations? Did he not burn midnight oil in the production of Druidical verse and ornate prose? Did not General Barnes make among the same redwoods the oratorical effort of his life, and Howard McSherry win immortal fame by the thrilling enthusiasm of his address? Were they not all costumed, painted, decorated for the occasion? Had they not drilled, rehearsed, prepared?

* * *

Undoubtedly the audience was worthy the effort. Will not the admiring merchant lay his cases at the feet of Barnes, Redding, or McSherry and beg that they exert the eloquence they have aired in the redwoods on some out-at-elbowed-jury in the City Hall? Will not the admiring banker close his desk next Friday in order to attend Mr. Bauer's Symphony Concert at the Tivoli? Will not the genial dried fruit dealer who so enjoyed the songs of Villanielle Graham or the cleverness of Amadée Joullin, drink of the champagne of the former and hang the pictures of the latter in his galleries? Of course, that is the beauty of Bohemia. Reciprocity is so distinctively its feature that the merchant with a suit seeks an attorney who is ignorant of poetry, he buys his wine from some fellow who purchases lard from him, and his pictures he selects at the auction of some foreign collector picked up at the back doors of European celebrities. Great are the usages of Bohemia.

* * *

The features of the entertainment after the speech of Mr. Hamilton and the oratory of General Barnes was the clever work of Joullin, who took off to perfection Harry Brady, Solly Walter, and Donney Graham. Everything went swimmingly. The illuminations were admirable, and as a matter of fact Sire Redding deserves positive congratulation for the brilliant success he achieved. It really was a fine jinks.

* * *

AS A FRANK admirer of inconsistency and innovation I cannot refrain from a hope that Mrs. Horace Davis may succeed in reorganizing the Century Club. She was known to have a distinct motive in accepting the presidency, and it now remains to see in how far the dowagers will permit the execution of her ideas. It seems she is not satisfied with the tone of the institution, and her aim is to make more prominent and attractive its social features. Her ambition is rather to signalize her reign by the splendor of receptions and teas than by the brilliancy of discussions or lectures.

* * *

As the Century has been nothing if not intellectual, it remains to be seen how it will receive the Gospel of Society. It may be Mrs. Davis has in mind plans for entertainments at once novel and interesting, whose attractiveness will outweigh the absence of mentality. Perhaps she has in reserve theatricals of various kinds, even jinks such as Bohemia rejoices in. However admirable her intentions, I do not envy her the task of proselytizing. There will be war at the first suggestion of frivolity. I predict war *à l'outrance* between the aristocracy of intellect and the merely intellectual, and I fear Mrs. Davis may fall betwixt the two. The first step of the new revelation is the selection of Mrs. Henry Gibbons to preside over the social committee.

* * *

HAS MISFORTUNE marked the Murphys for her own? As though the letters had not precipitated publicity enough on them, here are they dragged again into journalism by a gownmaker. Granted, as I am willing to, that the demands of Mrs. Sarah Fullerton Monteith were exorbitant, extortionate even—would it not have been more seemly to endure, if only to avoid notoriety so unenviable? At the most, the few dollars demanded would have made but a minor encroachment in the income of a month. If these spirited young women had but an adviser of some ability to direct them what not to do, I am persuaded they would be saved shocks without number—shocks, indeed, that may be suffered with a show of indifference, but which sting none the less bitingly.

* * *

The end of the contest is not yet, but I have too much respect for Judge Henshaw to interpret his fishing excursion with Billy Foote, or his intimacy with Vic Metcalfe as indicating a decision for the girls. Suspicions of that character have gone out of date. Quite by accident did the Oakland attorney obtain the business which has so familiarized

the name of Metcalfe. Crossing the continent once with the Murphys, they occupied adjoining sections in the sleeper. Casually introducing himself as one does *en train*, for he knew their affairs to a dollar, they found need for his services before they reached Chicago. He boasted afterwards of the acquaintance as a master stroke of diplomacy, and said he had made enough out of the trip to cover the expenses of his tour.

* * *

He so ingratiated himself into their good will that the girls turned over the care of their investments to him, and it was a subject of frequent remark to his intimate friends that the income from the Murphy estate and that of Miss Chabot enabled him to live in style. No vulgar court practice for him, he was fond of saying.

* * *

THE NEWS from Burlinghame indicates quite a degree of activity there. Polo is played every Wednesday and Saturday, and some of the young gentlemen have actually been guilty of complimenting each other's prowess. As skill is hardly the strong point of their game, I fear there is more imagination than basis for their mutual admiration. The latest is a pony steeple-chase course. It is being carefully laid out and within a fortnight, I am told, there will be races. Everything, of course, is to be on an amateur footing —no purses, no betting, not even a cup. One must not suggest aught so plebeian as pool in the connection. Undoubtedly a great deal of sport will be had.

* * *

The clubhouse plans are finished and have been accepted, so I suppose Page Brown will put the contractors to work at once. It seems the membership limit has been reached, and there is already quite a waiting list—indications that the Burlinghame is destined to considerable popularity.

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WITHOUT EXHIBITING a violent degree of optimism I may express a conviction that the Country Club festival at Del Monte is sure to surpass anticipation. The preparation expended on the affair last year is nothing to that which President Fred Webster is lavishing this season. He has spent weeks on the scene of the "shoot," has arranged for a brilliant electric illumination, for superb music, inimitable fireworks, besides other conditions and details too innumerable for cataloguing. It seems a pity arrangement had not been made with Professor Holden or some other celestial authority, for one cannot but think what an admirable accessory the moon would have been to the success of the affair.

* * *

It is to the pyrotechnics that the expectation of Country Clubmen is specially devoted this time. There are to be a variety of elaborate pieces, including the Falls of Minnehaha on a huge scale, to be exploded in the centre of *Laguna del Rey*. Those anxious to secure accommodation for this important event are warned to bespeak rooms at once. Dangerous as delays invariably are, they are especially hazardous in this contingency. As a matter of fact, the annexes as well as some of the best rooms in the main building have already been bespoken.

* * *

Mrs. W. H. Howard leaves San Mateo next month for the East. She purposes spending some time at the World's Fair. Her niece, Miss Ethel Whiting, is to be married in Boston early next month to Mr. Otis. Miss Howard's marriage to Mr. Whitwell is to occur later in the fall.

* * *

The dinner given by Samuel M. Shortridge to General Clarkson was a feast from the intellectual as well as the epicurean standpoint. The scene of it was the charming Tapestry Room of the Palace Hotel, gracefully decorated with palms and roses for the occasion. Among the men gathered round the table were brilliant and interesting talkers whose stories, told with inimitable spirit, made the moments fly. Reminiscences of Washington life from the guest of honor, passages of secret political history, anecdotes of great personalities, made the theme of the talk. How fascinating it was one may realize from the individuality of the men who bore its burden — Mr. Delmas, Mr. Estee, Mr. Heazleton, Mr. Hume, Colonel Trumbo, and General Clarkson. It was an evening worth remembering.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Hilda Hecht and Marcus Gerstle, is set for September 14th. It will certainly be the most brilliant wedding of the year. The ceremony is to be celebrated in the Synagogue Emanu-el, and Dr. Voorsanger will officiate. Miss Hecht will be a charming bride, but her maid of honor, pretty Miss Sadie, will certainly divide admiration with her. As bridesmaids, she will have Miss Belle Gerstle, Miss Celia O'Connor, Miss Grace and Miss Rosebud Hecht. Will Gerstle will be best man for his brother. The ushers are Warren Gregory, Louis Greenebaum, Bert Hecht, Harry Brandenstein, M. C. Sloss, and Fred Gerstley.

* * *

The engagement of Ben Arnhold and Miss Bertha Wangenheim has been pretty extensively announced by the dailies. They are very well-known young people, the prospective bride a daughter of the millionaire grain dealer, Sol Wangenheim, and Mr. Arnhold, cashier of the Alaska Commercial. The bethrothal of Miss Wangenheim leaves but three of the original members of the Friday Night Bowling Club matrimonially disengaged, and I believe Miss "Betsy" was the most popular girl in the organization.

* * *

In the city social events are few and far between—an occasional dinner or theatre party followed by a supper is all that occurs. On Thursday last Mrs. Charles Page gave a lunch, at her residence on Van Ness Avenue, to ten ladies.

* * *

Prince Cantacazena, the Russian Minister, and his suite have been "doing" the Coast quite industriously, and have visited Del Monte, Palo Alto and around there. At Menlo they were the guests of ex-Senator Felton, who did the honors of the region with graceful hospitality.

* * *

The Calliopean Club is launching out in good style. It has signed a long term lease for the premises 1620 California Street—quite a pretty residence in the midst of a spacious garden. The house is, of course, to be altered so as to make it "clubable," so to speak, and among the features will be a bowling alley. I congratulate President Peixotto on the success of his administration. During his term the membership has more than doubled, and the treasury is plethoric. That seems like an excellent record.

* * *

A very pleasant affair was the dinner party given by Mrs. Abijah Baker to Mrs. Benj. Woodworth, of Fresno, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wise, at the Pleasanton, on Tuesday last. One of the private dining-rooms, gracefully decorated with roses and ferns, was the scene of the gathering. The *menu* was capital. The guests were: Mrs. Benj. Woodworth, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wise, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bradford, Dr. and Mrs. B. W. Haines, Miss Hattie Whittlemore, Miss A. Chalmers, J. R. Folsom, David B. Bagley, Dr. W. F. Sharp, and M. A. Newell.

* * *

Mrs. Juliet E. Mezes and her son, Mr. Sidney E. Mezes, who has just been granted the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by Harvard University, arrived from Europe on Monday last. Mrs. Mezes is the owner of the valuable tract of that name at Belmont.

* * *

IT BEGINS to be gay at Del Monte. Not the brilliancy of bright foliage or the emerald sheen of verdant lawns, for never have the gardens been more glorious than in June and July past. This gayety is that which is exhaled by the piazza morning and afternoon, when the summer maiden, in her garb of snow, listens lazily to the seductive strains of Huber's orchestra. And woefully lacking has the summer maiden been. Brides galore, and married belles in swell gowns, smart equipages, and Eastern respectability, but only the very youthful or the somewhat *passé* of damseldom. But there is a change in the air, the rumble of gathering cliques, the whisper of gossip, the after-lunch convocation of discriminating dowagers. In a word, Del Monte gradually assumes its summer air.

* * *

Mrs. Hager and her family have arrived, and the very presence of so energetic an entertainer is galvanic. Miss Emily Hager

has as interesting a collection of gowns as of yore, and Miss Chabot, too, has begun displaying the resources of her wardrobe. Quite a large contingent of Popes and Murphys arrived last week and is installed for the season. George Pope and his wife, who so recently returned from their wedding tour, joined the family on Tuesday. Miss Carrie Taylor, one of the season's debutantes, is with her sister. Many more go down this afternoon, and by next week Del Monte will be crowded with the elite of the Coast.

* * *

THINNING OUT a little is the household of the Hotel Rafael. Some few of the families of summer sojourners have flitted homewards —the Hechts, for instance, the Haases, Magees, the Steinharts, and Walters—and they are missed. But many remain to console, and one still has tennis of an afternoon and active games of pool at night. A recent diversion is the music, which Mrs. Lilienthal, Miss Murphy, and Mr. Rothschild, whose voices blend admirably, have charmed the guests with of a night. Mr. Lilienthal accompanies on the piano, and plays an occasional solo with effect. On the evening of Tuesday there was quite a concert. It was the natal anniversary of Dr. Hiller, who has, on several occasions, manifested a great interest in the selections of Rosner, the leader whose province is that of the melody of the institution. From town the leader brought six additional instrumentalists, and besides playing at dinner they gave a most agreeable concert afterwards.

* * *

New music they played—selections from "L'Amico Fritz" and the last of Mascagni's and other of the modern Italian composers. Another diversion was the arrest of Manager Brennan by the myrmidons of the San Rafael judiciary. The City Fathers of the burg recently enacted an ordinance compelling the closing of bars at eleven. In case of violation it was provided that half the fine should go to the informer. On Monday night two strangers dropped in, a little before midnight, at the clubhouse of the Rafael, and after ordering liquid refreshment drank leisurely until the hours commonly devoted to the yawning of churchards. Next day a summons brought Mr. Brennan and some of his subordinates before the San Rafael tribunal, and he was mulcted. Now, over the register hangs the sad legend—"No drinks sold after eleven."

* * *

Mrs. Tevis and Mrs. Blanding gave a jolly picnic to a bevy of little ones on Wednesday last. In two commodious four-in-hands they conveyed their young guests to the summit of Bolinas Ridge, and there they ate and made merry until the shadows began to lengthen. Then homewards in time for dinner.

* * *

FROM SAUSALITO comes little this week that the *cognoscenti* may scent as sensational. Of course, there are the spiciest kind of possibilities in the unveiling of Quality Hill life, but it is always good to respect respectability of exterior as long as there is no breaking out. The observing eye traces the rise and fall of a dozen romances in the mere coming and going of certain men and girls. The progress of affairs can be no secret to the individual ready with a proper construction for current hillside episodes. That properly regulated flirtations help admirably along these summer eves who will deny?—even if the participants have encumbrances in the shape of other wives or husbands. They have the charm of variety—though perish the suggestion of *ennui* on either side.

* * *

Out in the bay the British ship still furnishes diversion. They are very accommodating, these English Captains, and what could be more fascinating than a trip over the moonlit waters, a dance on a snowy quarterdeck, added to the charm of a seductive punch brewed with super excellent "three star." Under such circumstances is it a wonder the moments flit, and it is midnight or morn ere the excursionists go over the side? Great institutions, these English vessels. Where would Sausalito be without them?

* * *

To some gifted enlarger on the versatility of fashion will I entrust the task of writing the decline of boating at Sausalito. Here is the sad fact—this season but little adventuring forth on the calm and placid bay is to be recorded. The evenings spent on the hillsides are melodious with the tinkle of mandolins and guitars, but the plash of oars is not the familiar sound it was a year ago. Over, seemingly, is the reign of the whitehall boat. The launch rules positively in its place, and even that is not absolutely in favor this sombre summer. Of course, there are parties, and the score of swift crafts that the hillside city owns are not suffered to attain innocuous desuetude. They flit and fly hither and thither through Drake's Bay and Richardson's, e'en round Belvedere and the peril of Racoon Straits, but not as of yore.

* * *

The amateur opera at the Macdonough is booked for the second Friday in September. Three boxes have already been sold, one to Mrs. Wheaton and one to the J. J. Valentines. All the rest of the fashionables have become patronesses, which may mean much or little. All the best singers in Oakland will take part, and Dr. Dodswell, who composed the music, evidently understands human nature, as he has arranged four leading female roles. The chorus is to be composed of sixty well-known Society people. The stars are Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Toler, Mrs. Maud Berry Fisher, Miss Goodsell, Mrs. Lena Carroll Nicholson, Mrs. Leccie Sedgeley-Reynolds, and Mrs. A. A. Dewing. The name of the opera is "Mycale, the Sorceress of the Gods," and everybody is to wear Greek costumes. Under the circumstances can any one entertain a possibility of a small attendance?

* * *

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place last Tuesday evening when Miss Gertrude Crane, daughter of the late Judge Crane, and Charles Dunsmore, the Bank Commissioner, were united in marriage. They are spending the honeymoon at Castle Crag, where, I am assured, Miss Jessie Coleman is one of the leading belles. She and Karl Howard have been entertaining the guests with clever songs, dances, and farces.

* * *

More interesting than social affairs usually succeed in being was the reception at Mrs. Charles Webb Howard's, given for Miss Reynolds, of Santa Barbara. She is an artist in wood carving, is Miss Reynolds, and there were some beautiful specimens of her work displayed for the inspection of the interested. Quite a number of women who are prominent for other than social reasons were present, and an agreeable afternoon was spent.

* * *

While it is often interesting to have a mother of Southern descent, there are claims more decisive to blue bloodedness. Though that is the fact, I am sure it would be impossible to persuade of it a certain damsel of high degree who resides on the aristocratic heights of Oakland. Exceedingly impressed with her pedigree is this young person, and liable to refer to it admiringly in the presence of visitors—a characteristic that people have been known to refer to as bad form. Making her debut some seasons ago, she gave it to be understood that no man without a crest might dare aspire to her hand. The story circulated as such tales do even in Oakland, and the hand, rather a pretty one by the way, is still her own. Now, rumor has it that there is a necessity for quarterings of another calibre—a roll or so of good greenbacks.

* * *

In full swing across the bay is the divine law of compensation. For the two shattered engagements there are two new ones. One is that of William Meek, of San Lorenzo, who owns all the land along the Hayward Electric Road—an admirable catch. The object of his affections is Miss Carrie L. Stevens, who is, alas, no Oaklander, but a Pasadena belle, the daughter of S. S. Stevens, who at one time figured as a railroad magnate in connection with the Rock Island System. The other is that of Miss May Bates and George Martin. She is the third daughter of Charles D. Bates, and he is a cousin of the Glenns of Colusa by birth, and a dentist by business. At present the scene of his practice is Berlin, but once married he proposes to reside in this county.

* * *

A SOURCE of serious regret to me these past weeks has been an inability to decide whether Tom Clunie is greatest as a lawyer, a politician, or as a financier. I admit without hesitation my admiration for the talent he

exhibits in each capacity, but it seems the preeminence of one should be determined for the benefit of posterity. About the personality of our few great men too much cannot be known. Their careers are demanded by the world to exemplify the possibilities of well directed effort. Emerged from the mists of obscurity the details of their achievements are educational. Who cares for the how of temporary success?

* * *

Whatever decision the jury of public opinion may ultimately arrive at in a proposition so important, it must be conceded that the exercise of Tom Clunie's combined faculties has ever been to the advancement of his financial status. Eminent as his legal ability undoubtedly is, one is ever prone to speak of him as a politician. Before the people, he is the ex-Congressman, the friend of Bill English, not the adroit lawyer of lucrative practice. Among politicians it is not the dextrous smoothness of tongue or the inimitable, the incomparable effrontery of the individual that commands admiration, but rather the shrewd, financial genius whose clever, subtle manipulation has its praiseworthy consequence in lands and real estate, bonds and mortgages, whose total is hardly less than half a million. And the original Clunie, progenitor of the clan, was no capitalist.

* * *

Between the intelligent Hebrews, whose management of the Anglo-Californian Bank has been so successful, and this interesting and plausible Irish-American, there is going on an inimitable contest. At stake is the possession of the Navarro Mill. It may be there is an agreement between them, which means but the postponement of an ultimate Greek *vs.* Greek contest. To the institution the bank has loaned $150,000, and Mr. Clunie $125,000—the property is worth $1,000,000—not now but in good times. Who will emerge with it? The name of the fellow who originally owned that excellent bit of Sacramento property on which the Clunie Opera House now stands, I have forgotten, but he considered this clever Democrat the one generous and amiable lawyer the Divinity had failed to gather to him. At a period in his career he wanted money, and borrowed it from a bank—$10,000 I think the amount.

* * *

How earnestly his good friend Tom Clunie expostulated with him—"What, go to a bank and pay six per cent while I, *I* have $20,000 that is yours for the asking, without a cent's charge? My dear fellow, this is unkind." Who would not accept so generous an offer? Perhaps it was three months later when this accommodating friend came to him—with a plaint of slight financial difficulties—would a mortgage on which he might obtain a little coin be asking too much of a favor? Made out for the entire property instead of the corner section that would have furnished the requisite security, it was signed—as a mere matter of form, was recorded, and not so very long afterwards was foreclosed. It was very, very cheap at $20,000. As I said, however, Mr. Clunie is rather brighter than most of the people he has for clients.

* * *

Another point on which there seems a division of sentiment is whether the transaction which won Tom the Opera House site was more clever or less so than the Drew deal. That was neat—a matter of 500 feet of river front, which Drew had and Clunie wanted. It is unnecessary to state the result—generous loans made without interest, a pinch, and lo—the deeds are in the name of the adroit, the genial Thomas J. Nor could the despoiled owner blame a soul but himself, for the letter of the law had been observed with the devoted accuracy of a priest to his ritual. Essentially was the transfer the achievement of an artist.

* * *

Unpardonable, doubtless, is my inability to extend his handling of the Sutliffe case the same measure of admiration. Undoubtedly the ambition was laudable, but the execution showed less respect for the *convenances* than is usually distinctive of Clunie's financial exploits. That he got the worst of the deal who dares suggest, but there was a publicity of method that permitted inferences slightly discreditable. That, however, is another story—one of disgorgement, partial at least. They will all melt in insignificance, will these *coups* of the past, if into the capable hands of the ex-Congressman the great mill falls. Never departing from an excellent method, Clunie first gathered an intimate knowledge of the property from his connection with the Tichenor estate. Since then he has loaned it money.

* * *

No man is more generous, more accommodating, more pressing with the coin he wishes to loan. Nor is there anyone more implacable as a creditor. But it all redounds to the honor and glory of Clunie, who is, perhaps, greater in his financial capacity than as a lawyer or a politician.

* * *

THE TRIAL of Mrs. Worthington for murdering her beloved plumber, the late Mr. Baddeley (it seems that the law takes offense even at the violent death of a plumber), has developed a new genius of criminal prosecution. It has been thought, heretofore, that Bob Ferral was the most devilishly insinuating of the whole brood of criminal lawyers, but I am informed that, since the Worthington affair came on, the profession has awarded the palm to his rival in that case, Mr. Dennis Spencer. Spencer was employed to prosecute by the family of the deceased plumber. They desire to have it established, it appears, that gentlemen of the plumbing profession cannot be killed in this town with impunity or other deadly weapons. Dennis is the personification of intellectual stealth. With the forbidding countenance of a demon, he has the voice of a cooing siren. Before a witness knows what he is driving at, he has him down with a poniard between his ribs.

* * *

The youthful years of Dennis, I am told, were spent in the balmy clime of Napa, prosecuting transgressors against the law. It is said that while District Attorney of that county he landed a large portion of the population in the penitentiary and kept the remaining portion in abject subjection to the Code. But where did he get that purling voice, which, like the gentle sighing of the coast breezes among the grape vines of his native hills, lures the witness on to ruin and disaster? That is what the lawyers want to know. Nothing like it has been heard before in the town. Compared to Bob Ferral, John Wilson, George Knight, or some of the other legal luminaries who make our criminal courts a region of desolation and despair, Dennis is as a Damascus blade to a cheese knife. His method of crawling up on a witness, slipping the fatal noose over his shoulders and unhorsing him ere he is aware of danger, is striking and original. He is a very imp of insinuating inquisitiveness. I wonder that we have not discovered him before. I shall nominate him for District Attorney at the very next election.

* * *

THAT Mr. F. M. Smith, the borax king, is an ill-seasoned aristocrat is manifest from the prodigal way in which he is investing his money in Oakland. The Athens of the Pacific will never forgive him for the appetite he has displayed in swallowing up all its street railroads, nor for his insolence in putting on the "dog" that is permissible only to the second generation of Oaklanders. Mr. Smith has a great deal of money. There is no doubt about that, and the fact that it is undoubtable is what has caused the people of Oakland to inconsiderately speculate as to how it was acquired. I am informed that the true source of his princely income has, at last, been discovered. But before I recount the story as I have heard it, let me premise. Perhaps this story is merely the baseless fabric of a dream. It may be the retaliation of the seasoned aristocrats of Oakland for Mr. Smith's sudden appearance among them with a sack.

* * *

It is known that Mr. Smith's wealth was acquired in borax. It is said that the borax came out of a mine originally owned by William T. Coleman, the pioneer merchant, who went broke on the same deceptive mineral four or five years ago. When Mr. Coleman failed, so the story goes, he speedily set about the payment of his debts. Among his assets was this mine. Mr. Smith, who seems to have known a great deal about borax, appeared one day and offered to purchase it. Coleman was glad to sell, and after a short dicker the price was fixed at $50,000. A few weeks later Smith visited the mine, which is somewhere in Lower California, and uncovered $2,000,000 worth of borax. The Oaklanders say that Mr. Smith knew the borax was there all the time. Suppose he did, what of it?

Things have come to a pretty pass in these degenerate days if a man cannot buy a borax mine for a song without being accused of knowing that it contained borax. What do they think Smith thought the mine contained? Smoke?

* * *

ALTHOUGH the generation that knew her has now well-nigh passed away, Mrs. Swift, who died last week in New York, yet lives in the memory of many who still idle upon the curbstones of Pine Street and Pauper Alley. She was the queen of our mudhens fifteen years ago, and during the boisterous days of the stock craze, her strong leadership made the female operators on the stock mart a terror to many brokers. It is strange that no adequate biography of Mrs. Swift has found its way into the papers. She was a character in her day and deserves well of the historigraphers of the daily press; if for no other reason than that on one occasion, when an irreverent editor referred to her as the "Galloping Cow," she went down and cleaned out the office in royal fashion.

* * *

Mrs. Swift was a large, aggressive female with two pretty daughters, who often followed her around the stock boards. She had heavy features, an eye like a falcon, and a manner that easily struck terror into the heart of the average man. An aged curbstoner tells me that several brokers, who took her losing orders on different occasions, handed back her money rather than undergo the daily castigation of her unbridled tongue. It finally got so that nobody would transact her business for her. In the first place, in the heyday of the stock gambling era the business of none of the mudhens was worth handling, and in the second, Mrs. Swift's was particularly undesirable, because there was nothing to do but to return her money in the event of a loss. Such being the case, Mrs. Swift was finally forced to resort to stock manipulation herself. With several other speculative females she, on one occasion, invested in a mine called the "Atlantic." The "Atlantic" did not have a prospect, not even a hole in the ground—Mrs. Swift herself afterward declaring that it was purely a paper affair.

* * *

She put three hundred dollars into it, and induced all her following of mudhens to do likewise. There was a man at the head of the swindle named Robertson. To start the thing off, he procured a "wash" sale on the stock board and then levied an assessment. The mudhens rushed in to realize, and the stock speedily went into oblivion. Mrs. Swift was an "insider" and promptly "squealed." The mudhens, with her imposing figure at their head, descended on Robertson, and demanded their money or his blood. The poor man, accustomed to dealing with the submissive male gudgeon, was thrown into a violent fit of hysterics and left the office of the "Atlantic" on a run. The mudhens searched high and low for him during several weeks, but he was never again seen about the stock market. My friend, the curbstoner, says that this was the only recorded transaction in which the swindling stock sharp got the best of Mrs. Swift. As a rule, she was quite clever, and was reputed to have made considerable money before she finally went East.

* * *

AN INABILITY at judging by appearances is more of an accomplishment than most people imagine. Nor is the incapacity of jumping at conclusions a talent entirely despicable. There are inferences which the readers of the story of Fred Lawrence's error might possibly draw for themselves. But then, leaving conclusions to chance is, nowadays, open to objection. He was "doing" the Heath case for Mr. De Young, was Lawrence, and had as colleague Charles Michelson, of the *Examiner*. After the troublous scenes of the day had been turned into journalese, the twain invariably set out after adventure, and contrived, in their quiet way, to have a great deal of fun. By the summer damsels of Fresno they were made much of, and that both did not leave hands as well as hearts there, is evidence, perhaps, that the pen is mightier than the Code.

* * *

They were introduced one perfect afternoon to the pretty daughter of a gaunt Missourian rancher, and to win her favor, Lawrence exhibited the full repertoire of his fascinations. Certainly he made an impression and was invited down to meet papa, who at the time was on his way from the metropolis. Seemingly the old gentleman did not take kindly to the aspect of either scribe and manifested a degree of coldness unflattering as it was unexpected.

"Guess he thinks because we've got collars and ties on we're dudes," said Lawrence, who is never without one kind of theory or other. "We've got to show him we're of the same build as himself."

Next day whom should they meet but the old gentleman looking stiffer than ever, stroking his chin whisker as he strode through Fresno. Inviting him to drink he followed, with some show of reluctance, the twain into a saloon, and said very little as Lawrence, in pursuit of his policy of conviction, ordered a stiff cocktail.

"Make it a big one, old man," he said familiarly to the bartender, whom he had never seen before, "and have the trimmings all in their place, or the Lord help you."

* * *

He was somewhat surprised that the Missourian should order ginger ale, but concluded the old fellow had not yet realized the "bloodedness" of the men he had met so casually. Again they drank—Lawrence a ferocious rum toddy, and his guest, Apollinaris. He continued glummer than a glue pot, and as for being impressed, seemed absolutely oblivious of the journalist's prowess. They parted without a renewal of the invitation to "come up and see my gal," which both had hoped for, and, of course, retired disconsolate. The species of grievous error they had been guilty of they realized at a temperance gathering some few nights later. There the Missourian, in a collar, cuffs, and other accessories of civilization, occupied the centre of the stage as they entered, and was giving out a hymn.

It seems he was the leader of the county prohibition party. To make the situation more cruel—there beside him, more charming than ever, was the pretty daughter.

* * *

JUDGE LEVY, of Department 10 of the Superior Court, enjoys the dazzling honor of having the most distinguished Bailiff who ever preserved the peace in a San Francisco temple of justice. I do not know whether the Court is aware of the important character of its protector, but if it is not the time is ripe for the discovery. Judge Levy's Bailiff bears the historic name of John Mannix, familiarly known as "Jack," who, eighteen years ago, constituted the muscular fibre of the then potent political firm of Mannix & Brady. Owen Brady, the junior partner, known to the sacrilegious scribblers of the time as "Kidney Foot" Brady, so called because the ball of his foot was said to make a dent in the earth whereupon he walked—has long since gone to that mysterious bourne whence no wayfarer ever returns.

* * *

But Mannix, erect and stalwart, though albeit somewhat grizzled with approaching age, still survives to remind one of the halcyon days in this town when ballot boxes were playthings and politics an exact science. The other day in Judge Levy's Court when I saw Jack whack the desk and exclaim, "Hear ye, hear ye, the Superior Court is now in session," I imagined that in the poise of his mallet I discerned the ancient swing with which he used to carrom upon the craniums of the inconsiderate voters who persisted in standing in line at his primary after he had ordered them to abandon their suffrages and go home. The last notable occasion on which I saw Jack, prior to the revelation of him in Judge Levy's Court, was when, twenty years ago, he was disappearing out of the back door of a Fourth Ward polling place with a ballot box beneath his arm.

* * *

Jack's last appearance on the political stage was in 1876 when he and Owen Brady, with the machine then at their command, endeavored to return William A. Piper to Congress. Piper was too heavy a load, however, and the bosses met a Waterloo defeat. Power rapidly slipped away from them after that, and in the campaign of 1878 they went into a universal eclipse. But Jack's peculiar executive ability has not abated a jot. Last week two fat policemen and a spider-legged Bailiff in Judge Seawell's Court were impotent to restrain the crowd that rammed and jammed itself into the presence of the Worthington female who is on trial for murder.

* * *

As a last recourse Jack Mannix was sent

for. His arrival was signalized by the familiar "Gangway here." There was something commanding in the tone and the crowd instinctively relaxed. Then the ex-boss, with an expert consciousness of power, elbowed his way through the compact mass to the inner circle. At that coign of vantage it was the work of a moment to clear the passageway and disperse the multitude. From this incident I judge that there is still some good leather left in the old boss. Perhaps his resurrection from the political sepulchre by Sheriff McDade, who I understand appointed him Bailiff in Judge Levy's Court, means that a new star has arisen in the municipal firmament. I have heard of stranger things.

* * *

IT IS SAID that all great journalists are characterized by an utter lack of that provident faculty which makes men prosperous and opulent. It is related that Horace Greeley, the greatest of the newspaper race, often undertook long journeys without a cent in his pocket. On railroad trains, deeply immersed in a newspaper or a political tract, he met the demands of the insolent conductor for his fare with amazed consternation. I have heard that it is the same with great lawyers. So little value does the immeasurable legal mind place upon the mighty dollar that to it it is an ogre rather than a minister of grace. It is said that the late Hall McAllister would lose $5000 at poker with less perturbation than I would lose a nickel through the grating of a sidewalk. It has often, therefore, occurred to me that in all considerable intellects there must be a poverty of acquisitiveness.

* * *

These reflections have been conjured up by a recent story of the travels of a local journalistic light. I shall not give his name. That would be cruel. Expectant tailors and overpowering boarding-house sharks might make unhallowed use of the information. A week or so ago he undertook a lengthy journey for healthy recreation. Rumor hath it that before he started a faithful friend saw that his pockets were well lined with the turgid metal of which there is now so great a scarcity in the marts of trade. His Mecca was the World's Fair, but at Reno a plaintive message reached his friend bearing this import: "Broke. Send me a hundred." At Salt Lake another came: "Busted again. Send me another hundred." As though indicating an extraordinary interregnum of skillful financiering, a humane response to this last message was succeeded by a long silence. It was a week of doubts and surmises. Then came this brief and pregnant word on the wings of the lightning: "Can't get any further. Start back to-night."

* * *

The days of desperate want and monetary shifts, as outlined in these abbreviated messages, were the subject of a consultation among the immediate friends of the absent journalist, and it was decided that one of them should cross the bay and meet him at Sixteenth Street. This affecting spectacle took place in a Pullman car. As the visitor boarded the train the returning pilgrim stood in the drawing-room undergoing a vigorous brushing at the hands of the attentive and expectant colored porter. He looked well—in good flesh and amply fed. "Hello, old man," exclaimed the intercepting scribe, warmly grasping the outstretched palm, "you're looking fine. Had a bully time, eh?" "Bully be hanged; (aside) "give me a gilpin with which to fee this coon. I am in a state of financial absquatulation." The dollar was produced and handed over to the porter. Later the pilgrim was curiously asked, "Are you so thoroughly cleaned out as that?" "Oh, no," responded the traveler; "I have a nickel to ride up town on. I calculate on standing Peter off for dinner to-night, and tomorrow I'll get to work and put the cashier's eye out ere the fire-flies light their nocturnal lanterns. I have been nearer to bedrock than this many a time."

* * *

THE SUGGESTION of intelligence and ability conveyed by the personality of Paymaster Sullivan persuades me he is sure of vindication. No one accustomed to accounts is ever foolish enough to place himself in so painful a fix, and the explanation he offers is comprehensible as well as adequate. He is confident, I believe, of exoneration by the Court Martial, but even if its verdict is the reverse no criminality can be charged, because he took the precaution to telegraph on to Washington the amount of the discrepancy between his cash and the Government account. Personally, Sullivan is a very handsome man, of fine physique, and somewhat pompous manner. He is a Baltimorean, and moves in a very swell New York set.

* * *

The Paymaster has private means, and his wife is quite wealthy, so the necessity for embezzlement is not apparent. That he is quite an epicure, and spends money with considerable freedom, is very true, but not in excess of his income. Interesting in the connection is the fact that he is the Sullivan whose positive criticism on the Behring Sea controversy, some time ago, attracted such pointed attention. If I am not mistaken he boldly stated that the United States was wrong, and great thereat was the wrath of the Navy department. I believe the Paymaster has determined on relinquishing the specious fame of the service, and purposes retiring into private life after the Court's verdict is announced. He is said to possess more than ordinary business acumen.

* * *

THAT EMINENT faith in the discretion of Secretary H. J. McCoy, of the Y. M. C. A. so long the surviving article of my amended creed, has received a shock. For years have I believed him the most diplomatic of managers, the most adroit of manipulators, but not another second is the assumption tenable. For so great an occasion as the foundation stone ceremony, on Saturday last, his arrangements attained a scandalous inadequacy. Out in the street, swept by an embryo tornado, was the speaker's stand. No protection from dust or fog—none of the conveniences that one dares look for on such an occasion. My sympathy went out to Mr. Gibbs, to Orator Barnes, and to Bishop Nichols, whose vocal efforts were tattered into sonorous fragments, clamorous cable cars, or gusts of climate.

* * *

Otherwise, the ceremony was adequate. Will Barnes, who is an even and graceful speaker, has the knack of setting the proper words to an occasion. With his excellent delivery and the ability to be interesting, if oratorical, he bids fair to inherit the popularity of his parent with a manner and matter distinctly individual. Between climate and cable cars his periods were somewhat gruffly punctuated, but he won the applause of the crowd that was denied to the somewhat platitudinous letters of Mayor Ellert and Irving Scott. I do hope the inimitable McCoy, whose beaming smile is so appreciative of every virtue save economy in capitalists, will make some opportunity to redeem, in my eyes, his reputation for equipoise.

* * *

THE ABILITY of Laurie Bliss as an instructor in the football art must be conceded by those who watch his efforts at licking the Olympic team into shape. He is energetic, untiring, and conscientious, and yet the progress the boys make is not astonishing. On the contrary. They have learned a hatful of tricks, it is true, but that their form justifies the reputation of the greatest half-back on earth is not apparent to me. Not to his tuition, however, is their failure to be credited. There is a distinct absence of regularity in the attendance at the practice games. Instead of appearing each evening as they should, the young gentlemen consider they are miracles of punctuality if they attend once a week. Thus it happens that the indefatigable young teacher has to go over and over the same ground, and naturally enough feels discouraged.

* * *

It cannot be said that much talent is being developed. The sprinting set seems to have "petered out" completely; there is no prospect of a single member of it obtaining a place on the eleven. Strange as it may seem, the heroes are still those who played best and most last season. On the side of the youth it appears there is some murmuring against the manner of Bliss, who, it seems, is not the kind of man to harmonize with his material. The extreme temperance of his habits leads him to refuse the invitations that are showered on him, and there is an absence of the appetites that would rank him as a "good fellow." In fact, Laurie Bliss, if a tornado on the field, is the quietest of pleasant, courteous young men, and would get on much better with his pupils if he were less so.

* * *

Bliss returns East on the twenty-second prox. to coach a West Point eleven. I am

told he may play in a single game prior to his departure—against a Sacramento team. His pupils believe they could learn more in an active fight than through general tuition, besides they are all desirous of seeing Laurie in action. Hefflefinger, Yale's great leader, has the Berkeley boys under excellent discipline, and from the form they develop, the chances are for winning back from Stanford the laurels of past Winters. He knows how to enthuse his pupils and puts more life into them than they ever before realized the existence of. My own impression is the big man would have been much more of a success with the Olympics than their own little giant. That, time and trial alone may exhibit.

* * *

The loser profits often by leaving his own country. There is Charles Saalberg whose cartoons were all gazed at without especial emotion as they appeared week after week in the *Wasp*. He is now in Chicago working on the *Inter-Ocean*, having attained a degree of fame that is not minor. Each week this great Chicago newspaper issues a colored supplement poking fun at passing follies—political or social—and Saalberg does them. They advertise him, display him, beg the public to look out for "Saalberg's cartoons;" indeed, he is fast becoming famous and believes actually that Chicago is a great place and that we are slow out here. Imagine this enterprising metropolis being considered behind the times.

* * *

THE BIRD OF ILL OMEN is an evil bird, and I, for one, would wish he might have no nest, but it seems to me he—a flock of him, indeed—is hovering in the neighborhood of the mezzanine of the Mills Building, where the Mid-Winter Fair projectors have their headquarters. Is it perfectly plain, I wonder, to the gentlemen who are foremost in the workings of the scheme, that failure means a great, great deal of damage to the town? If after we have heralded abroad our purpose and desire to hold this exposition here, we find ourselves unable or unwilling to carry out the project, may we not expect to lose a large measure of the not over-abundant store of credit as enterprising folk, which we now possess? The progress of the past week is conspicuous chiefly by its insignificance. If the fair is to occur, I insist it is vitally necessary that some great and sincere public movement be made to that end. It is not within my province to dictate to the estimable gentlemen managing the affair, but with an exception or two I am somewhat skeptical as to their distinct abilities.

* * *

A gentleman, prominent as a money man and a citizen of public spirit, said in my hearing in the grillroom of the Palace Hotel only a few days ago:

"Yes, I am heartily in favor of the Fair; but if it is a failure, we might as well build a fence around the town and let it die." It seems to me the public has not been made fully aware of the enormous importance of the project. That the average man is approached in what may be called a "begging spirit" is well known to all who have been asked to subscribe. This is all wrong. If we want the Fair, if we feel that we need the Fair, and the general feeling in both cases seems to be strongly in the affirmative—then it is our duty and should be our pride to share in its preliminary expense. Let us have some kind of a popular demonstration, some sort of genuinely enthusiastic gathering in which the public sentiment in the matter may be voiced, and by which a thorough and hearty support of the cause may be engendered.

* * *

VERY FASHIONABLE does the game of whist become. There are half a dozen teachers here whose whole time is devoted to elucidating the mysteries of "leads" and "suits." It is no longer safe to plead ignorance of the art of trumping, and, in its vogue, the sins of the game have gone from venial to mortal. In Boston she who cannot play whist is regarded as one of neglected education; more safely may she plead ignorance of French or the piano—of needlework even, for the craze has become pre-eminent, and into the ordinary idiom has crept the slang of the game. Unlike the Hub we are not specially cultured here, but it often pleases us to carry things to extremes, and why not whist? Next season we will have no more "hearts" or "progressive euchre" or any such twaddle of cards, but the respectable, intellectual game that may afford a reasonable excuse for a gathering.

* * *

Already the membership in the Whist Club climbs into the hundreds. A month ago it reached its second century and ten new names are up for admission. Indeed, before the year is out, with the intense interest the game arouses, I am persuaded there will be three hundred—more perhaps. That, at least, is the conservative estimate of President Payot. To arrive here soon is Miss Wheelock, the champion player of the country, the gifted lady who has won laurels and rubbers from the cleverest hands in Boston. She purposes passing the season here, and doubtless will lead the movement to triumphant and absorbing popularity. In the meantime it might be well to add that "hearts" and "euchre" are absolutely out of date.

* * *

It brings back memories of those splendid, stentorian tones of the masterful McCullough to meet Miss Virginia Tracey, a young girl of some eighteen years who is here with the "Aristocracy" company. "Where is my daughter?" how the splendid voice reverberated through the theatre when the mighty John portrayed Virginius, and here, at the present moment, a daughter of his own, bearing upon her intelligent face the unmistakable stamp of her parentage, is unheralded among us. I had the pleasure of meeting the girl some days ago. She is engaged in the arduous and most unsatisfactory task of being understudy to *all* the female roles in the play. I found her full of simple enthusiasm and possessed of an intelligence of rare scope for one of her years. Truly, blood will tell.

* * *

SOMEONE has dubbed Colonel Kowalsky the Tom Ochiltree of California. Not only is he inimitable as a story teller, but so extensive is his repertoire that he is in a position to defy repetition. Of course, that is not saying he does. His latest tale has for its scene of action the improvised courtroom of the Justice of the Peace of Baden. A busy personage is this judicial officer of the new stockyard town—in connection with his labors in the cause of law, he presides adroitly over a saloon, in which, after trial, the successful litigant has the opportunity to "set 'em up," while for the vanquished is the chance of drowning his chagrin in steam beer.

* * *

The cause in question was the manner of butchering an especial steer, a matter in which principle rather than dollars was at stake. Seated at a small green table with a slit in it, was the Judge. Around were sundry stockmen, and Lawyers Kowalsky and Heaney with their law books. After the preliminaries, the first witness, a big rawboned drover, Kelly by name, was called.

"Take the chair there, Mike," said the Judge courteously, waving his hand towards a vacant cane-bottom near a spittoon.

The witness strode up, seized the unoffending seat in his big strong hands, and with a glance of expectancy towards the jurist, asked:

"An fwhat 'll I do wid it, Joodge?"

The Witness.

No wonder a success is made where such a fine article as Keystone Monogram Whisky is offered the public.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HONOLULU, THE SWITZERLAND OF THE SEAS.

It is reported that President Cleveland will recommend the independence of Hawaii, with non-interference in the affairs of that country guaranteed by the United States.

In my judgment this policy is the best for Hawaii, as it surely is for the United States.

There is not a colony on the planet that flourishes as would an equal population in the enjoyment of an independent government.

When populations under the same government are divided by desert or sea, the effects of colonial conditions appear.

Our own Pacific Coast population suffers this evil in a modified form. It is remote from the commercial and political centres of the country, is under peculiar physical and climatic conditions, there is not that continuity of population and institutions between it and the rest of the country that is between the Missouri River and the Atlantic Coast. When the train coming west leaves Pine Bluff, it passes through no continuous settlements until it enters California. The communities are isolated and no longer in touch.

It is further from the Sacramento to the Potomac than from the Thames to the Tiber—further from San Francisco to Washington than from Babylon to Rome, and in its widest reach Britain and Babylon wear the geographical extremes of the Roman Empire.

Honolulu is a week by steam from San Francisco; in distance, more than 5000 miles from Washington. Annexation of Hawaii means that it is to be subject to colonial conditions, no matter by what name its relation is to be called. In peace it will be weak and dependent, in war, exposed and defenseless. It brings no strength to us, and dependence on us will make it weaker than non.

Its situation requires absolute military neutralization. This it can have only as an independent power, with no interest in the fate of other nations and no part in their quarrels.

All over the world there is respect for the individual character and sturdy independence of the Swiss. A native of the Mountain Republic is everywhere welcomed, with more confidence and good feeling than went out to a Roman in the highest and mightiest days of the empire. We have derived many of our most important governmental features from Switzerland, and the debt of the English and American constitutions to that land cannot be too frequently acknowledged.

Yet, Switzerland is planted in the midst of great and warlike nations, which prey upon each other for territorial or dynastic reasons. From her calm heights her brave people have looked down upon the fall of the Empire of Charlemagne in the person of his latest descendant, Francis of Austria; they have seen Republic follow Kingdom, Empire succeed Republic, Kingdom displace Republic, to again change places and yield to Empire, and finally the Republic rise again upon the ruins of all preceding forms, in France; they have seen at their feet the Hohenzollern go forward from land owners in the Black forest to crown wearers and lords of the German Empire, and through it all Switzerland has stood impregnable and progressive, because her people, guaranteed independence by the nations around them, have used their neutrality to develope in peace the institutions of liberty.

The United States can make Hawaii the Switzerland of the seas. Let the peddlers, who are now by virtue of a mob in charge of that country, know that we will not take it and that we forbid its sale to any one else, and the natural forces which are always in men will work out for it a strong system of self government, adapted to the genius of its people, whether the form be Democratic or a Constitutional Monarchy, no matter. The important thing is that it be independent and individual. As an annexed people the Hawaiians could not hope for as good a government as they can make for themselves, if they are fit for government at all.

In an independent position they are far more useful to us and we are far more profitable to them, than could be if they were a distant colony of ours.

I hope that Mr. Cleveland will respect the right of Hawaii to independence.

* * *

I have no doubt that repeal of the Sherman Act will cause such confidence in our credit, that American securities, which have been dumped in the fear that we would stump to a silver basis, will be sought in every bourse in the world, and capital will leap frog to get them while they are down. These securities represent material property in one form or another, and a rush for them, caused by restored confidence in our credit, will rapidly advance them in price. All prices will follow them upward to a normal level.

In this advance, silver, as one of the great products of the country, will share. The first Bland Act found silver at $1.20¼ per ounce. The Sherman Act found it at 98 cents per ounce, and has pulled it down to 70 cents. So the friends of silver have legislated away 50¼ cents per ounce of its value, by trying to make the Government "corner" it as a product, and the Treasury has been buying it for 15 years on a falling market. If we stop this futile effort and say through the law-making power that the gold standard is to be permanent, that what we borrow in that measure is to be paid by it, our credit will rise to the level of our great resources and the industry and ingenuity of our people. This is the way to increase our stock of money, by increasing our stock of credit. It is wrong to teach the people that it can be increased in any other way. When credit and confidence are shaky $50 per capita of circulating currency goes into hiding just as easily and as quickly as $25 per capita. Confidence, credit, and collateral are the high 6's of prosperity. We can reach them by standing by the world's standard money.

* * *

It is to be hoped that the Bering Sea arbitration will conclude in an international agreement, which in all seas and on all shores will recognize the need of protecting these animals to prevent their extermination.

The whale was nearly exterminated before petroleum rescued him by furnishing an illuminating and lubricating oil, theretofore sought in the blubber of that marine animal. The buffalo was hunted for his robe until the plains knew him no more. Hound and hunter are wiping moose and elk from the face of the earth, and if the seal can be made an exception to this general programme of destruction it will be a compliment to civilization.

In ages past great animals disappeared when nature got through with them. The slothful *Megatherium*, and the sinuous *Plesiosaurus*, the dodo and the moa, disappeared before man came to harpoon them or suck their eggs. Their successors on water, land, and in the air are not permitted to wait for nature's slow foreclosure of her first mortgage on all things, but are hunted and hurried off the scene for commercial purposes, without regard to what is to be done when they are gone.

The preservation of seal rookeries is easily possible. The animals give employment to sailors and landsmen and supply commerce with one of its profitable articles. To prevent the closing of all these activities by extermination of an animal which is so easily preserved ought to be within the sweep of modern wisdom.

Perhaps, however, it is the purpose of nature to send man into extinction with the mammoth, and so he is endowed with the rage against all things upon which his existence depends. If this be so man will some day find himself without fire to cook his food, and no food if he had fire, and be as naked as a shocked oyster, and I hope he will then be ashamed of what he has done.

* * *

The English Government in India recently prevented Mohammedans roasting a bull under the eaves of a Hindu temple. The followers of the son of Abdallah thereupon secured firearms and raised a row in which many of them were sent over the hair bridge to meet the houris.

The American press quite generally rebuked England for preventing the pious barbecue by the use of force.

But there is another story. There are three sects in India. The Hindus, who adhere to the ancient Brahministic faith; the Fire Worshipers of Bombay, the ancient Persians who refused to acknowledge the Prophet and pray toward Mecca when the Caliphs conquested Persia, and were therefore expelled and settled in India twelve hundred years ago; and the Mohammedans who went into India when Timour was Tartaring from the Bosphorus to the headwaters of the Yang-tse-Kiang. The Hindus and Mohammedans agree in only one thing and that is hatred of the Fire Worshipers. In all other matters they nag and abuse each other just as we Christians of various kinds do.

Now the Hindus are meteropsychologists. They believe that the soul travels round in all sorts of bodies, from a tumble bug to a bull. The bull is especially sacred. In every Indian town he is a free commoner, and the best man in the place hopes that if his immortal part has to slip backward it may hide itself in one of those sleek, fat animals. Under such religious circumstances to slay and roast the town bull to furnish forth a Mohammedan holiday, right in the shadow of a Hindu temple, was an outrageously religious insult to all Hindudom, and the British authorities would have failed in their function as keepers of the pious peace, had they not interfered to prevent it.

Let us, therefore, recall our harsh judgment in the matter and applaud Sahib John Bull for trying to keep his motley religious subject from spitting on each other in the interests of immortality.

JOHN P. IRISH.

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

A REVIEW.

No Congress that ever met has been surrounded with greater difficulties than those which will beset the Senators and Representatives who assembled on Monday last at Washington. The times are troublous. A spirit of feverish uneasiness broods over the land. Vague apprehensions oppress the heart of the rich, while the poor are filled with gloomy forebodings of want. Commerce languishes, values are depressed, investments depreciated. On all sides, financial institutions are toppling headlong into the abyss of bankruptcy, or stand shivering on the verge. Capital—conservative, timid, or blindly selfish, as you please—skulks from the light of day and the presence of men, helping, if not creating, by its very cowardice, the panic which it dreads. The great mines of Nevada, Montana, Idaho, and Colorado are closed, and the thousands directly or indirectly dependent on them are thrown idle upon the world. The tiller of the soil sees the result of his year's labor wasting before his eyes. There is no money forthcoming to move the cotton crop of the South, or the cereals of the Middle States, or the horticultural products of California. Under our very eyes the farmer of the San Joaquin sells his wheat standing in the field at less than the cost of plowing and seeding; while the orchardist of Santa Clara gazes helplessly upon his fruit rotting ungathered upon the ground.

What is the cause of this universal distress? The time is one of profound and universal peace. Our relations with the nations of the earth are friendly. No desolating civil war arrays the people against each other, and wastes in strife the energies which are needed to develop the resources and insure the prosperity of the country. Vast regions of unoccupied land still lie open inviting the enterprise of settlers and affording vents for the overcrowding of the great centres of population. Why, then, this general condition of suffering? We have not the presumption to undertake to designate the cause. Indeed, we have yet to find the man endowed with wisdom adequate to enable him to place his finger upon the source of the trouble and unerringly say, "I have found it."

As the great masses of the people suffer from the state of the money market, they are most apt to attribute their condition to that, and, without taking pains to determine whether it is a cause or an effect, to conclude that in the removal of the present financial stringency the panacea is to be found. Hence, beyond doubt, the main business of Congress will be with the finances of the country, or, to use the cant of the day, with the question of monometallism or bimetallism. Shall we, following England's example, adopt gold alone as the standard of value and the only money of legal tender, or, adopting an independent policy, shall we have both gold and silver, in determined ratios, each equally a legal tender under the law?

Since the wisest of men differ upon the effect which either course will have upon the welfare of the people, we refrain, for the present, from expressing our own views and content ourselves with stating what we consider the drift of public opinion. We wholly mistake the temper and inclinations of the great mass of the people, if the current is not, in these United States, setting strongly in favor of free and unlimited coinage of silver. That any considerable number have made a profound or philosophical study of the question, that they have become familiar with the speculations of Chevalier or Cernuschi, or know aught of Gresham's law or Jevon's theories; that they have pored over and mastered the intricacies of the bewildering mass of statistics which underlie the question; or in undertaking to reason upon the subject, would not give voice to crudities calculated to elicit a smile from the humblest clerk of the Treasury, would hardly be claimed; and yet, for all that, were the question of free coinage of silver to be submitted to-day to a popular vote it would, we are convinced, be carried by an overwhelming majority.

The causes are not far to seek. While the masses have neither the leisure to study nor the technical training to reason upon the details of complicated propositions of finance, they are swayed by the influence of certain prominent and simple truths, which will be found to dominate this, as well as all other subjects calling for popular action, and which lie within the reach and comprehension of the humblest capacity. In the approaching contest the underlying thought in the mind of the people may be expressed in the simple formula: that monometallism is a scheme to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. This has the requisite terseness and epigrammatic force to make it the shibboleth of the coming campaign. It ranges the population of the country upon the natural and ultimate lines of division of all parties. It places those that have on the one side, and those that have not on the other. Here the class who possess and enjoy wealth, position, and attending privileges; there the numberless multitude who have neither wealth, position, nor privileges, and whose life is spent in a bare struggle for existence.

Besides, the formula, if not absolutely true, possesses a sufficient semblance of truth to make it plausible, at least. The gold of the world is owned by the rich—by the privileged few, bankers, speculators, capitalists—not by the humble, necessitous poor. The value of gold lies in its purchasing capacity. Double its purchasing power and you double the wealth of the rich. It is within the grasp of the rudest intellect that if silver is demonetized and gold is compelled to perform the double function now performed by gold and silver together, the value of gold will be proportionally increased; or, since statisticians tell us that the quantity of silver in the world is, at the present standard, substantially equal to the quantity of gold, the fortune of the rich will, by the enforced withdrawal of silver, be doubled. If any answer within the comprehension of an ordinary mind has ever been presented to this simple proposition it has so far escaped our notice.

Moreover, the great mass of the people are borrowers. The rich are the lenders. The creditor class are a unit in favor of the single gold standard. Should the great debtor class inquire into the cause of this unanimity, what answer will they receive? Will any amount of reasoning convince them that it will be easier for them to pay their obligations under a single than under a double standard? Does it require any great intellectual effort to perceive that if a debt was contracted when there was an equal amount of gold and silver in circulation, and silver is demonetized, the burden of the debt is thereby doubled—the debtor pays, not what he owes, but double what he owes, and the creditor receives twice his due?

In fine, it is notorious that England stands at the head of monometallism; that every endeavor to frame and adopt a universal system of bimetallism has met with her steadfast opposition; and that whatever may have been the opinions, wishes, or interests of other nations, she has always found means to make their efforts abortive. England is, as it is termed, a creditor nation. It is therefore to her interest to enhance the value of the money which she is to receive.

We venture to predict, therefore, a contest in the halls of Congress which will long live in the memory of men. On the one side, fighting under the banner of President Cleveland, will be arrayed the gold men, the money kings of Wall Street, the great banking houses of Europe and the United States; on the other, the great mass of the people, rallying under the standard of the Representatives and Senators from the silver-producing States. The Nation will look on the contest with absorbing interest, and it may be expected that the blows struck by the champions of the respective parties will reverberate in the remotest nooks and corners of the country. We venture to predict that absolute victory will be vouchsafed to neither side. The monometallists will not succeed in demonetizing silver; the owners of silver mines will not succeed in obtaining free coinage at the present ratio of sixteen to one. A middle ground, we think, will be reached, granting to American silver the right of free and unlimited coinage at a ratio fixed somewhere between eighteen and twenty-two.

ADAM'S TUTTI FRUTTI

PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Chewed For Half an Hour
After Every Meal

A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION

MASKS AND FACES

THE CALIFORNIA.

"Parrhasius," a tragedy in blank verse by E. W. H. Williams, of New Orleans, was presented on Monday evening for the first time in this city at the California Theatre. It received its interpretation at the hands of Mr. Mantell and his company. In submitting criticism of a play of this order one must, of necessity, consider the disadvantages under which a traveling company labors. "Parrhasius" is a pretentious piece of work, having for its subject the well-known story of Prometheus, chained to the rock. I am forced to say that while there is a good deal deserving of praise in Mr. Williams' play, I question its merit as a leading attraction for Mr. Mantell. In its origin the tragic story was compressed into a one-act piece, scarcely more than a "curtain raiser." As it stands now it is tedious and lacking in interest until the last act, in which the dramatic portion of the story is brought to light. The lines are most of them gracefully written, albeit there are a number of marked incongruities of expression. The leading character, that of the painter who tortures his wife's father that he may catch, in the death agony of the sufferer, the expression which he seeks to transfer to his canvas, is, in some ways, a very powerful one, and in Mr. Mantell's hands it fares well. He is very good to look upon, and plays his part with force and much discretion. There is at times a disposition to exaggerate his vocal tones in some of the stronger scenes, and were it not that I know how capable Mr. Mantell is I would not quarrel with him, for his voice is a splendid one. This much I must say, however—no matter how capable the leading actor may be, a play of this kind demands better treatment and better accessories than Mr. Mantell has it in his power to give it in order that it achieve distinct success. The presentation at the California is a creditable one, but that is not enough in this instance.

Of Mr. Mantell's Company there is little to be said save that they are quite incapable of portraying the roles assigned to them. Miss Behrens may in some ways be excepted. She is a handsome woman, but her reading is distinctly faulty. Her voice is so full of cadences that it at times becomes wearisome in its incessant rise and fall of inflection. This is a fault which she can remedy. Her pronunciation of "me" and "my," with the vowel in both instances chopped off so short that one almost loses sight of it, is another fault which is jarring and yet quite easily corrected. Mr. Stuart, as Demetrius, was painstaking and intelligent, but he found himself unsuited to the part, and, like the balance of his companions, was as thoroughly un-Grecian as could be.

"A Lesson in Acting," a one-act bit which preceded the main play, has been mentioned before. It is a pretty piece of sentiment, prettily told by two clever men. Mr. Mantell does some very good acting in it, and I am afraid made a more satisfactory impression upon most of his auditors than in the Greek tragedy.

I reserve until next week the review of "Hamlet."

* * *

The one great drawback of the stock company in a city as limited in theatrical attractions as ours is the familiarity which constant viewing of the players brings about. A case in point this week is the performance of Hon. Sampson Potter by Mr. Stockwell in his own Powell Street house. Of the play I can find nothing to say in praise—but let that pass, for we have seen it before. It is chiefly with Mr. Stockwell that we have to deal. In certain roles I find him admirable, but I am sorry to say he is too much *en evidence*. It is a pity, for instance, that he should deem it necessary to assume such a part as we saw him in last week in "Roger, La Honte." I don't mean by this that his performance was in any way unsatisfactory, but a constant contact with a man of such a distinct personality and so marked a method as Mr. Stockwell's detracts from his charm as a portrayer of a new role. His Sampson Potter is a capital bit of work, full of cleverness and worthy of a much better setting than Mr. Gunther could ever hope to give it.

The balance of the company acquit themselves most creditably, and I think it only just to say that the entertainments now being offered at this house deserve much encouragement at the hands of our playgoers. It is a difficult thing to find material for such a theatre, and a still harder thing to give a satisfactory presentation of a new play every week or two.

Next week there will be a brief revival of "Ranch 10," in which Mr. Stockwell has a part to his liking and in which he has long since earned success. After this, a special presentation of Henry Guy Carleton's colonial play, "Ye Earlie Trouble," is promised.

* * *

"Aristocracy" was played all the week at the Baldwin and met with but scant favor. I am sorry for this. Mr. Hayman deserves success when he brings us attractions of such prominence and cost. That the play did not please me or did not succeed in winning the support of San Franciscans is neither here nor there. We should not be too much lacking in encouragement of such efforts to supply us with what is deemed "the best the market affords." If the judgment which prompts such selection is sometimes at fault it behooves those who care for the good things of the dramatic world to look kindly on the error and at least to go and judge for themselves.

The teapot tempest over what Miss Walsh does or does not think of San Francisco audiences would be amusing were it not so lamentably undignified throughout. For one I have no fault to find with Miss Walsh's performance of Diana Stockton. I said before that I found merit in it. I do think, nevertheless, that this charming young lady made a mistake in evincing such bitterness. I can readily understand that she should feel disappointed at the lack of favor shown her after she had earned such distinct laurels in the Eastern cities, but I regret that she should have shown her disappointment in so marked a manner.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" will have its first presentation at the Baldwin on Monday week. This is another of the chief attractions on the Frohman list and has achieved a considerable popular success in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere.

* * *

We have all seen that merry bit of farce "Jane" before. Miss Johnstone Bennett was admirable in the title role and scored a marked hit in the part. It is to be presented during the coming week at the California with another very clever girl in the leading role.

P. A. T.

AMUSEMENTS.

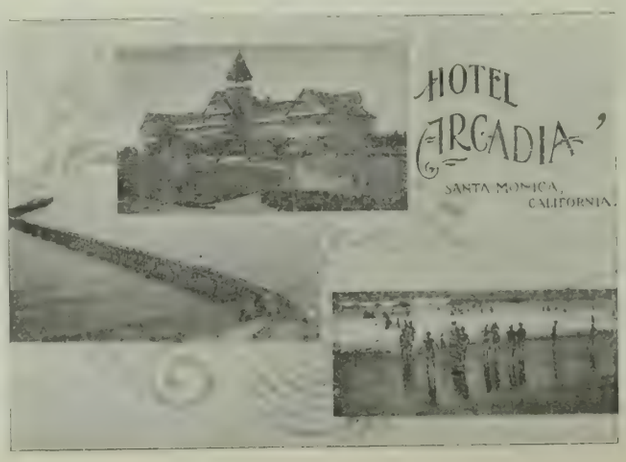
BALDWIN THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & Co., - - Lessees and Managers

Next Week, Monday, August 14th, Third and Last Week
BRONSON HOWARD'S GREATEST TRIUMPH
ARISTOCRACY

Next Attraction August 21st
The Empire Theatre Play
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME
The New American Play by David Belasco and Frederic Fyles
One of the Most Remarkable Successes achieved by American Playwrights
Presented with the Original Scenery Effects and Company. As played by them in New York City for over 200 Nights, and 100 Nights in Chicago.

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE
HANDSOMEST THEATRE IN THE WORLD
AL HAYMAN & Co. ..... Proprietors
J. J. GOTTLOB ..... Manager
"Welcome to our hearts again
Clever, bright and witty Jane."
The Queen of Comedies Monday, August 14th
JANE
JENNIE YEAMANS AS "JANE"
And All the Players who Have Made the Comedy Famous
MANAGEMENT OF CHARLES FROHMAN
Matinee Saturday

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE
L. R. STOCKWELL ..... Lessee and Proprietor
ALF ELLINGHOUSE ..... Manager
Matinee To-day at 2 O'clock This Evening at 8 O'clock
A. C. GUNTER'S COMEDY DRAMA
MR. POTTER OF TEXAS
L. R. Stockwell as the Hon. Sampson Potter
Next Monday, - - - - August 14th
RANCH 10
L. R. Stockwell as Judge Particular Prose
BENEFIT FOR THE MIDWINTER FAIR FUND
SEATS NOW READY



Hotel Arcadia
SANTA MONICA,
LOS ANGELES CO., CAL.
The World's Famous Surf Bathing Resort.
Unrivalled Fishing from the New Wharf.
(THE LONGEST IN THE WORLD)
Open Summer and Winter
Accommodations First-Class
Reached by Land or Sea
SIMON REINHART,
Lessee.

AMATEUR SPORT

I believe that the performance of Beel in the World's Fair championship tennis tournament at Chicago on Saturday last, deserves the first place in these columns this week. I am glad, in the face of the truly remarkable showing made by the young Californian, to be able to offer to my readers the following admirable review of his game with Hovey. It comes to me the night before going to press and is the result of a very adroit viewing of the game by a man who understands the fine points of the game of tennis. Here is the letter, which was mailed in Chicago on the evening succeeding the match:

"I promised to send 'The Starter' my impressions on the Chicago tennis games, and I am glad to be able, in this case at least, to send you such good news. Carr Beel's play in his game with Hovey this afternoon was simply 'great,' and the result makes him, I think, the best player west of the Mississippi River. Just how much better he is than Taylor, the champion, it is hard for me to say. I only know this—such tennis as Beel and Hovey played was never seen in California. For direct, courageous and clever play the former would have won plaudits in any court in the world. He should have won, though he played by no means as brilliant a game as his opponent. His confidence and his perfect *sang froid* even in adversity was truly wonderful in so young a player. If Hovey had known at the start how strong a game was to be put up before him he would have played with less carelessness, and would have laid aside his numerous 'gallery shots.' Hovey has been playing with or against that marvelous adept, Hobart, so long that he is inclined to try too many of that man's meteoric strokes. He is, by no means, as good a player as his partner in the winning 'double' championship. Hobart is aces better player of the two.

"I only wish you could have seen the game, Mr. 'Starter.' It would have forced you to say to your readers that tennis is really a game which makes the audience go fairly wild with excitement when it becomes a matter of a point or two to decide a championship. I have been at Newport in the very 'thick of the fight,' I have seen the Renshaws and some of the very best of the English players, but I must say that I never saw as thoroughly an exciting game of tennis. It was not an entirely satisfactory game from my standpoint, but it was a 'corker,' as far as sport, if competition, and close competition at that, makes sport. The chief and most successful of Neel's strokes were his lobs. He played well at the net, not so well as Hovey, though. Where the Eastern man had him at a great disadvantage was in accuracy. Hovey's place strokes are wonderful. I don't know of anybody who can put a ball in the place where it can't be reached with more success than he can. What he chiefly lacks to make him a champion is speed, spirit, and work. If Carr Neel had as much practice, as much wisdom, and as much familiarity with the tricks of great players, it is a safe bet that he would beat Hovey in straight sets. Beel has twice as much energy and twice as much activity as the winner, but he doesn't play the same saving game. Despite this I must admit that at the end the loser was in no way worse off than the winner. Neel's service was not very remarkable, but it was certainly very creditable in one sense, he made only one double fault in the whole match. Beel returned his balls well, too, and drove fewer of them, by half a dozen, into the net than did the winner. As I said before, it was in the placing of balls that Hovey was the better man. So good was his play in this way, that while Beel passed fewer balls, he was forced to play strokes in reaching, which he did with splendid effort, that sent the balls out. Just twenty-five per cent more of his plays were 'wild,' or out, than Hovey's.

"The grand stand was a picture of beauty and of enthusiasm, and when the young Californian captured the second and third sets in succession, the amount of applause which he received was quite enough to have turned any body's else head. The score of the winner was 6-1, 4-6, 4-6, 6-2, 7-5. That last set was a wonder! It was hammer and tongs from play to wind up. I'm going to be in Newport for the championship. I'll try to send you some more news."

* * *

The preparations for the autumn games at the San Rafael courts are going on, and I expect to see a great deal of sport at that time. The play in the ladies' sets will, I fully believe from what I have seen of the practice, be very much of an improvement over past events of this kind. The Olympics are hard at it in their practice, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if they turned out a very creditable representative before the fall season.

* * *

The chief event in yachting circles last week was the launch of the Hopkins boat. I am not inclined to be any too critical, and my word of encouragement for anything in the way of gentlemanly sport is always at hand, but I must say that for one I was not "enthused" over the work of the Union Iron Works. Perhaps the designer is more to blame than the builders, but I don't think "El Primero" is just what we have been led to expect. I hope Mr. Hopkins is satisfied. The price of the boat is set down at $36,000. That is not much for a 137-foot steel yacht with steam power of—well, a good many knots, so it is said. The build of the vessel is in no way graceful; if she is fast, I mean as fast as they say she is going to be, I shall be surprised. The power of her engines may knock the speed out of her, her lines never will.

There is a great fault in her design for a Pacific Ocean cruiser, as I understand she is to be. Her freeboard is low to a point which will make her, in any kind of a lively sea, as wet as a duck who loves submersion. The forward deck of the much criticised "Monterey" is a charming substitute for a swimming bath, but I must say that on a pleasure boat I can't quite see why that should be reckoned a virtue. "El Primero" is very pretty in some ways. Her cabins are comfortable, not sumptuous, but there is a great deal of room for the purposes demanded, and I don't doubt but that she will prove a very nice boat to be in, in very nice weather.

It may be of interest to Pacific Coast salts to know, in connection with the rather depressing news from my daily contemporaries of the fate of Mr. Phelps-Carroll's "Navajoe" in English waters, that this particular boat which has suffered a number of defeats by "Britannia," "Valkyrie," and a few more of the crack sloops of the Britishers, is not looked upon by the Easterners as at all in the front rank of the "Cup Defenders" who are going to do battle with the "Valkyrie" for the late Ben Buttler's well-won trophy in October next. As I said some weeks before, it is going to be the best and the closest race for the "America's" cup which was ever sailed, and it's not "a dollar to a dime" on the Yankee this time either.

* * *

We are inclined to be a little behind out here in fashions in sport, as well as in every thing else. We have a number of good riders and ponies without number—but no polo. There is ample room, ample fields and grounds down in San Mateo, over at San Rafael, why shouldn't we be able to make up two teams of our gentleman sportsmen who could be able to enjoy this beautiful, if somewhat hazardous game?

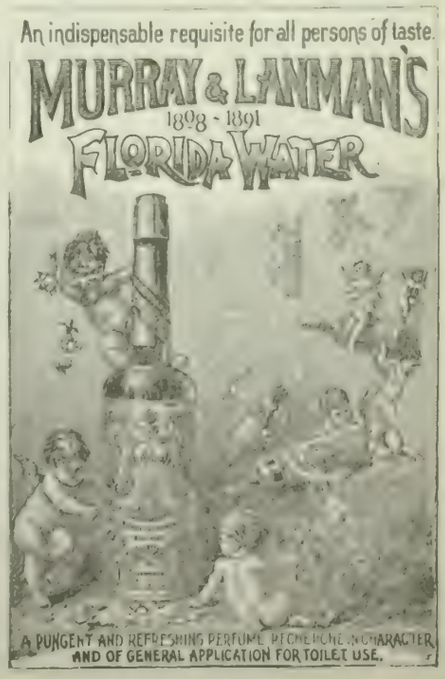
Then there is golf, that splendid Scotch field sport, which, this year in particular, is all the rage at Newport and the rest of the smart Eastern resorts. Golf is a really admirable game. There is so much exercise coupled with the skill and the rare amusement of the pastime.

* * *

The horsemen are still in the unsatisfactory and wearying state of "waiting for something to turn up." The news from the East is no better. I understand that Follansbee will be out here before many days, and I hope then to be able to give you some good reasons for his untimely retirement. Macdonough has been hard at it for the past month, and has fared, I am glad to say, rather well. He won a pretty pot of money on the twenty-ninth of July, I am informed, and while his stable is not as fortunate as we would all like to have it be, the horses are in good trim, and we may hope to see the colors at the fore in a few weeks.

THE STARTER.

One of the best known of our young dentists is Dr. F. P. Ashworth, whose handsome offices are located in the Murphy Building, corner Market and Jones Streets. Dr. Ashworth graduated with high honors from the Dental Department of the University of California and immediately commenced practice. By energy, skill, and necessary attention he has built up an excellent practice, numbering our best families among his patients. Dr. Ashworth is, in every respect, a thorough dental surgeon, and is, moreover, conscientious and painstaking to the last degree. He keeps abreast of all the latest improvements in dentistry, and we predict for him the very highest rank in his chosen profesions.



THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's message, like other public documents that have come from Cleveland, strikes home to the common sense of the people, and furnishes a clear and concise analysis of the financial situation that will enlighten many who had become hopelessly bewildered in the general discussion. In the language of the marksman, the President had good aim and struck the bull's-eye.

Some members of Congress, and many newspapers, have criticised the President savagely, because he did not make of his communication to Congress an omnibus affair, in which all matters of big and little concern to the nation might be treated generally. But the extra session had been called to deal with a condition under which ruin and disaster had risen to the magnitude of a national calamity, when it was apparent to citizens regardless of party ties that Congress must legislate a remedy.

The country is like a man bearing too heavy a load, who, beneath its weight is pinioned in distress. Cleveland's idea is to render assistance by immediately removing the burden. This is displeasing to the Congressional critic; besides the weight that is pressing the man to the ground, he thinks that there is something wrong inside, perhaps the man who has fallen may have a disordered liver or a bad lung, therefore let nothing be done until after due deliberation and a diagnosis. But Cleveland is a man of action, and will have the Sherman law thrown off the National back in order that relief may be felt at once.

This gives not the slightest ground for the insinuation artfully conveyed in many criticisms, that tariff reform will be neglected or delayed. Every intelligent man knows that the last election numbered the days of the tariff swindle. The man who had earned fame and popularity by exposing and denouncing that gigantic fraud, was made the head of this government, and a Senate and House of Representatives elected of the same faith and opinion. There is no division of sentiment as to what shall be done with the tariff, but the President does not think that because he has been summoned as physician to prescribe for a terrible malady, that he should meantime permit the patient to die of another disease.

No sane man contemplates present conditions with satisfaction. These conditions are the result of no new laws; if they arise from legislation at all it is the legislation of the last, the Harrison administration. But whether this state of affairs arises from previous misgovernment or not, its existence cannot be disputed. Business throughout the country is paralyzed. The banks, the arteries of commerce, refuse to circulate their medium of exchange. People of undoubted wealth are without credit. The depositor, ignorant of causes, is a daily witness of effects, and dreading that his savings may disappear in the general demoralization, withdraws and hides his money.

The banks are upbraided for producing the panic, because they are the first to feel the effects of a vicious monetary system, and because they have striven to prevent the financial quackery of the times from driving them into bankruptcy. Demagogues, big and little, are explaining to the public that the people, who are entirely ignorant as to what ails them, and who know absolutely nothing about financial matters, are the bankers. That really the only men who understand these questions are the men who shovel silver out of the ground and ask the government to fix a price on it at twice what it is worth.

But President Cleveland does not seem to think that the entire financial system of the United States is a superstructure of ignorance, nor does he seem to be impressed with the idea that the Statesman from the wild and woolly West, whose knowledge and experience of banks is largely of the kind called faro, should be allowed to shape, without interference, the financial policy of the Nation. The President has smitten the Sherman Act with his splendid ax, and, practically, it has already fallen. GAVIN MCNAB.

HOW HE SPELT "SMOKE."

When Charles F. Batchelor, Thomas Edison's right hand man, was in Nevada experimenting with the electrical dry process machinery on ore tailings, he called on Sam Davis, of the *Appeal*, with a letter of introduction from the famous inventor. After pushing his way through a field of exchanges, and crowding along a narrow hall filled with bundles of paper, he found Sam asleep in the little room on the second floor of the *Appeal* building, where Billy Sharon had his dispensing department during the Senatorial campaign. The sleepy journalist yawned a loud, long yawn, and, waking up, enquired of his visitor how much he would like to spend in patent medicine advertising, sizing up his plug hat and clean clothes.

It is an established rule in the *Appeal* office to look upon anyone with a plug hat as an advertising agent or a theatrical man.

"I have a letter for Sam Davis," remarked the visitor as he glanced around the sanctum.

"I'm that unfortunate," replied Sam reaching out for the epistle, which he managed to read in his half dormant condition.

"Pleased to hear from Tom. Did he send along his back subscription by you or does he want to press that infernal *Electrical Age* on me as an exchange?" inquired the humorist, rubbing his eyes.

Batchelor had probably been warned before hand and retorted with:

"Even if he did succeed in doing that he would still be getting the worse of it."

Both men at once became friends, and during the course of the ensuing conversation Sam offered to give Batchelor a letter to Bob Keating, the Virginia City Mining Superintendent.

It read as follows:

APPEAL OFFICE (no date).

BOB:—This is my friend, Chas. Batchelor, whom Thomas Edison is associated with. He wants to visit the mines and the Washoe Club. Try and get out some good cigars, Bob, with blue——

"Excuse me, Mr. Davis, I can't go any further, your writing is so infernally bad."

"Why, you ought to be able to read Spencerian script like that. Don't you see the word is smoke, plain as day?"

"No," said Batchelor, smiling, "I can't make out the letters of the word."

"I'll show you," replied Sam, taking the scrawl in his hand. "S—you see that, don't you?—m—o—c—k—plain enough to me."

When Batchelor wrote his next letter to Edison, he said:

"The reason Sam Davis writes bad is simply to cover up his spelling."

BOB DAVIS.

"Why do you take so much pains with your bathing suit, Maud? You will wear it only a few minutes each day."

"But it's the costume in which I shall be most seen, nevertheless."

FIRST IMPORTATIONS

OF

NEW FALL GOODS

ARE NOW ARRIVING

THE EARLIEST STYLES

THE NEWEST DESIGNS

THE LATEST NOVELTIES

—IN—

DRY GOODS AND CLOAKS

NOW ON EXHIBITION

Our Well-Known Low Prices Prevail

J. O'Brien & Co

Murphy Building, - Cor. Market and Jones Sts.

HOTEL RAFAEL

San Rafael, Marin County, Cal.

Now Open For Guests

FOR ACCOMMODATIONS APPLY TO

CHAS. PETERSEN, - 124 Sansome St., S. F.

—OR—

O. M. BRENNAN, - - Manager Hotel Rafael

CAMP TAYLOR

MARIN COUNTY

One Hour and Forty-Five Minutes from San Francisco. Finest Summer Resort in the State.

. . . PRICES REDUCED . . .

Round Trip on Sundays, - One Dollar

Fine Drives, Walks, Fishing, Hunting, Boating and Bathing . . . .

HOFMANN & WOENNE, - Proprietors

San Francisco Office, 707 MARKET STREET

Gas or Cocaine used for Painless Extraction of Teeth. Fine Gold Fillings and Gold Crowns a specialty.

J. M. MESEROLL

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Room 84, Flood Building, 809 Market St., above Fourth, S. F.

INSURE WITH THE
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.
CAPITAL: $1,000,000 ASSETS: $3,000,000
The FIREMAN'S FUND is one of the Most Reliable Insurance Companies in the World
ITS RECORD FOR HONORABLE AND PROMPT PAYMENT OF LOSSES IS FIRMLY ESTABLISHED.
THE HOME OFFICE OF THIS COMPANY IS
401-407 CALIFORNIA ST.
SAN FRANCISCO

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OF LONDON
Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720
CAPITAL PAID UP, - - - $ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS, - - - - - - 21,584,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, - 8,980,251.00
Robert Dickson, Manager, San Francisco.
City Office. 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery

FIRE
LION FIRE INS. CO., of London. Assets, $4,712,747. Commenced in Cal. 1879
IMPERIAL INS. CO., of London Assets, $10,190,349. Commenced in Cal. 1859
WM. SEXTON, Manager R. C. MEDCRAFT, Sub-Manager
Pacific Department, 214 SANSOME ST., S. F.

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT
Guardian Assurance Co. Of London Established A. D. 1821
Paid-up Capital - $ 5,000,000
Cash Assets - - $23,194,249
Sun Insurance Office Of London Established A. D. 1710
Cash Assets - - $10,117,045
Assets in America $2,510,368
WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal

AACHEN AND MUNICH
Fire : Insurance : Company
OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY
ESTABLISHED 1825
Capital, $2,250,000.00 Total Assets, $6,854,653.65
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT:
312 PINE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., - - - GENERAL MANAGERS
WILLIAM MACDONALD, Manager D. E. MILES, Ass't Manager
PACIFIC DEPARTMENT
London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.
OF LIVERPOOL
Capital.....$10,637,500
Net Surplus over all liabilities 3,116,305
315 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE-MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING Company—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth day of July, 1893, an assessment (No. 48) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the TWENTY-SECOND (22) day of August, 1893, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twelfth day of September, 1893, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal

THE CLASS OF FASHION

Dame Fashion seems to have tired of dictates just at present and is seemingly taking a holiday; as a result here fair devotees are allowed to do pretty much as they please. For the first time in many seasons there is really no set rule, and provided a pretty woman is dressed in a becoming gown, no matter what its design, no matter what its dimensions, nor what its materials, she has a fair right to be considered in the fashion. Time was when the commands of the dressmaker were as unalterable as those of a German field marshal; all that is changed now, and for the better, say I.

Along with the parade of everything that is outré and eccentric in the ultra-fashionable gowns of the season comes spangles, and if the rage, which is now at its zenith in London, continues, we may ere long expect to see our belles arrayed as circus riders or slack wire walkers, minus the pink fleshings, let us trust. Satin and spangles—can you imagine a more startling, scintillating, spectacular combination? Simplicity seems to reign in the way of morning gowns and outing costumes, but when the candles are alight its sway tumbles to earth and lavish extravagance takes its place. There is nothing too rich or too gaudy for the evening dress of the period.

To those wives and daughters of our multi-millionaires I would suggest that the very best way in which they can spend their pin money is in the wise purchase of jewels of good quality. When I said jewels I mean precious stones, not jewelry as it is frequently understood. The fashions in settings change almost as frequently as they do in head-dresses, and the wise woman always follows the fashion in this regard. In London and on the Continent the display of precious stones on every possible occasion is simply remarkable. In this country we are less conspicuous, due, perhaps, to our "Republican simplicity." A great many jewels are worn in the hair in the form of coronets and tiaras, and the old-fashioned brooch has come back with the rest of the foibles of great-grandmother's days.

Green, a color which for many seasons has had but a scant handful of admirers, seems to be having its innings this summer with a vengeance. It is made into almost every kind of material from simple wash goods up to the heaviest of brocades and satins. One of the most striking and in every way beautiful yachting suits which have been seen this season was worn by a Bar Harbor belle. It was of heavy serge, and the color a distinct grass green with the simplest of trimmings in white braids.

While their mammas are worrying their pretty heads over how to look their prettiest, the youngsters are not far behind and the petted child of the period is, to use a slang expression, "dressed up to the times." Some of the most popular costumes are almost replicas of the most fashionable gowns worn by the belles of the season. The pretty, dainty muslins, chiffons, and organdies, which are so much in vogue this season, lend themselves particularly to the dresses of babies. It makes very old-world people out of our little folks, but then they are such truly advanced youngsters in every way that that is to be understood.

* * *

This is certainly the era of cleanliness and most beneficial, too, is that same fact. The daily tub is considered to-day as much a feature of the well-bred, well-dressed man or woman as is the care of the finger nails. My lady's bath is a most luxurious one, and the number of charming accompaniments to it is well-nigh unlimited. That most delightful of all dips, the bran tub, is a favorite for many good reasons. The little bags of orris and bran turn the water into a milky substance of exquisite softness and perfume, and furthermore the effect upon the skin is well-nigh phenomenal.

White duck trousers, turned up at the bottom, of course, and pipe-clayed shoes are universally worn this summer by smart men. It is a fresh and pretty fashion, and withal an inexpensive one. The duck trousers are suitable on sea or shore. The sash, as we call it in this country, has lived its brief life of popularity and quite gone out. In its place a belt with stout, serviceable buckles is accepted as proper.

A number of the very swagger sets of rich young men in England and the East devote a large amount of their time and not a little of their money to some very brilliant fancies in silks and satins which are worn in the polo games and the gentlemen's races.

THE REFLECTOR.

The Haywards Hotel is filling rapidly with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson,

SIMON & ROBERT
French Ladies' Hairdressers
ARTISTS IN BANG AND WIG MAKING
THE BEST HAIRDRESSING PARLORS IN S. F.
221 Powell Street, Cor. of Geary

THE CLUB HOUSE —AT— HAYWARDS PARK
Will be Thrown Open to the Patrons of the
Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway
ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1893
The well-known Caterer, Jas. Vane, will have charge of the beautifully appointed Dining Hall.
Electric Cars connecting with each Broad and Narrow Gauge Local from San Francisco, run direct to the Park

Hotel Grosvenor
319 SUTTER ST., Bet. Grant Ave and Stockton
ROOMS AND OFFICES, single or suites, newly furnished and sunny. Fire proof. Gas and electric light, elevator, hot and cold water, and filtered water on every floor.
TERMS:
PER DAY, - - $1.00 AND UPWARD
PER MONTH, - - $15.00 AND UPWARD
Meals Supplied from Swain's, if desired No Charge for Service
STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT

THE

WHITE · HOUSE

Grand Opening

Fall and Winter Novelties

JUST RECEIVED AND ON SALE MONDAY NEXT

Latest Woolen Fabrics.
Latest Fashionable Shades.
Latest Indescribable Weaves
(IN CHANGEABLE EFFECTS)

ALL OF THE HIGHEST PARISIAN CREATION

New Scotch and English Tailor Suitings

RAPHAEL WEILL & CO.

Graduate Dental Department
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Dr. F. P. Ashworth
DENTIST

ROOMS 5 AND 6 MURPHY BUILDING — OFFICE HOURS 9 A. M. TO 12 M. AND 1 TO 5 P. M.

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Pianist.
Has resumed Instruction,
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LIBRARY NOTES

The most open of secrets, that of Cherbuliez's "Tutor." Considering that the ineffable and infallible Sidonic might have forgotten the immense nose of *M.* Tristan, or regarded as natural compensations for so admirable a heart and mind these prolixities of feature, what a pity he lavished on Niquette the wealth of adoration that her intellectual sister might have returned. Rather a prig, though, that Sidonic. Such perfection, so much consistency go but illy with humanity. They are as tiresome as a perpetual example, as the career of a Christian martyr, an obviousness that sets one's blood boiling. How much more fascinating, if less excellent, the capricious Niquette. Little wonder her blithesomeness won the love of solemn Monfrin and the passionate devotion of the Tutor. It seems a pity, though, *M.* Cherbuliez found it necessary to use an episode so tragical to enforce the purity of his graceful heroine. Is it not as though one used a sledge hammer to crack a nut with? Still the Viscount was undoubtedly magnetic, and, perhaps, had not mamma turned up in time, it might have been necessary for Maximin to shoot. A choice of catastrophies, I suppose, and the utilization of the lady who had sinned earlier in the story was, perhaps, more artistic than turning so excellent a Tutor into a duelist. As an antidote to current English fiction Cherbuliez is a relief. If comparisons with "Meta Holdenis" may be odious, it must be admitted the Secret is well sustained. That last scene where at her feet the Tutor sobs out his mad love with the husband knocking at the door is touching, and how it would excite on the stage.

"Brown's Retreat and Other Stories," by Anna Eichberg King, will cause no revolution in literature—nor will there be found one man who will read it twice. The term "ordinary" defines its characteristics as well as its limitations. Its old ideas have not yet acquired the happiness of real antiquity, and so it adds itself drearily to the list of books forgotten as soon as read, that grows longer with the passing years. In spite of the word-worn nature of theme and treatment the writer has the audacity thus to soliloquize: "A law should be made that every one purposing writing a book must come before some proper authority and then and there show that he has at least one good, original idea in his works." Some instinct of self-preservation, doubtless, suggests to Mrs. King its possible adoption by a long suffering public, so she turns the vision into a bad dream.

"Brown's Retreat" is just where it should be—well to the front, for it is by far the best of the series—still it takes an infinite deal of imagination to give the adventures the faintest semblance of the benefit of a doubt. It is the story of an escaped convict living in a little shop under the very walls of his old prison. He has in him a strong vein of humor we are told, so he calls his shop his "retreat." The deadly jest finally dawns upon the men of the law and there is a blood-curdling escape one dark night, with bull's-eye lanterns and policemen's stars in the ascendant, but Brown makes good his retreat to the high seas. There is no escape from his one joke, however, for he nails his old sign board over his bunk. He evidently believed in the theory, that if a man has the good fortune to say a clever thing, he should be permitted to repeat it—at discretion, but I do not think that the solemn retreat jest comes under the head of good enough to say—even once.

"From the Five Rivers," by Mrs. F. A. Steel, is another book of mediocre short stories. These have, at least, a change of background and many strange Eastern words, women with only their eyes visible, and of descriptive superstitions, not a few. I always admire orientals with their calm acceptance of Fate in whatever form it comes—their's is the true secret of peace. In "In a Citron Garden" there is a pretty bit of word painting, but it is an exception. There is the customary short story of the Christian Martyr in the native garb, and many comparisons are made between the crowned saint of civilization and the groping daughter of darkness—with the ordinary and well-worn verdict, "human nature is the same the world over."

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Tutor's Secret," by Victor Cherbuliez. D. Appleton & Co. publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"From the Five Rivers," by Mrs. F. A. Steel. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Brown's Retreat and Other Stories," by Anna Eichberg King. Roberts' Bros., Boston. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

A PITIABLE SIGHT

it is to see an infant suffering from the lack of proper food. It is entirely unnecessary, as a reliable food can always be obtained; we refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

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THE MIKADO.

Nothing, in the sufficiently broad range of comic opera, is as near being a pure play of whim as Gilbert and Sullivan's fantasie on Japanese themes. An aftermath of an æsthetic mania, the Japanese craze called forth the delightful mixture of kindly-satiric humor, gayety, and half-veiled sentiment, embodied in the "Mikado." Appealing solely to imagination, such a creation has met unforseen favor, that quality being argued as asphyxiated by civilization's mechanic ways of thinking. No atmosphere of real Japan emanates from this fancy, but a reflection of the clean-cut, bright-lighted form and space of ceramics fashioned in the land of chrysanthemums. Dialogue and music rear a special realm of their own where mock rages, sham loves, and feigned fears appear natural, laudable, and quite in place, whether sung or spoken. Travestys, spirit, riots discreet and sly, darting beams of sharp sense in places. All concerned, even Katisha, are proud of their humor and aim shafts with themselves for targets. Sullivan's talent for fitting music to the style and sentiment of Gilbert's lines was never happier and scarcely so apt in the earlier combinations. Ideas he borrowed, but made more skillful use of than the original writers. Yum-Yum might have sung another song if Gounod had not written a particular rhythm in "Mirella," but probably not such a fanciful or dainty one. Only one opera by these authors has been more happy, "The Yeoman of the Guard," though strangely unpopular. The "Mikado" is so merry and clever that audiences don't care whether Japanese sing European intervals and harmonies or not.

Excess of popular favor has tarnished the freshness of the piece not a little, and its performance is not greeted with the enthusiasm it was wont to raise. It still interests and amuses, however. The public, having witnessed an infinite number of presentations, has become a trifle exigeant in the playing of the principal roles, as well as familiar enough with the music to demand tuneful singing of it, so that the performers at the Tivoli are at no small pains to do their best. The audience is presumably responsible for the frequency and sorryness of the "gags" which are received with acclamation, indeed, drawing plaudits none of the cleverest hits of the librettist appear capable of. Stage business is elaborated and gone through with a vivacity which would once have made the house hilarious. In excellent running order, the play is done with animated quickness and general good humor by the company. Though the principals have the advantage of stage-training and ability, some of them merit a generous retirement. Miss Carrie Roma accentuates the *passé* quality of voice owned by the prima donna, by exhibiting a voice of some timbre at least unworn. Out of the number of local vocalists, whose ambition brings them before the public as concert singers, but few appear on the boards at the Tivoli, where their talents would, it seems, be more valuable. Of late years those who have gained a hearing have not met with much encouragement, for their names soon disappear from the play bills. The combination of vocal ability, acting talent, and stage training is hardly common, and very few aspirants possess all three, so that the management of the Tivoli doubtless prefer the performers who make a feint at singing and have stage business and comic opera acting at command, rather than amateurs with voices and nothing more. Of the number of light opera singers who are before the public many of them have served in the Tivoli ranks, but no specially remarkable performers are San Franciscans who received their initiation from the local temple of light music. In time, with the improved teaching which is being done in the city's vocal art, there should rise up some genuinely able comic opera singers through the instrumentality of the Tivoli.

Kelsey Martin

A SUNDAY'S EXCURSION.

That the charms of El Campo should appeal to so many people is not extraordinary when the attractions of its situation are considered. There is everything over there to enable the enjoyment of a holiday—first, the delightful climate characteristic of San Rafael, then the dance hall, whose floor is admirably smooth, the delightful walks, the shade of trees and above all the delightful music. After the quick trip over the bay whose breezes temper the warmth of a summer's sun, there is nothing more enjoyable than to sit and listen to the seductive strains of Blum's orchestra. For to-morrow, boats leave Tiburon Ferry at 10:30 A. M. and 1:45 P. M; returning at 12:45 and 5 P. M. Following is the programme for to-morrow:

1 March, "Guard of Honor" ..... Williams
2 Overture, "Bohemian Girl" ..... Balfe
3 Concert de Marceaux, "Idol of the Heart" Bosquet
4 Selections, "Mikado" ..... Sullivan
Wi h Solos for Cornets and Clarinets.
5 Waltz, "A Summer's Evening" ..... Waldteufel
6 Gavotte "Beauty's Cunning" ..... Czibulka
7 Grand Fest March, "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
8 Solo for Trombone, "Friendship" ..... Wallace
Mr. Geo. J. Moore.
9 "Echoes from the Fatherland" ..... Hermann
With Solos for Baritone and Euphonium.
10 Waltz, "Dream on the Ocean" ..... Gungl
11 Paraphrase, "Lovely" ..... Nesvadba
12 Galop, "Here We Are" ..... Blum

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A notable exception to the rule that "doctors differ" is the high estimate placed by the medical profession on Camelline. The consensus of opinion among the most notable of local physicians pronounces it unrivalled for the complexion. Besides its distinct virtue as a preparation for softening the skin, and restoring that angelic smoothness which one so admires in the faces of children, it has the additional advantage of being absolutely innocuous. No dangerous or deleterious drugs are used in its manufacture—a characteristic that makes it unique among complexion balms. Camelline is manufactured by Wakelee & Co., corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets.

All householders know that in this season of house-cleaning it is money in their pockets to do business with a responsible firm that may be relied on to do first-class work. Such a firm is J. Spaulding & Co. whose Pioneer Carpet Beating and Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, at 353 and 357 Tehama Street are known throughout the city.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR EPICURES.

In this city of swell restaurants it is saying much to pronounce the latest addition to the list worthy of epicurean attention. It is called "The Sparta," and is located on the northwest corner of Merchant and Sansome Streets, in the centre of the fruit, fish and game district, admirably fitted up, provided with every accessory of a handsome service. With fine cutlery, glassware, and snowy damask, it is a pleasure to eat in so luxurious an environment the *plats* of so clever a *chef* as presides over the *cuisine*. "The Sparta" belongs to the well-known commission merchant, D. G. Camarinos, and he is to be congratulated on the manner in which he has provided for those who love good living. Think of it, ye gourmets, you can pick out your fish or your bird in the market and the *chef* will cook it for you in the most admirable manner imaginable.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEALTH.

My master calls a mile away
And down the breeze his shouting comes;
But let him rave,
The miser knave,
I mind him as the bee that hums!
Let fifty cry to twenty-three—
Clarinda's on the meads with me!

Her lips do know a sweeter tune,
Her ev'ry action is a voice;
And in her eyes
There dearly lies
Bright commendation of my choice,
Here's game no shepherd lad would miss—
Clarinda's pout may grow a kiss!

Shout, farmer, shout! A lusty roar!
'Twill stir the country-side, I vow!
But who would part
From such a heart
Where Cupid slyly ran but now?
Go, place; go, pence. I ask as wealth
To press Clarinda's lips by stealth!

—*Norman Gale, Pall Mall Magazine.*

Didst steal those eyes from Juno, sweetest maid?
Did fair Aurora kiss thy cheeks and lips?
Did Aphrodite give that bosom fair?
Was't modeled after Dian to the tips
Of those fine limbs of more than human grace?
Did Eros bless thee on thy natal day?
Oh, tell me, maiden! And the girl said, "No;
It only happens that I'm built that way."

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HOW TO BE LIGHT-FOOTED.

Near the forest of Brocéliande there was a field of wheat and corn, which, spring, summer, fall, winter, no matter when, never ceased to be in gold and purple; though there were terrible storms, that did not prevent the corn and wheat from undulating slowly and beautifully as if stirred by a faint breeze. For the field did not belong to a lord nor to a [illegible]h peasant; it was—dependence of the forest—the property of fairies. What were their games, these fairies? Nobody knew."

The little Vivonne wanted to surprise the fairies' secret. Not that she was herself without joy! Oh, no. She never refused to kiss her betrothed whom she loved with all her heart. Presently they would marry. While he waited he kissed her. Her heart held more bliss than she could express. Yes, truly, her heart was so weighed with delight that it was heavy. She thought the fairies were not as happy as she; still how she longed to surprise their secret. One night, the moon being propitious (as a wise sorcerer told her), she found herself before the field of wheat and corn haunted by the fairies.

Ah! but it was charming! What she first saw in the moon-lighted field was gauze and gold, but it may have been the stuff was of vapor and the metal of moonbeams. It is also probable that moon-rays and vapor resembling gauze and gold were wandering fairies in the air! Vivonne, peeping from shrubbery which, happily, had no thorns, beheld the entertainments given by the famous ladies of the forest of Brocéliande. And you cannot imagine anything more exquisite than the games of the fairies.

Some, in long trailing robes of yellow satin, walked amid the corn, two by two, hand in hand, occasionally pausing for ceremonious salutes, and apparently complimentary talk. Others, seated upon carpets spread by servants with butterfly wings, played at chess or dominoes or jackstraws, and seemed to enjoy themselves extremely.

But that which caused the most extreme surprise, admiration, and longing was a troup of little fairies (they were blue and transparent like moonbeams in the shape of women draped in gauze), who, across all the field, above the corn, sprang from flower to flower; yes, from poppy to poppy, the point of a miraculous toe barely touching the tip of a blossom, they ran, flew, returned, roved away again and came floating black, resembling women more beautiful than women, who, for feet have butterflies; they were so light that not a stem bent, that not a flower even trembled below the passage of the ærial dancers. And from time to time they rested, they smiled, they laughed; and one saw they took infinite pleasure in moving from flower to flower.

Heavens! how Vivonne would have liked to mingle in such pretty frolics. She left the bushes, showing herself, she said: "Ah! ladies, for pity's sake show me what you do to be able to dance in that way on the tips of the flowers! It must be delightful, and I want to do it also."

Suddenly all the dances stopped, nearly all the fairies crying:

"Eh! little one! little one! come here! How pretty you are! It is very amusing and not difficult. It is only to be light."

"Eh!" said Vivonne. "I believe I am light. None of the boys have complained of my weight in the dance. But light as I am I do not imagine I could walk on the flowers without breaking a stem. You must have a secret that I would like to know! for it would please me much to fly from blossom to blossom like the bees and dragon-flies!"

The fairies stopped an instant had the air of consulting together, and one of them, descending from a flower, said to Vivonne:

"What about your heart?"

"My heart?"

"Yes. It is the heart which is heavy, because it is full of pity, of ardor, of love, and of melancholy. It is the weight of your heart that prevents you from walking on the poppies without bending them. We have no heart because we are fairies! And we can promenade with gliding foot over the colors and perfumes of the prairies. Come, little girl, be like us. Give up having a heart! If you consent, a goblin, very expert in those operations, will draw your heart out, and, lightened, you can frolic over the blossoms with us. Come, come, quick, decide, shall we call the goblin-surgeon?"

But Vivonne burst out laughing. "Fairies!" said she. "You will walk without me on the poppies of the field of Brocéliande. Certainly it is a lovely dance, your woven paces! but I shall remain heavy as I am, heavy with a heart by which I love and am worthy of being loved."

Then, laughing, she returned to the village, and the poor little fairies renewed their play amid the blossoms, feigning enjoyment so light, ah! too light. [illegible] *French of Catulle Mendes for* THE WAVE *by* E. F. DAWSON.

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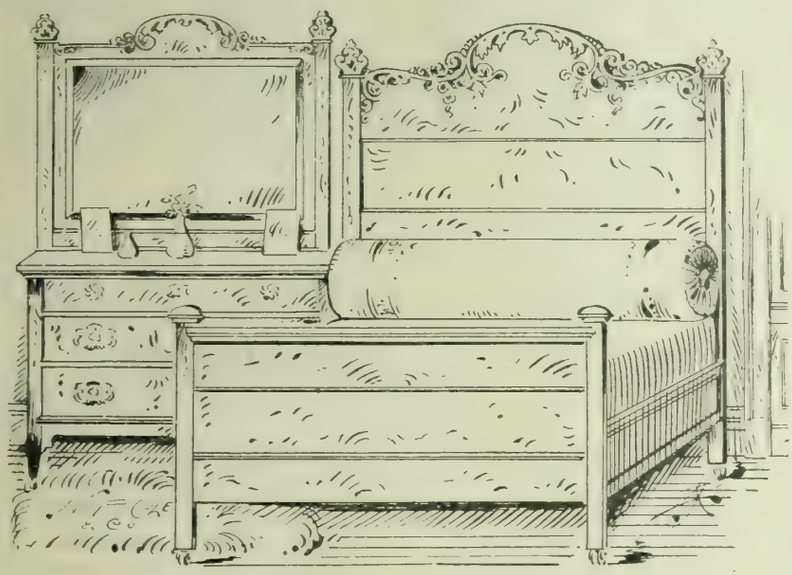

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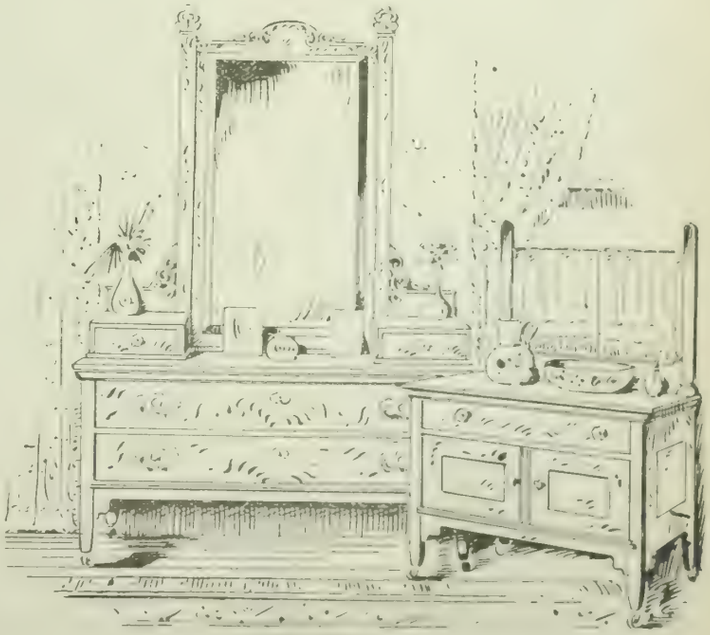

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4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
*5.00 p m	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
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10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	4.25 p m
*2.30 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	6.35 a m
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NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be despatched the following Monday.

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The stringency in the money market still exists. The telegraph each day announces the failures of banks or the assignments of large corporations. The falling-off in business has been so positive and so badly affects the railroads that many of the Eastern lines have reduced their running trains, and on this Coast in the Southern Pacific Railroad men are placed on half time. Whether Congress, by wise legislation on the silver question, can set the wheels of industry in motion or not is doubtful. From the curtailing of the product of silver by numerous close-downs of mines the price has risen to 75 cents per ounce, and the prospect of a further increase is good regardless of what action is taken by Congress. On Wednesday the Treasury purchased 117,000 ounces at .7515 cents, an advance of 4½ cents over the price paid on the second of August. The amount bought so far this month is 851,000 ounces.

During the week business in mining shares at the Stock Exchange was exceedingly lively; prices advanced in all of them from 30 to 100 per cent. Consolidated Virginia from 95 cents advanced to $1.50 per share; Ophir from 40 to 85 cents; Yellow Jacket from 35 to 60 cents, Potosi from 30 to 60 cents. A large business was done and buying orders were executed by Fitch, Epstein, and Van Wyck. Prices held well until Tuesday, when White, Marks, Stauf, and Morrow began selling, and prices began to descend. Con. Virginia declined to $1.25 per share, Yellow Jacket to 40 cents, Potosi to 40 cents, Ophir to 65 cents, etc. The rise proved one thing, and that is there are plenty of people ready and willing to invest if they can see there is any fluctuation. While the rise was short-lived, still a number of operators made handsome profits. Another benefit derived was the encouragement to holders of shares to pay assessments.

Crown Point, on which there was a 25-cent assessment due, had its sale day on Tuesday, and although a large number of shares were advertised as delinquent, less than 2000 were sold for non-payment.

The news from the mines has not been very encouraging. The extraction of ore from the 1650 foot level of Con. Virginia was resumed during the week, the amount taken out being 158 tons; the amount shipped to the Morgan Mill was 184 tons. The mill crushed up to Saturday 71 tons; average battery assay was $33.82 per ton. Nothing new to report in the other North End mines, Ophir, Mexican, or Union Con.

In the different mining counties of this State, most of the gold mines are on a paying basis, and with the exception of a few hydraulic mines, all are being worked and hundreds of men employed. At the Irma Mine, Amador County, there are at present 60 men at work, with good prospects of soon doubling that number. The Company has three distinct ledges; the mine has been worked for a year, and the mill has been running already two months on high-grade ore.

The Moser Mining Company, of Calaveras County, has a main tunnel 350 feet in length and cuts the ledge at a depth of 100 feet, and shows a fine body of ore about 7 feet in width. As far as developed the pay chute is 300 feet in length. There is an 8-stamp mill on the mine run by water power; capacity, 20 tons per day. The ore averages $6 per ton, while the sulphurets go as high as $140 to the ton.

Superintendent Snyder of the Baltic Mine, Nevada County, brought to Grass Valley a small sack of ore containing 2 or 3 pounds, which was literally filled with gold. From a panfull of the ore from the stope just opened up, about 700 feet in from the mouth of the tunnel and 160 feet in depth from the surface, he had $35 to $40 to the pan. The ledge is from ½ to 1½ feet. A new 5-stamp mill will be completed this week and the crushing of 60 or 70 tons of ore on the dump will be commenced. Messrs. Roberts & Semm have bonded the Holdeworth Mine, near Bowman's Dam, in the sum of $100,000.

Lewis Bell took out a number of nuggets from his mine at Emigrant Hill, Plumas County, one of $26, one of $17, others of $10, $5, etc. He has a shaft down 50 feet and struck a rich bed of gravel.

Seven shipments of bullion were made in the last two weeks from the Julian Mines, San Diego County. A small crushing of ore from the Van Wert and Grand Central Mines went $20 to the ton. Considerable quantities of rich rock have recently been struck in the Chaparral Mine, and are now being taken out. A number of gold mines are being worked at Bald Mountain, White Pine County, Nevada. The Lone Star Mine has a ledge 4 feet wide, and the ore will average $20 per ton. The last payment of $475,000 on $1,250,000 has been made on the famous Harqua Hala Mines, Arizona. Bowers & Hubbard bought the mines for $70,000, and Bowers, for the four or five months preceding his death, is said to have received $60,000 in dividends. It cost $3 per ton for the milling of the ore. On January 19th they shipped what was termed a "dome of gold." It weighed 309 pounds, and was valued at $81,200.

At the Stock and Bond Board very little is done in local securities, although they have all advanced some 2 or 3 per cent in the last few weeks. SURETY.

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Geraldine, Geraldine,
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Of eglantine that blooms in noons
Of dew-washed days of fragrant Junes,
Or like a flake of flying snow—
Or like a dream of Angelo.
So delicate and clear thy face,
So queenly, tall, and lithe thy form—
And then the matchless, nameless grace—
With which thou tak'st our hearts by storm!

So arch thou art, and so demure—
So winning, too, that, I am sure,
Were Paris living now, the boy
Would run with thee away to Troy,
While Helen would devour her heart
In envious rage—so fair thou art!

—*John Ernest McCann.*

AT THE BALL.

She turned and left me at the oaken stair,
Alone—apart—I stood like one bereft;
She went without one smile to cheer me there,
Standing deserted in the hallway—left!
But I—I did not care, or swear, or sigh,
Or act like one o'erburdened with life's woes;
You see, she told me ere she glided by
She'd gone to put some powder on her nose.

—*Town Topics.*

Mame—It was my own fault that my engagement to Jack had to be broken off.

Sue—How was that?

Mame—I unconsciously allowed myself to fall in love with him.—*Town Topics.*

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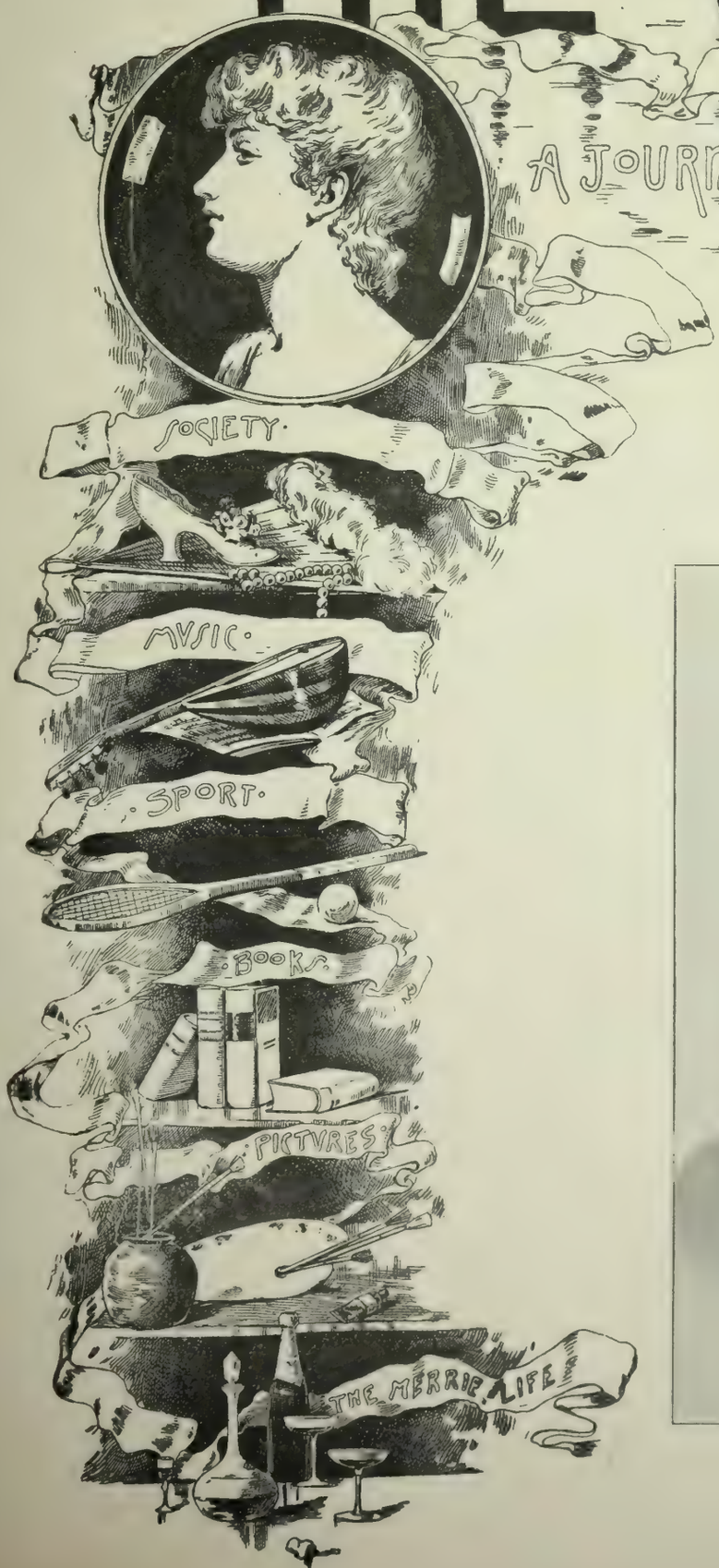

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 19, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES.

THE CONSTERNATION of the rounder is complete. Thanks to the "back entrance" crusade of the dailies, damseldom, free and forlorn, has taken to the boarding-house. The haunts of their dear gay days know them no longer; fled out of temptation and the guileful wiles of the saloon man are they, and, alas, even he knoweth not their interesting whereabouts. Time was when gentlemen of spirit might drink to the eyes of their *inamoratas* seductive toddies in the rear parlors of sundry Post and Sutter Street resorts. Nay, more, did not the most adorable of the sex flock therein for liquid consolation as well as male companionship, and now, perforce, are not both denied them? Melancholy the fact, indeed, and fraught with consequences more solemn than the dailies devised or dreamed of. Actually some of the most interesting and presentable members of the floating feminine population have been forced to *work*.

* * *

Could colder contrast to the wild exuberance of a back entrance courtship be imagined? Think of the wealth of curve and contour turned from the joyousness of the ginfizz to the flatulent somberness of Spring Valley in the rude cannery or the dreary workroom. Imagine the sirens of innumerable fascinations plying their gracile fingers rather than their beauteous eyes, quaffing cold tea instead of *frappèed* wine, and wasting on some sour-visaged forewoman the beguiling charm of their physical rotundity. It is too mournful—it chills even in these dull, cold days of financial impossibility. To the troublesome query of by-gone days, "What shall we do with our girls?" succeeds an interrogation infinitely more embarrassing, "Where are our girls at?"

* * *

Echo answers—where, indeed? Has the *Examiner* made the town moral? Or has the Anti-dive League wrought a resumption of virtue? Alas, I fear not. The consequence of the crusade is not to lessen vice but to add the leaven of publicity. Instead of waiting in back parlors, damseldom, free and forlorn, flaunts and poses on Market and Kearny Streets. Great are the ocular allurements of the block these days of exile and disappointment. The chase of the flying charmer beguiles late hours of the afternoon, and prominent among his fellows becomes the bold one who dares the approach, who introduces without presentation. To the pastime of the rounder the hunt has been added—that is all. Whoever knows aught of the town must bear witness to the frequency, just now, of a certain type in the five o'clock parade.

* * *

SINGULARLY DESTITUTE of episode the season at Del Monte. Last year an excitement or so varied the monotony of the warmer months and furnished living interest for dowagers on the piazza. Though ingredients have not been lacking, *esclandres* have refused to occur, and how sad that condition those who have been there know best. One episode illuminated last week, however. Among the bathers the other morning were a bride and groom, both country—she of robust rotundity, he vigorous and handsome. Anxious to impress him with the florid grace of her contours she appeared in a white suit—very pretty, if rather unconventional in design. After a preliminary plunge she sat herself on the edge of the tank and proceeded to pose for his edification.

* * *

There was no doubting the impression, alas. Made of a thin material the wet suit clung tenaciously to the admirably rounded limbs, whose contours shone out a vivid pink—the general revelation being too positive even for Del Monte. The groom, who was at the far end of the tank, swam instantly after the lustrous partner of his joys and sorrows, and the result—the immediate disappearance of the pinky abundance under water and its precipitate retirement a moment later. Amusing as the marine situation was, an episode happened on the brink even more deliciously laughable.

* * *

Seated gazing at the swimmers was a bridal twain from San Francisco—a nice young man and rather a pretty girl. She saw the pink bathing suit and the admirable proportions emerging from the water, and, quick as lightning, sprang up and covered her husband's eyes with both her gloved hands. Her action was at once so spontaneous and so ludicrous that there was a general laugh which precipitated a series of brilliant blushes on both faces.

* * *

THE TERRITORY of the Emperor of North Beach rises slowly above the waters of Verba Buena. Block after block is added to his sway. To his real estate the silt of the bay adds its quota, and with nature harnessed in the cause of his millions should he not be happy? But the law of compensation avenges his good fortune by the aggravated misconduct of his only son. More reprehensible than ever is his career. To neutralize his thirst bichloride is impotent. Two terms of Keeley have left his alcoholic longings unappeased. Of his doings in Chicago I hear sad stories; he consorts with the vicious of both sexes; his favorite companion is a notorious woman. Lost to shame, to decency, it seems impossible for a constitution to bear the strain of dissipation he habitually indulges.

* * *

It seems the ex-Senator makes strenuous efforts to retard the riotous career of his son. He has done all he knows how to curb him. I believe he has abandoned the intention of selling Charley's stable. The boy has little money left now, and if he spends the remaining thousands as he has their predecessors, he will again be dependent on the parental allowance of five dollars per day.

* * *

I have it from a friend in Newport that while Miss Virginia Fair is looked upon by the smart set at this great graduating social summer school as a charming girl, of considerable good looks, a very big share of good sense, and rather good manners, she is quite lacking in cavaliers. The reason for this, I am told, is that she is regarded not as a prospective prize in the matrimonial market, but as one already tacitly awarded to that for-

tunate young million-heir young Mackay. It seems rather a pity to me that "Miss Birdie" should not have been allowed a fairer chance to enjoy the charm of conquest in her first season at least. The conjunction of the Mackay and Fair fortunes seems wise enough though, and probably she will rest quite content with the knowledge that she may at any time succeed to the title of "Empress of North Beach." The succession to this particular distinction is in no way limited to the male line.

* * *

Apropos of Newport and of Miss Fair, too, I learn Roman Catholicism is all the fashion, if I may be allowed to refer thus flippantly to the church of St. Peter. For several years past Rome has made a very important number of converts in the loftiest circles of the English aristocracy. In France a vast majority of the higher class has always clung to the mother faith, so it is not surprising in the upper tendom of our own land we should follow where our leaders lead. The charm of sense, in color, light, music, and romance which attaches to the ritual of the Roman church is in itself a very powerful argument in its behalf, particularly to the feminine mind, and then poetry and religion are half-sisters, and both are admirable companions for fair woman.

* * *

FOR THE Country Club festival preparations are well-nigh complete. After the "shoot," the lunch, and the music, the great feature will be the fireworks. A succession of brilliant pieces have been arranged—most of them absolutely novel, so far as the Coast is concerned—imported specially for the occasion—fountains of fire, showers of golden and crimson rain and various other devices. The show culminates with a brilliant flight of rockets, one hundred in number, to be discharged simultaneously. The band will be composed of some sixty musicians, under competent leadership, and a programme of great interest is promised.

* * *

Quite a number of people go down during the week, but on the special that leaves Townsend Street at two o'clock Friday, the bulk of the men take passage. That is a fast train timed to stop only at Menlo and San Jose. Judging by the list of prospective guests I believe the festivity will surpass the success of its predecessors. It will be a veritable congress of beauty, for the prettiest maidens of all the sets are to be there arrayed in the very latest *chef d'œuvres* of dressmakery.

* * *

SOCIALLY SPEAKING, the week has been degrees below par. Though half the Blue Book is in town, calling and receiving, seemingly, are suspended. Dullness is indeed regnant. Among the incidents, however, was a reception given Wednesday evening by Mrs. L. P. Drexler, at her home on Van Ness Avenue. The *raison d'être* of the gathering was the discussion of Claxton's new book, "She of the Holy Light." Passages from the mystic prose of the authoress were read by Charles Edwin Markham and Mrs. Drexler. Miss Susie Hert sang several songs in charming style, and the evening was brought to an interesting climax with a sumptuous supper.

* * *

The proper celebration of an interesting betrothal is a holy and a wholesome thought. A very pleasant dinner was given at the M. H. Hecht mansion on Thursday evening last in honor of Miss Tillie Brandenstein and William Greenbaum, whose engagement was recently announced. Socially, both are favorites, and I believe this is but the initial affair of several elaborate entertainments to be given for them. The dining-room of course was charmingly decorated, and the *menu* a capital one. Miss Hattie Hecht, of Boston, was one of the guests of honor.

* * *

A very interesting re-union of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan took place on Thursday evening last at the O'Sullivan residence on Bush Street. Individually, both enjoyed, prior to their departure for Europe, a decided popularity. Married far from home, the opportunity to congratulate them on the acquisition of one another had never been vouchsafed. There was quite a large gathering of interesting and clever people who expressed their pleasure at the return of bride and groom. Then Mr. O'Sullivan sang several selections with a skill and ease that bespoke industrious work abroad. It is to be hoped an opportunity to hear him in concert and operatic selections will soon be given.

* * *

Miss Ethel Cohen entertained about twenty young ladies last Monday afternoon at an informal watermelon party at her residence "Fernside," Alameda, to meet her cousin Dr. Daggett, of New Haven. Bowling and dancing were indulged in. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Cohen. The same evening Miss Ethel gave a small dinner and an informal dance.

* * *

The announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Agnes D. Curtis, daughter of ex-Supervisor J. B. Curtis, to Mr. Frederick Lawrence Wight. The wedding is to take place at the residence of her parents, 1542 Page Street, on Thursday, August 31st, at high noon.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Lilabel Crane and Mr. Joseph Henry Marshall, will take place at the First Congregational Church, on Wednesday evening, the twenty-third instant, at 8:30 P. M.

* * *

The wedding of young Mr. William Morrow and Miss Mary St. Lawrence Müller was celebrated last Thursday evening without any especial ostentation. He is the son of Robert F. Morrow, President of the Sutter Street Railroad, and across the bay is known to fame as Commodore of the Oakland Canoe Club. Miss Müller is a veritable beauty, a devoted Catholic and a clever vocalist. She was a belle at New Haven ere her arrival here some years ago, and at Santa Cruz last summer was the prettiest girl on the beach. Her type of beauty is dark, striking, and full of spirit. The profile is familiar to certain Romish church-goers who dubbed her "The Mosaic," out of compliment to the rare and regular grace of its lines.

* * *

The dinner in honor of Miss Mae Dimond's birthday, on Thursday evening, was one of the most brilliant and elaborate of the season. Charmingly decorated for the occasion was the Dimond house, and the table adornments were decidedly unique. The names of the guests were prettily hand-painted on pink satin ribbon, and there were silver wishbone pins for the girls to pin them on their dresses. For the men there were silver hat bands. General Dimond presided with that agreeable courtesy which makes of him so competent a host—a talent his daughters have certainly inherited. There were twenty-two at table.

* * *

The *Examiner* made a funny blunder Thursday in the account of the Poulson spiritualistic farce. In speaking of Germanicus it called that famous member of Cæsar's family an ancient German hero who fought against the Romans. As if not satisfied with this, the paper floundered on into worse mistakes in order to rub it in. Get an encyclopedia Messrs. Millard and Murphy, pray do!

* * *

Back from his European tour is William Keith, looking much the same as of yore and ready for a winter of achievement. He visited the great galleries of London, Paris, and Madrid, and gathered impressions of foreign art that must prove of value to him in his future work. He devoted himself to sightseeing, rightly regarding that as more important than the mere encountering of literary or artistic lions in their dens. Mr. Keith has promised to write me some thoughts on modern French and English art for a coming issue of THE WAVE.

* * *

Charming Miss Irene Everett makes her San Franciscan debut on Monday evening in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." If she has retained the good looks that distinguished her when she left here over a year ago, she will certainly confer a separate interest on the play. Instead, however, I am told her stage experience has developed her beauty materially and that she furnishes an excellent excuse for the heroism of the hero and the depredations of the villain, both lieutenants by the way. Miss Everett is the daughter of Senator Dan Everett, and her friends are preparing to give her a rousing reception on Monday night.

* * *

SO RARE are romances grown these mediocre days that it is with something akin to apprehension I submit this. About it there

is little to be dubbed sensational and less that might be styled dramatic. Still from inception to conclusion there is a rush and a hurry unique in an era of pre-matrimonial deliberation. Cards are out announcing for Wednesday next the marriage of Miss Marie Roeding and Mr. Ferdinand Gustav Weber. Two weeks from Monday last the existence of either was unknown to the other. He, a young German gentleman of great wealth, was traveling through the Yosemite when he met the maiden. It was a case of love at first sight. Presented that evening, he commenced his wooing next morning and had made fair progress by nightfall.

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Wednesday his suit progressed, prospered; on Thursday he proposed, and on Friday Miss Roeding promised to become Mrs. Ferdinand Gustav Weber. Excellent speed as had been made, the prospective groom was determined on conclusions. He wanted an immediate marriage—therefore the nuptials were set for the earliest date that would enable the preparation of the trousseau. Miss Roeding is a pretty and accomplished maiden who will certainly make a charming bride as she walks up the aisle of First Presbyterian Church next Wednesday at noon.

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Not the sole misadventure of Tom Williams' Eastern tour was the snub administered to Lillian Russell by the *haute volée* of Chicago. Rumor alleges him a loser of thousands, and that, impatient of his poor luck, he has plunged heavily. In the roulette game at Saratoga, it is whispered he dropped no less than a cool ten thousand; but it seems hard to believe this of so cool a hand at the game as Tom Williams. However, there is the tale.

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EDITOR BUNKER, of the *Stock Report*, has a grievance against the *Examiner*—one that ink or blood alone may wash away. In addition to his lesser talents, Bunker is his own dramatic critic and in that capacity passes judgment on current shows. Expressed in somewhat minute type—a concession to the violetlike modesty which is his characteristic—no one but the "profesh" has ever read the fulminations in question, which, doubtless, are charged with infallibility. On the exciting afternoon of Blanche Walsh's strictures, the Monarch sent a myrmidon to interview the dramatic critics to demonstrate to the audacious young actress how cultured our audiences really are. The expressions of theatrical opinion on the *Chronicle*, *Post*, *Call*, and *Bulletin* were each permitted a paragraph, but not one word about Bunker.

* * *

Rather wearisome, after a while, becomes theatre going. There is not a colossal difference between one show and another, for the entrance of a good actor seems as rare these days as the exits of the bad. But it is a distinction to sit in an orchestra chair wearing a *blasé* air on first nights, to be pointed out as a moulder of public opinion and so on. That is all, indeed, there is to the place, for one does not expect that any mere damning of a meritorious performance is liable to keep off the public. One can understand then how great the wrath of Bunker, and the condition of his feelings. But that is how one is punished for fulminating in small type.

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There is sadness in current journalism over the threatened flitting of the Morphys. Edward A. of that ilk purposes returning to London where his clever work had considerable appreciation. He has declared that the literary atmosphere of the great metropolis brings out his best work. Alec Morphy is going to China and Japan, and doubtless will return here anon.

* * *

Another engagement from Oakland. This time it is Miss Anna Howell, the eldest daughter of the gentleman who had so emphatic a way of disposing of his girls' suitors. Miss Howell is a very popular girl, who, after the dark tragedy in which her name figured so prominently, has remained in modified seclusion. The groom to be is Dr. Miner, a young physician of Berkeley, and the wedding will take place next month.

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The engagement is announced of Miss Maud Kellogg, the only daughter of Frank H. Kellogg, of Alameda, one of the prominent Society girls of that section, and Frank Kapus, of Portland. The wedding is to take place in the early winter, and after the honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Kapus go to reside in Oregon.

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Even travelers in Europe are not too far away for echoes of their mishaps to travel home. The latest is from Francis Greene, the youngest brother of Clay M. Francis was a University student who married a widow just after graduation and was promptly disinherited by his mamma; but as the widow has means, it didn't much matter. The couple went to Europe and are now traveling through remote portions of Germany. In this primitive region it was the misfortune of young Greene to lose his wardrobe, and as the thief entered by night, he had absolutely nothing left. As there was no tailor within miles, the young man had to borrow one of his wife's dresses, in which he traveled for several hours. As he wears a full beard, the simple peasants believe they have seen a bearded lady and are properly grateful and astonished.

* * *

The burning of Tubbs' Hotel destroys a landmark of historic interest in Oakland. In the old days it was the *rendezvous* of wealth, fashion and gayety—the mining kings and queens of the era were its guests. Memorable to those who still recall the beauty and chivalry of other days may be mentioned Mrs. Collins, at whose shrine the gallants of that age worshipped. The time of its decadence may be marked by the advent of young Kellogg, son-in-law of the proprietor, who, it has been cruelly hinted, frightened everyone away. Apart from the financial loss, there are associations connected with the hotel which make Mr. Tubbs doubly bereft. The fire is said to be the work of incendiaries. But for the defective department the loss might, to a great extent, have been averted. Chiefs Lawton and Kennedy are now trying to locate the fault.

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Unfortunately for the dear public, and greatly to the grief of her many personal admirers, Miss Maud Morrell has given up the stage. Why is it the Oakland maiden is so anxious to rush into dramatic prominence and so soon aweary of the footlight glare? If they have talent why not give it an opportunity to develop instead of abandoning a career at its inception? Such action indicates lack of character, if not stupidity.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry Evens celebrated their silver wedding last week. Dr. Achuly who performed their marriage ceremony twenty-five years ago, baptized their children, and recently launched their eldest son into the matrimonial sea, was present.

* * *

The Oakland delegation has returned from Castle Crag and not a conquest made. One of the belles was heard to remark: "The summer has been a failure. All our stylish gowns and practiced smiles went for nothing. We didn't even get an introduction to Colonel Fred Crocker." The Oakland maiden is not at all diffident in making her ambitions known. Prentice Selby, it seems, was the life of the place, and Harry East Miller says that one of the handsomest women there was a Miss Callahan, who was with the T. I. Bergin party.

* * *

There are other attractions in Haywards besides the "finest sulphur water in the State," and chief among them just now is the forthcoming tournament of the Alameda Tennis Club on the eighteenth and nineteenth. There has been an unexpectedly large number of entries, and a series of very good games is sure to result. Messrs. Reed and Crooks are hard at work and are quite confidant, I am told, of winning in the doubles. In addition to the sport there is outlined a very pleasant programme for the visitors. After the games are decided the Club will give a banquet at the Haywards Hotel, and a good deal of jollity over the glasses and the distribution of the prizes is expected.

* * *

IN COMMON with many other peace-loving citizens of this town, I had hoped that the Democratic General Committee would not again inflict itself upon the public until there was some necessity for its resurrection. But

it seems that Chairman Popper one day this week considered it his duty to call a meeting of the remarkable body. Under ordinary circumstances his energy and activity would be commendable, but, with the Democratic General Committee the slightest attempt to stir it up, results in a distinct loss to the party, not only in this city but in the State. Although a sufficient number of members did not attend the meeting called by Mr. Popper to constitute a quorum, there was enough of an audience to justify Mr. Andy Clunie in making a speech of the usual length. It need not be remarked also that there were a sufficient number of members present to form the basis of a Donnybrook disturbance. I will venture the assertion (and back it up with evidence should it be disputed) that if only a single member of the Democratic General Committee was to put in an appearance at one of its meetings, he would manage to create a disturbance of some kind.

* * *

If it be true that out of the ninety-four members of this committee fifty-six are in office, the fact alone would be sufficient to defeat the party at the next election. Such a thing is almost inconceivable, and yet I am informed that it is susceptible of ready proof. Indeed, it is not denied. Nor is it denied that the recent visit of Max Popper and A. A. Watkins to the several city officials for the purpose of inquiring as to how many Republicans they have in office, was inspired by those members of the General Committee who are grouped under the general head of "outs." Evidently this whole thing is office seeking gone mad. It is the logic of political desperation to argue that a party committe is entitled to carry on the city government without consulting the elected officials who have given bonds to faithfully perform their duties. Nothing like it has ever been seen in this town before, and nothing like it will ever be seen again. If this General Committee is not disbanded, and its frequent acts of indecent exposure suppressed, the Democracy may as well give up all hope of electing anybody next year.

* * *

Let us see whence this thing is leading. The Democracy is now organized in this way: It has a General Committee of 450; an Executive Committee of 94; a Campaign Committee of 28, and, until recently, it had an Advisory Committee of 5. In each of these cases the smaller committee is created out of the larger. In the last campaign the exercise of power was even further reduced.. The Advisory Committee of five was practically controlled by Judge Sullivan and Mr. Dwyer. Naturally a system of this kind resulted in disturbance. First the Executive Committee abolished the Advisory Committee. Now the General Committee is attempting to abolish the Executive Committee. That was the object, practically, of the abortive meeting held last Monday night. It is perfectly plain to my understanding (and it ought to be to that of everybody) that when the destruction of the Executive Committee is accomplished, the General Committee, having nothing else to wreak its vengeance upon, will turn to and, like the Kilkenny cats, devour itself. Therefore, even if the Democracy should not be made, by the disgusting conduct of the office seekers, so disreputable that no decent man will vote its ticket at the next election, the system upon which it is organized is certain to destroy it. A party of office seekers would be an anomaly in ballot-boxing.

* * *

THE MALE BEAUTY contest of the *Carson Appeal* terminated with the victory of a cross-eyed personage named Lyman Frisbie. That the number of votes recorded for him indicate unusual physical beauty is not claimed by Sam Davis. Indeed, it cannot be denied that the winner has rather an undue prolixity of nose and mouth, to say nothing of curves in place of lines where the latter might reasonably be expected. There is some humor in his success, however, and Carson has been on the broad grin ever since. Interesting as the male contest was, that for the feminine supremacy far excelled it in interest. That really stirred up the city. There were claimants in every clique, and the admirers of rival belles invested all their savings in the votes that Editor Davis reeled off on a hand-press.

* * *

One feature of the contest deserves immortalizing. Indeed it is hard to believe, though Sam Davis swears to the truth of it, that the winner and her prettiest opponent actually worked for one another. The result crowned Mrs. Duperis, a very handsome young woman, belle of Carson. It was Mrs. Aubé, number two on the list, who really elected her rival. For each other they canvassed votes all over the environment. They bought them by the thousand and credited them to each other. It was a striking exhibition of generosity. To it I commend the attention of Mr. Bierce, whose opinion of the sex seems little better than his distaste for dogs.

* * *

THE RETIREMENT of C. M. Palmer, Business Manager of the *Examiner*, is a matter of considerable regret to all his friends. The financial disturbances in Minneapolis, it seems, demand his presence there, and though he vacates the office on a twelve months' leave of absence it is understood that the chances of his return here are slim. Palmer is a financier and business man of the highest calibre who thoroughly understands journalism. His investments in the Northwest are extensive. They include the *Northwestern Miller*, one of the most influential and prosperous journals of its kind in the country, besides proprietary interests in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, and two country dailies of circulation and influence.

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Palmer came to the *Examiner* at a time when the expenditures far exceeded the income. To his capable management is largely due the unprecedented business growth of the Monarch and the splendid dividends that have made young Mr. Hearst independent of his father's accumulations. T. T. Williams, whose ability is by no means limited to brightness of style, succeeds Mr. Palmer.

* * *

IT IS QUITE evident that Providence has reserved ex-Senator Billy Williams for the torture. The drama in which he has played for several years past is nearly as interesting as that of *Othello*, and it appears that, having killed off all the characters, the author of the universe has set Billy aside as Shakespeare set Iago aside, to take part in a scene which is too frightful to be represented on any stage. Billy was sent to the State Senate in 1888, by the late Boss Buckley, from the Twenty-second District of this city. The first thing he did after reaching the Capital was to "dump" his patron and go into business on his own hook. He was so apt a pupil in the legislative school that in 1891 he took an active part in organizing the celebrated Senatorial "Combine." This "Combine" consisted of twenty-four senators, who were pledged to vote as a unit upon all boodle legislation. It was the most infamous combination ever uncovered in the history of American legislation. In the most corrupt days of ancient Rome nothing like it was ever heard of.

* * *

Essentially it was an organization to effect the sale of the legislative power of the State to the highest bidder for cash. Judge Wallace discovered the truth concerning the "Combine," in a suit brought by George Faylor in his Court, to recover a portion of the swag. He impanneled a Grand Jury, which immediately turned up the boodlers. Among others, Billy Williams was indicted, and but for the intervention of the Supreme Court, which declared the jury illegal, he would now, beyond all doubt, be working in the jute mill at Point San Quentin. Every man except Williams who was caught in that "Combine" has gone into obscurity, glad to be permitted to occupy unmolested a political grave. He alone persists in continuing at the game of politics. He holds an office in the Street Department, and has had himself elected to the Democratic General Committee. Evidently he does not know that he is a political corpse. I can think of no theory upon which to account for Billy's presumptiousness, except that Providence is reserving him for some awful fate. Among the politicians he is classed as a "hard boiled egg;" but the degree of hardness to which he has arrived will not save him when the time comes for him to take a fall.

* * *

THE HERO of a dozen dowager dilettantes, his pose more accentuated than ever, Edmund Russell is in his element at the World's Fair, and figures as the Apostle of Sweetness and Light. To his repertoire he has added five

new stories about Ruskin and with the most mincing of gestures quotes Wilde's epigrams from "A Woman of No Importance." Whether the malachite ring still conceals a section of the fourth finger I am not informed, but it is safe to believe it has not been discarded nor the old gold tweed it went with. More satisfactory than glory, however, is the coin that rolls in on the fat æsthete. He has a dozen classes; the elect of the Windy City listen awestruck to his recitations of Swinburne, and already has he disapproved of half a hundred drawing-rooms at so much a criticism. One can almost hear the languid murmur:

"Ah, you have so much money, you know, and so very little taste out here in the West."

* * *

There is a literary and oratorical personage known to Women's Congresses and other things as May Wright Sewell. She has opened a *salon* in Chicago according to the best Parisian *recipe*, and there gather the celebrities of two hemispheres to discuss the deep subjects that are considered over weak tea, biscuits, and things. Her right hand, *fidus Achates*—Gangmede, or what you will, is Edmund Russell. On him devolves the winsome task of netting the prominences and introducing them to the charmed circle over which Mrs. Sewell presides. He meets everyone but humorists, whose presence he avoids as being productive of laughter. He never smiles does Mr. Russell—laughing makes wrinkles which he hates with the ardor of an unmarried belle.

* * *

THE OLD THEORY that sincerity and simple faith are instruments of oratory more potent than rhetoric or gesture, has few supporters in these days of lucid statement and polished phrase. In a gathering of good talkers the other night the subject turned on great speeches, and one man, himself an orator, told the story of the most effective and affecting burst of eloquence in his experience. "It was in Nevada," he said, "the outskirts of Virginia City, I believe. A certain man who has since obtained prominence in San Francisco was being dragged out to execution by a party of lynchers as I rode by. Accused of the murder of a relative, the circumstances pointed to his guilt, and with that tendency to follow conclusion with consequence so characteristic of the mining camp, he was promptly bound and escorted to a near-by tree.

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"A rough crowd followed at his heels—a crowd of strong, hard, unimpressionable men—ready to meet out relentless justice of a kind but slightly tempered with mercy. At last the gallows, a huge tree with strong arms green against the afternoon sky. Brief preparations for death were made, but ere the rope was taut the accused begged a word with his lynchers. 'Just a word or two of explanation,' he asked, and the mob, full of fair play, best sentiment of their class, granted readily the prayer. No labored phrases he gave utterance to, no sentences built up on rhetoric and syntax, but the most lucid statement in the simplest words I have ever listened to.

* * *

"Through it a tone of intense conviction, of logic, of truthfulness. Not a plea as much as an explanation. Every period added evidence of his innocence. Every inference established his guiltlessness. Noiselessly the crowd melted away—first the leaders, then the rank and file whose cries of lynch him had been so loud. In twos and threes they hurried from the sound of that clear, mournful voice, until of a sudden this orator with the rope round his neck stopped, stopped in the middle of a sentence. His eyes met mine. We were alone, alone under the tree. I on my horse, he with the rope dangling from the bough above him. That was the best speech I ever heard, though it did scatter its audience. He gave a little sigh of relief and together we returned to town."

* * *

In law circles there is more talk about judges than members of that irksome profession would care to listen to. By no means complimentary in tone, much of it—insinuations more or less broad against honor and integrity—the type of thing often assumed, easily believed and sad of consequence. That a decision of importance should depend on which lawyer first reaches a judge's figures is a sad commentary on the system, and a sadder reflection on the individual. Above all men, he who is corrupt should assume the cloak of honesty, and I have little patience with a judge whose lack of skill reveals his immorality to the world.

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A BOOK as large as an unabridged dictionary would be required to adequately describe the tangle into which the lawyers have got the State Investment and Insurance Company. Even with that literary latitude diagrams would be necessary to illustrate the text ere the reader could understand the mazy mesh. From reading the numerous staggers my esteemed contemporaries make at the mystery, I am inclined to believe that it is breeding a hopeless type of insanity in several editorial rooms. The facts, it appears, are that the corporation was closed up two months ago because, in the opinion of Attorney-General Hart, its capital stock had been impaired to the extent of $270,000. To keep the concern out of the hands of Hart some of the creditors sought to throw it into insolvency.

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Others thought a much cleverer scheme would be to get under Hart and hoist him out altogether. So they sought the appointment of a Receiver through the suit brought by the Attorney-General. Judge Levy took one fall out of the Company. Then Judge Hebbard went for it. At last accounts the Sheriff had the property well in hand, and a settlement of its affairs seems to be growing more remote as the weeks slip away. The litigation, however, has created a brood of lawyers who literally pack every Courtroom in which they appear to try the "issues" involved in the case. A creditor of the Company who visited Judge Hebbard's Court the other day tells me that he was turned away from the place unable to gain admittance. Five minutes after the case was called the Bailiff hung out a sign "Standing room only." In view of these facts, I think a good thing for the creditors to do would be to withdraw entirely and let the lawyers divide the property among themselves. That is probably what they will eventually due any how.

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IN THE ADVENTURES of the four young men who braved the perils of fog, wind and current to cross at midnight from Long Bridge to Sausalito, there is an Odessy for some latter-day Homer. I fear, though, for the role of Ulysses competition of an embarrassing kind might be developed. It seems Mr. Kauffman, who is in the law, doubted the daring of Mr. Alec Morphy, journalist, and that of Basil Ricketts, footballist, and in his doubt was joined by young Mr. Sheldon. With gibes they dared the others to a trip over the bay, and had the challenge accepted if they would be of the party. Withdrawal being impossible, a whitehall was requisitioned and none found until the quartet had traversed the Front from Market Street to Fourth. Finally a Potrero boatman, tempted by a ten dollar piece and four watches, lent them a sloop, and into the fog and the wind they went.

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Foolhardy? Yes; for they knew not a great deal about the bay. Over the waves their craft rolled, until in hugging the Alcatraz shore they ran on the reef. The breakers dashed against the bulwarks. It seemed as though all was up. It was not, though. A stronger gust slid the keel off the rocks, and in two more tacks they were out of the blinding mist and under the cliffs of Sausalito. There they stayed until morning, returning with minds made fast against nocturnal bay excursions, especially with a fog and the wind blowing miles a minute.

* * *

Journalism, like virtue, is oftenest its own reward. There are exceptions, however—one of them, the success of Reporter C. J. Stilwell, whose detective ability has so often been exhibited for the *Examiner*. There is no denying the manner in which the evidence against Heath was marshalled was clever; however one disagrees with the conclusion, it must be admitted Stilwell did but what he was sent to, and achieved a great success. Since then he has had liberal proposals from big law firms, and from capitalists, offering him liberal remuneration to undertake work. It is in the line of private detectivery, however, but of the most interesting kind. Indeed there seems so much of a future that he has decided to launch out an agency and goes into business, I believe, with A. B. Lawson,

of Los Angeles. While I should prefer to see so able a man as Stilwell preserved for journalism, I am glad of his prosperity. There is no gainsaying his ability, and his honesty is undoubted.

* * *

NOT EVEN of the millionaire is unalloyed bliss the lot. Looking almost unhappy is Jimmy Coleman since his return from Santa Cruz. An expression of ungratified ambition sits heavily upon his profile, and melancholy seems to have marked him for her own. As downcast is Dan O'Connell who does Orestes to the Pylades of Coleman, and both are developed skeptics in regard to a certain run of salmon on which the piscatorial reputation of one Parker Whitney towers topheavily. Won by the marvelous tales of huge fish, Jimmy and Dan accompanied by M. F. Tarpey gathered tackle from the best sources and hied themselves to the Sea Beach, dispatching thither a yacht adequately provisioned with dainties calculated to relieve the monotony of successful anglery.

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The outfit of such distinguished epicures and Waltonians might afford good reading, but I decline to litanize the baskets and bottles or the flies and split bamboo robs they gathered from the admirable collection of Nat Brittan. It seems when they struck the waters that lave the shores of Santa Cruz the salmon run had turned. Headed northward for San Francisco Bay and interior rivers, the shoals no longer lingered in the classic waters of Monterey Bay. What was left but to follow, so after the fish came yacht and anglers with split bamboo rods and silken tackle, ready for the fray. Up to Pescadero tacked they—salmon a little ahead; to Halfmoon Bay, the shoal still in advance. At Pigeon Point the fish had just passed.

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"We will find them in Yerba Buena Bay," joyfully exclaimed Poet O'Connell as the slim yacht headed for Golden Gate. Alas for their hopes, their ambitious desires, the salmon were here, but in a region no less accessible than the fish market at ten cents a pound. As if to pile insult on injury the *Examiner* announced on Monday in its Santa Cruz gossip:

James V. Coleman and party have enjoyed a week's fine fishing in Santa Cruz.

* * *

A GOOD LAW BUSINESS is hardly the most tangible of assets. The result of a personality, it bids defiance to the laws of heredity and declines to be bound by a will. The manner in which the Messick and the Jarboe *clienteles* are dispersed is of considerable interest to the survivors. The leading exponents of their respective specialties, the former on mines, the latter on real estate, they derived lucrative incomes from large practices. Though W. S. Goodfellow has the German Savings Bank, he has not inherited the title authority of his former associate. Indeed, no legitimate successor to him has been developed nor can, save in the course of years. I doubt if anyone will ever again enjoy so enviable a pre-eminence, so unique a reputation for infallibility.

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To Henry C. Cambell and A. N. Drown much of the Jarboe title business has gone. The latter has always had a reputation in that line, and as attorney for the "Savings and Loan" has had plenty of experience. E. B. Mastick, I believe, is now credited with a profounder knowledge of real estate law than any man at the Bar, and he is quite often appealed to. The Hebrew capitalists, whose rule it was never to buy a lot without Jarboe's sanction, have found their way to Reinstein & Eisner mainly. The Claus Spreckels business has gone to S. M. Shortridge. To Pat Reddy has descended the bulk of the Messick practice, and he leads to-day the cohort of mining lawyers. Of course, not a little went to the Garber, Boalt & Bishop combination, to young Maxwell and Billy Woods, but on the erstwhile labor candidate for gubernatorial honors, who is to-day one of the handsomest men at the Bar, the cloak of the dead jurist has fallen.

* * *

I SINCERELY trust that the efforts of the Southern Pacific Company to choke off the dead-heads who have so long infested the Oakland trains will not result in giving some of my esteemed contemporaries the brain fever. One might imagine from the desperate character of their abuse since the adoption of the fast train schedule on the Oakland mole that some such a catastrophe is imminent. The billingsgate of the Dublin fish woman, who was called a "parallelogram" by Daniel O'Connell, as it has been transmitted to us by the Irish historian, was not a whit more unbecoming than the language that has been used by the local papers during the past week toward the railroad. That corporation has been called an "octopus," a "monster," a "demon," and a dozen other things equally horrible. The desperation of the organs is manifest in every line. Falsehoods that are contradicted in the very types used to give them currency are repeated again and again, not only locally but editorially. The impression is sought to be created that the "flying" trains on the Oakland mole are running at the rate of a mile a minute and killing an average of fifty people a day.

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The facts really are that accidents which are always happening where railroads and fools intermingle are no more numerous now in Oakland than usual, and the speed of the trains is no greater than it has always been. Better time is made because instead of stopping at every crossing the trains now stop only at long intervals and mostly run through to the ferry. It may shock the tender sensibilities of the editors of the *Swenlaetsew Troper* and *Daily Silurian* to be made acquainted with it, but the fact is that the principal object of the Southern Pacific in changing the system of running the Oakland trains was not to choke off the dead-heads, but to give its patrons who buy tickets and pay their fare a better service. Incidentally this has knocked out dead-heading. I have no idea that this statement will penetrate to the brain of any journalist who is "fighting" the railroad for revenue. If the twelve apostles were to appear and make affidavit that they knew such a thing to be the cold and unrelenting fact, no person who was seeking to burglarize the railroad treasury could be expected to treat it with anything but contempt.

* * *

Furthermore, instead of being such an unpopular measure in Oakland the change in the running time of these trains is a matter of exceeding relish in some quarters. For instance, the merchants of Alameda and East and West Oakland are highly pleased. It prevents the residents of those sections from sliding over to Broadway every time they wish to buy a paper of pins or a roll of butter. To these men the new arrangement is a measure for fostering home industry. All the street car lines are highly elated. Instead of dead-heading, people passing from one section of Oakland to another are now forced to board a street car. And finally, the commuters are glad because it gives them quicker time and a better service. While I am not informed as to the probable numbers interested, yet I will hazard a guess that if a vote was to be taken in Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley for and against the new schedule, the schedule would win by a large majority. As a matter of fact the anti-railroad newspapers are doing more lying than is necessary to prove that the dead-heads, and they alone, do not like the new arrangement.

* * *

LITTLE BETTER than the common currency of current humor is the summer waiter story. The idea of mistaking for a gentleman a person whose mission in life is the mere circulating of plates or the laying out of knives and forks is too repugnant to one's conceit for credibility. Not entirely fiction is the incident, however. It occurs sometimes even in Napa. Early in July there appeared at Napa a graceful youth possessed of all the accomplishments, who paid compliments in three languages and was equally at home on banjo, mandolin, or guitar. Undeniably handsome he was competed for by the three belles of the burg, each of whom was sure he must be a prince in disguise. Had he not the grand air? Hiding his choice, it is not wonderful he inspired a devotion as much a concession to his good looks as to the rivalry for his glances.

* * *

Ere expressing a preference business called him suddenly to town, and to the belles it seemed as though the sun had gone out, though he had promised an immediate return. He came not. Two weeks later two maidens lunching in Swain's, discovered in an industrious servitor who flitted, napkin on arm, from table to table, the hero of their romance. He

bowed at them sweetly and they fled. Alas, for their peace of mind. Judge ——, of Napa, saw their quick exit, and wondering looked into the ladies' room. There, blushing several shades of cardinal, stood the waiter, who remarked in response to a look of astonished inquiry:

"Hello, Judge. Shock was too much for the ladies. Did not seem to want to meet me again."

Now the story is all over the county.

* * *

MORE IMPORTANT than some politicians will admit, is the fact that Mayor Ellert has abandoned his gubernatorial ambitions. The chief executive bee buzzed busily in the mayoral ear for many moons after inauguration, and to many of his friends L. R. announced the intention of running. But time has exerted a cooling influence and his aspirations have crystallized into a desire to succeed himself. In the minds of the *cognoscenti* no doubt of the reorganization of the Non-Partisan party is admitted, and the daring prophesy a victory beside which last year's was petty. Behind the movement, as its guiding genius last campaign, was George K. Fitch. This year he controls absolutely two daily papers, and the influence of both will be exerted for the Non-Partisan principle.

* * *

While Ellert has made more individual enemies than I care to count, it is positive he is stronger than ever before the people. On all the big questions he has been unequivocally bold, and in the pole pulling party on Market Street he made considerable capital. So I look on the Mayor as an interesting factor in future municipal politics.

* * *

TO THE SIGNAL success at Chicago of a local musical organization I alluded a week or two ago. The Abbey Cheney Amateurs is a club composed of Mrs. John Vance Cheney's pupils, and four members of it went on to the World's Fair to take part in the convention of Women's Amateur Musical Clubs there. Some forty of these competed before a jury of musicians composed of Theodore Thomas, August Hyllested, Clanna Eddy, Harrison Wild, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler and others. To each organization forty minutes were given to play solos and concerted pieces, and the reading of a paper on the method of instruction followed. Four days were taken for the various trials, and to the San Franciscans the "diploma of honor" was awarded. Somewhat of an honor, surely, considering these clubs represented the most notable pianoforte teachers of the country.

* * *

The paper on Mrs. Cheney's method was read by Mrs. Plumb, *nee* Gross, and so interested were her hearers, she was invited to deliver several papers on the same subject before the Chicago Musical Amateur Club. The solo successes were made by Miss Cameron, of Oakland, Miss Lillie Moulton and Miss Grace Harrison, whose technique and touch won unlimited commendation from their distinguished critics. On the success of her method and on the cleverness of her pupils, Mrs. Cheney is certainly to be congratulated. It is but seldom that San Franciscans attain prominence east of the Missouri.

* * *

The dear old saying which dictates to those living in glass houses a degree of discretion unnecessary if one is housed under wood or stone, received at the Hotel Crellin the other evening a striking, indeed an exquisite example. At dinner George Warder, a young real estate personage, called attention to the decline and fall of the hair of a certain old young man who sat opposite him. He precipitated blushes. It seems this captious critic is accustomed to hide with a small and very artistic "scratch" a certain very bald spot on the crown of his own head. This his victim was aware of, so after sustaining the sarcasms of the crowd he rose to depart, and, passing behind Warder, ran searching fingers through the real estate personage's hair. The result—lo, the untimely baldness and the utter confusion of the humorist, who retired precipitately.

* * *

Even if it be a variation on the old Tucson tale, this Yuma story is not half bad. The guilt, however, is on the shoulders of H. E. Huntington who brought it to town. There died at Yuma, at a moment when the thermometer was miles above par, a good citizen who had ever yearned for cremation. The remains were brought to Los Angeles and bestowed, after due ceremony, in the oven. There followed the roaring of the furnace and other features of incineration, until the moment for the removal of the ashes. The gates are open, and the corpse, sitting up, exclaims impatiently:

"Shut the door, man, that draught is killing me."

* * *

THERE IS a crisis, I am told, in the offices of the three morning papers of this town, which, were the details known, would make an excellent comic space story for some unprejudiced journal like the Viverols *Snoozer*. For some time, in common with other business concerns, the big dailies have felt the effects of the prevailing financial depression. In all of them economy has been the order of the day. The *Examiner* recently beheaded a large number of men who are known in journalism as "skates," and in the *Chronicle* office while the order has been to get the news as usual, various economical measures have been enforced. Last week the *Call* abolished its salaried staff and adopted a "space" and "detail" system by which it is hoped to save some money.

* * *

The comical crisis to which I have referred, affects the outward appearance of all three sheets. In order to be at all times exactly alike, I presume, each of the morning dailies prints ten pages. It would be a most striking and effective movement toward economy if anyone of the three could reduce its form to eight or even nine pages. The change could be made by the simple issuance of the order. It would save two pages of typesetting per day and a great deal of money now expended on "space" stories. Owing to the cat-and-dog lives they lead with each other, they all know that the first one that reduces its form will be instantly pounced upon by the other two, who will loudly proclaim to the public that nothing but a depleted treasury and a moribund business generally could have compelled the adoption of such a measure. Neither Hearst, De Young, nor Fitch speak as they pass by.

* * *

The effect of the Mills Building on the transient bucolic is positive. Instead of detracting from the trade of the Russ House its sky-scraping proportions prove a potent fascination. On the strength of the proximity dozens of grangers are attracted there and duly impressed by modern architecture. The other evening a bevy of yokels were descending from the wagon, among them a stout, young woman to whom town was evidently an event. Unconscious of her bundles, which the hasty runner threw out one after another, she stood, her head thrown back, gazing raptly at the tenth story.

"Shure, Martin," she said, opening her lips for the first time, "th' house there is as tall as th' pine three in our back yard."

The Witness.

The appreciation of a good thing is shown by its use. Monogram Whiskey is used almost universally.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal.

A HINT TO THE CHINESE.

On the fifteenth inst. His Excellency Yang Yue, the new Minister Plenipotentiary from China, arrived at this port with a suite of eighty-two secretaries, *attachés*, and attendants. He is Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Spain and Peru as well as the United States; he has control of the consulates at New York, Havana, Matanzas, Lima, Callao, Cadiz, and Barcelona as well as San Francisco. He has had some political training, and some experience in dealing with foreigners at the port of Hoomoo, where he has been Collector; he is a man of high repute in his own country and of patrimonial wealth. The occasion of his arrival with such an imposing retinue seems fitting for a few observations on the position of the Chinese in the United States.

The unpopularity of the Chinese in this State is mainly due to the jealousy of the working class, which is voiced by labor unions and by the papers which truckle to them; but it is also in some measure the fruit of the unwisdom of the Chinese themselves. Their isolation in the community is their own work. They live by themselves and for themselves. They wear clothes such as no other men wear. They adhere to pigtails, though all other peoples have discarded them. They have their own societies, to which white men are not admitted. They have their own clubs, which consist wholly of Chinamen. They support their own restaurants and their own theatres, and are rarely seen in an American eating house, or at an American show, unless it be the circus. When they are expostulated with, they justify themselves on the plea that they do not want to be insulted, as they often are when they mingle in crowds of white men. But all white men are not hoodlums or Irishmen. If the Chinese got into the habit of mingling with men of other races, the strangeness of their appearance would wear off, and they would soon be hail fellows well met, like other foreigners.

There are well-bred and broad-minded gentlemen and ladies in this community, who would be glad to manifest their detestation of the brutal anti-Chinese prejudice of people like Kearney and Geary, by showing civilities to the better class of Chinamen. But since the days of the distinguished Ow Yang Ming, whose family had been in the Chinese diplomatic service since the time of Christ, and who was a welcome guest at many San Francisco houses, there has practically been no intercourse between the Chinese consulate and our city Society. One of Ow Yang Ming's successors—Tso King—was a graduate of the college at Peking and a polished gentleman. If he had remained here longer, he would probably have become a favorite with our best people; but Leang-ting-Tsan, who preceded him, and Li-Yung-Yen, who succeeded him, never assimilated at all. The present Consul-General sits in a cockloft in the house in Stockton Street. It is believed that he never goes out and never lets anyone in. He may live on bird's-nest soup, shark's fins and boiled babies, for anything that people know. There is not a gentleman in the city who can say that he knows his face.

During the lifetime of the late Colonel Bee, he was a connecting link between the Chinese and the white people. Everybody knew and respected Colonel Bee. Time and again the regard which he commanded stood between the Chinese and hoodlum maltreatment. Bullies of the O'Donnell and Kearney stamp cowered before the intrepid glance of his eye. He is gone, and though his place has never been filled, the Chinamen who discharge the duties which were his—with the single exception of Mr. Ow Yang King—are absolute nonentities as diplomatic or consular representatives. They might just as well be in Mongolia. Instead of conciliating good will for the Chinese, they intensify public prejudice against them by holding themselves aloof from those with whom they should make friends.

The new minister must perceive that this is all mistaken policy. The Chinese are here—sixty thousand of them, more or less, on this Coast. It is not best for them that they should be pariahs and outcasts, exposed to persecution by every wretched demagogue who wants to make himself solid with the labor unions. The Coast is full of humane, enlightened people who would be glad to treat them kindly and to shield them from persecution. But it is difficult to affiliate with persons who play the haughty hermit behind brick walls, as if to say that there is no one here with whom they care to associate. And it is very difficult for those who demand fair treatment for the Chinese to obtain a hearing among their fellow citizens, as long as these Chinese officials parade a lofty scorn of the people among whom they have been appointed to fulfill duties.

If His Excellency Yang Yue is wise he will appoint to the vacant consulates gentlemen who realize that the duty of a consular representative is to make friends and not enemies for his people. Such an official as Li Hung Yen does infinitely more harm to the Chinese than a regiment of Kearneys. A judicious diplomat in his place would make it known to the Chinese in California that they must abandon their policy of isolation and mix with people on friendly terms or—go home. As for Li Hung Yen and his coadjutors—always excepting Ow Yang King, who is a Yale man and has married an American wife—they are perpetually supplying the anti-Chinese faction with ammunition. When a follower of Geary points to him in his cockloft, surveying San Francisco scornfully as a place which does not contain one person worth speaking to, what is a champion of humanity to answer?

JOHN BONNER.

LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

AN EGYPTIAN CRITIQUE.

Literature in our town is restricted mainly to the journalists. Those of us who do not labor for the matutinal and hebdomadal press have neither occasion nor convenience to keep even our errors in public view. The local magazines are moribund and no one would read a book published in San Francisco. It is with art as with literature; good painters and good writers perish of unappreciation on this sterile peninsula.

Bierstadt and Carlson, Gertrude Atherton and Harry Dam have gone. Stanton, it is true, has returned, only to go hence again, for I fancy his pictures will find no buyers here, though they were as everlasting as Raphael's Madonnas.

Joullin won't paint though he can; but if he did to whom could he sell? Yet there are more people in this town than filled London during Shakespeare's epoch. There be riches enough and a certain degree of cultivation; still we resemble Frankfort rather than Brussels. When offered a palatial home for art and artists, we refused to accept until the gracious donor added a gratuity to pay the janitors and the spider web destroyer. Mr. Scott has indeed shown material approval of local art, but he cannot be a Macaenas to Mr. Keith and all the others, nor has he any colleagues.

The press writers have neither opposition nor other incentive, for have they not only themselves to emulate? Still there should be some sentiment of self respect.

Take the *Bulletin* for illustration. Near every editorial sentence begins and ends with a conjunction or preposition, and one might believe that no colons nor semi-colons are in their composition cases.

Who reads the *Chronicle* editorials or the *Examiner* lucubrations that, alike, neither instruct nor offend? The *Call* prints good English; but whence comes the wretch who drowns his leisure moments in Paleozoic seas, or gazes through a *Call* editorial on the Aurora Borealis of the Arctic Regions! If we individualize, how few arise from the mud of mediocrity!

Peter Robertson! He has composed no melody since "Undertones." And yet I sometimes opine that he could make his Eolian harp twang once again if he tried. There be, mayhap, others who like him, drift with the tide discontented, yet lethargic.

Mr. Irish writes and speaks well. But he is so insincere that he should have been a lawyer. His pen has been guided by power, not justice, and he has endangered the esteem of the community.

Mr. McEwen indicates the sagebrush education. He exhibits a maximum of virility and a minimum of prosody. He composes well sporadically, and often hysterically. In his syndicates one can scent the alkali as far as the "Monterey's" search light can be seen. With the amenities of culture will arrive, let us believe, a more accurate taste.

Mr. Williams is a good but careless journalist and prone to personalism. He writes fairly well, but does not revise; a cardinal error of newspaper men. They pose upon the number of words produced within a limited time, oblivious or reckless of the apothegm that that which is hurriedly written is never well written. Macaulay re-wrote his English history eight times, and the last page of the manuscript of that work now in the British Museum is covered with such changes and interlineations as to be scarce decipherable.

Stevenson reads aloud every word of his romances for, as he justly observes, the ear is more accurate than the eye.

I know very well that it will be urged, press writers have not the leisure; then should they flippantly, not to say ignorantly, criticise those who exercise a due patience in their productions?

What excuse can be assigned for Joaquin Miller, who published a story not many months ago in the *Call*, containing the extraordinary statement, in slipshod, careless language, that lions abounded near the pyramids? He also caused his heroine to be nearly devoured by them at the same place, and she was only saved through the thrilling splendor of her "star-lighted eyes." This may be Fiction, but assuredly it is not Romance and is unworthy of his fame. Like Virgil, he may yet pray for some one to consign to the flames such poor harbingers of his intellect.

The decrees of Mr. Bierce are awaited with the same awe as the Greeks did the utterances of the Delphic Oracle. And indeed, to the finite mind they are occasionally quite as sublimely obscure. However, I am constrained to add, lest he be vain, that in no other way does he resemble Apollo. The homage offered Mr. Bierce is due his finished

workmanship and evident sincerity. We can all observe that he must compose very carefully and indeed laboriously. At times we would prefer, mayhap, that his lightnings winged to Parnassian heights in swifter circles and with rhythm of the Muses, rather than the severe strains of Minerva. The newspaper men respect him, for I verily believe that he is almost the only one of these gentlemen who will not write what he does not believe. I know that this statement may be read with amazement and possible skepticism; but I think it but just to so affirm on behalf of Mr. Bierce.

Say what you will, the journalists resemble the lawyers in this: they praise or censure men and measures as they are paid. The successful press writer in these days must forswear politics and principles. His moral ethics consist in doing faithfully as he is ordered, and the more he inwardly revolts the more limpid shines his intellect in the execution of his repugnant task. The pity of it is that he cannot avoid this punishment, for it is the misfortune of his profession. And he is forced to become a fervid iconoclast.

An old French proverb says that there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends that gives us pleasure. If this be true, then are the newspapers the genial purveyors of this malign spirit.

JEREMIAH LYNCH.

EXPERIENCES OF A NEVADA QUILL DRIVER JUST COME TO TOWN.

It is hardly probable that a country newspaper man has ever pulled back the curtain of his San Francisco experience and permitted the motley public to gaze with unmasked eyes on a fragment of his existence.

It is not without a touch of sorrow that I am driven to it by a thousand inquisitive devils who ask me with a smile, followed by a searching look, "How *do* you like San Francisco journalism?"

Moved by the entreaties of some Nevada admirers who advised me to try the city where the field was larger, I left my little home in Carson, where I had nestled under the shadow of the Sierra lo——for twelve years, accompanied by a railroad pass and an almost extinct valise, solely for the purpose of gratifying the whim of a little handful of people who spent most of their time swelling my head and stealing the *Appeal* from the neighbors.

On my way down, the Pullman car porter borrowed my tooth brush and in return gave me the password to Palace Hotel hustlers which is: "Presto—*no* change."

The same kind of a scheme works in the "William Tell," where I found it necessary to move the next day, and at which hostelry I gave a bootblack twenty-five cents to put a glare on my shoes. While waiting for the change a passing band played "Down in Tennessee," which gay air induced the darkey to gather himself and perform a jig step through the door into a room containing the words "No Admittance." He is still in that room, and the sign is yet on the door.

My first appearance in San Francisco journalism was made in the *Examiner* where I was at once assigned a chair in the reporters' room, and loaded up with the information that when wanted the city editor would call me. I have been sitting in that chair for the last four weeks and kept both my sun-burned ears open for some remark from the editor which would bring me to an understanding of how often I was wanted.

At the end of each week some of the press gang hand me a statement in blank with the intelligence that I should make out a bill of the material from my pen which had appeared in the columns of the *Examiner* of the previous seven days.

The same men who hand me these bills, accompanied by a sarcastic smile, have been seen by myself eating tomato catsup on doughnuts and dipping up free lunch stew with a piece of celery. Last Sunday I imagined myself back in Carson, and dropping into the nearest cigar stand called for a Lillian Russell.

"This is good for a seven-line notice in the morning and a box will put you on the deadhead list," I said, with a Nevada twang in my voice which generally has the desired effect up in the mountains. The dealer reached out, took the liberty to displace the Havana, and handed me a stogie remarking:

"This is good for seven hours of suspended animation and a box will put you on the dead list."

I noticed last week with pleasure that the *Examiner* elevator had been shut down and I galloped up the stairs with the firm conviction that the thing had been laid off in order to reduce expenses so that I might be employed at a large and munificent salary.

Neither of us has done a lick of work since.

This town ought to pay more respect to a Nevada man as the best buildings in it were built with "battle born" silver and servant girls' salaries. Nevada kept the Coast on its feet for fourteen years, stocked the Palace Hotel with good poker and crib players, introduced the grill room for epicures, and now, after all these years of productive toil you have to buy four porters in every hall to find out where Detective Fred Davis sleeps in the day time.

I would suggest that Nevadans band together and demand the right to knock the heads off beer bottles with a case knife, carry an opened can of sardines in their side pocket and spell the State New-vada, at any and all times.

I hope the daily newspapers will adopt the country method of holding up the subscription list, and by publishing a district school roll of honor one day, secure from each rural dad—whose son or daughter is thereupon—a roll of butter the next morning.

You must cater to the outside trade and call every man who ever went to the Legislature, a "born statesman" and an "intellectual giant."

It works well in Nevada. It ought to work here.

My John Wannamaker clothes have as yet kept very quiet and brought no jeers upon my head. I have had them for four years but never dared to occupy them in Carson where we had several local clothiers, who advertised to the extent of $9.50 during the holidays.

I believe the time will come, however, when I shall like San Francisco, because some of the poor vagabonds whom I have permitted tell their tale of woe, will strike it rich and take me in, in fact everybody has been taking me in ever since I struck town.

BOB DAVIS.

IN A COUPÉ.

"What reckless impudence! Truly, I should not have trusted myself alone with you. Into what trouble does my impulsive nature lead me!"

"But, my dear girl, I am not annoying you at all!"

"No—but suppose you should? I am at your mercy. If you tried to kiss me I could not defend myself."

"Be calm. I will not try. There are numbers of people we both know on the Avenue, and the windows of this *coupé* are abominably clean and large."

"The windows are large, but the seat is most naughtily narrow and—and there are curtains to the windows."

"Never fear—I will not pull them down. It looks vulgar. As for the narrow seat—I will sit as far away from you as possible."

"How stupid he is!" she murmured.

"How sullen she seems!" said he, *sotto voce*.

They drove on in silence.

She began to wish she had not consented to take this drive with him. If her husband heard of it he would be furious, and, judging from present appearances, there was to be no compensation for the risk she ran.

He thought of his club and sighed. He had told her he loved her, but she only laughed at him. He had begged her to dine with him in a quiet little place uptown, but she refused. She could not take dinner with him—she would not dare to; she would have to go home just as soon as this drive was over. As for love—bah, there was no such thing, she said.

Deeds, not words, win women. The bold lover is the conquering hero in affairs of the heart. But how can one be bold in a cab with clean windows? Then, too, she seemed prudish. Even supposing that he had a chance to kiss her, she might make a "scene." Decidedly this drive was a failure, and he was a fool and she was——

His reverie was interrupted by a little scream.

"Oh—the windows—look at them! Alas, I am lost—I am lost!"

He looked. Inside the carriage it was warm, outside it was cool and a light rain was falling. The windows were covered with an impenetrable haze

"Ah—now, indeed, you have cause to fear me!" he cried, as his hot lips pressed hers.

"How much time you have wasted!" said she. "The windows have been like that for fully five minutes. You men are so stupidly blind sometimes!"—*Town Topics.*

Neighbor (anxiously)—Is there any hope?

Sick Man's Wife (cheerfully)—Yes; the doctors are fighting each other.—*Exchange.*

ADAM'S TUTTI FRUTTI

PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Chewed For Half an Hour
After Every Meal

A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION

MASKS AND FACES

That the physical contours of an actress figure formidably in one's estimate of her performance, if unfortunate, is no less a fact. Less attractive figuratively, if more active mentally, is the "Jane" of Miss Yeamans, compared with the presentation of that part by Miss Johnstone Bennett. That robust and personable young woman had the rotundity of outline we are so given to find in California and admire everywhere. Not beautiful, but forceful, she animated the part with a certain superb animal exuberance that Miss Yeamans, who is older and perhaps of better intellectual development, lacks; not, however, that one is liable to demand an especial degree of introspection in a "Jane." There are no psychological problems articulated in the course of the three acts, nor does one require a map with the jokes. Alas, they are very obvious these latter—those that escape are better unsmiled at, for "Jane" is adapted from the French and is more than *risque* in the original.

An interesting situation that, wherein the hero finds himself. Somewhat difficult it is to believe Mr. Jackson as fascinating as his character, for he is somewhat less than clever though one may imagine his intentions as excellent. Even then, I cannot imagine him falling in love with Miss Stevens, whose costume is absurdly bad form—a fact the stage manager might note without loss. However, one laughs at the performance, and is it not a great deal to be amused these dim dull days of bank failures and depressed finances? I cannot but think, though, what an admirable contrast the Mr. Kershaw of Jos. Allen forms to his impersonation of Sir James Moorfield. Why such a "sun setting" should have ever been permitted a second dawning is more than I can conceive. Its pathos is as forced as its climax is poignant. Indeed, the tone is sadder than the lines, though it must be confessed Mr. Allen, as the fond parent of Janet and Lucy, relieves the melancholy by the rotundity of his contours. To associate resigned grief with corpulence so pronounced is asking a little too much.

* * *

Regarded as an onslaught on the Penal Code, "Ranch 10" at Stockwell's is a success. Full of the glamor of capital offenses, the plot, of every scene the civilized sequence a hanging, one marvels at the moderation of the author, who avoids mayhem, forgery and adultery. Still, with slight encouragement, doubtless he might work them all into the story; so I trust no one will compare his ability with that of Bronson Howard. One of the most dangerous dagoes I have ever seen on the boards is Mr. Frawley, who glares from beneath long black hair and hisses "pish" whenever a punctuation point offers an opportunity. Rather a guilty creature, this Frawley. Murder, arson, and kindred crimes are but episodes in his disastrous career. But a single touch of consideration he shows—his suicide is consummated behind the scenes, and both audience and jury hear unconcerned the pistol shots that announce his demise. Even in these hard times it seems to me Mr. Stockwell might find something a trifle better for the attention of Clarence Holt, Frawley, Osborne than "Ranch 10." Melodrama of the rawest type, it is too ridiculous to discuss seriously and too preposterous to witness more than a scene of. Next week "Coralie," a four-act play adapted from Delpit by Petro Robertson goes on.

* * *

For a certain anxiety to realize where the muscular industry of the slowest of playwrights is exhibited in "Aristocracy," I may be forgiven. Not in the lines surely, imbued with so masterly a monotony, nor in the characterization which is artificial and untrue. As little typical of Europe as of America are the *dramatis personæ*. In the conception of a single figure there is no adjustment of positive traits, no effort at realizing the environment in the individual. It is in this particular that a playwright develops intellectual capacity. In the mere construction of situations and climaxes the talent exerted is more mathematical than literary. If the aim of Howard is to debase the aristocracy of the old world, how slight his achievement. By no means lacking in manliness is the libertine prince. To rightly demonstrate the bold strength of the Californian ought he not have cringed and blanched before the righteous wrath of the injured husband?

Admitting the enforcement of a great moral, is not "Aristocracy" vulgar in its obviousness? Is not the climax stupid in its artificiality, unreal in its forced conclusions, dogmatic? Swift enough the action, but the two *embroglios* are precipitated by accidents rather than led up to by incident. Admitting the terseness of the third act, does it not neutralize the attempted moral? No less a commonplace in its consequences. In the sketch of Stockton who finds a touch of versimilitude? The type is unrealized by author as by actor.

* * *

The dramatic possibilities of the coming week are rather interesting. At the Baldwin, "The Girl I Left Behind Me" succeeds "Aristocracy." It is a story of love in a military outpost of the Northwest, has the Indian question for a theme, and for hero and villain, *bona fide* lieutenants. The heroine is the daughter of the general in command of the garrison, and there are all sorts and conditions of adventures and fights forming a background. The cast is not especially rich in promising names, though it includes that very pretty young *Californienne*, Miss Irene Everett.

* * *

With considerable interest I am anticipating the debut of Miss Blanche Bates at Stockwell's on Monday evening. A bright, handsome, and very intelligent girl, she possesses the mental and physical attributes of a successful actress. If only a share of the divine afflatus is hers, I am persuaded her name in the days to come will trip familiarly from the lips of theatre-goers. Her appearance is to be accomplished in a one-act curtain-raiser, in which Charles Kent, a new member of Stockwell's Company of players, also makes his initial bow to a San Francisco audience.

Press Clippings on any subject, supplied on application.

Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

YOUNG MOTHERS

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for thirty years. Your Grocer and Druggist sell it.

Lady Witness—And he said it right to my teeth, judge.

Court—Were you in the room at the time, madam?—*Town Topics.*

AMUSEMENTS.

BALDWIN THEATRE

AL. HAYMAN & Co., - - Lessees and Managers

MONDAY, AUGUST 21ST

The Successful American Play

The Girl I Left Behind Me

By Belasco & Fryles

FROM THE EMPIRE THEATRE, N. Y.

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE

HANDSOMEST THEATRE IN THE WORLD

AL HAYMAN & Co. ..... Proprietors
J. J. GOTTLOB ..... Manager

Second and Last Week

"JANE" HAS CAUGHT THE TOWN

The Queen of Comedies

JANE

JENNIE YEAMANS AS "JANE"

Monday, August 28th.—Leonard Grover's Comedy-Drama, WOLVES OF NEW YORK.

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE

L. R. STOCKWELL ..... Lessee and Proprietor
ALF ELLINGHOUSE ..... Manager

One Week Only Monday, August 21st

THE STARTLING SOCIETY DRAMA

CORALIE

A Play in Four Acts, Adapted from the French of Albert Delpit by Peter Robertson.

NEXT.—Monday, August 28th: First Time in this City of Henry Guy Carleton's YE EARLIE TROUBLE.

Hotel Arcadia

SANTA MONICA,
LOS ANGELES CO., CAL.

The World's Famous Surf Bathing Resort.

Unrivalled Fishing from the New Wharf.
(THE LONGEST IN THE WORLD)

Open Summer and Winter

Accommodations First-Class
Reached by Land or Sea

SIMON REINHART,
Lessee.

AMATEUR SPORT

Far and away the most interesting event of the week to gentlemen sportsmen in California is the arrival on American soil of Mr. W. O'B. MacDonough's superb stallion Ormonde. That California can boast of the greatest sire of race horses now living is certainly something he can be justly proud of. To the gentleman whose instincts have prompted him in the expenditure of so great a sum of money in the purchase of such a valuable horse conjointly to his own interests as a breeder of thoroughbreds and to the State as a producer of them, all praise is due. In Ormonde we possess certainly the most fashionably bred and the most brilliant performer of his time. As to the greatness of his get, that is in a sense still a matter of conjecture. Orme was probably the best colt of the year, and it is not a too optimistic hope to express that a number of the Ormonde foals, carried by six out of the nine thorough bred mares imported with the great sire, will prove to be very sensational racers. The probabilities are that the string will arrive here in the early autumn, although it is likely that the fortunate owner will remain in the East until the close of the racing season.

Geraldine, that much disputed and undeniably very speedy mare, seems to suffer but little from her pillar to post career. She has been wonderfully fortunate on the Eastern tracks in the past few weeks and has won for Mr. Ashe, who possesses her, at least up to the time of going to press, a very neat pot of money. Geraldine won half a dozen good races at Brighton Beach without suffering a single defeat, and is now at the Saratoga meeting, where she seems likely to be seen frequently in the foremost place.

Mr. Alfred Wheeler seems to have quite deserted his numerous land interests in Lake County and developed into a full-fledged follower of the sport of kings. As Mr. Wheeler is a close follower of his friend, Mr. MacDonough, who has been fortunate in the ring if not with his own stable, I presume I may congratulate Mr. Wheeler on a very fair share of good fortune and a profitable summer.

* * *

Aside from the many-sided discussions over the merits of the character of the renowned "Laurie" Bliss, the crack football coach from Yale, the chief topic of interest in the Olympic Club is the near at hand election of officers. There seems to be scarcely any doubt that Mr. Crocker, the present chief, will be renominated for President, and as I do not hear of any irregular ticket that is worthy of consideration, it is safe to say that Mr. Crocker will have at least another term in which to exploit his theories as to the best way in which to conduct an athletic club. For my part, I sincerely hope that such will be the case. The most prominent candidate for Vice-President seems to be George A. Knight. For the post of Leader there is not much choice between Kolb, who holds the place at present, and several others whose names are mentioned and who are all capable and popular men.

I think it scarcely fair that so much outside criticism over Mr. Bliss should be indulged in, at least during the remainder of his stay in the city. He goes East on Monday, and it would be better taste to postpone discussion, at least of his personality, until his departure. At the time of the arrival of the great Yale man I foreshadowed in these columns pretty clearly, I think, just about the impression he was likely to create in the minds of a good many of the members. He has been through the excessively vigorous school of training to which every 'Varsity man must submit himself, and it is not to be wondered at that he should look for the same willingness to submit to privations on the part of men who seek to excel in football. The average O. A. C. man is fond of his comforts, and, as a rule, does not look with much favor on the man who seeks, for the good of all, to deny them to him.

* * *

I imagine that Mr. Robert Wieland regrets pretty sincerely the connection which he formed with the California Baseball League. I am an admirer of baseball as a game requiring a great deal of skill and pluck and one furnishing a very considerable amount of amusement to the onlookers, but as to personal association with its management—well, that's another story. The game as it is conducted throughout the entire country is one of a purely speculative character, and when the scheme of money getting, at no matter what cost to the sport, is the sole purpose, it is a safe wager that the sport will not be conducted in either a strictly legitimate or a very gentlemanly way.

I believe that Mr. Wieland has done his best to make baseball popular, and while I am sorry that he has failed I am in nowise surprised. With commendable courage he declares that he is going to stick to it and will re-establish the League on a firmer and more prosperous basis than it ever was before.

* * *

The Corinthian sailor boys have two outings set down, both of which promise to furnish a good deal of genuine sport for "all hands." To-day they sail over to Goat Island on a brief cruise, and on Saturday next a very good run up to Petaluma Creek is outlined.

The big single stickers and the schooners seem to be very lazy just at present, and save for an occasional Sunday sail they are as uninteresting as a horse out to grass.

I have a word to say to some of our local yachtsmen and particularly to those who venture into the public prints as critics of the "Navajoe." Mr. Carroll's boat has failed to win any of her races in English waters, although she has sailed a good second to the best of the Britishers in several cup racers. It should be distinctly understood in discussing her performances that the "Navajoe" was not built as a "cup defender," but practically as a cruiser. She is reckoned minutes slower than any of the four boats now doing their trials on Long Island Sound, and is in no sense a racing machine. She has not the requisite draft nor are her spars built to carry a full suit of racing canvas. Of the four "defenders" I prefer the "Vigilant," and am inclined to think that she will surely meet the "Valkyrie" for the "America's" cup. The Prince of Wales' boat, the "Brittania," is, I think, a trifle better than Dunraven's sloop, and if the latter should be defeated in this country we will hear from the doughty Briton that it would have been different had the "H. R. H." boat competed.

* * *

Taylor and Tobin have returned, and this, coupled with the forthcoming tournament at San Rafael on the ninth and tenth of September, has created a renewed interest in tennis. In all probability the championship doubles will be the best exhibition of this kind of play we have yet had. The entries are numerous and nearly all the best players on the Coast will compete. It remains with the Hardy brothers, of Oakland, who won the championship last year, to defend the title. Opposed to them will be Hobart and Allen, Bates and Driscoll, the Magee brothers, De Long and Stetson, the Whitney brothers, Wilberforce and Allie, and others. Driscoll, who won the singles at the Fourth of July tournament, should make an admirable partner for Bates, and between them a pretty hard game to beat should be the result. Of the Olympic Club entries—Lane and Larkin and Treat and Miller—I am somewhat doubtful. They have played together a good deal and should make a creditable showing.

The championship doubles in the Tennis Annex of the Olympic Club occur on Saturday next, and will be beyond doubt the most successful meeting the Annex has yet held. The entry list which closes on Thursday is already well filled.

The Haywards tournament, which was held yesterday and is continued to-day, I shall have something to tell you of next week.

All the pretty players entered in the ladies' doubles for the San Rafael engagement are hard at work practicing, and some very good games are promised.

* * *

The bicyclers promise to turn out in splendid form for the Alameda races on the twenty-sixth. The entries close to-day, and as a number of the very best men we can boast of are engaged, I am in hopes of seeing fast riding and a number of splendid finishes.

Zimmerman seems to carry everything before him in the Milwaukee meeting and continues to gather in prizes in slow time. It is pretty evident that everybody else considers him unbeatable, and will not even put him to his best pace.

THE STARTER.

A fair maiden once had a beau
Who at popping was so very sleau
That a nimble-tongued knight
Cut him clear out of ksight,
And left him to lornliest weau.

—*Texas Topics.*

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THE MATCH-BOX.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF SAINE BY [illegible]

"At that epoch—it was a long time ago," said Raoul, "I was a very handsome fellow——"

"How you must regret that time, then," laughingly interrupted Edmonde.

"On the contrary, I regret nothing. I go even further, and affirm that the most fatal gift that heaven can bestow upon man is the reputation for masculine beauty.

"I lived then near the Faubourg Saint Germain, in a house of five stories, roosting at the top in a chamber as big as my hand, furnished with a little iron bed, a round table and my portmanteau. The door of my room faced upon the corridor, upon which opened the rooms of the locataires' servants, and directly in front of mine lodged a coquettish little soubrette with big blue eyes, trim ankles and the sauciest, most inviting of smiles.

"I do not know how she ever did her work or how her mistress—a beautiful young widow, who occupied all the first floor—endured her negligence, but I do know that her door was continually open and that I could not put my foot on the stairway without seeing her rosy little muzzle advancing from it and her sapphire blue eyes asking the charity of a kiss, with such insistence, well, it was all I could do not to stop then and there and bestow the alms desired.

"The mistress of this little soubrette lived, as I told you, on the first floor. I knew it because for some days past, every time I went out I remarked that the wide, two-leaved door of her noble apartment also stood open, permitting one to see a bewildering profusion of elegant furniture and a long defile of salons, library, salle-a-manger, boudoir, and sleeping chambers fit to give one a veritable vertigo of desire and envy.

"A superb defile of beautiful rooms, yes, but not a soul visible in that whole elegant lodging, filled always with the profoundest silence—a *fin de siecle* counterpart of the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty.

"It seemed to me as I passed, that a white robe had hastily and furtively dissimulated itself behind a portiere. My pulse gave a leap and my blood instantly seemed to speed like a mill-race through all my animal organism. All day long, indeed, that white robe without a head continually bobbed and danced between me and my work. Bobbed and danced to such purpose that full two hours sooner than usual I threw down my Blackstone and returned to my mansarde. In the corridor, as always, I found my little soubrette lying in wait for me with her eternal smile and her begging eyes.

"This time I pretended not to be able to find my key and fumbled and rummaged from pocket to pocket. The bait took; the little soubrette came sidling forward.

"'You are looking for something, monsieur?' she said to me.

"'Yes, mademoiselle, my key,' responded I.

"'You have lost it, perhaps.'

"'I fear that I have, mademoiselle,' said I.

"'Would you like to try mine then, monsieur?' said she, reddening to the ears. 'The locks in a corridor are very frequently the same.'

"And while saying, this she slipped the key in. It fitted perfectly and behold, my door was opened.

"'Thanks, mademoiselle——' I hesitatingly paused.

"'Jeanne, monsieur,' said she, showing all her white teeth and ravishing little dimples.

"I was just going to question her about her mistress, when the bell that connected the first story with the mansarde rung furiously.

"'Again!' she cried. 'One cannot be quiet here five minutes! What in the world has madame against me for some days past? Decidedly she is droll in her ways of late!'

"And as the bell repeated its call she threw at me a glance where mingled regret at leaving me and fear of a scolding, and fled like a lapwing down the stairs.

"It was in vain that I awaited her; she did not come back. But three days later I received a letter from her—behold it, corrected in its orthography:

"'Monsieur, my neighbor, you will see me no more all this season. Madame obliged me to precipitately depart yesterday for her *chateau* at Velogne. I felt very badly about it, for I had grown accustomed to seeing you, and I write now to say that you ought at once to have your lock changed, though my key will be always in madame's hands. She will not mount to steal from you, of course, but others may. Adieu, then, my neighbor, for a while at least. Jeanne, who is so much chagrined, but will return next season, sure!'

"Next evening when I returned midnight had struck. The vestibule was all black, the concierge's box empty, but feeling around in the dark for the stair-rail, I was climbing quietly, when, to my astonishment, I saw a leaf of the door of the first floor slightly ajar and a ray of light sifting into the night of the corridor strong enough to make me believe the apartment illuminated for a reception.

"But I kept on, of course, and by counting landings soon discovered I had reached my door. I opened it and, guiding myself like the blind, with outstretched hands, went straight to my table where my phosphorous box lay.

"Here I should tell you that only the evening before I had refilled the box with a fresh supply of material, chemical matches being unknown in those days. Moreover, as all of you are too young to have seen a 'phosphorous box,' I should explain that it's a cube of pasteboard about a finger-length long, containing in one end a little bundle of pine splinters and encrusted in the other end a tiny bottle of liquid phosphorous.

"Well, as I said, I found the box, the box all freshly fitted the day before; found it by feeling, and plunged in the first match—nothing. I plunged in a second, a third, a fourth; nothing still. A fifth, tenth, twentieth—always nothing, just as if some one had said, 'There shall not be light!'

"In ten days' time I was going to take my law degree; every second was precious. What should I do? All at once I recalled that brilliant ray filtering into the well of the staircase through the open door of the first apartment.

"A method suggested by reason, before which timidity recoiled. But then why not? A rap at the door, a servant would come; I would show her my flameless candle, and murmur, pleadingly, 'You have so much light here, mademoiselle, grant me the loan of a little, please.'

"'Come, we'll go!' I told myself, and down I started.

"Not a sound, not a movement on that first floor, nothing but that golden ray cutting the gloom from that half-opened door.

"Candle in hand, I knocked, pushed open the door, and found myself facing an anteroom where, in a crystal globe, burned twenty rose-colored candles.

"The ante-room was empty and a ladder would have been needed to touch that sparkling cage where burned those rosy flames.

"Through the door of the salle-a-manger, wide open, I saw again that defile of chambers; at the end, the extreme end, I perceived a glimmer, a little twinkling beacon that had the air of beckoning me on. That last room, too, where glimmered the light, was empty, doubtless, as the others. I would enter, set my candle afire and run—if necessary. Gingerly then I raised the curtains, walked straight to my star—a low-turned gas jet—and stopped there transfixed, dumbfounded, a cold sweat pearling at the roots of my hair.

"Beside it, on a broad ottoman of blue velour, in a sea of lace and ribbons, I beheld a woman, a beautiful woman lying asleep, sleeping a slumber so calm, so peacefully placid that her breast seemed hardly to move under her gentle respiration.

"Instinctively I extended my arms to this celestial vision, and with ear on the stretch and the step of a wolf, I softly approached. I stooped and laid, light as a featherweight, on the fair white brow, close to the roots of the golden hair, a kiss that gave with the warm touch of the flesh the intoxication of a perfume.

"The sleeper did not wake. Nevertheless, at the brush of my lips it seemed to me that a faint thrill stirred her throat, so round, white, and encircling which, clearly defining itself on the delicate surface, I saw that tiny little flesh crease or furrow, called by poets 'Venus' Collar.' Easily and lightly, thrown back a little, the gracious head lay on the pillow, the rosy chin and lips a trifle uplifted as if waiting, indeed, as if offering themselves to kisses.

"Again, with hooked claws, temptation dragged me towards that delicious mouth. Just at that instant the buhl clock on the wall struck one. That silvery chime brought me back to reality—where was I? What was I doing?

"It was fright that seized me then, a cowardly terror. I thought but of flying, of flying as quickly as possible. I raised my head; I was going to run when I heard a sigh, a sigh that nailed me to my place. A sigh accompanied by a rustle of silk and laces. Eh! yes, you are right; she was not asleep. She had never been asleep. Then, if that sleep was fictitious, if all the while she had been awake, why—why then I had been given what I had taken; I was not the thief that I had believed myself. Radiant, beaming, I held out my arms.

"But no, you've heard enough of that sacred moment; I will tell you but this, that she had, as Jeanne said, precipitately returned her to her chateau of Velogne in order to obtain possession of the key of Jeanne's door. With that she had entered my room, soaked my phosphorous box in water and previously—because she had watched me—well informed as to my comings and goings, had arranged the lights and the star that led me to her door and her little alcove, and—"

"And thence, poor fellow," cried suddenly a gay voice behind us, "six months later to the altar of St. Clothilde, as you, my friends, already know. When a man is as handsome as Raoul was, at the same time blind as a bat and stupid as a whole flock of sheep rolled into one, a woman's wit was needed to make the sheep see, a woman's *finesse* to lead it into the road that sheep was intended to travel.

"But come, messieurs, dinner is on the table."—*Mercury*.

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

You actually wish then, Carrie dear, to know what we of the gay world are wearing? The desire is legitimate enough and you shall, that is to the best of my power. The gentle art of dressmakery has never been my strong point, but sometimes I succeed in conveying an idea—quite an advantage nowadays, think you not so? Here goes, however.

Our fall frocks have not yet arrived, but a bird who has the ear of Worth, Felix and Redfern has whispered a few of the coming glories into your fond cousin's ear. Accordion plaiting is to be the order of the day for all tall, slim maidens. One ordered by a certain most beautiful woman is of a black gauze, (don't you worship gauze, it is so suggestive of romance and poetry?) embroidered in tiny bouquets of yellow and blue flowers. From the pointed yoke of the bodice plain black lisse (accordion plaited) tightly drawn down to a band of embroidery—the whole made over deep amber satin.

That is but one, however. Here is another that Mabel has had sent her from Felix—an exquisite pale yellow organdie muslin, accordion plaited, with bands of lace let into the skirt, bodice and the forearms of the puffed sleeves. A wide silk belt with a deep buckle encircles the waist with a little frill projecting below. An embroidered epaulet surmounts the sleeves. She tried it on for my benefit and looks adorable.

The latest whim in the way of trimmings is to use a quantity of insertion of various styles. Venetian or Irish guipure, Valenciennes or Medici lace, straight or scalloped at the edges laid on plain over the bodice, or over a piece of ribbon of a different color, put on lengthwise or across. It looks unique placed slantwise, the middle strip commencing from the left shoulder and coming down to the waist near the right hip. Some prefer it slantwise but symmetrically on either side so as to form points in the middle of the front and back. In the latter case the points thus formed should be very deep to give the waist a smaller appearance, otherwise it rather tends to give one a clumsy figure.

A poem of a gown worthy of Cinderella's fairy godmother was among a bride's lately imported trousseau. It has haunted me ever since. I must describe it to you. It consisted of white Irish poplin, with the lovliest rippling gleam and sheen upon it. Round the skirt three rows of fine gold braiding in a pale refined tone of the metal, that harmonized delicately with that of the sumptuously soft silk. The upper row rose in slender spirals, which had a very graceful effect. A small cape to match was in the poplin bordered round the edge with gold braiding. A fall of lace in a delicious tone of deep, warm cream color was skillfully arranged about the shoulders. A darling little confection of a bonnet was in white and gold to match, and to make the *toilette* more complete, the sunshade was in poplin, with gold braiding and lace.

You, playing tennis in your wild fashion from early dawn to dewy eve, should get one of those dainty new tennis frocks which are so fetching. They are made of machine-plaited muslin delaine called *indéplissable.* The bodice is the usual blouse with round and narrow waistband, high stand-up collar and balloon sleeves. The skirt is made of three superposed flounces, the upper one coming up to the waist. You know what a marvel of ingenuity Nita is and how she turns everything to some useful purpose. This season she went round and picked up pretty remnants of organdies, dotted swisses, lawns and dimitys, and has laid in a regular wardrobe of the daintiest, most bewitching corset waists and chemises that you would wish to see. Then she has gathered together any number of ribbons and beading and those colored embroideries.

I went boating last week at Sausalito with Fred, and saw one girl so charmingly arrayed—an ideal boating dress of cream serge, embroidered in pale blue, red, green and gold. The bodice was made quite loose, and opened over a waistcoat of the serge, also slightly braided in straight lines across the front. The braiding also appeared on the collar and cuffs. A medium-sized Leghorn hat had very pale pink roses tucked among its cleverly twisted brim and crown. She was leaning over the wharf watching the fish or boats and Fred and I have been puzzling our small brains ever since to think who she can be. A modern Venus, Fred says, who must have risen from the depths of the sea, for he cannot account in any other way for such a glorious creature being on the Sausalito wharf unattended save for an elderly woman of the nurse type and a small boy. She had a preoccupied air, too, as if she were awaiting a merman or some other habitant of the depths.

Some one was asking me the other day how I managed to have such pretty, well-dressed feet. I laughed and said something about nature and flattery and that sort of thing, but really, Carrie dear, I pride myself on the art by which I conceal a naturally ugly foot. You know how the *pater* is about shoes, and my foot is broad and stubby so I invest in a great many. For each pair I have lasts, and as soon as I come in I doff my shoes, put them on the last, and take another pair, consequently my shoes never take the shape of my foot, don't spread, or crack, or wrinkle. Please don't tell the world at large as I wish to assume a pretty foot if I have it not.

MARTHA.

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LIBRARY NOTES

The productiveness of Colonel Richard Savage occasions me serious misgivings. Almost as much in evidence as Gilbert Parker, his appearances are more numerous and as gamboge as Gunter's. The two are giving the book stores a literary jaundice, for I am sure neither would consider himself properly discovered to the world save in a binding of yellow. Why this somewhat ancient romancer should call his latest diffusion "The Passing Show," I am at a loss to realize. Composed of a series of minor incidents strung out to lengths inexcusable, its passing is but poor excuse for its poverty. One is dragged to St. Petersburg, to Truxillo, to Vladistock, then to Nevada County, and the Sierras watching the show. Tawdry and very flimsy are the properties, but the Colonel in action has a fine movement and swings his pen lustily. Could he be persuaded to conserve his description and preserve his dilation, such merit as these tales possess would stand out with the glow of a certain lurid vitality. By no means flaccid are the episodes on which these tales are based; the difficulty is to wade through the maze of words which introduce the action. One readily realizes why "My Official Wife" so transcends in merit all its successors. It was carefully pruned of extraneous matter by Gunter, who, if he, like other editors, is ignorant of English, understands the art of wielding a blue pencil.

"L'Exilée" is Pierre Loti's latest book—not his best, indeed, but well-written in that vague, dreamy style of his. The pages devoted to Carmen Sylva are full of prettiness. Loti knew her as queen and after in her exile. There are some delightful words about Venice and the hours they spent there. The descriptions of her voice are exquisite. So great was its fascination that Loti was advised not to pass judgment upon a piece of poetry if he had heard her read it—it was sure to seem full of music. The sad affair of Helène and the young Crown Prince runs through the book, and Carmen Sylva's sorrow at its unhappy termination.

In the same volume is a clever little article about the Japanese women—their character and habits. For some unknown reason Loti felt bound not to write in it any thing that could shock the most prudish, consequently the subject is not well balanced—the picture is not complete. As he says: "Japanese life is like one of the fans they make; open it one way and you see a beautiful picture; close the fan and open it in the opposite direction and you behold some dreadful, indecent scene." He makes one long for his description of the wrong side; from all accounts of his life it would be a graphic one.

Loti does not admire the Japanese women. Their apparent want of feeling displeases him, their inane laughter upon even the most solemn occasions jars upon him. They are such children though, that one should forgive their lightness.

"Monsieur de Camors," by Octave Feuillet, though not absolutely new, is one of the cleverest novels of the last few years. It is in the author's best style and has a sweep that is sometimes lacking in his books. There is in it a code of honor which a man writes his son just before he commits suicide, that is quite of this century. "Make yourself master of all matters that can move your contemporaries to passion; but do not be moved by them yourself. Do not have any friends; Cæsar, beginning old, had one—who was Brutus. Use without scruple women for pleasure—men for power."

Of M. de Camors, it is said, "he loved, esteemed, and respected only himself, and he loved, esteemed, and respected himself like a God." He is passionately loved by the wife of the man to whom he is indebted for all the benefits of his life—he struggles against it but in vain. "Real passion has powers which override all designs, defy all logic, upset all calculations. It envelopes you as the antique gods inspired the prophetesses on their tripods. It speaks through your mouth words which you hardly understand. It domineers your thoughts, it confounds your reason, it reads your secrets. This sublime folly possesses you, exalts you, transfigures you. It makes, at one bound, of a vulgarian a poet, of a coward a hero, of an egoist a martyr, and of Don Juan himself an angel of purity."

There are several beautiful characters well-drawn, but in true French style. They have only that to be envied for. There are some discussions on political subjects very well put, and a few glimpses of Parisian life. Take the book all in all, it is well worth the reading.

In Miss Kate Sanborn's book, "A Truthful Woman in Southern California," I am disappointed. The first chapter has a merit—a certain swing that suggested possibilities, which the latter pages seem devoted to developing the lack of. Instead of making a chatty discursive story of life and happening in summer hotels, the authoress insists on being instructive, dilates on the prices of hotels, the rates of fare, the type of clothes the tourist in California should wear. Still there are clever and breezy bits of description that shown a style of some firmness and grace. It seems a pity Miss Sanborn takes herself so seriously as a humorist.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"L'Exilée," by Pierre Loti. Calman Léry, publisher, Paris.

"Monsieur De Camors," by Octave Feuillet. Calman Léry, publisher, Paris.

"A Truthful Woman in Southern California." D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Passing Show," by Richard Henry Savage. F. Tennyson Neely, publisher. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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126 KEARNY STREET
Copper-Plate Engraving, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Monograms Engraved and Stamped on Fine Note Paper.

Time brings a complete reversal of the order of things. Left to its own resources Music in the city languished, visits of artists and companies were alone interesting and well patronized. At present things worth doing and hearing are given us almost entirely by musicians long familiar to both place and public. "Short swallow-flights of song," such as are twittered to us by the artistic birds of passage, solitary or in flocks, are chiefly gruesome and deserving of oblivion. The why and wherefore of harmonious guests growing scarcer and more discordant in their utterances is not patent to all comers. In numbers there should be as great an increase as there has been advance in a sense of appreciation. Music of finer art value is encouraged more liberally, and players and singers of talent are supported in direct measure of their powers. Still, despite the larger capacity of enjoyment of real art, opportunities for hearing strange works and people from the outer world steadily diminish. Dramatic taste is incomparably better looked after and its exponents of the first rank more often seen and heard here.

Opera, either light or serious, is easily the kind of music most agreeable to our public, yet its votaries, with the exception of the Tivoli performances, have less and less frequent chances of showing their appreciation. The demise of Emma Abbott and the falling by the way of her company, created the first vacancy in the way of regularly recurring attractions, the financial collapse of Emma Juch's company made a second, and Carlton's dismemberment of his familiar gathering of singers added the third to the list. None of these combinations have been replaced by others superior or indifferent. In two cases bad management rather than absolute want of drawing power caused these bodies to become things of the past. No attempt to succeed them has been made so far, and the enthusiasm called out by the Bostonians with their aged membership was owing to the protracted dearth of opera of any kind excepting the painful season which brought rabid interviews from pretty, *passé* Lillian Russell. The coming season has not been forecast for operatic ventures of any continuance, whatever the advent of the Winter Fair may bring, and the prospect of that event is still too distant for positive statement on any side. It is to be hoped the forthcoming Fair will bring in its wake some opera performance which will be worthy of the occasion. A chance for enterprise such as our managers rarely have is before them. Opera not too high priced and of even merit has always been successful and its prospects this season should be fairer than at ordinary times.

In visiting artists the last two seasons' showing has been as limited as the operatic. Miss Aus der Ohe does not permit her admirers to forget her and has the power to develop further virtuosity with each year. Remenyi in his decadence with an evenly mediocre concert company unnecessarily wearied his audiences and himself, while Musin, flanked by a company not perhaps too finished, did not grace us with the usual lengthy season. The delights of Eastern lawsuits and lurid puffing probably detained him. Paderewski was promised, but the cultivated feminine mobs of Chicago swooped upon him tooth and fang until he could find no rest and incontinently fled them and the country. Rumors that Pachmann intended a Californian tour this season were afloat, but the perplexities of the little matters attending a divorce may have unsettled his plans, and the Polish Chopinist is easily distracted at any time. Eastern concert-givers but seldom reach here, Mr. Sherwood being the only representative who has essayed the field; his success, however, should have encouraged others. Of the number of vocal and instrumental artists whose names only are familiar we know nothing out here, and if ever they are to be heard the present season should be one most favorable for introducing them to the Californian music lovers. Without risk of any considerable kind some of these people presumably might be easily induced to cross the continent. Those who have the interest of local art musical in mind will see that it is a suitable time to encourage the visits of celebrities and able organizations.

Kelsey Martin

NOTES.

Ballenberg has returned from a trip to the World's Fair. He has brought home a quantity of new music, the latest waltzes, polkas, and other dances, some of them melodious in the extreme. He alleges there is more good, bright music being written now than ever before.

The scene of all important concerts this winter will be Golden Gate Commandery Hall, 621 Sutter Street. Alfred Wilkie opens it on the evening of September 1st with a vocal and instrumental concert of considerable interest. The Carr-Beel series will be continued this coming season in the same hall.

To learn that a clever San Francisco maiden has created quite a furore in Costa Rica is interesting intelligence. Miss Marie Ponton D'Arce, a graduate of the Roeckel vocal conservatory, of this city, has been heard at several concerts in that city and her silvery soprano tones and artistic phrasing have quite made a sensation. It was, of course, an amateur performance.

The many friends of Doctor George J. Luce will be pleased to learn that he has finally located in the "Columbian Block," 920 Market Street. He has elegantly fitted out offices, provided with the most improved dental apparatus, well lighted and ventilated, and the elevator of the building runs day and night.

A PLACE TO VISIT.

Have you been over to El Campo yet? If not it would be advisable for you to take your family and visit this excellent resort. It is the best patronized and finest conducted pleasure ground adjacent to San Francisco. The San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company furnish a band, under the able leadership of Professor Blum, which discourses the popular airs every Sunday. The ride to and from El Campo is an invigorating one and you do not tire, because the change of scenery is sufficient to keep the mind occupied, and consequently the cares of business are forgotten. The following will be to-morrow's programme:

1 March, "Picadore,".....Sousa
2 Overture, "Hungarian Comedy".....Kela Bela
3 Grotesque Negro Dance.....Laurendeau
4 Medley, "Last of the Hogans,".....Braham
Introducing "Take a Day Off," "Merry Year," "Hats Off to Me," "The Last of the Hogans," "Do you Know Rosal," "Danny by My Side," "The Knights of the Mystic Star."
5 Waltz, "Merry War".....Strauss
6 Patrol of the Gnomes.....Eilenberg
7 Overture, "Le Domino Noir".....Auber
8 Caprice Heroique, "The Bandit King".Kalliwoda
9 Selection, "Robin Hood".....De Koven
With solos for Cornet, Clarinet, and Baritone.
10 Waltz, "Return of Spring".....Waldteufel
11 Grand Musical Divertisement.....Brahms
12 Galop, "Fresh as a Rose".....Fahrbach

Like beauty a fine complexion is an exceptional endowment. The maiden gifted with a skin tinted with the delicate shades of peaches and cream has much to thank Providence for. The great majority, alas, are troubled with freckles, or roughnesses of one kind or other, that mar the effect of fine features. It is certainly a consolation to know that in Camelline has been discovered a positive remedy for blemishes of the epidermis—a remedy which may be used with the certainty that no painful results will follow. Wakelee & Co. are manufacturers of Camelline.

The Haywards Hotel is filling rapidly with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
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All householders know that in this season of house-cleaning it is money in their pockets to do business with a responsible firm that may be relied on to do first-class work. Such a firm is J. Spaulding & Co. whose Pioneer Carpet Beating and Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, at 353 and 357 Tehama Street are known throughout the city.

The San Francisco WAVE is as bright as an electric light and as neat as a press club. —*N. Y. Journalist.*

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OFFICE HOURS:—8 A. M. TO 6 P. M.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The money market which was tightly locked in the last few weeks, is once again assuming its normal condition. The savings banks are again making loans, not only on city property, but also on realty in Alameda and Santa Clara Counties at about eight per cent. In the past week several large loans were made by private capitalists, one of $58,000 by A. Montgomery to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder on the block corner of Ninth and Howard Streets (the Horace Hawes property). The savings banks are again receiving the deposits which were needlessly withdrawn, and safe deposit boxes are being given up. This will tend to ease the financial pinch and allow banks again to offer accommodations to both the manufacturer, merchant, and farmer, and set the wheels of industry agoing.

At the Stock Exchange speculation in mining shares is at a standstill. Sessions are brief, and outside of a demand for Con. Virginia and California, for which there is always more or less bidding at ruling rates, nothing is being done. The steady price at which this once popular stock is held in the face of the decline of the balance of the line, is a source of wonder and speculation on the street. While the average operator is inclined to sell the stock short, still the known scarcity of shares in brokers' offices deters the boldest from putting out a line of shorts, many remembering with sorrow their bitter experience in 1884, when the Comstock mines were in almost as bad a predicament as to-day, when no assessments could be collected, mines were shut down, pumps stopped and engines dismantled, etc. Then, as now, the cry was sell them short, and what was the result? A development was made in Con. Virginia and California and from nothing the price advanced $75 per share, and brokers on the wrong side of the market failed by the dozens. It is this that keeps many from falling again in such a pitfall, although it is only a very slight contingency that such a result will again occur, but until work on a mine is completely abandoned, there is no telling what drift or level will expose.

As yet few of the hydraulic mines of this State have made application to the Debris Commission (under the Caminetta law) for a license to mine with the restraining dam. The first to ask and give notice is the Kelly Hill Gold Gravel Mine of Butte County; the application will be heard August 29th. Many more would like to apply, but at present they are unable to bear the heavy cost of building the impounding works, their mines having lain idle so long that the repairs alone to ditches, flumes, etc., have nearly bankrupted the majority. This is too bad as nearly $120,000.000 of gold mining property in this State that produced annually $10,000,000 in gold has been kept in idleness, when any intelligent person can see, had hydraulic mining been allowed to go the last ten years, we would have had $100,000,000 more of gold in the country.

At the Forest Grove Mine, situated near Johnsonville, Plumas County, ground sluicing, with only three men employed, has been going on. At the clean-up $3000 was the result. The Sunny Side Drift Mine (also in this locality) expect to sink a new shaft and tunnel to the ledge. Prior to 1891 a break in the channel was operated as a hydraulic mine and yielded up to that time $75,000 at an expense of $9000.

A new mill, the Bingham roller mill, a new invention, is at work at the Irma Mine, Amador County. It works satisfactorily and the daily output of 16 tons of ore is crushed. The ore yields 15 per cent of high grade sulphurets.

Mining is lively around Forbestown, Butte County. The Stow Mine is keeping a 40 stamp mill at work, the Nickerson 10, and in a few days the Hayward Mill will have 30 stamps at work crushing quartz and ore, of which there is a large quantity at hand.

The Badger Hill quartz mine, of Cherokee district, Nevada County, started up last week. There is a shaft 100 feet deep, at the bottom of which there is a good ledge; drifts are being run from the shaft. The last crushing paid $50 per ton, and the quartz now being taken out is more promising than that was.

At the Lawler Mine, Sierra County, contracts have been let to run three tunnels to cut the main ledge. Two of these have cut two other ledges, one 3½ feet wide and the other 10½ feet wide, both showing free gold.

The Eastlick Bros. Mine at Oro Fino has been paying better this year than usual, on account of the good supply of water. The last clean-up yielded over $15,000.

Assessments were levied by the Waterloo Gold, 15 cents, Harmony Gravel 10 cents, Odin Gold 2 cents per share. Dividends have been declared and paid by the Mayflower Gravel mine, 10 cents, W. Y. O. D. Gold Company 10 cents, Church Gold 10 cents.

SURETY.

Jed Scarboro says that "an ad that will make folks want what you want 'em to want is what you want."

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM August 16, 1893.	ARRIVE
7.30 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East ...	9.45 p m
7.30 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis. ...	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose.....	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore.....	6.45 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez.....	12 15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 a m
*5 00 p m	Niles and Livermore.....	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.....	9.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7.45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10.15 a m
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION Narrow Gauge.	
‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz.....	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark. Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m
	COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)	
*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.45 p m
†7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations.....	†8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
†9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	†7.26 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be despatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, etc.

Sailings at 3 p. m.—S. S. "City of New York," August 17th; S. S. "City of Peking," August 31st; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Sept. 12th; S. S. "Peru," Sept. 30th.

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Guardian Assurance Co. Of London Established A. D. 1821
Paid-up Capital - $ 5,000,000
Cash Assets - - $23,194,249

Sun Insurance Office Of London Established A. D. 1710
Cash Assets - - $10,117,045
Assets in America $2,510,368

WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

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Capital.....$10,637,500
Net Surplus over all liabilities.....3,116,305

315 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE-MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING Company—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the seventeenth day of July, 1892, an assessment (No. 48) of twenty-five (25) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the TWENTY-SECOND (22) day of August, 1892, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twelfth day of September, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal.

THANKSGIVING-DAY SERVICE.

"I must say, my dear," remarked Giddiwun on Thanksgiving morning, "that I am a little bit surprised to hear you say that you expect me to take dinner at home to-day. I thought we understood each other so well that—well, that neither expected anything of the other."

"It is not often I ask a favor of you, darling," returned Mrs. Giddiwun. "I think it has been fully a year since I expressed a desire for you to dine at home when you were not so inclined."

"Yes, I know, that's all very well; but to tell the truth, dear, I rather fancied you might have someone here to dine to-day whose society you preferred to mine, and so I made an engagement with a friend whose society—er—er—"

"O, go on; there is no need to mince matters, my darling. I know exactly what you mean. I am sure we never fail to understand each other. You made an engagement to dine with someone whose society is much more congenial than that of your wife," and then she added under her breath, "How I hate that little Tottie Tiptoes!"

"I didn't say so, my dear."

"No, you didn't say so; you always were so considerate, darling. I shall never cease to love you for the consideration you have invariably shown me. Well, then, I suppose I must dine alone?"

"Why not send a note for Jack?"

"Because we are no longer friends."

"What! Why, my dear, you surprise me. Surely you don't mean to tell me he has grown"——

"Stop, sir! I am not in a mood to be insulted. I dismissed him."

"What an unfortunate fellow Jack is!"

"Pray, don't be sarcastic."

"Really, I mean. The little Tiptoe woman used those very words in reference to him last night."

Mrs. Giddiwun though she fairly bubbled over with joy at these words, assumed an air of indifference and remarked:

"I am sure, my darling, I don't care to hear what the 'little Tiptoe woman,' as you call her, said. She doesn't interest me in the least, any more."

"She did, then?"

"Ye—e—e—s!" hesitatingly.

"When?"

"Yesterday!"

"In what way?"

"I was jealous of her."

"Jealous! O, my dear, that is impossible. I thought we had given all that sort of thing up, long ago. I am sure I have never been jealous of you."

"Nor I of you."

"But you said"——

"O, yes; I said I was jealous yesterday. So I was. How good of you to rid me of it! It is the one thing I have to be thankful for."

"I don't understand."

"No! How odd! I thought we understood each other so well. By the way, I think I shall send fo Jack after all and reinstate him. Would you mind ringing in a messenger?"—*Town Topics.*

"I want to see the Sexton," said Jones.

"What for?" asked the Bishop in charge.

"It's his duty to set up the bier, isn't it?"—*Truth.*

Hotel Clerk (to new boy)—Front! Didn't you hear my ring?

New Boy (glancing at his hand)—No; but if it were as loud as your shirt-stud I might!—*Town Topics.*

Rix—Ah, my wife grows dearer to me every year.

Dix—So does mine She has raised the limit twice on dresses alone since our marriage.—*Town Topics.*

The Alameda *Argus* has an eye to windward: "There is one thing that is escaping public attention to some extent, and that is the activity of the People's Party in keeping up its organization. It is not at all impossible that this party will come well up toward the front next year."

I have been obliged to change my tailor, and to try a new one recommended by a London friend. The reason for this—I believe tailors, like family physicians, should always be retained—is that I discovered him catering to American custom, and I actually found my solicitor's clerk (who is taking his midsummer holiday with a Cook's tour ticket) being measured for a coat of the same cut as my own by the man who made it for me. I immediately ordered as a little present a suit for my valet, and left the place forever.—*Truth.*

Jones—Did you hear that Sawyer, the butcher, who eloped with another man's wife last year, has been captured and sentenced?

Brown—Is that so? Well, when a man deserts his meats, he should meet his deserts.—*Truth.*

Charles—Miss De Witt has a shapely neck.

James—I overlooked that.

Charles—Why, how could you?

James—Had all the chance in the world. Had two waltzes and a polka with her.

To the actors belong the spoils—of the egg crop.—*Truth.*

HOTEL RAFAEL

San Rafael, Marin County, Cal.

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Fine Drives, Walks, Fishing, Hunting, Boating and Bathing

HOFMANN & WOENNE, - Proprietors

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EXCHANGE THOUGHTS.

He—What a dear old fool your father is, to be sure.

She (quite startled)—Good heavens, Charlie, has he given his consent to our marriage?—*Town Topics.*

Professor—It is nonsense to say that he is an agnostic.

Amicus—Why?

Professor—Because he doesn't known enough to be one.—*Town Topics.*

Parson—A good name is better than riches.

Leading Lady—No doubt. But a bad name *is* riches when you're on a starring tour.—*Town Topics.*

Newman—What fools these fellows seem to be who write to the *Call* and sign themselves "Constant Reader."

Oldby—Well, what else do you expect of people who are constant readers of the *Call!*

"I cannot fail to consider myself as of importance," argued the ostrich, "so long as people continue to plume themselves upon my capture."—*Town Topics.*

Grace—How did Mrs. Dutton manage to have so many men at her tea?

Rosalie—Oh, she had the wine list printed on the back of her cards she sent out."

"Upon which of you does she look with the greatest favor?"

"Impossible to tell."

"Impossible? Is she that impartial?"

"No; she's cross-eyed."—*Town Topics.*

Dickey—Had an awfully embarrassing experience last night.

Cholly—What was it?

Dickey—Girl said she didn't understand my name when introduced, and, by Jove, I couldn't remember it myself.—*Town Topics.*

A New Thing

"MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE."

Join the Great Eastern Clothes Renovating Co., and have your Clothes Cleaned, Pressed, and Repaired for $1.50 a Month. Members will be furnished with six cards a month with which to notify us that clothes are ready. Clothes called for and delivered by us FREE OF CHARGE. WORK GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY. Try us and be convinced. Non-members: Suit, $1.00; Trousers, 35 Cents.

—REFERENCES—

COL. J. P. JACKSON, (U. S. Sub-Treasurer).
HERMANN SHANWALD (Shanwald, Buckbee & Co).
LEOPOLD MICHELS (Greenebaum, Weil & Michels).

Great Eastern Clothes Renovating Co.

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Is now Loading at Pier 23, East River, and having Large Engagements will receive Quick Dispatch.

LOWEST RATES OF FREIGHT
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FOR FREIGHT, APPLY TO

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Hotel Grosvenor

319 SUTTER ST., Bet. Grant Ave. and Stockton

Newly Furnished and Sunny, Fire-proof, Gas and Electric Light, Elevator, Hot and Cold Water Bath, and Filtered Water on Every Floor.

Meals Supplied if Desired No Charge for Service

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THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

The organ was pealing out "Lohengrin" and the notes were vocal in their significance. Even the little blower behind the reeds longed to stop for an instant and peep at the wedding party. Every head turned toward the door with the precision of a marionette, and isolated rills of conversation died out like rivers in the sand.

The bridesmaids looking very pretty, the maid of honor very impressive, and the bride very composed, passed down the aisle. One man, an unbidden guest, surveyed them with mild curiosity He had only wandered in and did not look closely at the bride, shrouded in an illusive veil. As the ceremony progressed, his thoughts wandered.

The church was lined with flowers. Some women behind him called it a symphony. He noted that all the blossoms were yellow or white, and wondered if they signified the wealth of the groom and the coldness of the bride. The woman who had rhapsodized could have told him that they were chosen to enhance the bride's brunette beauty. Occasionally snatches of the monotone formula could be heard—"With all my wordly goods I thee endow." Surely, the yellow flowers were all nodding. The organist was playing "Believe Me," and furtively glancing over his shoulder. The unbidden guest started. He had not heard that song for a long while and he had never before noticed how heart-breaking is the perfume of jasmine.

They are returning. This time the man with the lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities, scans the faces of the married pair. The illusive veil is thrown back and the bride is more composed and paler than before. As she passes him, the laces of her train are caught by a bit of carving. The procession pauses for an instant, but in that time her eyes meet those of the unbidden guest. A face may make certain admissions of character by its outlines, but it fully confesses only in its changes.

The baritone buzz of conversation springs up again. The newly made husband and wife are gone. The guests file out, but the one remains, while the odor of the jasmine becomes more persistent—more heart-breaking. And he? O, he was only the man she loved!

MABEL C. CRAFT.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

When love was young, it asked for wings
That it might still be roaming.
And away it sped, by fancy led,
Through dawn, and noon, and gloaming.
Each daintiness that blooms and blows
It wooed in honeyed meter,
And when it won the sweetest sweet
It flew off to a sweeter—
When love was young.

When love was old, it craved for rest,
For home and hearth and haven,
For quiet talks round sheltered walks
And long lawns smoothly shaven.
And what love sought at last it found—
A roof, a porch, a garden—
And from a fond, unquestioning heart
Peace, symaathy, and pardon—
When love was old.

—*Alfred Austin.*

Her number two! O favored eyes
Are those who scan its dainty size!
A tiny, fairy-fashioned thing,
With lines so gently tapering;
Its grace I love to eulogize.

Naught save possession satisfies;
Once seen, I labored to devise
Plans that for aye to me would bring
Her number two.

I sang her praises to the skies
And waited for her glad replies.
Alas! she spurned my proffered ring—
She wore another's!—cruel sting!
I found I was—false hope that lies!—
Her number two!

—*Truth.*

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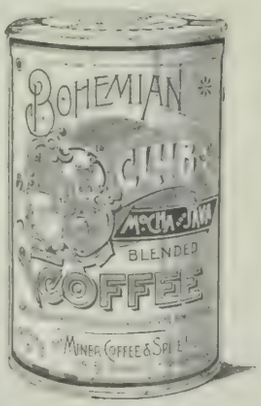

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 26, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES.

THE WILLIE-BOY needs encouragement. Popular as the longitudinal garment is in New York, in San Francisco it has no vogue at all. That it has come to town is true, but it seems to have passed unworn into wardrobes rather than into circulation. Visible neither on block nor avenue, can it be lack of courage rather than of conviction that confines it to the clothes press? Considering the attenuated and mixed underpinning of the *jeunesse doré* I am unable to comprehend the neglect of so consoling a coat. Its skirts conceal the absence of calf, which a tendency to tightness in trousering might expose. The slim it endows with an irresistible elegance; it even lessens the aggressive curves of corpulence.

* * *

In contemning the willie-boy we are but sustaining our reputation for unprogressiveness. The latest of fashions we have as little use for as the newest of engines. The distaste for the novel seems to extend throughout the community; it is not confined to a clique or a club, to a ward or a section. Had the *Examiner* but kept its desecrating hand off the new garment I am sure there would now be dozens of them on Market Street. Alas, the exhibition of an elongated garment has become tantamount to a confession of dudishness, and even the most hardened of the gilded shrink from an association so suggestive of sartorial elegance. Folded in camphor the willie-boy draweth no interest on its investment, and sadly awaits the moral support of the ready-made clothier.

* * *

Whosoever has been East these recent months has a long-frock coat among his archives. There will be a display of them at Del Monte to-morrow night. He who hesitates encountering the critical gaze of Market Street fears not to run the gauntlet of Country Club glances in the dining-room. I cannot but think of a clever young District Attorney from Arizona, who, calling at a very fashionable house on Clay Street, arrayed in the very longest of willie-boys, the highest of collars, and the blackest of hats. Retiring, he was slipping himself into his overcoat when he discovered the tails of that garment hung inches above the skirts of the other. Knowing his elegant exit would be watched with interest he actually tucked into his pocket yards of the ostentatious cloth, and in that way escaped.

* * *

DICK TOBIN and Jack Casserly are in their element, for polo, that divine game of English guardsmen and Tuxedo dukes, has been inaugurated at Burlingame. Last Saturday saw the happy dawn of that favorite sport of the really truly aristocracy. Just think! they have thirty live polo ponies down there in the stables, and a dozen men have sworn a solemn swear to practice with Dick Tobin and Malcolm Thomas every day until they learn not to fall off whenever the pony whirls around. Malcolm Thomas is a nice little gentleman from the East, who has been imbibing the same air as the English Colony at Pasadena, but is now on a leave of absence to teach General Dick Hammond polo.

* * *

Hammond was a ready pupil last Saturday, and Thomas said his style reminded him of dear old Bombay where Thomas, by the way, once spent eight days in company with a certain traveler named Cook. The secret of Hammond's agility with the long polo-stick, however, lies in the fact of his long experience in handling the gavel at political meetings in the Tenth Ward. The costumes were more useful than ornamental. While they hardly suited Jack Casserly's slender beauty, they made Johnny Doyle look like Mr. Punch. They consisted of boots reaching to the knees with yellow tops; a pair of trousers of white linen that were so full and *bouffante* that one could not help thinking they had been borrowed from — Hush! I would never be so indiscreet!

* * *

Anyhow, Charley Baldwin was thrown from his horse twice, and each time when the trouserloons were yanked out of his boots you could positively see fringe round the edges. Charley blushed scarlet, Charley did, and tore off all the fringe the last time and put it in the pocket of his shirt, near his heart. Joe Tobin and Pat Grant played also, but Dick Tobin proved by all odds the best rider. His gay silk shirt was picturesque in itself, and altogether he was on top. Jack Casserly wore a huge Australian pearl gray hat with a heavy black band, and one girl told him he looked just like Don Quixote chasing windmills.

* * *

In the evening there was a grand polo dinner of ten courses, served under the auspices of Page Brown. Eighteen men sat down to eat, and Harold Wheeler says that they ate everything the cottage contained. For next week Dick Tobin is contemplating a hurdle race, a sport of which he is particularly fond.

* * *

The news of the approaching return of Baron and Baroness von Schroder will interest the large circle of their friends. They are expected about the twenty-fourth of September, and doubtless will be given a warm reception. In the somewhat attenuated corps of local *bon vivants* the Baron ranked very high, and his admirable dinners at the Pacific-Union Club are not so easily forgotten as some of the rep sts that drag out a weary length there. I am told he anticipates remaining some time on the Coast.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Millie Ashe and Mr. Sewell is to be celebrated September 14th at the Ashe residence on Sacramento Street. It is to be a quiet affair—only the most intimate of the bride's friends are to be present. Miss Betty Ashe will be the only bridesmaid. After the ceremony the happy pair will take the overland for the East, their destination being Bath, Maine, Mr. Sewell's home.

* * *

Rather a neat *mot*, that of General Barnes, in answer to the request of the irresistible Harry Bigelow that he give him an epigram.

"My boy," said the General, in his most paternal way, "I'd rather give you your epitaph."

* * *

The engagement is announced of Miss Leuina Wethered, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

J. S. Wethered, to Mr. Henry F. Martinez, both of this city. The wedding is to take place early in October. Another engagement is that of Miss Ida S. Irwin, daughter of Colonel B. J. D. Irwin, U. S. Army, to Mr. W. Macpherson Wiltbank, of Philadelphia, Penn.

* * *

Congratulations are being modestly received by Mr. Al. Rich and Miss Viola Heyman, whose engagement has just been announced. They will make a distinctly handsome, as well as a decidedly prosperous couple, for both are good-looking as well as rich. Miss Heyman is the daughter of Henry Heyman, the capitalist, whose fortune was made in the Hawaiian trade, and Mr. Rich is the son of D. B. Rich, of New York, who has acquired sundry millions in clever speculations. At present the son is a member of the firm of O'Farrell & Co. Miss Heyman has been a belle at sundry entertainments during the last two seasons, and both are to be congratulated on the capture of the other.

* * *

THE WEEK has had redeeming features, but not of an undue conspicuousness. Nothing has happened to set Society on fire, nor are the chances vivid for wild gayety in the days to come. Among the happenings were the usual series of lunches at the University Club. There is no better register of the progress of *affaires* in town than the downstairs dining-room of that institution. However, they were of the transient type and of no specific moment, these little meals. Dick Tobin presided at one table, Miss Hobart at another. Of course, nothing will transpire now until after the "shoot."

* * *

An interesting dinner and a good one was given by Mrs. Moses Greenbaum at her home, 2100 Van Ness Avenue, on Monday night last. On Wednesday night Mrs. Max Brandenstein gave a dinner at her residence, 2005 Franklin Street. Still another was given by Mrs. Joe Brandenstein on the preceding evening—all in honor of the betrothal of Mr. Greenbaum and Miss Brandenstein. At each it is unnecessary to say there was served an admirable *menu*, that the wines were not only good but old, and that the decorations indicated the inimitable resources of California's glorious if foggy climate.

* * *

The *monde* that returns from Del Monte next week goes on to Chicago next month. From all accounts there is to be a species of fashionable exodus to the World's Fair. The beauty and capital of the metropolis, not to speak of the capital and good looks of Alameda County, are bound there, and until the leaders come homewards what hope is there for entertainment? For September the prospects for positive dullness are admirable—dullness relieved neither by the shadow of dinner or dance, reception or tea. Those of us with social yearnings and not coin enough for a return ticket might as well hibernate until the fashionable flight again wings westward.

* * *

Very generous of the Bohemian Club to organize a benefit for Miss Ina D. Coolbrith. The admirers of local enterprise will surely assemble at Golden Gate Hall on the evening of the thirty-first to hear the original poems of Joaquin Miller, John Vance Cheney, Lucius Foote, and other heroes of verbal melody. Besides, there will be five minutes of Joe Redding on the Alps, and an idea, by Lieutenant Fletcher, of "other people's ideas"—each an imaginative *tour de force*. Uncle George Bromley discourses briefly on a familiar text—who ever knew his text to be otherwise? The "Saturday Morning Orchestra" plays, the Loring Club sings, Mr. and Mrs. Kelley polonaise on the piano, and Mr. Rosewald conducts both himself and the orchestra. Who would not come down from Sacramento to see so much talent in eruption?

* * *

THE BRISK wooing of Mr. Ferdinand Weber and his winning of charming Miss Marie Roeding I told of last week. On Wednesday the twain were ceremoniously made one at the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. M. Buchler tying the knot with due dexterity. In her wedding gown of white moiré, made *demi-traine*, a bouquet of Niphetos roses in her hand, the bride looked her best. For maid of honor she had Miss Emma Lohse, while George Roeding supported the groom. Very beautifully decorated was the church—palms, ferns, and amaryllis blooms setting out the chancel and making a verdurous frame for the wedding party.

* * *

Afterwards there came the breakfast at the home of the bride, at which only the most intimate friends of the family were present. The happy pair started the same evening for their honeymoon and are to be home on September 8th. Two days later they start for Berlin, where Mr. Weber's home is. He is a very wealthy young gentleman and a most desirable match.

* * *

There was a pleasant gathering of young people at the residence of Madam Ziska Tuesday night last—her first reception this season. There was music and singing; Mr. Hotaling rendered several songs in good style and Mr. Lesley Martin gave pianoforte solos. Miss Ellis recited. Altogether a charming evening was spent. Madam Ziska intends entertaining her friends on alternate Tuesdays throughout the winter.

* * *

THE COUNTRY CLUB festivity will have been inaugurated by the time this issue of THE WAVE reaches its thousands of readers. At Del Monte is the *beau monde*, in all its cliques and combinations—a very interesting assemblage of the fashion, beauty, and wealth of the California metropolis. Apart from the "shoot" there are excellent reasons for the trip—the music, the illuminations, the fireworks, the ball—beside the opportunity of reviewing a battalion of the prettiest girls on the Coast. Pending the fête the week has gone very tranquilly. Nothing especial has occurred—everyone waiting for the outbreak of festivity which occurred last night.

* * *

Last Sunday H. R. Simpkins, Miss Simpkins, W. B. Tubbs and wife, and E. G. Schmeidell took a camping outfit to the fishing grounds, six miles from the hotel, and enjoyed the novelty of cooking things to suit themselves. A good catch was made, and when the stars came out and peered through the mist they took up their tent like the Arab and quietly stole away from the scene of their enjoyment. On the following Monday, J. Parker Whitney, of salmon fame, accompanied by J. M. Cunningham and William T. St. Auburn, with their respective wives, took themselves to the trout lake where Sir Whitney revels in the study of Isaac Walton, and toys with the speckled beauties that dart to and fro in the clear waters fed by mountain streams and percolating springs.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. M. Romero, of Washington, D. C., accompanied by Perferio Diaz, Jr., son of President Diaz, of Mexico, have departed for the East. Young Diaz in all his travels says he never saw such magnificent climate and scenery combined as he has enjoyed at Del Monte.

* * *

Speeches were strictly barred at the *Examiner's* supper to C. M. Palmer, last Sunday night. Perhaps that is one reason why it was so thoroughly enjoyable. The scene was the banquet room above Norman's; there was an abundance of Bohemian delicacies and no end of admirable beer. The staff of the Monarch was out in force, the gathering including Will Hearst, Sam Chamberlain, A. B. Henderson, Tom Williams, Millard, Hamilton, McEwen, and all the other members of the Mission Street solar system. Stories were the order of the night, and some marvelous tales were told. Indeed, a connoisseur assures me the collection put into circulation that evening surpassed aught he had ever heard and included the neatest tales in the repertoire of some of the cleverest anecdotists in town. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer after their departure from here go directly to Minneapolis and a little later to Europe. They expect to live some time in London.

* * *

With extreme regret I heard of the departure of Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood from the Presidio. A somewhat sudden mandate from the War Department brought the popular and clever physician down from the Yosemite and stations him at Savannah for two years to come. Besides being a dextrous surgeon, accomplished in the several branches of his profession, Dr. Wood is one of the men whose character, manner, and attainments adorn the service. A gentleman in the best sense of that term, he is also a splendid athlete who asks no odds of anyone in a rush line at football, and is willing to meet all comers in any

kind of a contest. He will be missed not only at the Presidio but in the large circle of friends won him by his manliness and most agreeable courtesy. Mrs. Wood, too, enjoys a distinct popularity, and I believe it would be difficult to find a couple whose departure will be more sincerely regretted.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Kate May Dillon leave for Chicago and the East early in September. They are to be absent about six weeks.

* * *

FOR ENGLISH GENTILITY there seems no patience in San Francisco. There arrived here recently from the old country a quiet, retiring, young gentleman, named Gardner—one of those pleasant, good-hearted, virtuous British lads, averse to familiar conversation in mixed company, and yet industrious in following up an introduction with a call. To speak of so pleasant a young man as brilliant or captivating would doubtless suggest the possession of objectionable qualities, for we all know what Bohemians these clever people are. I am assured there is nothing of that kind about Mr. Gardner, whose morality is absolutely unimpeachable, and whose dignity is exhibited in masterly spasms of silence.

* * *

Certain frivolous young women in Society are actually accusing Mr. Gardner of dullness, insinuating in their perky American way that he does not know "beans." Besides being inhospitable, it is distinctly uncharitable to comment on the ignorance of a nice young man like Gardner, whose innocence of beans is a fault time will rectify. I am sure Mr. Gardner only needs a position in Balfour, Guthrie's to get into the innermost swim. Mere harmlessness does not always take one there.

* * *

HABITUATED to the love of exaggeration that distinguishes the section of humanity whose means enable living without special exertion, I am inclined to discredit the reported extent of the poker fever in certain Van Ness Avenue circles. Everyone knows the poker evenings are the great nights of the week at the Concordia and the Verein, but the assumption is general that the tendency is a strictly masculine one. I am given to understand, however, that the game has quite as ardent a fascination for the feminine end of a number of well-known *menages*, and that the departure of the lord and master is followed by the arrival of my lady's friends who engage in play with all the ardor and an equal degree of coolness.

* * *

There are several big games on the Avenue and among the ladies some accomplished players, able in all the arts of bluff. Indeed, they needs must be, for large sums are often involved, and a hundred or two in the "pot" is no phenomenon. However, they are the wives of big merchants or the daughters of millionaires and can as well afford to lose as to win. Indeed, those who have kept track of their games allege there is, at the end of the season, but little balance between the two accounts. One of the most interesting of these parties has the Baldwin Hotel for its headquarters, and in that set the play is quite often altitudinous.

* * *

At the end of one festive evening one lady had lost a cool thousand, and next night's game put her a little further behind. As her husband has a big account to settle with the Assessor every year, however, she may well smile at the inroads of poor luck.

* * *

Berkeley is deeply interested over the engagement of Miss Jennie Ellsworth and Robert Price, both of Berkeley, and members of the last graduating class. There is usually one or more devoted couples in each class, but it is seldom that the curiosity of the townspeople is so soon gratified as in this instance. Miss Ellsworth has gone East and Mr. Price will study law in San Francisco.

* * *

Charming Miss Trella Foltz Toland appears Monday evening at the California, and will doubtless be given the reception her talents deserve. The cleverest daughter of the well-known lady lawyer, Mrs. Foltz, and a niece of S. M. Shortridge, she has inherited the family brains and bids fair to become a successful actress. In "The Nutmeg Match" she has an excellent part, and I am told develops a very distinct grace, flexibility, and naturalness.

* * *

The most interesting of social combinations was on view last week in the dining-room of a Sutter Street club. Seated there at *tête-à-tête* was an interesting couple—she, the divorced wife of his brother—both bearing names that are noted in the elect. In the welfare of one another they seemed deeply interested, and the glances gazed from eyes unto eyes were fraught with all manner of lustrous possibilities. Stranger things than matrimony have been the climax of such combinations—but who knows?

* * *

If the week could be credited with an event—that is as far as Oakland is concerned—it was certainly the opening of "Aristocracy" at the Macdonough. The first nighters in smartest array gathered in accustomed places, and the *entourage* of familiar faces gave the affair all the air of a domestic gathering—one of the advantages of Alameda County festivities. The Henshaws, the McNears and their respective contingent, and all the other F. F. O's were represented and glared happily or unhappily at each other as the case might be. As the crowd surged out, there was an involuntary gazing around for another bonfire, for the memory of the preceeding Monday night and the Tubbs blaze still lingers in the minds of theatre-goers.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cross, *née* Elsie Pheby, have returned from New Mexico, where their honeymoon was passed. Mr. Cross has abandoned mining until the silver question is settled. In the meantime the couple are to reside in San Francisco. At present they are living with Mrs. Cross' mother in Oakland. A three months honeymoon in an adobe house in a New Mexican mining town is an ideal bridal tour in many respects. Certainly there was no danger of intrusion.

* * *

The Davie Ferry seems to be considered a good joke by the Oakland people. As a rule, the swell set do not patronize the ferry. They are afraid someone might suspect them of wishing to save fifteen cents, still some of the younger set travel on the "Rosalie" for fun, and it is fun. The "Rosalie" is accommodating, thus forming a brilliant contrast to its more powerful rivals. Instead of banging the door in your face, the "Rosalie" backs up to the pier to accommodate the late comers, and sometimes as many as twenty scamperers are taken on after the gang-plank is withdrawn. Among the late comers the other day was Councilman Snell, who put the last touches to a much battered hat as he was dragged through a hole in the side of the boat. So much for the competition.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard has again been fairy godmother. This time, the *protége* is Miss Emma Wetherell, the dramatic reader, who entertained a select few in Mrs. Howard's drawing-room before delighting the multitude with a reading of "The Scarlet Letter." Mrs. Howard's latest is said to give a very charming and unique arrangement of the powerful book, with a succession of tragic scenes, strung together with a slight but sufficient chain of narrative.

* * *

There is sincere regret among the friends of Eugene O'Connell who, I am told, has again been committed to Agnews. The poor fellow was discharged as cured, resumed his musical studies, composed some pretty, fanciful melodies, and was ardently received by his friends on his re-appearance in concerts. But his mania has overtaken him again, this being regarded as a bad sign, indicating the lucid intervals are to be only intermittent, not permanent. There are so many ordinary people in the world, and especially in Oakland, that it is indeed a pity when the occasional spark of genius flickers and goes out.

* * *

Thursday evening next the Harmonie Club holds its grand Mid-Winter jinks on the roof garden over its rooms on Post Street. The programme sets forth an abnormal variety of talent—music, singing, dancing, and a variety of other features. E. I. Wolfe is Sire, and Eugene Korn, Grandsire of the celebration, which promises to be very gay.

* * *

WHATEVER MAY BE said of Dick and Frank McDonald as financiers, there is no doubt that in generalship—that quality which enables a man to plan himself out of embarrass-

ing predicaments—they are entitled to considerable distinction. In making this remark I have in mind the recent history of the Pacific Bank, not all of which has found its way into print. Ever since the bank succumbed to the inevitable and closed its doors, the brothers have fondly cherished the hope, so I am told, that it would be enabled in the near future to triumphantly resume business. It was this hope which led them, at various times, to make resumption propositions to the Directors and stockholders. The fact that none of these were accepted was principally due to the rantankerous disposition of Captain Jim McDonald, who owns a thousand shares of the bank stock, and who, like his illustrious brother, the Doctor, is as contrary as a mule, and in a general way much more unmanageable.

* * *

The prompt failure of all their schemes to reopen the doors of the bank produced the unmistakable generalship to which I have referred. It seems that originally the institution fell into the hands of the Bank Commission. Under the tutelage of Attorney-General Hart that Commission has developed a most magnificent nerve. Because the statute confers upon it the power to summarily shut up rotten banks, Hart thinks it should usurp the functions of the Court of Equity, the Sheriff, the insolvent act, the Code of Civil Procedure, and everything else except himself. Naturally, as he appears in all places as Prosecutor and Defender-in-General of the Universe, he falls in as attorney for the Bank Commission. Any scheme in his view for making that body the banking nabob of the State, of course, would be silly if it did not count its originator in somewhere.

* * *

Perhaps the young McDonalds would have assented to Hart's nervy proposition, had the Bank Commission not been unfortunate in selecting a Deputy to take charge of the institution. Henry I. Willey is an engineer and not a banker. He is a warm personal friend of the editor of the *Chronicle*, and almost the first thing he did after getting a firm grip upon the books of the bank, was to prepare a list of the creditors for publication in that veracious journal. Not only was this list, with the other important secrets that accompanied it, a clean "scoop" on the *Examiner*, but it contained the names of several employés of that paper, who were thus charged with assisting to wreck the unfortunate bank. As soon as the *Examiner* recovered from the shock it began to attack Willey and exploit the concern itself. The news quarrel between the two papers, carried on in a manner that never appeared to the outside public, involved the McDonalds in a frightful mess, and before Willey had been in charge a week they determined to get rid of him.

* * *

There was but one way in which to do this, and in adopting it they did not long hesitate. They promptly secured five creditors to petition the Superior Court for a decree in involuntary insolvency, and one night they made Judge Levy turn out of his warm bed in the wee sma' hours and listen to their confession of judgment. In the meantime they had arranged to have Sheriff McDade appointed Receiver, and soon after the Court had listened to their confession that official was hunting bondsmen. When Mr. Willey, Mr. Hart, and the gentlemen of the Bank Commission awoke that morning from the peaceful slumbers that are always said to visit the just, they discovered that Dick and Frank had cleverly tumbled their shanty about their ears. I have no doubt that had the Bank Commissioners not possessed the necessary discretion to retire from the field, they would now all, including Hart and Willey, be in jail. Fortunately they concluded not to fool with the Superior Court.

* * *

And all this, the true story of the rescue of the Pacific Bank from the clutches of its enemies, brings me to a consideration of the personal traits of Receiver McDade. This young man is in some respects an anomaly in Sheriffs. Not only has he destroyed the business of jury fixing at the City Hall by personally drawing juries himself, but by reforming the method of holding sales on execution and attending to the business himself, he has broken up the band of thieves who have for so long a period fattened upon the unfortunate debtors and creditors of the town. But this is not all. I understand that often when this remarkable Sheriff has been sent out by the courts with a writ to evict some poor family, he has actually been known to pay the rent himself rather than perform the disagreeable duty. In how many humble homes he is already worshipped as a Good Samaritan I do not know; but one thing I do know beyond all possibility of mistake. The creditors and stockholders of the Pacific Bank have nothing to fear from a Receiver like this. For myself, I go a great deal on the hearts of men. All I desire to know about McDade is found in his method of executing writs of eviction. He can be trusted anywhere.

* * *

WHEN GREAT MEN fall they are prone to produce either a dull thud or a tremendous splash, according as they fall on dry land or in the water. I do not exactly know where Mr. John C. Quinn is going to land, but he is evidently preparing for a commotion of some kind. So far he has defied the Secretary of the Treasury, a mild-mannered man named Carlisle; and I shall not be surprised to next see him give President Cleveland himself the defi. There seems to be excellent leather in Mr. Quinn, and having bade defiance to the Federal Government, I doubt not he will at the proper moment, like Farmer Peel, the Nevada desperado, declare himself chief of the human race. Peel casually remarked one day that he had been born twenty miles underground by the light of a diamond, and was consequently bullet proof. The next day an unpretending cowboy filled him full of buckshot and showed his assertion to be a mere idle boast.

* * *

I do not wish to be understood as intimating, even though my words might bear such a construction, that in this story there is a moral that might profit Mr. Quinn. But what I wish to know is this: Is the Mr. Quinn who now refuses to resign as Collector of Internal Revenue, the same Mr. Quinn who only last summer was a member of the political firm of Burns, Wilson & Quinn? If it is, then how have the mighty fallen! The Mr. Quinn who figured in State politics last year was a convention manipulator, a political boss, a maker of Senators and Congressmen. At Stockton, if my memory serves me right, he was the factor which ultimately decided who should represent the Grand Old Party at Minneapolis.

* * *

Is it possible that the John C. Quinn who then, and at subsequent conventions, engaged in the grand and ennobling work of making State and National policies, of directing, in a word, the thoughts and aspirations of a great and glorious people, is now reduced to the miserable and groveling extremity of holding on by his teeth to the public teat? Until I see and am able to identify him I shall not believe such to be the fact. The John C. Quinn who appeared last year was patriotic and unselfish. I have heard him say that if the unclean and unwholesome Democracy won at the ballot boxes, they could have his office and be—well, be hanged. These were noble sentiments. They indicated that Mr. Quinn was in politics for principle, not for plunder. I cannot believe but that the John C. Quinn who now refuses to resign the Collectorship of Internal Revenue is a counterfeit of the real Quinn—a sort of Mr. Hyde, as it were, to the Dr. Jekyl of the genuine John C. Quinn. Before I will credit the statement that the two Quinns are synonymous, I shall insist on making a thorough investigation.

* * *

THE SELF-DUBBED apostle of the grape, Miss Kate Field, wages a spirited warfare against female temperance unions. These broad-minded organizations regard her as a disseminator of dangerous literature and inflict caustic denunciation whenever the occasion is presented. They deny her the loftiness of motive which she claims, and swear that her advocacy is the expression of an inherent affection for grape juice rather than a crusade to substitute light wines for whisky. Miss Field may console herself, however. The lot of the reformer is ever hard, but she is laying up treasures for herself in some viticultural world to come.

* * *

The latest distinction conferred on the gifted lady is her selection as a juror to determine the wines and spirits award at the World's Fair. Whereupon the members of the W. C. T. U. have set up a wild "I told you so,"

and declare that Kate's identification with the liquor interest is at last complete. This unkind insinuation is offset by the spirited interrogation of another lady, Mrs. Barker, who is anxious to learn what the Editress really knows on either subject. Suspended like the prophet's coffin twixt the heaven of the Temperance Unions and the earth of the wine producers, Kate is rather in a fix. In either case a move means destruction.

* * *

Rather ostentatious was the display of consistency which Manager Hiester, of the *Report*, made last Sunday. Travelling to Oakland he actually took the Southern Pacific ferry instead of the Davie line, whose merits his little paper is so devoted to extolling. Imagine this inexorable defier of the railroad monopoly patronizing its services when opposition is available. Consider the discouragement he inflicts on Davie, Bassett, and the other lions of the new line, in thus refusing personal recognition though affording them the immoral support of his paper. Fie, Hiester, "little know ye what ye do."

* * *

IN HIS MILD Hungarian way little Count Festetics is disgusted with San Francisco. Not that the environment is distasteful, nor the Society lacking in interest. The full flow of his censure is directed at the dailies. Not a cent of the coin which his yacht cost has ever known the Haggin affiliation but comes direct from Festetics *père*, whose palace is in Vienna. Besides, the interference with his private disputes, in which the *Chronicle* indulged, the Count regards as unpardonable. Long ere this De Young would have paid the penalty of his rashness had the *duello* existed here as in Paris, but in the absence of that admirable institution the little nobleman has had to suffer in silence. "With such newspapers, who can live in California?" he asks in a voice full of grief and rage.

* * *

Decidedly Bohemian in his tastes is Festetics. Not a contemner of Society—that in the son-in-law of Mrs. Louis Haggin would be unpardonable—but loving the unconventional as it is developed in the Latin quarter. For the weird cookery of the City Front he yearns hungrily. No solace to his aspirations for the unique is the burnished copper of his mother-in-law's collection of pots and pans, nor yet the culture of her *chef*. North of Jackson Street he feels comfortable—there is the European atmosphere. Several times a week you will see him at a curious little restaurant down on Pacific Street—not Bazzoura's, which has become too popular, but a second resort, wherein the indelicacies of the South are served with their full complement of garlic.

* * *

There he has *ravioli* and *tamales* to his heart's content and to the utter sorrow of the little Countess, who abhors the cuisine of Italy and Spain and toys with her spoon, watching her lord and master consuming the spaghetti of Milan. Underneath you hear the murmur of the water, whose soft gurgle makes an undertone for the polyglot jabber of the waiters and guests. Above the din resound occasional shrieks from the green parrot of the Bazzoura, which the Count has purchased to amuse him in the southern seas. Now he threatens to hire the *chef* of his favorite restaurant, and it was to afford that apostle of Savarin an instrument of tone and service that he invested in the second-hand stove about which the *Chronicle* has been so eloquent. In the meantime the Countess Ila nibbles biscuits and prays that the oily Italian may not be persuaded into leaving his Pacific-Street purlieu. Both, though, are longing for old ocean.

* * *

IT IS QUITE evident that in his management of the affairs of the Board of Education, President Hyde is proceeding on the exploded theory that it is not only possible to fool a portion of the people some of the time, but that all of them can be fooled all the time. I have devoted considerable thought lately to Mr. Hyde's educational gymnastics, and I can discern in them no glimmering of reason, unless they have been based on a theory such as this. It cannot be possible that he thinks his plan of consolidating teachers out of the School Department will ever be understood outside of pedagogic circles. If he does, he is a remarkably foolhardy man and is not the candidate for Mayor that I take him to be. A most liberal estimate of Mr. Hyde will not result in sizing him up as either a fool or an ass. Then he must certainly believe that he is going to hoodwink the town.

* * *

That we have been fooled to some extent by the vigorous beating Mr. Hyde has recently given to the air, I do not deny. But I do not think that with all this magnificent circumstance and panoply of war the fact has been concealed that Mr. Hyde is captain of the tightest little ring ever discovered in a Board of Education. It may be that this ring, as Mr. Hyde maintains, was formed for beneficent purposes; but I will wager a suit of clothes gorgeous enough to meet the approval of Colonel Kowalsky, that it was organized for nothing but plunder. Seven men do not band themselves together in legislative bodies of twelve members for mere fun. They can have fun in more agreeable ways. But we shall see about this later on. If it turns out in the investigation the Finance Committee is making of some of the contracts let by Mr. Hyde's Seven, that stealing has been going on in the School Department, it will not do for that gentleman to look innocent. For one I shall not swallow any exculpatory explanations.

* * *

But the most curious thing about Mr. Hyde's Solid Seven is the method they have adopted of "consolidating" obnoxious school teachers out of the Department. For their efforts in this direction some of the organs of public opinion have already administered gentle praise. Everybody knows that the School Department abounds with useless attachés. If it did not I should regard it as a celestial rather than a mundane institution. Hence it has been generally considered as likely—seeing that some of the newspapers have taken stock in the belief—that Mr. Hyde's Seven were actually bent upon reform. It is now apparent, however, that the dismissed school teachers have not been turned out because their services were no longer required, but to make places for the female adherents of the Seven. The dismissals were undertaken with a great blare of trumpets and much flourishing. The appointments to the vacancies will be made so slowly that their movement will resemble the innovations of time—one by one the shadowy pedagogues will slip in and nobody will ever know but that the payroll of the Department has been actually reduced. Mr. Hyde may consider this a clever scheme. Indeed, I am not prepared to dispute him on that point. However, when he runs for Mayor next year—but, as B'rer Kipling would say, that is a matter another three-dollar volume will be required to adequately elucidate.

* * *

"HEARD MELODIES are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," sang Keats. With Irving M. Scott I am persuaded the greatest speeches are those that remain undelivered. Indeed, I have ever found the oratory escaped fraught with an excellence that the eloquence listened to never attained. Behind this conclusion is a complication—the story of a sad misunderstanding. It all grew out of the *Examiner's* reputation for infallibility—not undeserved on the whole, but backed by no Council of Trent. Detailing the interesting events and the prominent citizens who had promised to make notable the Fair celebration, the Monarch announced the selection as President of the Day of no less important a luminary than Irving M. Scott. Quite a figure is the Union Iron Works functionary—inimitable at conferring respectability on all sorts and conditions of ceremonies.

* * *

Seated in his office in ponderous self-communion, Mr. Scott was disturbed by the entrance of a *Post* reporter.

"Mr. Hume is very anxious to publish *in extenso* your speech, Mr. Scott," he said, with becoming deference.

"What speech?" inquired Irving M. in the somewhat languid tones of one who has been thinking of millions and huge warships.

"Why, your speech as President of the World's Fair foundation celebration to-morrow. You know—you are to preside," the reporter became a little familiar.

"Ah," said Mr. Scott, "really, I did not know it—quite a surprise to me. I thought Mr. De Young attended to such things himself. But how do you know?" He was growing interested.

"Why, it was in the *Examiner* this morn-

ing. No possible mistake." Confident reporter.

* * *

"Um, um, well, perhaps! Yes, I have been busy all day and doubtless the intimation did not reach me. But if I am President of the Day that means a speech. Sit there, young man, and I'll dictate a synopsis of what I shall say—just a few minutes." Eminently accommodating he became at once—a little genial in his fine and eminent way.

No standing on the order of doing with Mr. Scott. He was in the middle of a thoughtful talk which ran the gamut of literature, art, music, finance, and other departments of human knowledge. Almost as encyclopedic as Marcus Wiggin, who has yet to find a subject he cannot write about, is the chief of the Union Iron Works.

With a graceful bow and a type-written manuscript the reporter departed, colliding, as he emerged, with one of Mr. Bunker's young men bent on the same errand.

* * *

Thence into the potent presence of Director-General Harry de Young hied the journalist beaming with the satisfaction of fifty per cent of a task executed.

"Have you your speech for to-morrow, Mr. De Young?" he asked.

"Oh, I never write these things out," drawled Mike. "Why, *I* just get up and tell the people what I want to say and get through—that's *my* way of making a speech." He leaned back in his chair and beamed, happily comparing himself with less fortunate people whose eloquence is the result of midnight oil.

"But I have Mr. Scott's speech and I wish——"

"You've got Scott's speech," exclaimed the Director-General. "What in —— has he got to do with it?"

"Why, he is President of the Day, is he not?" The reporter became agitated.

* * *

"Good Heavens, man," gasped the editor, "you haven't told him he is President of the Day? Why, we elected Dick Hammond, and he's off writing his speech now."

Had Jack Deane not appeared with restoratives there might have been no Mid-Winter Fair.

Thereupon the unfortunate *Post* reporter hied to the headquarters of Hammond. Two myrmidons barred the way, and in hushed tones announced that the Park Commissioner was dictating his oration and could not be disturbed. That is why Irving M. was invited to participate so vigorously in the performance.

* * *

I AM AWARE of the fact that Editor De Young, of the *Chronicle*, is very busy with the affairs of the Mid-Winter Exposition. I am also aware of the fact that owing to the mental inferiority of his staff of assistants, nearly all the brain work of that great enterprise is falling upon him; but notwithstanding all this, I do not think he can any longer, in justice to himself, withhold a full and complete explanation of that affair concerning the corner-stone box of Trinity Church. His hated rival, the *Morning Squall*, charges in specific terms that last Monday, after the box had been dug out of the ruins of the church, it was immediately conveyed to the *Chronicle* office. In 1866, when Bishop Kip and the church wardens and deacons sealed the box up and dropped upon it the corner-stone, it contained a number of bright new coins. When it emerged from the *Chronicle* office the other day the coins were missing.

* * *

This is circumstantial evidence of a most damaging character. No one accuses Mr. De Young, but the honor of his staff of brilliant journalists is certainly involved. Deacon Gibbs and Deacon Hooper of Trinity Church, each solemnly avers that the coins were originally in the box. The former states that they were of the character of halves and quarters, the denominations for which city editors and reporters (because of the facility with which barkeepers scoop them in and the acknowledged fact that they fit every sized "Kitty") are known to cherish an extraordinary fondness. Mr. De Young may consider this a trivial matter, but I can assure him that if the *Squall's* assertions are not disproved, they are certain to have a depressing effect upon the Mid-Winter Fair. I consider the indignation of the *Squall* to be entirely justifiable and very finely expressed. And I may add, in conclusion, that that ancient gag about the office cat having eaten the coins up will not go down upon this occasion.

* * *

ALL THE disadvantages of May and December matches are not obvious. The irreconcilableness of the months has manifestations more positive than male wrinkles and feminine bloom. Rather an amusing remark that made by the offspring of an Alameda millionaire the other day, the point of which is lost, however, without a knowledge of his circumstances. Some six years ago said millionaire, then on an Eastern tour, fell in with an interesting young person some forty years his junior, and committed matrimony. While the excuse for so belated a plunge was excellent in that she had more accomplishments than mere beauty and good temper, his friends found the chance for sarcasm too good to pass. Far past moderation have they carried comparisons of her young tresses and his snowy hair.

* * *

It seems his little daughter, *ætat* four years, gazing at herself in a mirror saw her parents standing behind her.

"Mamma," she asked, "did God make papa?"

"Why yes, my dear," was the answer.

"And did he make you, too, mamma?"

"Certainly, baby, he made me."

A moment's silence, evidently filled with reflection.

"I think God has improved, don't you?"

The octogenarian parent retreated in sad disorder, while mamma went into ecstasies of laughter. Of course, the story leaked out, and now they call the old gentleman grandfather.

* * *

THE EXTREME affability of Major Hooper transcends aught of its kind west of Boston. A man of more attainments than most, he succeeds in managing admirably a metropolitan hotel and yet maintains the exact degree of decorous gravity necessary to the position of Trustee of old Trinity—an unique character, whose popularity is more the fruit of a natural benevolence than the result of the urbane diplomacy for which he is distinguished. Despite his caressing manner, the Major possesses a positive power of No, but, unlike the ungifted Cashier of the Bank of California, ever tempers his negative to the subject. In fact, his gently delivered "Nay" is much more of a tribute than the "Yea" of an ordinary man.

* * *

Mayor Pond, as executor and friend of the Martin family, desired to find a temporary resting place for the body of the late Henry Martin. To Major Hooper he telephoned a request for the use of the mortuary chapel at Trinity Church, and their conversation is going the rounds of clerical circles as an excellent joke on the Major. Like other men of quick intelligence, he finds it impossible to utilize Mr. Sabin's instruments, and whenever communicated with he has a boy talk into the mouth-piece, he standing behind dictating. On this especial day the air must have been full of electricity for the suggestive side comments of the Major were borne unwittingly to the ear of his interlocutor. The conversation, I am told, ran thus. In reply to the request the Major said:

* * *

"Why, my dear Pond, nothing will give me more pleasure. The chapel is yours just as long as you want it. Why, I am only too happy to have the privilege of doing you so trifling a service."

"But, Major, will it make any difference if at the obsequies some clergyman other than Episcopalian performs the ceremony? I think of asking Dr. Stebbins."

There was a brief interval of silence. In muffled tones over the wires came the conversation between the Trustee and his boy.

"Don't answer him yet; we'll let him down easy now. Now, now, no hurry. Say this:" The boy obediently followed directions.

* * *

"My dear Pond, I am so sorry to be unable to give you an immediate answer. There's just a little point I have to lay before the Vestry—all right, you know, just a formality, but perhaps you had better wait until I get the Trustees together to-morrow. I'll let you know at once. And then—

"Got to let him down easy," concluded the diplomatic Major, all unaware of the audibleness of his commentaries.

Over the wires came the voice of Pond:

"Never mind, Major. I'll put him in a vault.

Of course, the joke was too good to keep,

and to Dr. Stebbins, an excellent friend of Major Hooper's, the story went, and his Unitarian friends have had an immense deal of fun out of the episode since.

* * *

The world rolls on and the "wheel" continues to roll 'round it. The bicycle of modern construction seems destined to become, ere long, a thing of universal use. Tired man shall no longer travel the dusty pathways in his search for daily bread; the noiseless wheel shall make his progress through the world a thing of ease. Bicycling is certainly growing. In the Olympic Club, for instance, the wheeling department has shown of late a truly remarkable development. This branch now numbers over a hundred enthusiastic members, to whom the 'cycle is an inseparable part of their daily lives. Two rooms, one for convivial meeting, the other for the storage and the care of the machines, have been set aside by the Directors. Mr. Russ, who is Captain of this division, is an enthusiast, and he promises a splendid turn-out of O. A. C. men, in a very proper uniform, at the big cycling meet at San Jose in early September.

* * *

WAR AND RUMORS of war are flying in the Press Club. Between some very excellent friends there hostilities have broken out, and the other evening the tedium of peace which has reigned since the memorable fight between Mike de Young's cohorts and the host led by Tom Williams was broken by an exciting fistic encounter in the *denouement* of which President Todd took a hand. Accusations of one kind and another flew forcibly, and there were resignations all round after time was called. Putting it mildly, the affair was in rather bad form and reflects no particular credit on the institution. It is to be hoped the new Directorate will take vigorous hold of its duties and attempt several of the reforms that are really necessary.

* * *

From all appearances Jack Bonnet, of the *Report*, will be the next President of the Club. Sam Ewing, of the *Examiner*, who opposed him, has withdrawn from the contest, owing to certain complications that prevented him making an energetic canvass. Either candidate would have made a good officer, and in congratulating Mr. Bonnet I can only regret the necessity that compelled the retirement of Mr. Ewing. George D. Squires is Financial Secretary of the Club, and I am persuaded that the coming twelve months will be brilliant. There is no earthly reason why the Press Club should not be one of the leading social institutions on the Coast.

* * *

CONSIDERABLE excitement at Sausalito these days. Recovered from the boating and banjo-playing crazes, the summer visitor is up to his neck in politics, and makes speeches at mass meetings. There is a project on foot to incorporate Sausalito—to make Quality Hill and its environments into a city with real roads, sewers, electric lights, and other developments of civilization. On the side of reform are all the property owners, the summer visitors, and everyone who is anyone. Against it, the huge regiment of Spaniards, Portuguese, and Italians who ranch and fish in the environment. They are averse to incorporation because it means respectability and cleanliness.

* * *

The election takes place to-day and promises to be close enough to suit a racing expert, though the chances seem in favor of the reformers. Vigorous in their denunciation of the transient Sausalitans are the old inhabitants. Indignantly referred to as the "Tennyson Yachting Brigade," they are accused of a complete and all-round worthlessness that is painful even to imagine. However, they have the advantage of being Americans, which is not the characteristic of the opposition.

* * *

THE DISASTROUS consequences of a mumbled introduction were beautifully illustrated at a recent reception at the home of President Kellogg. On the same night it happened that another family had an affair—a good deal less pretentious and decidedly jollier, and a certain young couple were invited to both. Accompanied by a well-known Society youth, they first hied themselves to the University mansion, intending later to go to the theatricals. In the Kellogg *menage* is a daughter—a nice young Miss, who has yet to make her debut. To her the party was presented, but the young couple never caught even the shadow of her name.

* * *

A little later the young matron, who had made the round and was being bored, found her friend in conversation with Miss Kellogg. Oblivious of the maiden's identity, she rushed up to him and said:

"Let us go to the ———. It is awfully slow here."

The shocked expression that overcame her face and his as the *faux pas* was made would have done for a couple by Belasco.

"Excuse me, Mrs. ———, but *I* am having a charming time, and, if you will forgive me, will remain a little longer."

All unconscious of her break, the young matron swept onwards. Since then no cards are received for receptions at the Kellogg's.

* * *

A MORE matter-of-fact, simple-minded old gentleman than Railroad Commissioner Beckman does not live in Sacramento County. He has but one weakness. By hard work, pinching economy, and the exercise of rigid self denial he has, in the course of a long and frugal life, managed to accumulate a snug fortune, and like many another man in the same situation he is fond of talking about it. His profoundest delight is to encounter an humble man like himself who is willing to listen to the pathetic story of his early trials and struggles. I understand that so keen is his pleasure in pursuing this subject that if the listener is attentive he will wholly neglect to hurl the anathemas, in which he habitually indulges, at the unfortunate men and newspapers that have, during the past year or two, denounced him as an unfaithful Railroad Commissioner. Ordinarily, however, the anathemas take precedence.

* * *

The other day, so the story goes, Beckman, with a friend, dropped into a down-town saloon to have a drop of the nipping fluid. The barkeeper was particularly smooth and suave. Beckman quickly made his acquaintance, and, in a burst of confidence, informed him that he (Beckman) had once been a barkeeper himself.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the cocktail artist with great suprise.

"Yes," replied the old gentleman. "I tended bar in Sacramento in the early days, and now I own a bank in that town and half the real estate in the county."

This statement, preliminary to opening up the story of his frugal life and early financial struggles, was received by the barkeeper with even greater surprise. As he stirred a soft toddy round and round he seemed to be reflecting deeply. Suddenly he brightened up.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Beckman," he said, as he pointed to the cash register behind the bar, "but that infernal machine had not been invented when you tended bar."

The Railroad Commissioner left the saloon in a brown study.

The Witness.

Among the many Brut wines none seem to combine the peculiar merits of Moët & Chandon Brut Imperial.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAVE

A Society, Literary, and Political Journal.

The free silver convention in Chicago, with its collaterals and side shows, furnish food for some wholesome North American thought.

That body demanded free, unlimited coinage of silver on a ratio of sixteen to one, practically making sixteen ounces of silver a legal tender at our mints for one ounce of gold.

For answer to the request for reasons why this should be done, Governor Waite, of Colorado, replied that if it is not done, those who demand it will wade through seas of blood and will expatriate and send into exile all opponents found alive when the blood-letting is over. His fellow delegate, Colonel Fisk, proposed to limit the blood-letting to only so much as is necessary to effect the secession of the silver States from the rest of the Union, in order that they may ask for admission to a new nation to be composed of Mexico and the Central American countries.

Mr. Carl Brown, of California, played the ace on Waite and Fisk's king and queen, by proposing resolutions for a Provisional Government of the United States, to be formed in Chicago on October 14th, abolishing the Senate, and removing the seat of Government to Chicago.

We, who understand the *opera bouffe* of it, may laugh at these mouthings. But elsewhere the effect is not to amuse. Under any other Government a threat of civil war made by a Governor, or the public proposition of a scheme of national revolution is a serious matter, and all over the world these things affect our credit and lower our standing. Upon the Mountain States and Pacific Coast the effect is relatively bad, through the impression made upon our own countrymen. Security to life and property and the maintenance of law and order, are the conditions of progress and prosperity in the West. The rant and rot at Chicago, if taken as expression of Western sentiment, are like putting up at the Missouri River a notice to "beware of the dog."

Men of families and property will not seek homes in a region which threatens blood and slaughter, secession and treason, if it don't have its own way upon a public question of finance which concerns the whole country.

I fear that these violent expressions are, after all, the symptoms of a disease caused in some of our Western States by a local tyranny which denies liberty of opinion adverse to the free silver scheme. Men who venture to discuss it are, in parts of Colorado and in other States, ostracized and boycotted. I need not say that no sound public opinion can be found when free discussion is denied. When such a policy prevails there is no attraction for free men. When freedom of opinion is restrained, there is no liberty of person, and the securities of property are unstable.

It behooves California and the West to do something to remove this stigma. We don't want to be handicapped in the way so familiar in Mexico and the turbulent Central American countries with which Colonel Fisk desires a partnership.

The Federal Government may have to take a hand. If Mr. Carl Brown's Provisional Government is formed in Chicago, it will carry *opera bouffe* far enough to make an overt act of treason, and somebody may be choked into repose alongside the anarchists.

* * *

The office of great corporations in distributing money amongst the people in payment of salaries and wages, is brought forcibly to notice in the enforced economy of the Southern Pacific in the reduction of the number of its employees in order to meet its fixed charges and interest out of an income reduced by the shrinkage in business. It is estimated that the railway corporations of the country pay out in wages over a billion dollars a year.

An Eastern railroad man recently spoke to me about the infrequency of accidents on California roads, although they run mountain grades, and in their numerous tunnels and snow sheds have more of the factors that enter into accident than any other roads. When I asked him for his theory to account for it, he said it was in the higher wages paid by the Southern Pacific; that operative talent, skill and trustiness gravitate toward the best wages, and thus the Southern Pacific commanded these with the whole country to draw from, and its high rate of wages was in the nature of insurance to the public.

The East has been distressed by the terrible accident to a New York Central train on the Lake Shore road last week. The train was filled by excursionists to the World's Fair, and the results were dreadful. If the wage question enter into it, by affecting the competency of the track inspectors, the same should be investigated.

* * *

The silver debate in the House began with a repetition of the well known arguments of Mr. Bland, of Missouri. He is a firm believer in the omnipotent power of an "Act entitled an Act." Indeed, I doubt whether he believes the law of gravity to be beyond supsension by a law of Congress. One must credit him with entire sincerity, for Bland is as honest as men are made.

His taking up of silver as a fad has a story. When Morrison and Randall were rival candidates for the Speakership, Bland was a red hot champion of the Illinoisan. But Randall passed under the wire first. He was a just man who paid all debts, and when he made up the Committees of the House, the supporters of Morrison were made to sup sorrow. Bland was made chairman of the committee on coinage and weights and measures, one of the tail-enders of the House. But Richard remembered that when Douglass was demoted to the Senate Territorial Committee he made it the foremost of the Upper House, and from that humble position projected his doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty, and thereby dictated to each party its position on the Slavery question, and led the politics of the Republic. "It is not in the part but the actor," said Richard Bland that day he was cast on the Coinage Committee. The silver dollar had been omitted from the Coinage Act five years before and the country was contentedly climbing toward a par credit and specie payments, in blissful disregard of the daddies and their dollars. But Bland was aware of the importance of the money issue, and suddenly he informed a contented people that they had been robbed by the "Crime," with an upper case C, of 1873. Since then he has lived and moved and had his being in the silver question. He has sowed dragon's teeth and in his path have sprung up Weaver, Governor Waite, Colonel Seceder Fisk, Carl Brown, and whole hosts who think with their vocal organs. And it all happened out of Sam Randall's honest habit of paying 100 cents on the dollar of his political debts to friends and foes.

Mr. Bland now announces that "in the name of God" he will bang the contents out of the Democratic party and scatter its dust to the four winds of heaven, if it doesn't give him free coinage. This heartless threat of intestine assault should be met by protecting the abdominal region of the party with a headless barrel, such as is used in the justly popular barrel race at the circus.

JOHN P. IRISH.

In presenting to the members of the Country Club and the waiting list this rich, rare, and readable edition of the only Society weekly on the Coast, I am conscious of offering a counter-attraction to the "shoot." Is it not possible that many a fair maid or fairer matron may feel content with a perusal of Secretary Quay's entertaining history, or Bob Davis' amusing sketch, and hie to the maze or the beach rather than to the pigeon-killing? It is not inconceivable that the love of literature may prove more potent than the lust for slaughter, that the brave may not gather so large a crowd of the fair "under the greenwood tree" as they imagine. But to those thus tempted to second-hand enjoyment I would say there is but one "shoot," while there are fifty-two WAVES. Nor must they forget that though this issue is wildly interesting, so, too, is the shooting of Joe Redding; though Colonel Irish and Mr. Shainwald instruct gracefully—are they as picturesque as Mr. Tubbs in war costume? Consider, further, the glories of the gorgeous gowns, the lambent eyes and luscious lines of Californias' loveliest belles, the rich, rare dainties of the lunch—and, above all, that *The Witness* will gossip just as amusingly after the supremacy of "Reds" and "Blues" has been determined as he discourses while the detonation of the guns fills the ambient air.

THE MID-WINTER FAIR.

BY HERMAN SHAINWALD.

The California Mid-Winter International Exposition will be open January 1, 1894, and whether it will be a credit to the State or a disgrace rests with the people of San Francisco. The financial encouragement hitherto received, while it assures the holding of the Exposition, does not permit it to be made as grand as an International Exposition should be, and such as could be made by the united assistance of our people, and an Exposition discreditable to the State will be almost as disastrous as no Exposition at all. To make this Exposition a grand success in every regard, we require much money, and that quickly. Already, unfavorable comments are heard on every side, by reason of the backwardness and smallness of subscriptions so little like our proverbial generosity and liberality, and the means and resorts necessary to get even small subscriptions from the wealthier class are beginning to demean this city in the eyes of the world, especially as the poor and middle classes have done even more than their just share in this behalf.

I prefer to believe that our rich people do not lack enterprise or public spirit, but have not given the proper thought to this subject, and hence this letter.

It must be borne in mind that the World's Fair at Chicago, the greatest which has ever been held or which is likely to be, gives us an opportunity which will not occur again in our generation. Its splendid exhibits are within four days of us if we but stretch out our hands to grasp the chance. We have the power to hold an exhibition which will not be a mere fragmentary collection of odds and ends, but the best and most glorious exhibits of the World's Fair, the pick of those things which have made it the grandest achievement of this age.

This Mid-Winter Exposition will attract to it large numbers of people from the Pacific Coast, and many exhibitors who will accompany their exhibits from Chicago. It will make a market for labor and material in this city, will restore confidence, and will be the means of putting large sums of money into circulation among our people at a time when it is most needed, but its greatest benefit, as a Fair, will be in the prestige given to the City of San Francisco, a prestige it needs and has long lacked, of being an enterprising, vigorous, and far-sighted metropolis. It will have accomplished something in gaining the respect of such cities as Los Angeles and Seattle with their numerous competing railroads and their active, energetic, and go-ahead population. It will place this city, beyond doubt or cavil, at the head of the cities west of Chicago, and this prestige will be of infinitely more service and value than has been thought by us heretofore.

But the greatest advantage to the State will be from those visitors in the Eastern States who will be attracted to California, not so much by the Fair as by the State of California herself; visitors who will be afforded by this Fair for the first time in many years the chance to come to California at half rates, and they will come by the hundreds of thousands, and the reason is not far nor hard to find. From the earliest discovery of gold in this State, California has always occupied a large share of the attention of the world. Her marvelous and varied resources, her splendid climate, and the remarkable and prosperous careers of many of her citizens, the beauty of her scenery, and the general romance attached to her in almost every regard, have combined to make her the most conspicuous State in the Union, and as proof of this fact, if any were needed, more visitors to the World's Fair go into the California State building than in all the other State buildings put together, and a quarter of all the visitors to the World's Fair go through that building; and though Californians are generally disappointed at our exhibition at the World's Fair, because we know that a far finer exhibit could have been made; even as it is, it strikes the millions of visitors to it with wonder and amazement. The whole East is literally full of interest in California at the present time, and will welcome the opportunity afforded by cheaper fares of viewing with their own eyes the manifold resources of our pride and prosperity. They will come in numbers beyond our most sanguine expectations; some will stay and increase our scant population, and of those who go back many will return, and the balance will be scattered throughout the East, advertising us and our resources in every town and village and city in the East.

These are advantages outside and beyond the direct benefit that will result from the money spent by them in this State, and apparently advantages which everybody sees but ourselves.

It has been our custom to lay our lack of progress to "the Railroad," to the Pacific Ocean, and, in fact, to everything and anything but our want of enterprise, thought, energy, and foresight, and yet we have the finest State in the Union, the best harbor in the world, and a greater capital and a larger number of millionaires in proportion to our population than any other city in the world, and we have been practically at a standstill for over ten years. It has been an erroneous impression that Chicago is a much wealthier city than San Francisco, and that, perhaps, to this cause is due its greater progress than our own; but the fact is that this inland city, according to "The Bankers and Attorneys' Register" of 1891, has a banking capital paid up and in reserve of only $35,794,592.00, while according to the report of the Bank Commissioners of this city, issued July, 1893, the banking capital of the commercial banks of this city in paid-up capital and reserve is $44,321,733.02, and it is a well-known fact that the city of San Francisco has five times as many millionaires and five times as much wealth in that shape as the city of Chicago, and what are we doing as compared with Chicago? I am very safe in saying not one-fiftieth of the business they do. And why is this? Simply because the results of human effort are due to the *combination* of capital and brains, and while I shall never admit that the intelligence of our citizens is less than that of the inhabitants of Chicago, the fact is, we have so much wealth that it has not been necessary hitherto to make use of that intelligence. In Chicago a capital of $1,000,000 is made up of $900,000 worth of brains and $100,000 in coin, while in San Francisco the same capital is made up of $900,000 in coin and $100,000 in brains. And dollar for dollar do we equal them in the amount of business done? By no means. A Chicago merchant with a capital of $100,000 does a million dollars worth of business, while a San Francisco merchant with a million dollar capital does $100,000 worth of business. As a result of their push and energy, many people think that Illinois is in Chicago, while our lack of energy has been well typed by the frequent question, especially in the southern part of the State, "How far is San Francisco from Pasadena?"

Let us take a lesson from Chicago. There, men with half or quarter of the wealth of some of our millionaires contributed $100,000, while $500 is here considered a very liberal subscription. When subscriptions for the Columbian Exposition were opened in Chicago people vied with one another in "getting there" first, and the result was 29,083 subscribers paid in gold coin $5,378,490 at the very beginning, and taking the result of all their efforts in comparison with ours, they practically raised $100 to our $1, and no matter whether the millions subscribed by their capitalists and merchants is not returned to them immediately, it will come back a hundred-fold in the near future in the prestige which has now been attached to Chicago as the first and the type of American cities.

To my mind it seems clear that we are not taking advantage of our opportunities, our facilities, our unique advantages of soil, territory, climate, and maritime importance. This Mid-Winter Fair is such an opportunity as has never before been offered to any community, and it will be almost criminal not to take advantage of it, especially when it can be done at comparatively so small a cost and so readily. We have $350,000 and over already in sight, and I am sure when the first contracts are let all those who have hitherto held back will hesitate no longer.

I began this article by stating that the Exposition would be opened in January next, and so it will, but the wealthier class should not and cannot afford to stand in their own light, and in detriment to their interests and the interest of the State, and they should come forward in a liberal manner and add large sums to the mites subscribed by the thousands of middle and poorer classes, then this Exposition will be what it should be, grand and glorious, worthy of the State, the city, and the people.

HERMAN SHAINWALD.

Hotel Arcadia

SANTA MONICA,

LOS ANGELES CO., CAL.

The World's Famous Surf Bathing Resort.

Unrivalled Fishing from the New Wharf.

(THE LONGEST IN THE WORLD)

Open Summer and Winter

Accommodations First-Class

Reached by Land or Sea

SIMON REINHART,

Lessee.

TWO DAYS AT DEL MONTE.

BY BOB DAVIS.

HOTEL DEL MONTE, TUESDAY, 22d.—Your correspondent arrived without much display at the train or much excitement at the hotel. In fact, I very soon realized that I was the only man who knew I had arrived. Doubtless I must have traveled *incognito*.

On the way down the peanut butcher passed through the car occasionally and distributed one or two peanuts or a piece of candy to each passenger as a sort of sample, and then followed it up with an inferior class of goods in ten-cent original packages. Presently he came through with a basket of bananas and I reached out to sample one of them also; but he recovered the fruit before I had accomplished my designs on it and made a remark which would look better in *Town Topics* than in THE WAVE. I was offended at the way he slighted me after that and entered into conversation with an elegantly dressed gentleman.

Country Club members are commencing to file in for the high jinks and mixed drinks which begin Friday. To-night the walks and side attractions had a good run of business. The bowling alley and club house are populated with gay and festive couples who while away an hour or so making all the noise possible and trying to hit the Chinamen at the end of the course. The Celestials set up the pins in the bowling alley and the bloods set up the drinks in the bowl-ing room. A good many young men here spend most of their spare time (and thanks to their papas they have considerable of it) playing practical jokes on new arrivals. One young fellow in particular, an individual about twenty years old, with curly hair, broad shoulders, athletic limbs, and a healthy, happy, sunburned face set off by a pair of gold-rimmed eye glasses to break the monotony of his beardless visage, has made a reputation for himself in this line. It appears that there is a young (by special request) woman spending the summer here who has been to Cape Town, Africa, and never tires of telling everybody in sight how much property she has there, how prominent her father was, and what she has been offered for her diamond mine. She is looked upon as an epidemic and a hard one to get rid of.

"Did I ever tell you of my diamond mines and the prominence my father attained in Africa in the early 'sixties—when I was, or before I was born?" she asked the jester this evening in the sitting-room.

He blandly replied that she had not honored him with a review of her girlhood days, and in just about two minutes she was bombarding him with the old, old story and becoming more animated every moment.

"And," she rattled, "father had seven manservants to tend house and home, while I had three native maids in Cape Town for my own personal——

"Why what are you weeping about?" and she suddenly stopped her chattering as the red-faced youth buried his head in a huge silk handkerchief and sobbed like a child.

"Madam," he said with an extra wail, "when you spoke of Cape Town it brought back to me all the bitter hours of my past life; it tears my very soul and drives me to the grave step by step. You will pardon this display of sorrow. I cannot muster strength to keep it back.

"You are, perhaps, not aware that I lost my precious wife and two children during a yellow fever scourge in Cape Town three years ago. Excuse me; I must away and grieve in some sequestered spot where nature can heal the wound opened by these heart-breaking memories," and with a parting burst of agony he slowly walked away with bowed head.

A dozen gentlemen followed him to the club house, and in a few moments the sound of revelry by night floated out on the still, cool air, mingled with "Here's to the wife and family" and "That settles the African antiquity." I am told that the girl from across the water is going away to-morrow so as not to make the young man's life unhappy by her presence.

A bathing party is being formed now—at 10:30 P. M.—but I will write of it to-morrow.

The scenic effects of the magnificent grounds so ably described by W. C. Morrow in the Del Monte Souvenir, drew me from the parlor into the labyrinth of deep green hues and dark shadows stretching away into the night and blending with the weeping willows along the flowered strings of winding pathways. The moon (by permission) shot its long shafts through the grand old oaks, and danced, like streaks of pale lightning, with the ever-changing leaves and bowing limbs, stirred by the summer winds and sung to by the crickets. (Copyrighted.)

I tired betimes and sought a place to rest, but every little nook and quiet spot was occupied by a chappie and some sweet maiden who was in just the mood to believe anything he told her. I suppose the rascal was explaining how easy it would be for him to get the old Governor to buy the house, the furniture, and put up an allowance, while he, the boy holding her hand, would do the rest. I did not tarry on such sacred ground, but moved on to the next nook—which was also sacred. All the nooks were engaged so I went back to the woodworks and retired. Some enterprising publisher would make a good haul by issuing a volume in colors entitled, "Del Monte Nook Book," revised and corrected.

In order to facilitate matters, let William A. Junker, the good-looking night clerk, take charge of the box sheet and check off nooks in the office as fast as the boys engage them. It would save a great deal of walking and considerable internal swearing. I visited twenty-seven nooks and somebody was holding down the reserved seats in each one. 'Taint right.

WEDNESDAY—The day broke calm and bright; the ocean being unusually placid and serene. The sun set the birds chirping in the trees, and the merry yelps of children as they poured sand down each other's neck along the beach, betokened good-nature and good cheer.

It took me some time to reach the bath houses, and I lay the blame on an Irish gardener who wore red whiskers all around his physiognomy and looked very much like a huge, animated, terra cotta chrysanthemum. He told me to take the path to the "lift," which I did, and in about an hour found myself 200 yards back of the club house, and two miles from the bath house. When I finally arrived I saw the leaping surf dotted with bathers, and the silent sand dotted with posers. It is quite evident that sea-bathing is masculine and sand-bathing is feminine.

A few girls (not so bold as those who stayed upon the shore) entered the water and really enjoyed themselves with the young men who held their chins up and gave them swimming lessons.

Did the readers of THE WAVE (four dollars a year in advance) ever observe the fact that after a Society belle has been run through several Monterey billows and rolled up and down the sand by a regiment of tossing waves, she at once becomes quite similar to a plain, ordinary shop girl with a small income and no handmaid? Furthermore, did you ever take the trouble to notice how closely all men resemble each other in the water and how difficult it is to pick out millionaires and separate aristocrats from valets? If you have, the fact must present itself to you that the "clothes make the man" and "the hairdresser, the woman."

I saw a little fellow with light hair parted in the middle, or just over the spot where other people have brains, flirting with a very winsome girl who seemed to enjoy it through sheer innocence. He presently got very brave, and, walking up to her, made a few passing remarks in regard to the weather, the surf, and the people, but she did not answer him, and seemed at a loss to know just what he was driving at. She didn't look very mad so he resumed his prattle, and added some information about the sunshine.

Suddenly, as if kicked in the back, he turned on his heel and walked away. I was too near him to escape her remark, and it sounded something like:

Ich kaun nicht Englisch sprechen.

The social world is very quiet just at present, and but few events of interest have happened. All of us are holding back our energy to turn loose during the Country Club meet, which is being elaborately prepared for.

In conclusion, Del Monte Society, I am authorized to say, will be not only gay but highly pleased when the "Nook Directory" is published. If Manager Schonewald wants to cultivate me, it will be necessary to fire that red-whiskered gardener.

Those who want to find a pleasant place to while away their Sundays should take the steamer "Ukiah," which leaves Tiburon ferry, foot of Market Street, at 10:30 A. M. and 1:45 P. M. for El Campo.

A choice programme of music is given under the direction of Professor Blum. Splendid fishing grounds are at hand and boating is also a popular pastime at this resort. Round trip and admission to grounds fifty cents. Children under ten years free, if accompanied by parents.

The following will be to-morrow's programme:

PART I.

1 March, "World's Columbian Exposition"..Holst
2 Overture, "Claudia".....Rossini
3 Danse Espagnole, Roses and Thorns....Le Thiere
4 Selection, "Beggar Student".....Millocker
With Solos for Clarinets and Trombone
5 Waltz, "First Kiss".....Lamothe
6 Intermezzo, "The Dream".....Beissig
7 Overture, "Niagara".....Conradi
8 Gavotte, "Thoughts of Love".....Eilenberg
9 Gems from "Martha".....Flotow
With Solos for Cornets and Baritone
10 Waltz, "Violet".....Waldteufel
11 Dance of the Faries, Characteristic.....Thiele
12 Galop, "Over the Water".....Blum

PICTURES AND STATIONERY.

The new styles of ready-framed pictures at Sanborn, Vail & Co's are going at very reasonable prices. There are also hundreds of new things in ladies' purses and card cases, plain and with sterling silver ornaments, in the stationery department that should be seen by everyone. The artists' material department has many new things of interest both to artists and amateurs.

I love to muse on the shining sands
Where the lambent breakers curl,
And watch the bounding, billowy waves
Bouncing the billowy girl.

—*Town Topics.*

A judge in crossing the Irish channel one stormy night, knocked against a well known witty lawyer who was suffering terribly from seasickness.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the judge.

"Yes," gasped the seasick lawyer, "I wish your lordship would overrule this motion."—*White Mountaineer.*

THE COUNTRY CLUB.

BY JOSEPH M. QUAY.

About three years ago Ned Bosqui, Will Kittle, Fred Tallant, and Fred Webster agitated the formation of a Country Club, such as they have in the East. They were all members of the Pacific-Union, and their idea was to confine it to the membership of that club.

The favorite hunting ground of these gentlemen had been for years the Shafter Ranch, which forms the western boundary of Marin County for many miles. In its wilds there was plenty of game with numerous lakes and trout streams—76,000 acres of land in all with 60 miles of ocean front. Their enthusiasm in the matter quickly fired the sportsmen of the Pacific-Union Club and especially the *coterie* that formed a sort of informal gun club for Saturday afternoon trap shooting. The Shafter family was consulted with a favorable result, so that on March 13, 1890 the promoters of the new venture felt justified in calling a meeting in the breakfast room of the Pacific-Union Club. This meeting was a decided success, and the following charter members organized the new Country Club: W. B. Bourn, John N. Adams, J. B. Allen, Geo. Crocker, J. D. Grant, R. R. Grayson, L. T. Haggin, H. E. Hall, Alex. Hamilton, Downey Harvey, H. L. Hill, H. S. King, Dan Murphy, W. S. Newhall, J. M. Quay, J. D. Redding, F. W. Tallant, Austin, Alfred, and William Tubbs, F. R. Webster, R. E. Wilson, H. W. Woodward, F. L. Wooster, and C. E. Worden. F. R. Webster was made President, with A. C. Tubbs, Vice-President, and J. M. Quay, Secretary.

The following June a lease was granted of ten years, by the Shafters, of the shooting rights of the entire property. There were numerous dairies in the valleys of this property, but without exception the Country Club and its system for preserving the property from poachers was cordially welcomed by all the ranchers, because it afforded them not only the most excellent protection from forest fires lit by heedless campers but also promised to exterminate wild cats, coons, and other vermin that had proved destructive hitherto.

The enthusiasm at the inception of the enterprise was extraordinary and in a few months a beautiful club house was erected at the entrance to Bear Valley in the midst of a growth of large pines. It had every convenience that the most elaborate Country Club house in the East can boast, with a covered veranda 150 feet in length. Every luxury in the way of musical instruments, pool and billiard tables, etc., was provided.

The cause was warmly espoused by the gentler sex and an added interest was given in the splendid meetings which the Club held at Del Monte two years in succession and of which Saturday's pigeon shooting is to be a grand successor. In the past three years the improvement in the matter of game has been really remarkable throughout the preserve. This season 2000 quail have been killed, 500 snipe, hundreds of ducks of all sorts, and over 1500 trout, while in the past year a bear, 50 wild cats, and nearly 100 foxes, with half as many coons, have been killed.

There are two charming lakes on the property, respectively called Bass Lake and Trout Lake; they are as clear as crystal and are fed by brooks that run the year round. About two years and a half ago 14,000 Eastern trout were put in Trout Lake, and this year the fish have a uniform size of over twelve inches in length and a pound to a pound and a half in weight. A year ago last month 17,000 more Eastern trout were put in the same lake, and this year the fish were nearly seven inches in length.

Bass Lake, which is about a mile from Trout Lake, was well stocked three years ago with black bass, and great results are hoped for next season in this direction. There is a third little lake called Crescent Lake, and a year ago it was stocked with 30,000 land blocked salmon. Besides these bodies of water, a dam was built across Bear Valley Creek last November of very heavy proportion. It is 27 feet in height, and constructed of heavy rock and cement; 17,000 rainbow trout have been placed in the creek above the dam. Quail and birds from all over the world have been turned loose in valleys and mountains, so that at the present time there is not an institution of the kind in the world provided with the enormous resources that the Country Club affords.

The officers, directors, and chairmen of the committees are as follows:

OFFICERS—1893.

President, Mr. Frederick R. Webster; Vice-President, Mr. Robert Oxnard; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. William C. Murdoch; Attorney and Counselor, Mr. Ramon E. Wilson.

DIRECTORS—Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. William C. Murdoch, Mr. Richard H. Sprague, Mr. Henry. W. Woodward, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. Ramon E. Wilson, Mr. George Crocker, and Mr. William S. Kittle.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES—Entertainments and outings, Mr. Robert Oxnard; trap shooting and athletics, Mr. George Crocker; club house, Mr. Henry W. Woodward; stable and dog kennels, Mr. William S. Kittle; patrolmen and keepers, Mr. Richard H. Sprague; game, fish, and preserve, Mr. Ramon E. Wilson.

The membership of the club is limited to 125, and there are now 13 names on the waiting list.

The fourth annual outing takes place at Del Monte Friday, Saturday, and Sunday with the following programme:

Friday evening, eight o'clock—Meeting of Shooting Team to arrange sides for a match between the "Reds" and "Blues."

Friday evening, nine o'clock—Concert by the Country Club Band, seventy-five pieces.

Saturday morning, nine o'clock—Club Shoot for prizes and medals; also match between the "Reds" and "Blues."

Saturday afternoon, one o'clock—Lunch "Under the Greenwood Tree," at shooting grounds, in which all guests of the hotel are expected to participate.

Saturday evening, eight o'clock—Concert by the Country Club Band.

Saturday evening, ten o'clock—Country Club Ball and Supper.

Sunday morning, ten o'clock—Sacred Concert by the Country Club Band.

Sunday evening, eight o'clock—Grand Illumination and Fireworks at Del Monte Lake; Concert by Country Club Band.

The first match will be a contest of twenty-five birds to each man. Five gold medals will be given to the highest scores made, and the first twelve birds shot at shall score for the season's prizes. The five medals will be given for the first five best scores of the day. Then there will be six prizes for the 30, 28, 26, and 24 yard classes. George Crocker will be field captain and Mr. Kyle referee. Here is a table of the possible prize winners, prepared from their previous records. Add first twelve birds shot at to-day:

Thirty yards—F. W. Tallant 38, R. H. Sprague 37, R. E. Wilson 36, R. B. Woodward 36, Harry Babcock 35, F. R. Webster 34, W. S. Kittle 34.

Twenty-eight yards—A. C. Tubbs 38, Wm. C. Murdoch 38, W. B. Tubbs 37.

Twenty-six yards—C. O. Richards 38, F. D. Atherton 36.

Twenty-four yards—S. C. Buckbee 29.

The hotel is already crowded, and so successful was last year's affair that it is assured this year's celebration will outstrip everything the club has ever attempted before.

J. M. Quay

CHARLES T. WILDER.

CONSUL-GENERAL PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

The Provisional Government of Hawaii is fortunate in having as its representative at San Francisco one of the brightest, brainiest, and most progressive of its younger statesmen. Charles T. Wilder, the present Consul-General, is a native of Geneva, King's County, Illinois, born there in 1866. When a mere child his father, Wm. C. Wilder, took him to the Islands, where he received his earlier education. Later, he went to Miami University, Ohio, where he graduated in 1884. He then went to the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois. In 1885 Mr. Wilder returned to the Islands, and immediately went into business with his father, Wm. C. Wilder, President of the Wilder Steamship Company, President of the Kahului Railroad Company, and of Wilder & Co., lumber and coal. He remained there until 1893, in June of which year he received from President Cleveland his exæquator as Consul-General of the Provisional Government with full powers. Mr. Wilder is well fitted for his position, being ambitious, and by his long residence in the Islands, thoroughly versed in their diplomatic lore. The infusion of young blood into the veins of the body politic is an excellent augury of coming prosperity to the Island Kingdom.

A SENSATIONAL STORY

has attracted attention lately, but as a matter of fact the public has also devoted time to things substantial, judging by the unprecedented sales of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Unequalled as a food for infants. Sold by Grocers and Druggists.

She and I met almost daily,
Went away to criticise,
In our diaries each the other,
Analytically wise.
Now the dust is on our eyes.

Surely no sadder epitaph can be written than that. It was sent me by a literary ghost through the dead letter office—a post-mortem, not a posthumous poem. Ah me! Analysis is paralysis, and introspection is vivisection, and culture drives one mad.

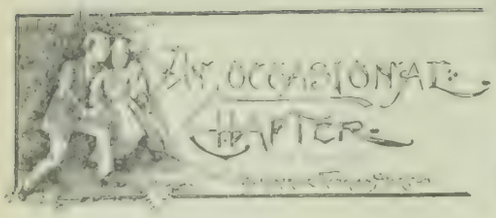
No, the only wisdom is to live. Action is substance and thought is shadow.

ADAM'S TUTTI FRUTTI

PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

CHEWED FOR HALF AN HOUR
AFTER EVERY MEAL

A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION



THE bride, alone, awaited the bridegroom. She had made her own toilette; even her servants did not know that she would marry that night, and had gone to bed, or, possibly, entertained their swains on the back steps and waxed sentimental over the moonlit bay. The apartment was long and narrow, as San Francisco apartments are apt to be; it was also on the first floor, and the front door could be opened without the maids being the wiser.

It was her second marriage; but at the request of the bridegroom she wore a white gown, a fluffy thing which made her look very young. She was young, for that matter—somewhere in her early thirties—and except in certain moments, or to an acute observer, she could have passed for twenty. Her figure was girlish and immature; her walk and manner, while full of repose, had none of the *autorité* which usually comes to married women. Her face had still the tender outlines of early youth; but they framed a jaw of astonishing strength and the profile was almost severe. The mouth, although firm in its lines, was soft and pink; the keen, intellectual eyes had changed their expression many times under the eyes of one man. Her gold hair and white skin added to the youthfulness of her appearance and diverted attention from contradictions.

She had made the most of her liberty. During the last four years she had made many experiments with life, turned her restless mind to many themes, flirted with men of every degree of intellect and charm, traveled, worked. Then, after several laudable and fruitless attempts to fall in love, she had found all that her complex mind and nature demanded in a man who in no way corresponded to the heroic ideal she had been carrying about. The awakening and the submission had been slow, consequently the thraldom was the more complete. Naturally, also, she found love quite different from her imaginings: it was to her a paramount demand for something in the man which belonged to her, was of her, and an almost terrified joy at its existence. Added to this was the independent charm of the man. Virile and dominant there was still a feminine streak in him which made him unwittingly more than a match for her: here was none of the bald, direct simplicity of the average masculine mind. He had tormented her to the verge of distraction, not by the exercise of *finesse*, which she would have despised, but by the unconscious suggestion that his God could not be sure of him. She never doubted that he loved her when they were together, and always doubted it when they were not. When he broke an engagement her active imagination pictured him purposely remaining away, suddenly wearied of her. His simple explanation when he entered her presence invariably carried conviction with it. His touch magnetized her; his intellect mastered her own. She felt, with some irritation at times, as if she were but a dismembered part of him. Once, when he had been ill and she had believed him dying, she had suffered as only women who are endowed with the highest degree of intellect and passion that civilization has so far evolved can suffer; and after the long torpor of her life the experience was a revelation.

She pushed aside the *portieres* of her bedroom and entered the little drawing-room. It looked a cross between a smoking-room and a library. The walls were hung with Oriental stuffs; the floor covered with Damascus rugs. There were several divans, many books, and lamps were hooded.

She wandered restlessly about, picked up the little clock on the corner of the mantel, and found that it was but half-past ten; he and the minister were not to come before eleven. The minister would bring two witnesses. Both She and He disliked the vulgarity of a weeping which is at the same time an assemblage of curious and impertinently interested people; to them the marriage ceremony was a mere matter of business, to be disposed of as quickly as possible.

She threw herself on a divan, but was on her feet again at once. Her nervousness was not due to the fact that she was about to take a momentous plunge; she was the sort of woman who takes the plunge in the moment that she makes up her mind, then thinks no more about it. Her restlessness was merely a part of her unreasoning doubt of her lover.

As was the case in about eight times out of ten, her foreboding was unfounded. In a moment she heard him ascending the steep flight of steps without. She knew his step, but to make sure she ran to the window and peered through the side pane. A cable car was climbing gruntingly up the steep hill and flashed its headlight on a window opposite. A woman's face peering eagerly out was revealed for a second, but the woman who was to marry that night saw nothing but the man ascending the steps.

She admitted him, and they entered the room without speaking.

"I am a little early," he said, as he closed the door, "and the others will be here shortly."

She regarded him with rapt gaze; the unusual strength of her nature gave her something of the fierce sense of possession which is more apt to come to a man at such times.

"You are mine!" she said. "Mine!"

He smiled with an expression of grim humor peculiar to him.

"I congratulate you; you have drawn a prize. What an absurd creature you are! You have taken me as a sort of peg to hang your ideas on, and then proceeded to love it. You are loving a sort of reflected image. However, it is very pleasant for me."

She put her hands on his shoulders, but held herself at arm's length, coquettishly refusing to have her gown crushed. She did not take the trouble to refute his assertions. He might believe all he had said, but she was quite convinced that he could not: if for no other reason than because he must know that her acquaintance with man was too exhaustive to permit her to put haloes on false gods at this late day.

Any man is well worth loving who can induce in a woman the belief that he alone gives her happiness. This man had won many women, and it was easy to understand his success. His cold blue eyes had looked squarely at the nothingness of life too long to soften easily, but they could and they did at this moment. The thin face, with its determined, almost cruel mouth and jaw, its cameo-like outline, had the pallor and the deep lines sweeping from cheek to chin, which betokened occasional dissipation at least; but in the face itself was a fine balance of intellect and passion. About his tall figure, which would have been angular had he not carried and dressed it so well, was a suggestion of *ennui*. Master of himself, he rarely let his face reflect the fact that he placed slight value on all that men prized most; and *blase* in most things, he retained a sincere pleasure in outdoor and intellectual life.

He flung off her hands and took her closely in his arms and kissed her. She pressed her arms against him and made no protest. Assuredly there was no lack of sincerity in the passion of his arms and lips, and it was in such moments that she wondered at her doubt of him.

He released her suddenly, and looked at her with the half-satirical smile which worried and fascinated her.

"We shall be happy," he said, "as happy, that is, as human limitations will allow. We shall bore each other occasionally, and then we will be wise and go our devious ways for a time. But I shall be true to you: do not doubt that. I love you, and I know women too well to want anything that they can give me, now that I have found you."

"I should never be jealous of you," she said. "If I lost you that would be the beginning and the end. I should never think about the cause."

"You will never lose me—unless you send me from you."

She laughed; then went out into the hall and opened the door. Three other men were stealthily mounting the steps.

A few moments later the minister began the ceremony. He had about half finished when there was a rapid rush of feet up the steps. The feet were unmistakably those of a woman and a child. The bell was pulled violently. The bridegroom gave an almost imperceptible start; an expression half-apprehensive, half-ugly, crossed his face.

The minister paused.

"I shall not answer the bell," said the bride. "It is probably a beggar, and in a moment she will go down and find her way through the cellar to the back door. I have given orders that the bell shall not be answered to-night."

But to the jarring of the bell succeeded a loud, imperious knocking.

"I fear she will rouse the neighbors," said the minister. He turned to one of his assistants: "Suppose you go and bid her go to the back of the house."

The man went out into the hall and opened the door.

"My good woman——" he began.

But the woman pushed him aside and entered the room. She was still young, she was respectably dressed, and had once been ordinarily pretty. Her figure was exquisite. Clinging to her hand, and digging his eyes with his left knuckles, was a half-dressed, uninteresting boy of six or eight years of age.

The bridegroom's face hardened until it looked like a deathmask. He folded his arms with a peculiarly rigid motion, as if controlling the impulse to strike, and drew back, and stood at bay.

"I demand that this ceremony shall not go on," cried the woman.

The bride trembled from head to foot, but only from the nervous shock; her mind was unaffected. She grasped the situation at once, and drew closer to the man her soul demanded.

"Are you his legal wife?" she asked.

"No——"

"Then go."

"I shall not go and this ceremony shall not go on. This is his child and he deserted me."

"Is this true?" asked the minister.

"Quite true. I do not know that I have made any secret of the fact that my past has been that of other men of the world; but this objective illustration will probably convince the only woman I have wished to marry that I am a stage villain, and should be repudiated."

The bride pressed her hand into his.

"As if anything could make me give you up," she said.

"Would you marry such a man?" cried the woman. Her simple nature could not go beyond traditions. She had been betrayed and deserted, and all who knew must turn in loathing from the libertine.

The bride looked at the intruder without sympathy. A perfected flower of the higher civilization, she was unimpressed with the crude logic of the more primitive woman. The suggestion that her lover might be torn from her, the representativeness which enabled her to picture the utter blankness of a life from which he had disappeared, made her cling the more tenaciously to him. Ready to pour the wealth of her rich nature into this man's, she had nothing left to offer the woman who typed the mouldy substratum of society.

"You must go," she said. "No mortal power will prevent my becoming his wife to-night."

"But the woman has a certain moral right," began the minister, pulpitarily.

"The woman has no right," interrupted the bride, coldly. "She had her little day, and accepted the conditions of it. When a woman gives herself to a man who has infatuated her she receives as much as she gives, and has no right to complain when she, like all other mortals, finds that nothing is eternal. Perhaps *we* will not love always as we do now, but we will each find in the other, as long as we both lives what this woman and her kind are incapable of comprehending—mental companionship; and it all comes to that in the last instance. We can at least avert one from the other somewhat of life's terrible solitude. When this woman ceased to have anything to give, it was in the mental line of progress that she must fall back and give place to novelty."

The man drew her to him with passionate gratitude, his face softening. Then, as he looked from one to the other, an expression of amused contempt touched his mouth.

The intruder did not understand the words of the bride; they were Greek to her. But she understood the expression on the man's face, and it maddened her.

"You despise me!" she screamed. "I am merely a creature you pursued for your own base ends, and she is a swell. You threw me aside as if I were an old boot!"

"Well, I have been punished," said the man grimly. "You have given me more trouble than all the others put together. And now that you have acted your little melodrama in the most approved style, suppose you go. You have nothing further against me I believe."

"Oh, you have been generous enough—but what's that? But I don't love you any longer—I hate you! It's this child. Is he to go through life without a name?"

"You can call him by mine, if you wish. It is not an uncommon one, and will do no harm."

"Oh, you are brutal!" cried the minister, a good, mild little man. "Why will men do such things?"

"Partly because they are born hunters, partly because they are made on a plan which your religion tells us is in the image of the Lord Woman was made for man, and whether man obtains her or not depends entirely upon the woman. Kindly go on with the ceremony."

"He shall not," cried the woman, furiously; "I forbid it. I—I—Oh! I'll punish you! I could tell this woman,——"

The man's eyes gleamed like steel. He walked over to her, took her by the arm, marched her to the front door, opened it, and thrust her out.

"Be careful of the first step," he said, politely. The sleepy child stumbled after, and the door closed.

He returned to the room, smiling as he met the look of apprehension in the eyes of the woman he understood so well.

"Why, I did not take my hat," he said. And to the minister: "Go on with the ceremony."—*Vanity Fair.*

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it.
—*Whittier.*

AMATEUR SPORT

The news from the Eastern race-courses is of a character distinctly cheering to Californians, and unless all signs fail, my predictions that the Coast colors would make a much better showing in the fall season, will be borne out. The fickle goddess seems to have been reserving her smiles for "Jack" Follansbee, and so fortunate has he been of late that I learn from the inside that he will reconsider his determination to withdraw from the turf. "Jack" has made a number of very good wins in the past few days, topped with the very satisfactory four thousand pot in the Barnegat handicap on Tuesday, which was landed to his credit by that splendid mare Gloaming, in what seems to me to be, everything considered, the fastest performance of the year. Considering the track, the mile and a half in 2:33, just a quarter of a second behind the flying Lamplighter's record, is truly a phenomenal performance. When it is also observed that two such clinking good ones as The Pepper and Picknicker ran second and third there can be no shadow of doubt as to the merit of Gloaming's performance. As the odds on the mare at the closing of the books were something like eight to one, it is to be surmised that the popular Californian added a good sum to the stake of $4055. Gloaming's victory was one of the most popular of the season.

The colors of the Undine stable are also flying well at the fare, and the double win of a day or so ago on the Saratoga course was also received by the local enthusiasts with a good deal of glee. Mr. MacDonough is likewise faring quite well in the ring, I am informed, and while the stable has been rather in the background for some time, if the young millionaire can keep "ahead of the game," so to speak, by continued raids on the pencillers, all will be well.

* * *

On Saturday last Mr. "Laurie" Bliss, of Yale, was paid the stipulated sum of $350 for his educational visit to the Pacific Coast. As soon as the double eagles were well in hand Mr. "Laurie" Bliss sent for the interviewers, uncorked the vials of his wrath and proceeded to deluge the Olympic kickers with a flood of adverse criticism. I made it a point to abstain from any personal comment upon Mr. Bliss or his manners while he was our guest—pity Mr. Bliss did not take the hint, it seems to me, and do likewise—it would have been in vastly better taste. Mr. Bliss, however, is no longer a guest of ours, in point of fact, he was simply a salaried instructor of the Olympic Club, so I am no longer bound to hold my peace. I am in a position to speak advisedly if not authoritatively on the matter, and in the interest of the football players of the Coast I deem it my duty to do so.

Mr. Bliss is undoubtedly one of the greatest star players the modern Camp game has produced and deserves to take rank with such phenomena as King, Princeton's superb halfback, and Hollowell, the renowned Crimson tackle. Mr. Bliss as a player is a great success, as an instructor he is a superb failure. Whether he considers that his introduction into the front rank of star players has made him too good for the company of such tyros as he says the Coast kickers are, it is hard to say; at any rate he succeeded admirably in antagonizing every man he came in contact with. He offered the players no encouragement whatsoever, and about the same amount of advice. It was a pet practice of his to don his field togs and go out before the admiring directors who had engaged him and give them an exhibition of fancy kicks.

In a social way the Yale man's career was as dismally flat as his professional one. Any number of most genuine and kindly courtesies were offered him by members of the Olympic and the University Clubs. To all these considerate advances Mr. Bliss turned a deaf and ill-mannered ear. He repeatedly pleaded engagements and yet he could be seen day after day loafing in the billiard-room of the Palace and lunching in his individual glory in the grillroom. In return for all the politeness which was so generously tendered him he waited only until he had obtained the amount of "filthy" for which he had bargained, and then turned upon the Club and the players with caustic and unkind, and in many ways unfair and untruthful, criticism. In contrast to the manly graciousness and splendid talents of Walter Camp, Mr. Laurie Bliss cuts but a very poor figure in the memory of California football players.

* * *

The tennis rage is upon us again, and meetings are crowding thick and fast. The good showing of all of our men in the Eastern courts, and notably Beel's superb stand at Chicago, has served to develop an exceptional interest in the game, and it is safe to predict that the doubles championship at San Rafael next month will prove one of the biggest successes of the kind we have ever had. It will also produce at least three teams that should do battle royal for the cup. The holders, the Hardy brothers, will have a big handful to carry off the prize. Stetson and De Long are in splendid fettle, and, if I am not mistaken, are determined to do or die in their efforts to win back the laurels the Hardy boys took away from them. The third team, which, in my judgment, stands if anything the better chance of winning, is made up of Champion Driscoll and that rattling good player, Bates. If these two men hit it off well together it will require some very, very fast playing to beat them out.

There seems scarcely a doubt of Miss Morgan's victory at the Scott Street grounds this afternoon. Of all her clubmates, Miss Lord is the only one who may be expected to put the champion on her mettle. All the other ladies have been very conscientious in their practice, however, and there will, no doubt, be many very good games played. While Miss Morgan then may be safely chosen in advance to defend the championship title, there is not a little doubt as to the outcome of the games at San Rafael on the seventh. I have not had the pleasure of seeing Miss Bates play of late, but I hear, from a very excellent judge of the game, that in practice she is playing better and with more confidence than ever before, and that her friends are confident of her ability to add more laurels to the already triumphant Oakland brow.

The championship doubles of the Olympic Annex take place to-morrow, by invitation, at the outside grounds. A number of hot sets are on the cards. We shall also have a chance of gauging the quality of the men who will represent the winged "O" in the championships. The singles for the Alameda championship take place to-day. I question the wisdom, however, of holding the doubles on the Ninth of September, and hope to see the date changed, in order that all lovers of the game at its best may assemble at San Rafael on that day. Stetson fell an easy victim to Chase on Tuesday, at Santa Monica, 6-1, 6-4. The Santa Barbarians are doing a great deal of good tennis playing, too. Hovey has begun his series of victories in the Newport tournament. If he should win the national championship, we will have all the more reason to be proud of Carr Beel's performance at Chicago.

* * *

The Corinthians go a-cruising up to Petaluma Creek to-day, and a programme which puts jollity on a par with nautical knowledge has been arranged. There is no happier set of men to be found than these gay jack tars, who can make a riotous night of it over songs and punches, and take a dip in the early morning and a good stout pull at the sheets, and then feel like fighting cocks instead of "wooden men with beating tom-toms in their heads."

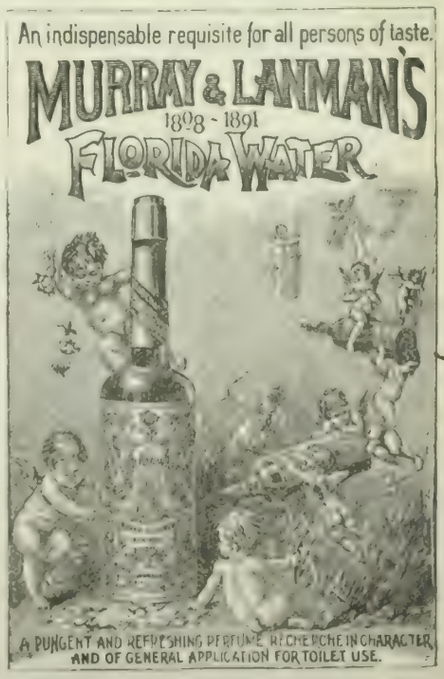
El Primero has been running aimlessly around the bay, getting more than her share of salt water on deck. I predicted at the start that this would be the case, and many an old sea dog who has seen her steaming by, and at half speed, too, has remarked on the mistake of that low free board.

* * *

Polo has taken a big jump into popularity down at Burlinghame, and some very good practice has been going on of late. Polo is at best a pretty risky game, and it is only the man who is absolutely at home in the saddle and perfectly confident of and familiar with his pony's points who has any right to ride into the field. I sincerely hope that the interest in the beautiful sport will continue unabated, and that ere long we may have a genuine setto between "blues and reds."

Practice for the baseball game, to be held this year between the University and the Bohemian Clubs, begins in a few days. The game will be played for the benefit of the Mid-Winter Fair, and it is likely that a great deal of enthusiasm will be awakened between now and the middle of September.

THE STARTER.



MASKS AND FACES

The dramatic possibilities of an Indian outbreak are cleverly illustrated in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." On the warpath the invisible braves who figure therein, the terror of their assault, the murmur of their battle song, make a lurid background for the embroglio. Against the smoke of their bonfires the *dramatis personæ* stand out, heroes and heroines, the atmosphere is electrified by the horrors of impending death, and if the culminating situation is sanctified by precedent as well as tradition, the memory steals but little of its garish effectiveness. Distinguishing the play is no especial novelty either of plot or dialogue; common enough are the good lieutenant and the coward, the wronged major and the general's daughter. In a sequence as familiar as the solar system, they revolve round one another; after the inevitable tribulations, true love wins the day; the Satsikas are repulsed in the very nick of time, and the curtain descends on an assortment of impending marriages.

Withal, "The Girl" is as good an example of mechanical playwrighting as we have had here in a long time. It is realistic, cleverly arranged; there is a neat balancing of parts, an artistic arrangement of light and shadow. Indeed, it is a dextrous blending of the Society play and the border drama, a grafting of Frohman's players on a Morosco stock. Whether the coming American dramatist will regard the aborigine as material for the construction of his masterpieces is doubtless an interesting question, which may be discussed after his arrival. In the meantime, however, there is no discounting his availability as a background, and Messrs Belasco and Fyles go no further.

The cast is singular in its strength and weakness. Mr. Heisy, as Major Burleigh, suggests his part; he is dignified and yet by no means incapable of the necessary expansion which the lines demands. The part of Lieutenant Hawkesworth is attractively given by Mr. Russell, who looks every inch a soldier and conveys the idea of heroism. An ideal villain of the modern type is Lieutenant Parlow, by Henry Herman. The impression he gives is that of involuntary sinning; he is the scoundrel rather by reason of cowardice than because of natural maliciousness. Yet the best situation in the play is the scene between Mr. Arbuckle and Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs, whose inability to express its dramatic possibilities are patent. Compelled by the impending terror of the slaughter, it is necessary for him to shoot his daughter lest she fall into the hands of the savages. The complication is heartrending; the opportunity is there for powerful acting. Mr. Arbuckle, playing the part of a general of eminence, rushes in, his hair awry, his collar off, his eyes rolling, his teeth clenched—the picture of some second-rate Thespian with a mouthing role. His villainous energy robs the scene of its nobility, its dignity. In these days ducking, shrugging, the convulsive and the wild gesture should be confined where they belong—to the art of self-defense. Decidedly the cleverer of the two was Mrs. Gibbs, though the necessity seemed beyond her scope. Miss Everett was a surprise. Without question she is, to-day, one of the beauties of the stage, and she acts with an ease and a naturalness that are charming. As Miss Hawkesworth she seemed sadly mismated with Private Jones, whose awkwardness was overdone. It made the inference of his gallantry an uninteresting excuse, and the possibility of his promotion a disagreeable alternative.

The comedy parts, so palpably the work of Belasco, are worked in neatly enough. The dialogue is close enough in style, but there is hardly a neat line in the play.——

That an initial success makes a poor premise for the prediction of a brilliant career is a proposition open to controversy. On the strength of her excellent performance in "The Picture," at Stockwell's, I am inclined to prophesy for Miss Blanche Bates a positive degree of histrionic prominence. I am told, however, that foretelling the future is frowned on by the logical, that I had better reserve my deductions for later appearances. For me, however, the *debutante* has proved her fitness, and I have no hesitation in saluting Miss Bates as one of the "coming." Her performance last Monday night was really clever—easy, graceful, animated, the tone even and consistently maintained—no especial development of emotional power but remarkable for naturalness. With so clear an enunciation, a manner so distinctly refined and so positive a physical charm, Miss Bates will be heard from, or I shall be disappointed. The latter is a consummation devoutly to be prayed against. In so interesting a connection I shall dare go further and assert that in the hands of an adroit manager this interesting young woman will develop into an actress of an individuality so agreeable that her debut will become a reminiscence of some value. With few exceptions the stage personality lacks flexibility, refinement, intelligence—her virtues are a dash of imitative talent, a degree of ambition and undue pertinacity. Here, however, is an aspirant who has figure and vitality, manner and mind—the material for a career. That Mr. Holt, who is a presentable young gentleman, or Mr. Osborne, whose versatility is not conspicuous, succeeded as well as the *debutante*, I refuse to admit. The latter was everything but his part, and the former was anything but an impassioned lover. However, it would be presumptuous to demand perfection, though I anticipate no little pleasure from "Ye Earlie Trouble," which has the Stockwell boards next week. The play is by one H. Guy Carleton, who has done dramatic work of merit, and whose lines have more vigor than his situations. That is an eulogy of more eloquence than most people might imagine.——

There is to be a new actress at Stockwell's this coming week—Miss Marie Buress. A Bostonese is Miss Buress, and accused of ability. That the audience, Monday evening, will find evidence of the charge is my sincere hope.

Mr. Hayman announces that "The Girl I Left Behind Me" will be continued at the Baldwin Theatre next week.

The next attraction at the Baldwin Theatre will be a decided novelty in the shape of a scenic spectacular entertainment, called "Urania." It is a new departure, and is under the direction of the Carnegie Music Hall Company, of New York. It will be presented for one week only. It represents the highest achievements in scenic art, with the addition of electric and steam effects in combination of colors and scenery never heretofore attempted. Further particulars will be announced later.

Mr. Hayman announces the forthcoming engagement at the Grand Opera House of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, supported by Mr. Irving's Lyceum Theatre Company. The opening play will be "The Bells," which will be followed by "Shylock," "Becket," and "The Lyon's Mail" for the first week. The engagement is for two weeks only.

CHARITY.

Two trains crashed; then and there he was crushed in a moment and died,
But the new wedded wife was unharmed, tho' sitting close at his side.
She found my letter upon him, my wail of reproach and scorn;
I had cursed the woman he married, and him, and the day I was born.
They put him aside forever, and after a week—no more—
A stranger as welcome as Satan, a widow, came to my door.
So I turned my face to the wall; I was mad; I was raving wild;
I was close on that hour of dishonor, the birth of a baseborn child.
I had cursed her as woman and wife, and in wife and woman I found
The tenderest Christlike creature that ever stepped on the ground.
She watched me; she nursed me; she fed me; she sat night and day by my bed
Till the joyless birthday came of a boy born happily dead.
And we prayed together for him, for him who had given her the name.
She had left me enough to live on—I need no wages of shame.
She died of a fever caught when a nurse in a hospital ward,
She is high in the heaven of heavens—she is face to face with her Lord.
And he sees not her like anywhere in this pitiless world of ours!
I have told you my tale. Get you gone. I am dressing her grave with flowers.

—*Tennyson.*

AMUSEMENTS.

BALDWIN THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & Co., - - Lessees and Managers
Monday, Aug. 28th Cheered to the Echo Second Week
BELASCO & FYLES' AMERICAN DRAMA
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME
"A great Play—at the end of the third act five curtain calls were demanded."—*Post.*
"The scenes were so strong and stirring as to start people from their seats."—*Report.*
"The best work of the kind we have had for years."—*Chronicle.*
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HANDSOMEST THEATRE IN THE WORLD
AL HAYMAN & Co.....Proprietors
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Monday, August 28th One Week Only
Leonard Grover's Latest Success
THE WOLVES OF NEW YORK
With the Greatest Mechanical Dramatic Scenes Known to the Stage
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH, A NUTMEG MATCH

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE
L. R. STOCKWELL.....Lessee and Proprietor
ALF ELLINGHOUSE.....Manager
Beginning Monday, August 28th
FIRST TIME IN THIS CITY OF THE PICTURESQUE AND ROMANTIC DRAMA
YE EARLIE TROUBLE
By Henry Guy Carleton
Seats Now Ready

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LIBRARY NOTES

With another volume Zola further stamps upon the reading world his theories of the power of hereditary tendencies. "Dr. Pascal" casts new light upon five generations of Rougon Macquart history. The ends left over in other stories are drawn together more completely, and the taint running through the race is traced in a colossal *resumé*. From beginning to end, Zola's people are really Zola, indeed, but hardly natural. He creates organisms, not characters. The higher mental realism, such as other great novelists impress upon their creations, is not a possession of the members of this remarkable family. Their physique, their appetites, are impossible to forget, not at all so their intimate feelings. "Dr. Pascal" has in it the underworld of tragic emotion emanating from Zola himself, deeper and more stirring than any living novelist commands. "Doctor Pascal," whose race had produced a Nana, an Abbe Mouret, Angélique, Eugéne, and Sidonie Rougon, is, like all fine stories, simple in outline, filled out in Zola's massive style, and interests with a crushing intensity. Pascal's love for his niece, Clotilde, an exquisite creature, "with her slight figure, slender throat, and flexible form, the flexible slenderness of the divine figures of the Renaissance," blent with a mixture of heroic happiness and torture, touches, inspires, and at once repels. A rare beauty lights up passages in the love of the old-young impassioned scientist for his pupil, and there are touches of extraordinary tenderness. Grandmother Félicité, the woman of unquenchable ambition, planning the family aggrandizement, and secretly plotting the destruction of Pascal's manuscripts, and her accomplice, Martine, the miserly *servante*, make a contrast and imbroglio hardly found elsewhere in Zola. Physical horrors, such as the spontaneous combustion of Uncle Masquart and the death from hemorrhage of the imbecile Charles, powerfully managed, are to be expected of the great realist. But the scene of Pascal's own tragical end and the terrible passages of the burning manuscripts are done with triumphant power and skill magnificently followed in the closing picture of Clotilde and her child. Impressive, disturbing, and filled with powerful thought, this work is hardly to be equalled in the whole series. As a novel from the conventional standard it has nothing to expect but condemnation, as a dignified expression of its author's theories it is unequalled.

"True Riches," by François Coppée, is more readable than clever; it is as light and unobtrusive as most of his other works. There are no wonderful scenes, few remarks worth the remembering, but the story glides along in an interesting manner. There is a novel character in the first tale, "The Repayment"—a repentant absconding bank president. After years of absence he comes back to his native land and returns the money through the hands of an old priest. Many and different are the ways in which the surprise is received, but in all cases it is admitted by the losers that the disappearance of the money was of great benefit to them—not much of a consolation for the poor bank president who had worked hard to be able to restore it. The greatest satisfaction in the story is the manner the old Abbé receives his commissions. Much upon the same lines is the other story in the book, "The Cure for Unhappiness." It amounts to the old theory—do not have too much and you will be contented. A fortune is won in a lottery by a hard-working, happy clerk. He immediately determines to "live." Not much of a success does he make of his attempt, however, for at the end of a year he is ready and delighted to go back to his old office. There must be something radically wrong about such a man—with Paris to squander a fortune in, and to prefer poring over accounts. One might as well be poor and in the provinces. There is a delicate little love tale worked in, and, of course, all ends well. It is the sort of book in the last chapter of which one expects the man to rub his eyes and swear he has been dreaming.

"The Japanese Bride," by Naomi Tamura, shows, in a quaint way, how our *affaires* impress a stranger. From a Japanese point of view they are, indeed, amusing. Naomi Tamura professes to admire most of our customs and delightfully he raves over our women. He never loses sight of the possibilities of his own, however, for he asserts that with the same education and advantages they could be clever. As it is, they are never expected to speak in the presence of men. They are brought up from childhood with the idea of their inferiority. Should we not send missionaries to convert such heathen ideas? Many strange things are told in this little book. Ceremonies are described of which even the Japanese do not know the origin. From all accounts everything is a trouble in Japan—to be born, to die, and, worst of all, to marry. Naomi Tamura says: "In America you have what you call a honeymoon. If they gave a name to that same period in Japan they would all agree in calling it bitter-moon." The giving of presents and the paying of long visits seem to be almost all there is in the lives of these queer little people.

"The Child's History of France," by John Bonner, is one of the most attractive of the recent books for children and young people. In the preface of this handsomely bound volume Mr. Bonner sets forth his idea in writing such a history. This, and the volumes to succeed it, are not to be the dry bones, the colorless scaffolding of history, but the flesh and blood, the brilliant covering. The specially accepted theory of teaching history to the young by means of dates, battles, and great political movements, is here abandoned. The romance of history takes its place. The stories of kings and queens, of the great princes of the church, of brave soldiers and knights-at-arms are all told with the color and movement of a book of adventure rather than a work of education.

The History of France is one that lends itself well to this form of treatment. Mr. Bonner has found plenty of material to his hand, and from the days of the Carlovingian Kings to the blood-red times of the revolution, incident and stirring anecdote follow each other in quick succession. One reads of the fierce rulers of the Merovingian dynasty and the mighty Charlemagne, of the gay and debonair Henry of Navarre, of the furious struggles of Medici and Guise. When the period of the revolution is reached history becomes as exciting as the most thrilling fiction.

Not the least attractive feature of the book are the numerous illustrations which are scattered through its pages. Some of the portraits are especially interesting, many of them being quite uncommon. There are also many pictures which are executed with the artistic finish and charm which mark all the illustrating work of the Harper's publications.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Japanese Bride," by Naomi Tamura. Harper & Brothers publishers, New York. For sale by William Doxey.

"True Riches," by François Coppée. D. Appleton & Co, New York. For sale by William Doxey.

"Dr. Pascal," by E. Zola. Cassell Publishing Co. publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

The San Francisco WAVE is as bright as an electric light and as neat as a press club. —*N. Y. Journalist.*

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

You bid me, Carrie dear, to ring in the changes without further parley, but how can I when the higher powers in their capriciousness fail me? Cheer up, you long, thin (or do you prefer attenuated?) sylph, for I fancy that we girls with an inclination to *embonpoint* will not be in the running this season.

I broke the Tenth Commandment last Thursday half a dozen times. That exceptionally favored-of-the-gods Alizon has just returned from Paris and was showing me some perfect dreams of silk skirts. One was a very dainty pink and white striped satin, that shimmering, bewildering, soft, silky satin, with a ruffle round the bottom, or rather an inch or so from it, and below, lace and bunches of pink and white ribbon touching the points of the scalloping lace. Unlike our skirts it was wide, very wide around the bottom, and stiffened so that it stood out from the feet, and one was not afraid of tearing off a yard of lace at every step. Another was in a purple shot silk, with row upon row of insertion right up to the waist, and between the rows beading, arranged spirally, laced with baby ribbon.

What absurd taste some people have, do they not? You know how stout and dumpy Mrs. Will is; well, she has just ordered a gray and white dress, the white being insertion which is laid around both skirt and bodice so that she will look exactly like a great fat zebra. I cannot imagine why the dressmakers will allow a woman to make such a guy of herself. There, too, is Bessie, who has so short a neck and is so broad shouldered, and she invariably wears wide ruffles and immense sleeves until she becomes absolutely deformed. I cannot say I admire insertion, especially when it is put around the skirt and bodice—it does have such a suggestiveness of San Quentin and jails in general. I saw a girl the other day going down Sutter Street in one of those dear delightful dresses. The ground work was heliotrope, and stripe upon stripe of black insertion enveloped skirt and bodi e, and even the sleeves were heavily striped; it had a most uncanny effect. I am perfectly confident that Zara, who is so aggressively slim and bony, will have her insertion put on in perpendicular lines to enhance her bean pole effect. Can you really understand why we women, who would wax wildly wrathful were anyone to accuse us of having a bee in our bonnets, will make ourselves look like barbers' poles, convicts, zebras, or anything equally absurd, simply because a few old tailor birds, who want to feather their already gold-lined nests, say we must?

Is it not a pity we have no promenade here, like they have in every other city, where we could go and wear our pretty frocks instead of having them ruined after walking on our dirty cobble-paved streets? A friend of mine has just had the most exquisite parasol cover of delicate duchess lace sent her from Brussels. It is indeed a thing of beauty and a joy forever; but whenever can she use it? To use a duchess lace parasol here would indeed be a solecism. I suggested immediately giving a series of lunch parties and utilizing it as a centrepiece, with some dainty color underneath; but of course that would put one's best damask to shame, and it is so difficult to get anything fine enough to go with it, and yet it seems too dreadful to put it away among one's relics.

They say panniers are coming in, and I saw a recent creation of Ducey's with those our mothers wore when we were babies. I cannot say I think them particularly smart-looking; but they certainly will be a godsend to the hipless girls whose name, among our younger set, is legion. I wonder when shall we have a return of the Dolly Varden style of dress and hat? Do you remember those pretty pictures that delighted our childhood days, when all the girls wore them, and those polonaises with the large flowers and quaint patterns?

I have not yet decided whether I am going to like our winter hats or not. I fancy that we have had prettier ones. The shop windows are not showing any especially bewitching styles yet. All I have seen are in black and white turban or flat shaped. Some of the new felt hats, though, are very becoming. One I liked exceedingly had the brim turned up at an angle and pinned back with large jet stars, the trimming consisting of black ostrich feathers. A little bonnet, with a gold crown jeweled with pearls and emeralds, was decidedly smart, and another hat that I fairly worshiped was a large Gainsborough in black velvet, with splendid feathers for trimming. On a tall girl like you it would be very effective.

Is it not good, though, that quite a sprinkling of our nicer girls are doffing their hats at the theatres now? While, in one way, it is a little more trouble to arrange one's hair prettily, still how infinitely better a girl looks with her own "crowning glory" than with a pyramid of ribbons, feathers, flowers, and laces, which is not only a discomfort and therefore irretrievably ugly to those immediately behind her, but draws attention from a pretty face to a milliner's window on a small, or more often large, scale. Which of us desires to pose as a milliner's advertisement?

Have you noticed how few old ladies wear their age gracefully? I think nothing is more adorable than a perfectly sensible, dainty old lady, but what caricatures of nature most of them appear. Last Sunday in church I saw one of these solecistic old dames with that most exquisite gray hair, dark brown eyes and a rather fresh complexion, but she had on a tightly-fitting black and yellow striped gown with a ruffle round the shoulders; a belt enclosed her tapering (?) waist; on her head a small yellow bonnet with marguerites and forget-me-nots! Naturally, she looked a perfect fright, whereas, had she been neatly or richly gowned in a suitable black silk trimmed with jet, with a bonnet with purple flowers, how delightfully dainty she would have appeared. Then one goes to a ball and how few old ladies wear the rich black velvets with beautiful laces and jewels which so eminently belong to them. No, we find them competing with us, on our own ground, in delicate shades of blue and pink or soft corn color, all of which set off their wrinkles, rob their eyes of what lustre is left, and even make their gray hairs look musty and duncolored. Incongruity must, it appears, always be the cause of our artistic failures either in youth or in our latter days, when we might be expected to have learnt wisdom by experience. Old men, as a general rule, appear so much better—they are usually sufficiently well dressed and groomed so as not to offend, and yet rarely do they ape the younger men. They know that every age hath its charms, only it needs a well-balanced head to appreciate and use them to advantage. One notices these things at the cotillions so much. It is laughable to see the lines of matrons dressed like debutantes, perking and pluming as if still in the heyday of youth and beauty.

MARTHA.

A COMMUNICATION.

THE HENRY MARTIN WILL CASE.

To the Editor of THE WAVE:—That there are always two sides to a story, will be very clearly demonstrated before the end of the Henry Martin will case has been reached. Mrs. John Martin has taken the first step toward vindicating herself from the charge of having poisoned her husband, the late John Martin, by having his body exhumed, and it is not her fault that Drs. McNutt and Anderson of this city were not allowed to conduct the autopsy.

Old friends of the dead brothers comment among themselves and shake their heads mournfully when speaking of the warring widows, and if hearsay evidence is worth anything their sympathies are not wholly with Mrs. Henry Martin. There is something repugnant to them in her brutal vindictiveness toward Mrs. John Martin, who has never attempted either defense or reply.

Those who knew both families are not surprised that Henry Martin should have made a second will when his wife was expected momentarily to die. He knew that his hour had come, and it is but natural to suppose that he would prefer to give the bulk of his estate to his own blood relatives, rather than to the relatives of his wife.

Had Henry Martin's wife been well at the time of his death it is doubtful if he would have made a second will, but when his widow asserts that Mrs. John Martin is going into the contest because Henry and not John is the father of John B. Martin, Jr., people begin to question her motives with as little charity as she has shown. When this rumor reached the ears of Mrs. John Martin, her wonderful self control gave way, and while the tears rolled down her cheeks, she exclaimed.

"Oh, how could she? Two nobler men than John and Henry Martin never lived."

Even if it were true, few wives would make such an accusation against the good name of a man who was always generous and devoted to her.

This is about on a par with her assertions in Trinity County that she was obliged to teach her husband company manners. His old friends resent this as an outrage, and say that Mrs. Moore-Martin was a country schoolma'am well known to the citizens of Big Meadows, where she used to ried around on horseback from one farm house to another, "boarding around" after the manner of some country school teachers.

Awaiting the report of Professor Johnson, who is making the autopsy on John Martin, it is being asked why similar treatment is not accorded the body of his brother. What is justifiable in one instance is surely in the other, and the friends of the accused widow declare there is as good basis for slander in one case as in the other. Not a whit less suspicious are the circumstances to whomsoever cares to twist minor happenings into proofs of crimes—which is exactly what has been done with Mr. John Martin. Given an ambition and an interest and it is no hard task to besmirch an innocent and unoffending woman with the foulest suspicions. I have no doubt that a particular examination into the career of Mrs. Henry would yield as much material for cruel assumptions. In the mere fact that she told an intimate friend prior to her second marriage, that Henry Martin had waited for her ten years and she was determined to have him, is there not basis for several theories?

It does not appear, as a matter of fact, that Mrs. Henry Martin had that tenderness of heart which the vigor of her grief might seem to indicate. The first will was made on her wedding day, a fact that the uncharitable have translated into a proof of acquisitiveness. Given a handsome monthly allowance, her bills were all sent to her husband for payment. In fact, it would seem that the insinuations of closeness made by some of her acquaintances are by no means lacking in foundation. Some unfavorable comment has been aroused by the undue energy exhibited by ex-Mayor Pond in his rush to get the will out of the Safe Deposit, and it must not be forgotten that it is to the interest of the widow and the executor alone to prove the last will a forgery. Writing experts have already declared both instruments were written by the same hand.

From other sources it has been learned that Mrs. Henry Martin will attempt to prove that John Martin, Jr., who ex-Mayor Pond solemnly avows is not in any way related to either Henry or John Martin, is the son of the nurse who attended Mrs. John Martin in New York when the child was born. The nurse happens to be a woman over sixty years of age, and there will be sufficient testimony when the time comes to amply satisfy the proponents of the first will as to who is the mother of John B. Martin, Jr. It is known that Mrs. Henry Martin was sufficiently interested in the matter to have a detective watch Mrs. John Martin while she was in New York, and it is an open secret that she has always been suspicious that her husband cared more for his sister-in-law than he did for her. Her suspicions will not lack confirmation if Mrs. John Martin can be induced to produce the letters which Henry Martin wrote her, both before and after John Martin's death.

FAIR PLAY.

COUNTRY GOSSIP.

Pacific Grove, that has seen during the past season great gatherings of Minervas and Vestals, is likely to have a brand new sensation at the next meeting of the Methodist Conference.

All members of this community are waiting with impatience to see the developments. Cause—a young Methodist minister in the Garden City has startled his congregation and all outsiders by causing the arrest of his mother-in-law for sitting under a tree in his yard.

The reverend gentleman (?) rejoices in the name of Hughson and the cause of this family feud is his failure to pay a note which he had made in favor of his mother-in-law. The note has long been due, but he had changed his mind presumably since his "change of heart."

The funny part of the matter is, the mother is an Irish woman, a devout Catholic, of that order of the followers of St. Patrick who raise their children to be Protestants.

All parties are in the lower strata of Society, and the only reason people are interested is because the Hughson still *preaches* to a large congregation in East San Jose, and said wife's mother declares that she will be at the Conference, accompanied by a couple of attorneys.

Another commotion in a different circle of San Jose's Society was caused recently, and the end is not yet. Maters are casting angry glances at each other, and warm friendships have been broken like sticks of candy. All because at a select party recently given at one of the oldest hotels, a young medical man invited a number of the guests into a private parlor and served them to the best that money could procure.

The choicest vintages were poured like water, and as some of the ladies were young and unsophisticated, they quaffed a little too freely. Of course, some busy-body gave the whole thing away, and "war to the knife" has been declared. One of the prettiest girls has been whisked away on the electric storm that followed; another is mourning the loss of her bosom friend, and the Doctor thinks this a very warm August.

"How do you know he married her for her money?"

"I've seen her."—*Life.*

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Stunning dresses, witching glances,
Tennis courts, and swimming baths,
Grassy lanes and shady paths,
Trees 'neath whose umbrageous gloom
You can sit and hear the boom
Of the waves upon the beach
Mingling with some love-lorn speech,
Overheard by merest chance
As a couple leave the dance
For a ramble, where the moon
Woos them out to have a spoon.
German Counts and English Lords—
Heiress hunters—all in hordes,
Pointed beards and four-inch collars,
Thinking but of "Papa's dollars;"
Dudes and gentlemen of leisure,
Idlers who live but for pleasure,
Business men who come for Sunday,
And go back again on Monday,
"Papas" who can't be away
When comes round collection day;
Others who come down to seek
Rest from labor for a week,
But who talk—what pity 'tis—
Together only of their "biz;"
Unhappy they unless they thus
The market, stocks, and trade discuss
From morn till night. They only think
Of these and when it's time to drink.
Can this be rest for tired heads?
Let's hope they get some rest in bed.
"Mammas"—each an early comer—
Stay three months, if not all summer,
Hoping for their girls to catch
Some "toney" matrimonial match;
Hubby slaving—more's the pity—
In the dusty, foggy city;
His lot that of drudge, bread winner,
Hers, to dress for lunch and dinner.
Diamonds, velvets, silks, and laces,
Graceful forms and pretty faces,
Daughters who in trailing skirt
Walk about or sit and flirt,
And who doff their Redfern jacket
To weild with greater ease their racket,
And "serve" overhand or under,
Making old-time maidens wonder,
Or sit bubbling o'er with rage
At the "license" of the age.
Girls who in some quiet nook
Slay men's hearts with but a look;
Girls whose forte is tender sighs;
Girls who win with pleading eyes;
Girls who give their mind to style;
Girls who only have to smile
To draw men slavish to their feet;
Girls who pose as shy and sweet;
Girls who've nothing but fine clothes,
With which they strive to catch rich beaux;
Girls all ages, young and old,
Girls well freighted down with gold.
Youths whose store of worldly knowledge
Shows itself in slang of College;
Columbia, Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale,
Cornell, John Hopkins—all exhale
A sophomoric air which tends—
When it with talk of "Freshies" blends—
To give impression that a naught
Would represent school subjects taught
At all these seats of learning great,
Enabling fools to graduate.
Base and football, tennis, golf,*
Are all that seem to have a "Prof."
Officers, all handsome men,
Both U. S. A. and U. S. N.,
Whose "veni vidi vici" air
Is celebrated everywhere;
And by whom civilians must
Be ever to a back seat thrust.
To all these add before we've done
The bluest skies, the brightest sun,
The purest, sweetest atmosphere,
Not chilly, but so soft and clear;
Hammocks and scores of shaker rockers,
Flannel suits and "Knickerbockers,"
Blazers striped with every hue,
From burnt sienna to cerulean blue,
From British scarlet to Hibernian green—
Palatial rooms—the boss *cuisine*.

*Properly pronounced Goff.

"I want to get a professional nurse," said the man whose wife rather enjoys being ill.

What for, and his friend the doctor.

"For a professional invalid," said the men, with a wan, faraway smile.—*Vogue.*

HAPPY IDEAS.

Author—Here I say: "The moon tipped the waves with silver." Isn't that rich imagery?

Editor—That will depend upon what the extra session succeeds in doing.—*Town Topics.*

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—The cows are in the corn, John.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—All right, dear. The corn will soon be in the cows.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"What do you do to pass away the time?" asked the hairbrush of the looking glass.

"Oh, I reflect," answered the looking glass superiorly.—*Brooklyn Life.*

She—Do come to Bar Harbor, Cousin Tom. I know a nice girl with lots of money.

Cousin Tom (dejectedly, but firmly)—You don't. Nice girls never have a cent.—*Life.*

Swizzle—It's strange I meet Jones so rarely. How do you suppose I can arrange to see him oftener?

Bronson—Borrow five dollars of him, and you'll meet him every day.—*Chicago Record.*

City Sportsman—Have you seen anything worth shooting at around here?

Farmer—Well, no; not until you came.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Are you a czar that you should conduct yourself thus autocratically?" demanded the girl as her father tossed her steady company into the street.

"No," rejoined the old man, "I am simply the power behind the thrown."—*Town Topics.*

Rivers—There's that graceless young Caxby again. Marrying a wealthy widow doesn't seem to have made much change in him.

Banks—Not a bit. She never trusts him with any.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Manager—There will be no encore for you to-night after the second act.

Star—Is this some of your work?

Manager—Not at all; the claque has struck.—*Town Topics.*

Stranger—So that's the United States steamer "Michigan," is it? I don't see anything so remarkable about her.

Old Settler—You don't, hey? Sir, Lake Michigan was named after that boat.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Miss Starlight—I met such interesting people last evening.

Mamma—Who were some of them?

Miss Starlight—There were no less than three co-respondents in the company, and I was introduced to all of them.—*Town Topics.*

"What perfectly lovely children's stories you write, Mr. Scribem! How do you ever do it?" asked Miss Guscher.

"By locking them out of the room, Miss Guscher," replied Scribem, "and filling my ears with cotton."—*Truth.*

Our lady readers will be agreeably pleased to learn that the suit house and dressmaking parlors of Mrs. A. Lichan have been removed to the elegant store at 423 Geary Street between Mason and Taylor. Mrs. Lichan has undoubtedly the finest establishment of the kind in the city; and with her increased facilities will continue to attract and retain the very superior class of patronage which has always been hers. The wedding *trousseaux*, equal in design and finish to the best imported, and of which this house makes a specialty, in fact has no rival, as well as other articles of dress and adornment dear to the feminine heart, will still be a leading feature. Mrs. Lichan will superintend in person every detail of the work sent out—no easy task when we consider the army of employés. Callers are cordially welcomed.

BLOOMING CHEEKS.

Who has not envied the rosy cheeks of an English maiden—that complexion of exquisite smoothness so suggestive of health, bloom, and happiness. How the pink rotundity of her cheeks sets off the outline of her profile. But in England there are no trade winds, and the fogs are confined to London. Even the woman whom nature has most graciously gifted in the matter of complexion, must guard her cheeks with utmost care. That is one reason why, on the toilet tables of the most beautiful women in San Francisco, you will always find a bottle of Camelline. There is no preparation for the complexion that compares with it.

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THE TWO SIDES OF THE WINDOW.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

PROLOGUE.

By an end-of-the-century harlequin in pink, green and mauve.

"It is the drama of the eternal unrealized that we shall have the honor of representing, Ladies and Gentlemen, before you. In our piece, brief and dull, (since it is the image of life) you will recognize your dreams and the mean ways in which they ran against each other to their own injury, like swallows upon a wall. Nevertheless, keep yourselves from accusing Providence of having caused the griefs for which you weep, of which, perhaps, you die; the happiness you hoped for, the happiness equal to your desire, was offered. Ah, but the gods are good!—yes, offered one instant to all and each of you. You have not known how to divine that it passed so near your door, that it would have sufficed to extend your hand, and it fled during the time lost in not daring to believe that it was there. But by ancient custom, the Prologue must not delay with a too long discourse, and here is the leader ready to strike the three taps, not in regular intervals, but according to the unequal rhythm of a dying heart."

* * * * *

[SCENE FIRST.—Midnight. A young girl's room. If one opened the window one would see here and there, beyond the road, in the flood of white moonlight, the opaque black of groups of trees reaching up toward infinity, and one would see, too, far above, the scintillation of innumerable stars. But the window is closed. Therese has not yet retired; one would say, hesitating near the bed, but looking at the lamp, that she was afraid to undress before the curiosity of the mirror. She is all in white—she dreams.]

THERESE—"I am eighteen. I would like to love and have some one love me. Ah! how I would like to love and be loved! But it would not please me at all to have for husband the grave person that mother presented to me this evening, and who is hereafter authorized to send me bouquets. Is he as rich as they say? Eh! that is all one to me. I dream of having for husband somebody like the young men of romances and poems—some one who will be very gentle, very handsome, very ardent, and whose only treasure will be in his heart. How happy we could be—he adoring me without end, I adoring him without ceasing; and how charming to be two at the hour when I have always been alone."

[She is silent. She trembles. She has received notice of a hoped-for approach. She feels that he is not far from her—the unknown whom she would recognize at once. Instinctively she crosses to the window. She is about to open it to look along the road—no! She pauses—she shrugs her shoulders after a long sigh.]

"I really believe that I am a little crazy. They are villainous tramps or drunkards from the village fair who pass at this hour."

[She returns to the bed, unclasps her waist, lets her gown slip off, creeps between the sheets, closes her eyes and goes to sleep.]

[SCENE SECOND.—Midnight. The road before Therese's house. Here and there in the deepening flood of moonlight one sees black trees thrusting their tops into unknown gulfs, and the ironic scintillation of the stars, high, ah! so high, scattering through the sky the refuse of Paradise. But Valentine considers neither flood nor firmament. He walks, his face bent toward the ground, his brow frowning and his fists clenched as in rage. He is very young, very handsome. He muses.]

VALENTINE—"The devil take them, those stupid girls, swans like geese—miraculously stupid! Odious, too. I have wearied of them to-night, and I escaped from the festival. Would it not be better to hang or shoot myself than to flirt with coquettes? Oh! how little she resembles those low minds and shallow hearts—she whom I would like to love, by whom I would be loved! I dream of having for my wife a virgin like the young girls of romances and poems. She would be so beautiful, so pure, like a sister of angels. She would await me without having been told of my coming. She would welcome me with the smile of those betrothed who do not blush they are so innocent. How happy we should be—she in adoring me without ceasing, I in loving her without end; and how exquisite it would be, that eternal marriage of two souls, as like as the two wings of a white bird in the sky."

[He speaks no more. He trembles. It seems to him, for an instant, that she is near him, the hoped-for angel. Never having seen her he would recognize her! With an instinctive rush he hurries toward Therese's window, still lighted. On the other side of those panes happiness awaits him. He is about to climb the wall, to break the glass—no! He pauses, he shrugs his shoulders, laughing a mocking laugh.]

"Truly, I rave, or I am tipsy! Behold a fine imagination to think that the sister of my dream awaits me behind the muslin of that window. I wager I should find up there an old woman drowsy over a pious book, or a married couple quarreling between two kisses without love."

[He returns to the festival. He rejoins the noisy comrades without wit, the coarse women without beauty. He laughs with them, he laughs, alas, among them, and he sleeps with dream-forsaken brow.]

* * * * *

EPILOGUE.

By a century-ended harlequin, his mauve dimmed, ash-colored.

"Feign to laugh! You do not laugh. It is the drama of the eternal unrealized that we have had the honor of representing, Ladies and Gentlemen, before you! You have recognized, you in Therese, you in Valentine, your dreams and the melancholy with which they closed their wings; you have cursed your hesitations near the window toward which from each side the two halves of happiness approached their union.

"But by ancient custom, the Epilogue must not delay in prolix discourse, and behold after the drama the curtain falls, not with the noise of a screen of the theatre, but with the sound of the cordage around a coffin that they lower into a grave."

—*Translated from the French of C. Mendes for* THE WAVE by E. F. DAWSON.

KNOWLEDGE

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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LEAVE	FROM August 22, 1893.	ARRIVE
7.30 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East ...	9.45 p m
7.30 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose.....	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore.....	6.45 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez.....	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento.....	10.15 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 a m
*5.00 p m	Niles and Livermore.....	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION Narrow Gauge.

‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz... ...	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.45 p m
‡7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations.....	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
‡9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	†7.26 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be despatched the following Monday.

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Sailings (at 3 p. m.)—S. S. "City of Peking," Sept. 2d; S. S. "China," via Honolulu, Sept. 12th; S. S. "Peru," Sept. 30th; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro", October 19th.

Round trip tickets at reduced rates.

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ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES

There is a deadlock in the Executive Committee of the P. I. U. Four candidates are doing all the wire-pulling they can, and there is an evenness in the pull which keeps the position of General Manager equally out of the reach of all four. The quartet of would-be-managers consists of Alfred Stillman, who has just returned from the East and after two or three years' management of the Orient and Providence, Washington, is now "unattached;" Frank H. Porter, Chief of the Fire Underwriters' Inspection Bureau and whilom Assistant Manager of the P. I. U.; Mr. Grant, Manager of the P. I. U. at Portland, Or., and Edward Niles, Assistant Manager of the Alliance Assurance Company. Thomas J. Conroy, who was W. S. Duval's assistant, holds the position of Acting Manager in the meanwhile, and is considered not altogether out of the running for the post.

The Compact adopted a resolution on Wednesday last, by which the Chairman is instructed to look into the advisability of establishing a clearing house in Oakland as a check to rebating. All collections would be made through the clearing house, and all the brokerages would be paid through it. The resolution was adopted on the suggestions of a letter written by Hugh Craig. Unfortunately the remedy would only be apparent, not real, as there can be no check to the paying of excess commissions sub-rosa.

Fresno will have to pay pretty heavily for her fit of incendiarism. The P. I. U. has got after the insurers, and from September 1st on rates will be increased 50 per cent.

Several general agents, who have urged the advisability of one city agent for each company, have been again disappointed. Each member has one city agent now, whether he have twenty companies or one.

Fire insurance men are in—well, not in heaven—watching for fires. Every morning the most exciting news is that of fires, and they have been plentiful and questionable. Among the latter is the fire of Simon Manasse & Co., of Hanford. It is a significant fact that since the fire every interested insurance company has been served with five or six garnishments. If there be nothing worse in this condition of affairs it must be confessed that the fire seems to have occurred at a very convenient time. The fire at the Merced Woolen Mills cost the insurance companies $77,000.

Last year's multitudinous amendments were disposed of *en bloc* by the Compact when a bushel of them were laid on the table.

Mr. Tipping, Manager of the Scottish Alliance of Glasgow, has not succeeded in introducing his company here. Insurance Commissioner Wilson did not want to see the company installed in this city on account of its impaired capital.

R. H. Magill, for twenty-five years Manager of the Home Mutual Fire Insurance Company, has resigned his position. He will be an independent adjuster henceforth.

The life insurance men are doing little business. Their most important engagements are with clients who desire an extension of time on their payments. At the same time all the companies are making special efforts for business. The Equitable has issued a series of circulars and blanks which must have cost heavily to get up.

LOCAL.

Press Clippings on any subject, supplied on application.

Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

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And ere his shadow pass thy threshold crave
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Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness; grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,
Strong to consume small troubles, to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

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Adown the face where happy smiles were wont to be a-playing?

What sudden grief unjustly bears upon so fair a maiden,
Whose soul and self seem fitted less for earth than distant Aidenn?

Has death or fate brought into naught fair Mary's dream of mating?
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—*Detroit Tribune.*

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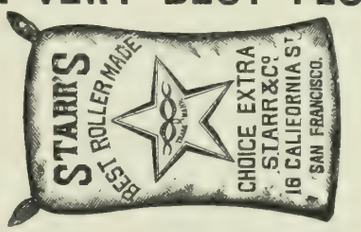

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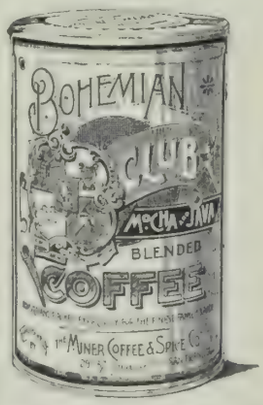

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THE WAVE

Vol. X. No. 35. San Francisco, September 2, 1893. 10 Cents.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES.

JUST HOW Truxton Beale or Charley Baldwin have advanced their respective causes by Monday's fracas, I am unable to see. In the exercise of their private judgment on matters of no especial moment, they give evidence, doubtless, of some discretion—perhaps of no little acumen, indeed. Reasoning on this episode, however, one might readily prove the absence of either virtue in both. Though I should be the last to blame any gentleman for physically resenting a criticism, there are ways of doing so more effective and less public than the one they selected. At the best, street-fighting is bad form, and the mere satisfaction of a brief scuffle, most of it conducted on a sidewalk, is but poor compensation for the notoriety entailed, for the arrest, fine, and journalistic comment which inevitably follow.

* * *

I should be the last to demand exemption from the consequences of criticism. To ignore the elemental right of retaliation would be a stupidity of which I am quite incapable. When Mr. Baldwin decided that nothing but violence could wipe out the stain on his honor which a certain paragraph inflicted, he is rather to be commended than condemned for taking action. Still, if fighting me was worth his while, it must be obvious I could hardly refuse to meet him on neutral ground. As a matter of fact, I should have accommodated him in any imaginable way. Or, if he proved I had taken an unwarrantable liberty with his name, it behooved me to make the *amende honorable.* But, for all that, I cannot forgive the interference of Truxton Beale. I should imagine Mr. Baldwin physically capable of taking care of his own fights without assistance, moral or physical, from the ex-Persian Minister.

* * *

The complicity in the conflict of Mr. Beale was founded on the brief sketch I gave some months ago of the manner in which his parent had gathered in Spanish grants. If the information strikes him as a revelation, he may find much more in the records. What I wrote came from a gentleman who knew intimately the General, Sam Bishop, and other members of the Tejon *entourage.* However, no one can justly resent the loyalty of a son to his father's memory, and I should, considering the situation from the point of view of a man on Mt. Shasta, say: "Good for you, Beale," but personally, I don't think he fights like a gentleman. Even in a street brawl, where anything goes, there are certain forms of aggression barred. Connoisseurs will agree with me that it is not good form to hit or kick one's adversary who is down, especially when one's own perpendicularity is the result of exterior assistance.

* * *

It should also be remembered that editing THE WAVE does not necessarily involve the authorship of the entire journal. For instance, the paragraph to which Mr. Baldwin so objected came from a pen more famous than mine own, and while that by no means relieves my responsibility, it lessens my complicity. Besides, its substance was not of a nature violent enough to justify especial resentment. It is true he was made a little ridiculous, but not enough to fight about. That, at least, seems the impression of those whose opinions I have consulted. My present advantage over Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Beale is obvious, and, doubtless, it is unfair for me to further allude to a matter so purely personal.

* * *

THE COUNTRY CLUB "shoot" is now history. Not a sensational chapter brilliant with incident or episode, but an agreeable outing whose sole shortcoming was its brevity. If the gathering was not quite as large as that of preceding years it was none the less unanimous in its desire for enjoyment. If there were no rows of Pullman sleepers stationed on the line neither was there a vacant apartment in the caravansary. Men in plenty and girls to go around were there, comely matrons and gay youths. Against the dark foliage of pine and cypress glowed myriads of electric lights. The band stand was ablaze with them.

* * *

Strange as it may seem, there was more enthusiasm over the music than about the "shoot." Not that the Reds and Blues had aught to complain of in the matter of audience. Damsels galore were there to applaud the hits and deplore the misses. The array of gayly-dressed women made a sympathetic background for the marksmen in white. Still, the entire guest list was not, as in years gone by, gathered "under the greenwood tree." There were swimmers in the bathhouse and rowers on *Laguna del Rey.* Under the cypresses and in the Arizona garden one found isolated couples whispering soft nothings just as though no deeds of derring-do were being perpetrated by the shootists.

* * *

Why the victory of Mr. Sprague should be taken as so much a matter of course by the gathering is something I failed to comprehend. Considering the birds, his achievement was more of a distinction than those won in other years, yet what especial plaudits rewarded his skill? Had he wielded a racket rather than a shotgun the crowd would have cheered wildly—insisted, perhaps, in transporting him round on its shoulders as is done at tennis tournaments. When Champion Driscoll entered the Hotel Rafael dining-room after being crowned Coast Champion everyone rose and applauded. Surely a similar compliment might have been paid Champion Sprague. Indeed, I am told he did admirable work and well deserved the cup.

* * *

Over the successful missing of Mr. Redding much fun was made. Hitherto his smartness at scoring has kept pace with the demands of his versatility. Apparently his dexterity in one capacity only excelled his skill in another. My own impression is that the role of Admirable Crichton becomes wearying, and that this performance of the only Joseph but preludes the abandonment of his other accomplishments. One rather neat *mot* was made by a slashing matron whose coin backed Redding in spite of discourage-

ments. Finally in despair she turned to a friend, and said with great emphasis:

"And I heard that Joe Redding could shoot pigeons. But he cannot not."

"Yes," said her friend, "but he never misses a lark."

* * *

In no sense secondary in importance to the "shoot" was the ball on Saturday night. If less brilliant an affair than that of the preceding year, there was no lack of elaborate *toilettes* or energetic dancers. An hour before midnight the festivity was at its height, and against the elaborate background of decorations and dowagers the young people waltzed to their hearts' content. The concourse of beauties was hardly up to the expectation, though there were certainly some decidedly handsome women in the gathering. Mrs. Spreckels, Mrs. Fred Wooster, and Mrs. Will Crocker wore smart gowns, and are entitled to the palm for swell bearing and good looks.

* * *

Mrs. Latham and Mrs. George Pope's costumes were certainly subjects for admiration, and I could not but think the ball dress of Mrs. Eva Shaw one of the richest in the room. Mrs. De Young's was also noticeable. The gathering of *debutantes* gave the occasion a distinct interest. On the verge of the social plunge are some distinctly pretty girls—Miss McBean, for instance, a tall, slim blonde with a charming face, and Miss Carrie Taylor, whose features indicate a piquant vivacity of temperament. Miss Alice McCutchen, whose likeness to Princess May, of Teck, is so noticeable, Miss Hattie Graham, who will certainly be one of the popular maidens of the season, were beautifully gowned and were certainly much admired.

* * *

Pretty Miss Helen Smith and Miss Lincoln were charming in costumes which I have not the skill to describe. Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Wallace, and Miss Beth Sperry certainly looked their best. The supper was a great affair—the *menu* in *Chef* Harder's best style, embracing all the luxuries of several seasons, prepared according to the highest dictates of the culinary art.

* * *

The pyrotechnic display was interesting, but failed to be sensational. Between the discharge of the several pieces, too long intervals were allowed to intervene; besides, the fog interfered with the effects. The waterfall of fire, the bombs and rockets, were all very brilliant, but the impression seemed general that though superior in features, the *tout ensemble* by no means surpassed the pyrotechnics of 1892. The Rhode Island clambake given by Henry Crocker and Gus Spreckels brought the "shoot" to a conclusion. It was really a very jolly and exceedingly interesting affair. The bath-house and the wharf, decorated with Japanese lanterns, made a distinctly pretty sight, and the supper, cooked Hawaiian fashion, was something to remember.

* * *

WHILE it is a source of genuine satisfaction to all the lovers of verse-making and to all those who worship at the shrine of genius, that Miss Ina Coolbrith is not going from among us, yet it is a regrettable thing that the long-locked poet of the Sierras should have been so misinformed, and that we should of necessity have been denied the satisfaction of hearing his "Farewell to Ina." Why should the wretchedly material managers of the entertainment decide that because Miss Ina was not going away it would be improper to read a farewell ode? Fudge! If Joaquin wrote some graceful and pleasing verses, it mattered little to the audience whether they were verses of farewell or verses of welcome. It was a pity to deny us the satisfaction of knowing how the torrid heat of this summer has affected the muse on The Heights.

* * *

The balance of the entertainment at Golden Gate Hall was of a very satisfactory character. There was a good deal, a very great deal, of rhyming, but that couldn't be helped. In addition there was an ample amount of very agreeable musical diversion, the chief feature of which was the singing of Mr. "Neely" O'Sullivan, fresh from the tutelage of Italian masters. He was in excellent voice, and won many rounds of rapturous applause. The Saturday Morning Orchestra and the Loring Club contributed a creditable share to the evening's amusement. Altogether, the management deserve much praise, and Miss Coolbrith is to be felicitated on the warm-hearted demonstration of her host of friends and admirers.

* * *

MY WISE FRIEND, "The Starter," suggested in his "Amateur Sport," some weeks ago, the advisability of holding a big athletic carnival in connection with the Midwinter Fair, and appealed to the Olympic Club to take the matter in hand. I see now, according to the daily papers, that "the Olympic Club has conceived the idea" of having just such an affair. I am willing to overlook the injustice done my *confrere* if the scheme is carried to a successful completion, as it certainly can be if a fair amount of energy is displayed. I am certain that there are a number of the good men of the East who would be willing to undertake the trip, but it will be necessary to hold forth some good inducements in the way of handsome prizes and of entertainment, to induce men to forsake their business in midwinter and to undertake the long and expensive trip. The benefit to amateur athletics would be well-nigh incalculable.

* * *

While there is no doubt whatever of the re-election of H. J. Crocker to the Presidency of the Olympic Club, as I distinctly asserted in a previous paragraph, there is, nevertheless, a very distinct friction resulting from the efforts of the opposition ticket. It is hoped, however, that this friction can be sufficiently tempered to avert any repetition of the sanguinary encounter of a few days ago. Sparring with soft gloves is a charming and healthful exercise, quite in place in an athletic club, but slugging with the "raw 'uns" is distinctly out of place, and detrimental to the prestige of a club of any kind. Whether Mr. Harrison is or is not taking any active part in the fight for the opposition I cannot authoritatively state, but at any rate, the fight for the offices, other than the Presidency, bids fair to be a hot one.

* * *

THE ELECTION at the Press Club, where politics are usually practiced in the highest style of the art, passed off this year with unusual languor. Club elections are not the most enlivening things imaginable, there generally being but a single ticket and an utter absence of contest, but the Press Club has never seen so tame a battle as that of last Thursday. The withdrawal of Sam Ewing from the race for President contributed not a little to the result. The free field left to his opponent, J. F. Bonnet, at once produced pronounced political lethargy, and at the ballot-boxing there were but twenty-five votes polled out of a voting membership of over one hundred.

* * *

The election, however, has considerable significance. Mr. Bonnet, the new President, is young, progressive, and energetic. Among the other officers there are numbered some of the best men in the newspaper fraternity of this city, and, if the incivism which is the bane of clubdom, and from which the Press Club is not at all exempt, does not again raise its hydra head in that organization, we may expect great things from it next year. I understand the new administration will begin its work with a reception to Henry Irving and Miss Terry. The date of this event has not been fixed, but the members of the Club, who comprise the cream of Bohemianism in San Francisco, are already on the *qui vive* of anticipation.

* * *

Hymen will have his hands full this September if indications go for anything. The immediate future is sprinkled with weddings, most of them matches of considerable moment. Chief among them is that of Miss Hilda Hecht and Marcus Gerstle at the Temple Emanu-El, on the fourteenth. On the seventh occur the nuptials of Miss Minnie Weil and Louis Hersch. Owing to the fact that the bride's connections are in mourning the ceremony will be privately celebrated. The honeymoon is to be spent in Central America.

* * *

Another marriage of considerable interest to be celebrated shortly is that of Miss Brandenstein and Mr. Greenebaum. It will doubtless be a big affair.

* * *

CAMP "ENTRE NOUS" at Corte Madera, has been the scene, throughout the summer, of sundry entertainments. The gay young people whose canvas home it is are prolific in ideas, and few Saturdays have passed without

a gathering. Beside the masquerade rag party on Saturday night last, however, preceding events must hide diminished heads. The guests came from north and south on 'buses, hand-cars, and carriages. Certainly they were clad in rags of a kind sufficiently tattered to justify a general accusation of unique disreputableness. However, that fact did not lessen the general enjoyment—on the contrary, it seemed to increase it.

* * *

Among the ladies Mrs. Hewston carried off the honors for the best sustained character. Her "Topsy" was capital. Miss Whitney made a charming sailor boy, and shared honors as belle with a pretty maiden from Sausalito. Among the men, two Hibernians, enacted by Mr. Flood and Mr. Emanuel, furnished much amusement, and had a capital foil in Mr. Lovey, who succeeded in looking like a veritable Widow Moriarity. The affair did not break up until early morn, and then there was a most interesting procession of hand-cars, 'buses, and vehicles of all kinds headed for San Rafael and Sausalito. The Reception Committee, composed of the members of the Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Sutro, Misses Lottie and Hilda Collison, and the Misses Whitney, were untiring in their hospitality.

* * *

ON THE VERGE of home-coming is the summer Sausalitan. After his months of boating and yachting, of fishing and flirting, it groweth time for his return to the mists of the metropolis and gradually has he begun packing. Imagine how deserted Quality Hill will look without its Tennyson Brigade. Perish the thought, but mayhap the Frenchman's may partake of the atmosphere of a general loneliness. The whistle of the naphtha launch will no longer echo among the hills, and the summer girl will cease her fascinating wiles and lay up her seductions for another season.

* * *

In the meantime Sausalito is a municipality. It has officers just like Oakland and San Francisco, even unto a Mayor Sperry who waxes proud over the dignity, and promises reforms without number. On Saturday night last there was much jubilation; wine flowed freely; there was music and moonlight, and no one thought of enforcing the eleven o'clock ordinance which so weighs on the spirits of Marin County. In the meantime the Greeks, the Italians, the Portuguese, the Spanish, and the old English swear they will desert the new town and cast their nets and pitch their tents in a region where there are no town clerks or civic officers.

* * *

The Nos Ostros Club gave a very enjoyable tug party last Saturday on the "Governor Markham." All the points of interest 'round the bay were visited, and the tug landed at Tiburon, where dinner was served. The party afterwards adjourned to the Clubhouse, where they had dancing until past eleven o'clock. After that they went home. It was a very agreeable outing.

* * *

THERE WAS an interesting gathering at the East Oakland tennis grounds on Saturday last. The best players paraded in good form and all their girl friends, besides many others, came to see. Rather a pretty sight the assemblage made and I imagine copies of the photograph that was taken should be at a premium. Otherwise the performances were as good as they generally are at exhibitions. If there was less enthusiasm than one might have expected, it must be remembered the spectators were critical by experience. The Hardy boys, as usual, excited the lion's share of the interest. About their manner there is not the faintest trace of affectation, and their bright, boyish faces always enlist the affection of the crowd. Even Champion Driscoll was not in it with them.

* * *

There were some neat strokes and clever rallies for those given to applause. Henry Fine made several good plays—one of which dislodged, in an amusing way, the buzz-saw hat of a gifted journalist, who seemed much perturbed thereat. As for the doubles, interest was concentrated on the game between Miss Ethel Bates and Sam Hardy, and Miss Bertha Crouch and Tom Driscoll. In her red-and-white costume Miss Bates looked charming, and offered a vivid contrast to Miss Crouch who wore pale green. The latter is an ex-champion and the former a candidate for honors at the forthcoming tournament. Her especial excellences are a back hand stroke and the ability to run with extreme rapidity.

* * *

The Eastern exodus has set in with a vengeance across in Oakland. The Houghtons leave for Chicago next week; the C. H. Kings vacate their large white mansion and hie to the Fair; Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Curtis go in September; Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Crouch and Miss Bertha Crouch depart the first week in September and purpose spending the winter with Mrs. Tainter. Mrs. Frank Woodward and her father, Dr. Chapman, left for Chicago last week. Mr. Woodward sets out in October and the family returns later, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. John Martin *née* Sylvia Chapman. Mrs. Frank Moffatt is home and the ex-Senator leaves for the great show very shortly. Over in East Oakland the return of Mrs. F. M. Smith is awaited with great interest, for she is depended on to furnish much entertainment during the forthcoming winter. Especially is the house-warming anticipated with interest.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Gisella Kruger and Oliver Hazlitt was celebrated on Wednesday evening. All Alameda had been anticipating it for weeks past. Unfortunately, the day prior to that set for issuing the invitations, the death of a distant relative of the bride prevented their appearance at all. However, there was a large assemblage at the church, though the wedding party only was entertained at the home of the bride's mother. Miss Kruger made a beautiful bride, and if there is any distinction to be drawn, Miss Hazlett was the prettiest bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt will reside with Mrs. Kruger.

* * *

Miss Emma Wetherell's reading at the Unitarian Church on Friday evening was well attended. Some went because they were fond of Hawthorne, others because they wanted to see Miss Wetherell, and still more because Mrs. Charles Webb Howard said they should go, and she is one of those who take the fence and the rest of the social sheep obediently follow. Quite a number of these people had read "The Scarlet Letter," some others had only a hazy idea of what it was all about, and another fraction, who are always searching for something to be shocked at, wanted to hear what Miss Wetherell would read and to note what she would leave out. All of these people were satisfied except those who wanted a shock. Miss Wetherell wore an art gown, gave an intelligent rendering of the book, chose her scenes with taste and skill, and gave a charmingly fantastic reality to the elfish Pearl.

* * *

The first notable luncheon of the Oakland season was a pink one given by Miss Nellie Chabot. The guests were all young women, and there was one young matron. The souvenirs and name-favors were very elaborate—hand-painted satin things and all that—but they were very artistic and entirely pink. After luncheon, which consumed ever so many hours, Miss Chabot and Miss McKee sang, and the hostess confided to her guests that the late season at Del Monte was a rather slow one. The breach between the two Chabot families is one which constantly widens. Between the home of the heiress to millions on First Avenue and the more modest dwelling on Jackson Street there is no communication. When the heirs of the late Remi attacked the estate of the late Antony for a further slice, when the coffers had been tapped for them may times before, patience ceased to be a virtue, and the strained cord of social intercourse snapped.

* * *

There is going to be a testimonial farewell concert given to Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder, in Oakland, previous to her departure for the East. Mrs. Batchelder has a formidable list of patronesses, and it remains to be seen if they will be of any *material* assistance to her. Besides Mrs. Batchelder's voice, those of all the best known Oakland singers will be heard. Mrs. Batchelder has been exceedingly generous, always lending her aid to charitable undertakings, with never a fear of cheapening herself, and it now remains to be seen whether much of this bread will return or not.

* * *

ACCORDING to the reports in the papers, the first speech in Congress of the gentleman we know out here as "Jim" Maguire, but who is called "Judge" by strangers, created

something of a sensation throughout the effete East. That his utterances have attracted attention in the effete East does not surprise me in the least, for I have long known that "Jim" was possessed of brains of a very fine quality. Lawyers are the first to discover ability among the members of their craft. When Maguire occupied a place on the Superior Bench in this city, a famous advocate, now dead, once said to me: "Ordinarily it is an exasperating job to try a lawsuit in the Superior Court. Often it takes hours of hard labor to hammer into the brain of a wooden-headed judge the principles upon which you rely to maintain your position. It is a pleasure, however, to discourse before this fellow Maguire. He grasps your meaning so quickly, anticipates your reasoning so cleverly, and rules with such refreshing candor, that after a man has tilted with him for an hour he feels as though he had been treated to an intellectual bath."

* * *

In my acquaintance with Judge Maguire I have observed but one weak spot in his character. Although a man of excellent balance, deep discernment, and great capacity, he is a trifle of a crank. For one thing, he is a disciple of Henry George and is consequently a single taxer. Not that I think a follower of Henry George is necessarily a crank. On the contrary I regard that really great thinker as one of the foremost men of his age. A hundred years hence his works will be among the great things of the nineteenth century. For the adhesion which Judge Maguire gives to George's economic theories, therefore, I do not blame him a bit; but I merely say that his method of espousing them is cranky. Fifteen years ago Maguire began life in this city as a law student. He was threatened with a most flattering future, but the skullduggery of the law disgusted him and in the very midst of his "career" he abandoned his office and started out to become a farmer. He went to Washington Territory and pre-empted a quarter section of land. This was what I call a cranky trick.

* * *

One winter, however, settled his agricultural ambition. He was frozen out of Washington Territory and returned to San Francisco. In 1879 the Workingmen's party attempted to nominate him for District Attorney. He declined because the pledge required him to return a part of his salary to the Treasury. This was cranky again. He might have done as the others did—secured the office and kept the salary on the ground that the law made no provision for paying it back into the Treasury. In 1882 Maguire was one of four young lawyers who entered the Democratic County Convention and smashed the judicial "slate" of the bosses. In that convention Boss Buckley laid the foundation of his subsequent brilliant career. Buckley hated Maguire, but the latter was nominated for Superior Judge. His career on the bench was brilliant, and he might now be serving a second term, but for another cranky trick. In the midst of a political campaign in which he personally took no part, he wrote a letter denouncing the Democratic party as a corrupt and degraded organization. As if this were not sufficient, he took formal leave of it and joined the Greenbackers.

* * *

Everybody thought that this would give the Judge his political quietus; but within two years he was again back in the Democratic party. To-day, though still a single taxer, he stands squarely upon the party platform in Congress. I imagine if one were to analyze Judge Maguire's crankiness he would find it to be due in great measure to a quality which is very creditable to his head and heart. I believe the Judge to be a genuine reformer, and like all reformers he thinks things do not go fast enough. Given his way he would, I make no doubt, transform the world on most patriotic and unselfish lines. As he grows older he will probably see that the changes he would inaugurate cannot come except with the march of time, and that the most that he, single-handed, can do will be to sow the seeds that others may reap. Realizing these things, he will turn to and with his pen carve for himself a niche in the temple of fame. He is capable of doing so if he can suppress the demon of impracticability that is in him.

* * *

THE JURY which acquitted Actor Curtis of the murder of Policeman Grant will go down to posterity as the curiosity of curiosities. It was composed of young men taken from the best walks of life. Sheriff McDade, so I am told, summoned three hundred, before Mr. Billy Foote succeeded in selecting twelve gentlemen whom he considered qualified to try the case. On the principle that careful selection leaves the finest specimens, the twelve who were finally sworn must have been eminently choice spirits. The unanimity with which they found Mr. Curtis innocent, notwithstanding that his smoking pistol was found beside the dead policeman, indicates that they were unexceptionally choice. Twelve men who would agree to such a verdict upon the evidence submitted at that trial, could easily, with the adoption of the proper modes of persuasion, be made to believe that black is white.

* * *

But then I am leaving out of account the fact that Mr. Curtis was provided with able counsel. In addition to Mr. Billy Foote, who is a great man in such a crisis, no matter what his envious rivals may say of him, the man from Posen had Martin Kelly, Phil Crimmins, Senator Billy Dunn, and King McManus regularly retained. If you do not believe that all these noted lawyers were employed by Curtis in his case, ask any one of them what he thinks about the verdict. In the early stages of the trial Martin and Phil were considered ample for the defensive machinery, but, subsequently, Senator Dunn and the King were called in, much as doctors are sometimes summoned in desperate cases, for consultation. No wonder Mr. Curtis was acquitted. Such an array of counsel is rarely seen in a Criminal Court—that is to say, around it, for do not understand me as asserting that any one of the four appeared in Court. Mr. Foote managed the court-room business ably enough. It was in giving a moral tone and direction to the defense that Mr. Curtis enlistened the services of Martin, Phil, Billy, and the King. They worked the outside public opinion which produced the verdict. In other words, they did what is sometimes called at the City Hall the "brain work."

* * *

THE CONSEQUENCES of ill-advised resemblances are almost as poignant as the results of myopy. Combine both and the climax is apt to be overpowering. Only a day or so back, an Oakland belle and a certain man sitting together on an Oakland train, were so engrossed in conversation that they forgot everything but draughts. One of these, rather a fierce specimen, too, drifted in through an open door. He rose, went forward and closed it. Now, he is near-sighted, and she wore black. Two rows in front sat another damsel in sable garments. Returning he mistook the *locale* and horrors! but he slipped in beside the strange maiden and continued the conversation at the sentence he had broken off with. An exclamation of surprise startled his equanimity.

* * *

Turning towards his companion, his eyes blinking, he realized his mistake. A burst of laughter from behind gave him a clue. Hastily he apologized, rose and resumed his original place, blushing all the colors of the rainbow, and heard sadly the ripple of laughter that floated through the car. Alas! the conversation had been permanently interrupted, for the belle smiled buoyantly all the way to Fourteenth Street.

* * *

IN THESE piping times of business drought, when the twenty dollar pieces that are said to grow on the bushes in California have all been gathered and the buds for the new crop have not yet begun to swell, the very last thing I desire to do is to become impertinent. If insolence is ever permissible, it certainly should not bob up its haughty head at such a time. But in all seriousness and with as little forwardness as possible in one so young, I wish to ask the Generals, Colonels and Majors, who have the welfare of our State in hand, what has become of the competing overland railroad? The air fairly reeks with the Midwinter Fair, the competing ferry lines, and the distant commotion of the silver debate in Congress, but not a word about the new railroad is, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, either visible or edible. There is even a deafening silence in the region inhabited by the *Swenlactsew Daily Report*, which, whenever a competing overland railroad is on the tapis, is certain first to sound the alarm.

* * *

I hope I am not assuming too much when I

say that this sepulchral silence indicates to the casual observer, who does not know how competing overland railroads are built in this town, that Colonel Alvinza Hayward, Major Barry Baldwin, and General Manager Leeds have thrown up the sponge. Ever since John Nightingale subscribed to the stock of their great project, I have anticipated some such a *denouement*. Not that Mr. Nightingale's subscription was likely to prove a voo-doo (I do not know that his luck is any worse than that of other millionaires), but having some knowledge of his financial acumen, I felt morally certain that if ever Mr. Leeds attempted to collect the money, he would surely die of heart failure. I may add in explanation that all of Mr. Nightingale's money is in real estate. He merely bluffs when he converses about other kinds of investments.

* * *

When I last read Mr. Leeds' "prospectus," it said, first, that a railroad through the San Joaquin Valley could be made to pay six per cent dividends with gross earnings of less than $5000 per mile. In Iowa, it added, the railroads earn less than $5000, and in Kansas less than $3000 per mile. Second, it said that a ton of coal will move at least twice as many tons of freight a given distance in the San Joaquin Valley as in either Iowa or Kansas. If Mr. Leeds has discovered anybody in California fool enough to believe either of these assertions, I wish he would send me his name —not for publication, but for antiquarian purposes. In Iowa and Kansas, coal costs two dollars a ton; in California it costs six dollars. During the winter season, as any engine-driver can tell you, a ton of coal in Iowa or Kansas will last twice as long and perform a greater service than at any season in California. This is due, I am told, to the density of the atmosphere in winter, which arrests evaporation. However, I suspect the real reason for the collapse of the Traffic Association's railroad lies in the fact that it was to terminate at Stockton. If it had terminated at Half Moon Bay or Chicken Tamales, the result might have been different.

* * *

The difference between right and wrong, of which moralists prate as elemental, is oftenest determined by success or failure. Over in Oakland is a bright young man whose wife is pious—they are invariably that way across the bay—but he is especially bright and she conspicuously pious. Given to the purchase of lottery tickets, his craze goes to the extent even of playing "China," much to the discontent of that excellent lady, his better half. She has ever frowned on his proclivity. The other night, however, he returned home some hundreds richer by a turn of luck, and passing the money over to his wife, acquainted her with the wherefore of the windfall. Of course, so good a lady could not consistently retain coin obtained that way, and he anticipated a vigorous refusal. Not so, though. Piously lifting her eyes as she slipped the twenties into her purse, she said: "Let us thank Providence for this timely gift."

* * *

IN PUBLIC OFFICE it is hard occasionally to avoid playing the demagogue. Whenever it becomes necessary to transact any business which involves a contact between the State and its creatures, the corporations, a public official must be a brave man, indeed, who is willing to mete out equal and exact justice. This latter named quantity, strange to say, is usually about all that any corporation desires in its transactions with the government—I mean the transactions of current business, not the great affairs, for in those the corporations usually get the best of the State. This, I fancy, is due to the fact that the business of corporations is always managed intelligently and systematically, rather than that all men are corrupt and unprincipled. But it makes little difference how intelligent or just a public officer may be in his dealings with corporations, if his decisions favor those aggregations of capital, he is certain in the end to jeopardize his reputation. He will be believed to be corrupt if he is not. If it turns out at the end of his term that he is poor, a certain proportion of the population will say he was an ass for giving his decisions for nothing. Hence it takes a brave public man to be just to corporations.

* * *

These thoughts are the result of a recent perusal of one of City and County Attorney Cresswell's opinions. Mr. Cresswell is a young man for whom I have entertained considerable respect. He is courageous, intelligent, and a gentleman for several generations. He is the last man in the world whom I should suspect of wanting the courage of his opinions. But unless my head is a sack of oats, he has lately played the demagogue in an eminently old-fashioned way. Not long ago Mr. Cresswell was asked by the Supervisors whether they possessed the power, as the law now stands, to fix the rates at which gas shall be sold in this town. Instead of construing the law as he knows a bold and just judge would construe it were the subject to come before him, Mr. Cresswell gives the "people" the benefit of the doubt and answers that the power exists in the Board of Supervisors. This answer is very creditable to his heart (in the depths of which he may, for aught I know, desire to see all corporations eternally hanged), but it is decidedly discreditable to his intelligence. If he knows better, which I have no doubt he does, then he is giving us the demagogue act pure and simple.

* * *

The fact of the matter is, the Constitution says that before the Supervisors can fix gas rates there must be an authorization by the Legislature. This means that a law must be passed *after* the enactment of the Constitution. Any school-boy ought to know that such a requirement is not answered by the resurrection of an old law passed twenty years ago. And yet Mr. Cresswell has advised the Supervisors to fix the rates for selling gas under such a law, knowing full well that the action can result only in litigation, trouble, and expense. I have watched Mr. Cresswell for some time with high hopes. He has raised in me an expectation of great things. Up in Nevada he enforced a decree of a Court against the Southern Pacific Company by attaching a railroad train, which seemed to be a bold and clever thing to do. I have thought that in him, perhaps, at last we had discovered our Democratic Moses. But he appears to be like all the rest. Buncombe and clap-trap, those potent agencies for obtaining votes and losing the respect of intelligent men, are emblazoned on his escutcheon. I am sorry.

* * *

PERSUADED of Colonel Kowalsky's capacity as a story teller and duly impressed with his imitative skill, I am yet unwilling to have him go down to posterity as an art connoisseur as well as an anecdotist. Some of the most ineffective tales I have ever known have gathered point and brilliancy from his manner of telling, but it by no means follows that his taste for pictures equals his narrative talent. That the luxurious quarters of Colonel Kowalsky at the Baldwin are hung with a variety of canvases is an optical fact of distinct positiveness, but the beauty or value of the collection is, as Kipling says, quite another story.

* * *

To assume that every lawyer is as versatile as Joe Redding is expecting too much of humanity. Doubtless the Colonel in making his collection was animated by the most exemplary intentions, but the execution leaves much to be desired. I must confess, therefore, that I consider the *Examiner's* tale about the articles *de vertu*, with which the room is strewn, as exaggerated. Personally, Colonel Kowalsky is a good deal better looking than any of his pictures, save his photographs—which reminds me of the fact that his physical make-up bears but a slight resemblance to that of his father.

* * *

Standing outside the Baldwin, some nights ago, with this paternal relative of his, the imposing form of the ex-Judge Advocate attracted the attention of the transient impecunious. One after another went off with a nickel or a dime, as the case might be, until Kowalsky *père*, alarmed at this filial prodigality, remarked:

"Hadn't you better turn some of that over to me?"

A moment later another member of the genus tramp appeared with a pitiful tale of woe.

"Just give me a chance," the buxom lawyer whispered to him, confidentially, pointing

at his father. "Don't you see I'm trying to get rid of this other."

* * *

INFINITELY INTERESTING news for bachelordom. To those suffering from a suspension of confidence on the part of an heretofore patient tailor the advice is given—"join the club." Not the great brick institutions on Post Street, nor yet those on Van Ness Avenue, but an organization that usurps the functions of wife or valet as the case may be, that keeps braid and buttons presentable, creases where they belong, and knees free from that bagginess we all so vigorously deplore. Half the well-dressed men in Eastern cities are members of such clubs, and I am told one has just been inaugurated in San Francisco. Simplicity itself are the rules—you pay a stipulated sum of modest size each month to join.

* * *

The advantages of being a "member in good standing" are multitudinous. Whenever one's clothes get shiny, spotted, or soiled in any way, whenever the buttons or the binding need attention, you simply notify the "corresponding secretary," so to speak. Your garments are sent for, repaired, made good as new, and returned forthwith, and the world says, "lucky dog." Poor, guileless tailor! Truly, necessity is a maternal parent of splendid inventive genius.

* * *

IF THE other accusations against that much-abused woman, Mrs. John Martin, are to end as the first has, I should not like to be in the shoes of her persecutors. Certainly they have waged a cruel warfare against her. Not content with the accusation of forgery, they have charged her with all manner of awful crimes—even to the murder of her husband. Think of the enormity of it, the cold-blooded villainy which so dreadful a deed would require! If the unfortunate widow were guilty of but half of what her accusers said, Lady Macbeth, in comparison, would have been an angel.

* * *

That this lady has been cruelly misused is to me a positive fact. The investigation of Dr. Johnstone proves clearly how utterly baseless the poisoning theory was. The most searching tests failed to discover a molecule of arsenic in the body of John Martin. I am persuaded there will be crushing evidence to disprove all the other charges in their turn, and then I suppose the victim of this persecution, so relentless in its malignity, will have the opportunity of repaying her enemies in their own coin. I am informed she has letters from Henry Martin, received during the month prior to his death, that will more than justify the second will.

* * *

QUITE THE most preposterous of recent suits is that of the Kowalsky against Henry Miller. Attracted by the sensational headings I ran my eye down the column, and am still waiting to be informed what cause of action there is. It seems some clients of the ex-Judge Advocate wanted to purchase some acres of the Miller-Lux holdings in the San Joaquin. Several offers were made and finally the transaction was not consummated—why? Henry Miller doubtless knows best. I don't imagine if there was much prospect of obtaining $800,000 of British gold with several millions more in sight, that he would have refused the offer.

* * *

However, so far as the charges of unfair dealing are concerned, no one who is acquainted with Miller's methods will credit them for a moment. A close dealer, a determined bargainer, he is by no means easy to do business with, but no one has ever imputed aught against his personal integrity. As for the accusation that the offer was refused because it hindered the working of Miller's conspiracy against the Lux estate, it must be evident that such stuff is pure nonsense.

* * *

Here's a good story I had a few days ago from Barrymore. The Earl of Trois Etoiles, or someone else of a semi-eccentric but very clever turn of mind, was introduced at a watering place to a decidedly well-groomed and well-mannered man whose name was Poole. Some days later the convivial, if eccentric, nobleman gave a stag dinner and invited the "pleasant fellow," Poole, to be of the party. Just before dinner the Earl was hurried aside by one of his own set.

"Why, look here, old man. Very funny, of course, to have Poole to dinner, very original and—ah—but one's tailor, you know—ah—company just a little mixed, don't you think?"

"Oh! ah! yes," said the Earl, startled for a moment, but recovering his wit. "Oh, yes! Company should be a little mixed—couldn't have *all* tailors, you know."

* * *

"COME SEVEN, come eleven!" The keen sense of gain possessing the average Ethiop over that delicious game ycleped "Craps," is infinitesimal as compared with the dizzy joy that overcomes the true gambler in the spotted game of lottery as practiced by the Celestial in our own Chinatown—"the squad" nevertheless. Eleven "eight spots" in one night! Think of it! And won by "white trash," too. Things have come to such a pass that if something is not done by the police to check the games the wily white man will prove too much for the Ah Sin of to-day, and we shall have suspensions of payment on the part of several Chinese banks. It is something quite unheard of for an American to beat John Chinaman at his own game, but I have learned lately of one individual who won over $4000 at "China Lottery" in the past month.

* * *

Is teems to be a pretty well known fact, to all save the police, that there are at least eight lottery companies in full blast in Chinatown at this moment. I know how hard it is to suppress the gambling evil in this labyrinthian district, but it does seem that some extra effort should be made to check the almost open sale of the tickets all over town. The venders of the Louisiana Lottery coupons and its small-fry offshoots have become as conspicuous a nuisance to everyone who has an office or a place of business as the book-agent fiend, but it seems that the Chinese Lottery evil could be abated and that the practice of mere children and of poorly-pursed servants frequenting the back doors of wash houses and curio shops to obtain the seductive spotted papers could and should be stopped.

* * *

MONDAY NIGHT promises to be the most brilliant theatrical *premiere* we have had in many a day. The advent of Irving and his superlatively clever associate, Miss Terry, is in many ways the most important theatrical event the present generation of first-nighters has been called upon to witness, and everybody of any pretension whatsoever will doubtless be found at the Grand Opera House to see "The Bells." I have seen the great Englishman in well-nigh everything of note he has produced in London and New York with the exception of his latest triumph, "Becket," and I confess that I am very much in doubt as to the impression he will produce upon a San Francisco audience. Mr. Irving is, I believe, associated in the minds of many Californians with the great roles of the Shakespearean drama, and I am afraid that the standard of comparison by which the average auditor will be inclined to judge him will be the exalted one of, to most Americans, the great Booth. That a judgment of this kind would be manifestly unfair, it is needless to say to the initiated.

* * *

Henry Irving is, in the best and truest sense of the words, a melodramatic actor—doubtless the greatest the English speaking stage has ever seen, if we agree to except Fechter. His most celebrated and in every sense his best performances are of the melodramatic quality, pure and simple. His Mathias, his Louis XI, and his Mephisto in Wills' "Faust," are, to my mind, his most thoroughly characteristic performances. To the average auditor who is in doubt as to which of the performances to select as his best opportunity for complete enjoyment, I am inclined to advise "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Irving's Jew is a superb portrayal and, in addition, the Portia of Miss Terry takes rank among the very best of her parts, and is, undoubtedly, the most satisfactory rendering of the character we have had in many years.

* * *

A good line that comes to me from Vancouver:

A clever Young Matron and a skeptical Custom's Officer.

C. O. (after chalking five pieces of lug-

gage).—Anything dutiable in this steamer trunk, madam?

Y. M.—Nothing whatsoever.

C. O.—What does it contain?

Y. M. (flushing).—Wearing apparel—that is under—you understand (smilingly).

C. O. (doubtfully).—Nothing else? Only wearing apparel? Your wearing apparel?

Y. M. (haughtily).—Certainly.

C. O. (with great skepticism).—The keys, please.

Y. M. (much flustered)—There! (giving key).

Trunk is opened. Tableau. Twelve quart bottles of "Three Star" *fine champagne* laid side by side over a collection of daintily beribboned and lace-decked *lingerie*.

C. O. (breathlessly).—I thought you said "nothing but wearing apparel."

Y. M. (inspired by native U. S. wit).—That is what I said.

C. O. (flabbergasted).—Call those bottles "wearing apparel?"

Y. M. (complacently).—Certainly; those are my husband's night caps.

C. O. (collapsing).—Oh! (Chalks the lid "O. K" and retires.)

* * *

THE CLUB members who for some years past have been willing to get their fingers smashed and to develop a condition of general soreness for the sake of charity, and for their love of baseball incidentally, are going to have another try at it this autumn. In more than one instance the Pacific-Union men and the Bohemians, who have labored under a sweltering sun to reach at least first base, have received but scanty reward from the managers or manageresses of the various charities for which the games have been played. These amateurs who have stood the derision of the critical small boy every time they made an error (and that was frequently) have been accused of all sorts of extravagances, and held to blame for the diminutive size of the receipts. This year the clubmen have decided to donate the proceeds to the Midwinter Fair in hopes that the Finance Committee will gladly receive anything in the way of coin and pass no comments upon the methods of making it.

* * *

The Pacific-Unions will not be seen in the field this season—the University men appearing in their stead. The Bohemians seem quite confident of repeating their success of last year, and it is more than likely that that great South Paw twirler, Mr. Owen, who managed to pitch the Owls into first place last year, will manage the team this time. Lieutenant Stevens will be missed, but there are a number of very promising men who are strong at the bat and speedy between bases. The honor of handling the 'Varsity men is divided between "Pat" Grant and Judge Willetts. If Joe Tobin and Basil Ricketts can be induced to play, they will materially strengthen the team. The choice of Mascots is still unannounced.

* * *

AMONG the talented and interesting Irishmen whose legal careers have furnished competitors with reason for envy, is ex-Judge Michael Cooney. A diplomatist of rare skill, he has attained a prominence in his profession that has earned him the title of the family lawyer, *par excellence*. Though on the shady side of forty, Cooney is alive to the methods of the day, and like a clever advocate never fails to find interesting the Judge in whose company he may happen to be cast. Indeed, I know of several lawyers whose income is largely dependent on being seen drinking each day with certain jurists of reputation.

* * *

One night, at an evening party in the Western Addition, ex-Judge Cooney was introduced to W. P. Lawlor, known to a very large circle of friends and the Olympic Club as Judge Lawlor.

"May I ask pwhat Coort you're Jooge of, sor?" inquired Cooney, who is much too wise to despise even the presiding official of a police department. "Yure name an' face are very fameliar to me."

"Unfortunately, sir," said Lawlor, "I'm not a Judge of any Court."

"Thin an' pwhy do they call yez Jooge? Did ye ever hould office?"

"No," was the answer. "The fact is, my friends call me Judge as a rebuke to my aspirations. I'd like to be on the bench, and they know I can never get elected."

"Ah! that's it, is it?" Cooney was silent a moment. Evidently Lawlor was not worth while cultivating.

* * *

Unwilling to give up hope, he resumed: "Maybe, thin, I'm addressin' a bruther or a rilative of me frind, Jooge Lawler, of the Suparior Coort, one of the ablist men on the binch?"

"No, Judge Cooney, he's no relative of mine. Not even a friend. Indeed," continued Lawlor, determined to crush all further expectations at a blow, "indeed, he even spells his name differently—he writes it Lawler and I, Lawlor."

There was an interval of dead silence. Apparently Judge Cooney was deliberately digesting the important information he had received.

"I think *you're* right," he finally said, and the interview came to an untimely end.

* * *

Among recent additions to Society circles is Mr. Legaré Phenix, who comes here as a special treasury agent. He is a graduate from journalism, having served on the staffs of the great dailies of New York, Chicago and Washington. On political points, I am told, he is especially well posted, and that he sustains the accusation of being a first-class fellow with considerable success. He has brought letters accrediting him to a number of first-class people here.

* * *

THE DIRE intelligence that anti-journalistic meetings are being held in the Pacific-Union Club fills me with lively alarm. The elect were gathered there on Wednesday night last, and vigorous were the denunciations voiced by the millionaires and the moralists who form the fabric of that institution. It seems certain young gentlemen have conceived the idea that they can regulate the tone of local journalism, which, translated, means that they are to be permitted to carry on with impunity, whatsoever their fine young imaginations dictate.

* * *

Just how far this preposterous movement extends I am unable to tell, but I am informed a code of repertorial conduct is being formulated, according to whose dictation newspaper men, given to the vigorous expression of their own or other people's views, are to be excluded from club entertainments. Supposing they are, what figure can that possibly cut? Only a minor portion of any paper's news comes from the clubs. It would be interesting to learn how many advertisers there are in all the social institutions of this town put together. Look at the display announcements of the *Examiner* or the *Chronicle*. Are the names signed to them the gentlemen who figure at cotillions? In the early months of its career, THE WAVE attained a circulation of two hundred and fifty copies per week on a Society basis. It would still have as many had it continued in that especial line.

The Witness.

Keystone Monogram Whisky met with greater appreciation than any ever imported.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAVE

A Society, Literary, and Political Journal.

Something has been said here concerning the grim and gory threats of the Populists and other extreme free silver people.

The crisis being passed by the vote in the House on the Wilson Bill, one may now say further about the spirit that was abroad.

During the debate in the House a Populist, who said he was a traveling speaker in that cause, said at table in a public restaurant in Washington City that they proposed to bring there 10,000 idle miners to surround the White House and demand their rights of the President, and, if opposed, they would kill the leaders of the opposition; "and," the wretch added, "we'll kill Cleveland sure."

Such talk as this was heard frequently from the followers of Waite and Weaver, and the spirit of crime and disorder of which it was the outcrop was distinctly pandered to by several of the speakers in the House and Senate.

These signs and symptoms, threats and warnings deserve most thoughtful attention. The assertion of individual rights against legislation unduly advantageous to Government favorites, is one thing; but a reaction which proposes Government communism, and the destruction of life and property, is quite another. The most serious work before the Administration is the curbing of this Anarchistic and Nihilistic tendency. The reasonable reforms intended will bring remedied conditions in proper time. But the sentiment of disorder and destruction does not propose to wait. It is time for American blood to assert its birthright. When the Russian mob was abroad in New York City three weeks ago, one of the speakers said: "We have no Czar here. We can do as we please, and with arms in our hands we can put down these Americans," and the sentiment was wildly applauded. The country is full of such immigrants who find Americans in their way. Compared to them the snake in the old spelling-book story was a gentlemanly reptile. With such dynamite as that Russian mob the silver Populists are playing.

* * *

Half the money of the country is in cold storage, hidden through fear that we would slump to a silver basis. Those who think that issuing more money, either coin or paper, will increase the currency, are mistaken. Any additional issue will be scared into the refrigerator. Instead of coining money, let confidence be coined, and hidden money will come out and go into business again.

Now is the time for Congress to soundly settle our finances and complete all intended tariff changes. The first condition of prosperity is stability. To any change in the tariff business must adjust itself, and the best time to make every change contemplated is now while there is no business. Then the necessary re-adjustment will simply be a part of the commercial convalescence.

The late Horace Hawes, of merry memory, always had his hair cut when he had a cold in his head. It saved one cold. The country has a cold in its head and now is the time to amputate its hair.

* * *

When Sontag and Evans robbed the train at Collis, Mrs. Lease, the Kansas banshee, commended them and called for more volunteers to go and do likewise. The San Francisco *Call* also approved of them, and in a head-line said they were "sound on the railroad question."

I suppose the miscreants who have been trying to ditch passenger trains recently in this State are alumni of the *Call*-Lease School. Yet when the *Call* failed to convict an employé for robbing it of $50,000, it marveled and grew morose.

Perhaps the lesson will some day be learned that thieves do not discriminate in the ownership of property, and being applauded for robbing a corporation they soon content themselves with the approval of their own consciences for stealing anything in sight.

* * *

The Columbian Fair is too immense. There will probably never be another World's Fair.

We must profoundly respect the genius and energy which massed so much and displayed it as a spectacle. But the effect is tiresome.

Take the building of the Industrial Arts as an example. It covers thirty-two acres and houses the products of every country that has industry and art, from Japan to Germany, exhibiting everything from fabrics to ceramics. The effect is kaleidoscopic. The mind is stunned and confused. Individuality of impression is impossible.

In travel one visits a country and gets a whole and wholesome mental impression of its civilization as wrought out in its arts and institutions. These are seen without rivalry or competition, and the effect is harmonious. But gather a myriad of things from fifty nations and show them together as at this great Fair, and you lose the impression of individual excellence and do not replace by any *ensemble* effect.

I can describe it no better than to say that it is like listening to many bands playing at once, one converting wind into "Hail Columbia," and others out of the same raw material manufacturing "Annie Rooney," "Johnny Get Your Gun," and "The Sweet By-and-By."

Speaking of the Fair, a bill of particulars covering the expenditure of some county appropriations would fill a long felt want. Alameda is a good place to begin. Her exhibit is a caricature, her mud map a wrinkled libel. I stood by and heard visitors laugh at it, until I answered an inquiry by saying that I lived in Milpitas. For $4000 Sacramento County has a splendid exhibit, tastefully displayed. I am informed that Alameda has spent $30,000, and that the fatted calves are still bouting the public udder for more.

* * *

The California producer is not aware yet that our fruit, in some form, is becoming a necessity in the Eastern diet. I find that bright, dried fruit, pears and apricots especially, have made their way beyond the luxury line and become staple articles. Pears that are presentable command a wholesale price now of ten cents a pound minimum and fourteen cents maximum. The farmer picks and cores them and the sun does the rest. That benevolent luminary works without wages, never strikes, and does not demand an eight-hour day in California. Yet I hear of farmers who are borrowing hogs to turn into their pear orchards to eat hundreds of tons of fine fruit.

Next campaign they will be told that the Administration turned pears into pork and will vote the other ticket.

At the same time I know other farmers who at this moment have the sun at work drying fruit that will net them over $100 per acre, and the market would take in that form, well prepared, every pound that is said to be rotting on the ground in this State.

This is, indeed, a fruitful theme, for California is known by its fruits, and it is time that methods of saving and marketing this perishable crop receive more attention.

The readers of THE WAVE, who are all good livers while their livers last, are familiar with the nutty *kirsch*, the aromatic *noyau*, and other alcoholic flavors imported in odd-looking glass. These high spirits come to us from little stills kept by the small farmers of Southern Europe who raise fruit and get value out of every bit of it. Cherry pits go into *kirsch*, and parings and culls of different fruits go into the mash for distillation and in rectified form come to us to flavor our "small black" after dinner, or to cheer the heart of man as a straight beverage.

In our climate we need not ask the worm of the still to save our fruit crop for us. The tariff on tin has helped close the canneries, but the McKinley bill omitted to protect American sunshine from the pauper sunbeams of Europe, therefore it is cheap and loves to suck the juice out of our fruit and leave the pulp and flavor ready for a profitable market.

JOHN P. IRISH.

The efforts of the Pacific-Union Club at reforming journalism are instructive. The city awaits with absorbed interest the proclamation of their principles. May I suggest to the moralists and millionaires who form the backbone of the organization the advisability of establishing a model journal for the edification of us outsiders.

A DEFENSE OF THE WILLIE-BOY.

BY FRONA WAITE.

The mode of argument that consists in reciprocated accusations is by no means the highest or best. Easy it is to say—"You're another." It relieves one of the necessity of premise, conclusion, of fact or arrangement. Still, in discussing the merits of the "willie-boy," I am compelled to follow that line of defense because it is the one its traducers will most readily comprehend.

For the garment in question no one cares less than myself. Whether it is to supplant permanently the regulation frock coat which we persist in calling the "Prince Albert," or is but a temporary variation sincerely to be welcomed, is a matter of the profoundest disregard for myself. I am not indifferent, though, to the causes which convert the willie-boy into a subject for ridicule. Does it not smack of the time when men were suspected of unmentionable crimes because of an inclination towards clean linen? Ready as I have ever been to respect the honest miner and his red shirt, it is impossible to persuade me that his virtue would have been lessened by the addition of a little cleanliness. Besides, why consider contempt for sartorial elegance an excellence in his descendants? The fact is the contumely showered on the long frock coat is but an exhibition of Western barbarity. Ignorance of good form dictates it. The quality and cut of a man's garments is no exhibition of affectation, but merely the expression of his personality. If refined and civilized, the cut of his coat translates the fact to those who meet him. On the contrary, slovenliness of attire is the unmistakable sign of a disordered mind or an ignorance of social requirements.

Sadly am I compelled to repeat that to the Western man, and to the man only, applies the term "wild and woolly." Unless one excepts Guatemalans and British Columbians, whom one forgives on the score of ignorance, he is the worst dressed male in America, and perhaps the worst mannered man in the world. Elsewhere it is possible to wear a willie-boy and yet be regarded as of normal proclivities. Here, to exhibit the coat is to be reproached as a dude. In San Francisco to day there are not a dozen men whose sartorial elegance might entitle them to the commendation—well-dressed. Not because of lack of inclination, indeed, but of courage, just as though one were not free to express individual opinions in clothes.

The fact that men inveigh so very vigorously against the fashions of femininity is, perhaps, a confession of ignorance. Every garment a woman wears is liable to alteration several times a season. She is also expected to exhibit in her gowns the individuality that she must keep out of her talk. But the lines of the male habiliment are as fixed as the solar system. There is little variation, unless he absolutely disregards conventionality. Since there is but one dress code, has not Society a perfect right to demand obedience to its unwritten rules? Had he to change with the months, a busy man might well be forgiven for failing to maintain the modes. That, however, is not required of him, and what is asked should be granted.

It would be useless, stupid even, litanizing the infinity of solecisms committed by the male elect of this garish city. Elsewhere it is customary to wear, after six o'clock, a dress suit. Who considers it essential here? For the afternoon call a frock coat is absolutely *en regle*. On the professional man one looks for a cut-away; on the back of the business man one looks for a sack-coat. As for the willie-boy, it is simply an elongated Prince Albert, and I have no doubt that as it conceals more it would vastly become many of the "gents" who now insist on the short pattern. In "Americans Abroad" and "Aristocracy" the garment in question was exhibited at its full length and in several materials—surely there was nothing shocking in its style. Indeed, it seemed to me vastly becoming and graceful.

I am persuaded that the forthcoming fair will bring to San Francisco many of the foreigners who are airing their continental clothes and manners in Chicago. Let me hope they will be treated with more courtesy and consideration than have been shown them in the Windy City. Herr Cornely told me how bitterly certain of the foreign Commissioners had complained to him of the rudeness to which they had been subjected, and in the absence of his testimony I saw, myself, plenty of examples of American push and rudeness. Imagine the agreeable impression it makes on men of polish and manner to be pushed and guyed and grimaced at, to have reasonable requests refused, or shoved aside at the option of a crowd of ill-mannered, ignorant attendants. The patience of several Jobs might easily be exhausted in such a contingency, and is it any wonder that the roughness of the mob has neutralized the admirable impression that the Fair itself makes on the minds of these, our visitors?

That the American man, in the estimation of our visitors, does not rank in the same set as the American woman, must be patent to those of us who observe. She may go anywhere. For her there is no aristocracy too exclusive, no marriage, save with the member of a royal house, she may not make. As for him, who ever hears of a noble lady of foreign birth desiring the hand of our American kings? Perhaps Mr. Bierce or Mr. McEwen will explain the wherefore. And while their remarkable minds are engaged on so abstruse a question, let our San Francisco women engage in the task of making the woman's department of the new fair notable. I cannot but think of the terse comment of the French Commissioner, who asked, wherein the Columbian Exposition was superior to that of Paris, replied:

"Ah! it is ze woman. Ze Americaine woman ees vairy brilliant—ze man, no!"

Ere our foreign and Eastern friends gather here in numbers, might it not be advisable to persuade some of the carpers to tolerate the willie-boy? They are liable to judge us by appearances, and if Market Street is to be allowed to shy at the aspect of an elongated frock coat, what will they say of us? Is it any especial credit to the community at large that the men who have tried the coat and found it satisfactory are obliged to deny themselves the privilege of wearing it? I say, out and on with the willie-boy—on Kearny Street or Van Ness Avenue; let its tails blow into the eyes of the philistines, the journalistic carpers and the others. It is the garment of the future.

NATIVE DAUGHTERS.

AT THE CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR.

The great hit of the day at the Midwinter Fair Ground Breaking ceremonies was made by Mrs. Charles Freeman Johnson (Esther Vernon Malcolm) selected by the Native Daughters of the Golden West, as their representative, to deliver the dedicatory poem, entitled, "California." The Native Daughters' organization adopted resolutions endorsing the Fair and tendering the services of Mrs. Johnson, which were accepted by the Executive Committee.

Mrs. Johnson is widely known by her maiden name, Esther Vernon Malcolm. She has been for years identified with the work of various organizations and societies, the Germania, of San Jose, the Rebeccas, Odd Fellows, Masons, Grangers, Pioneers, Native Sons, and Native Daughters of Santa Cruz County, and all the churches of Santa Cruz County, and the Unitarian Church, of San Jose, and San Jose people still remember her delivering the poem of welcome before the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1886, before an audience of five thousand people.

She graduated recently from the California School of Elocution and Oratory, where she studied her art and has made an enviable reputation as an elocutionist and a speaker.

From the time she was twelve years old, Miss Malcolm delivered orations and recitations at Fourth of July ceremonies, Horticultural, Agricultural, Vitidultural, and County Fairs of her native county, and no entertainment for charitable purposes was complete without her.

In amateur theatricals Mrs. Johnson has taken the leading parts in "Two Orphans," "Under the Gaslight," "East Lynne," "Lost in London," "Caste," and other plays.

Her power lies in her wonderful personal magnetism, strong, resonant, sympathetic voice and finished delivery, coupled with a sweet and winning modesty of manner and her ability to influence an audience has caused her services to be sought by two different political parties to canvass the State in their behalf in past campaigns. Objecting to the publicity incident upon political work, she has never accepted any of these offers.

At the Midwinter Fair Ground Breaking, Mrs. Johnson was a typical representative of California's daughters, with her dark complexion, masses of jet black hair, large, round, brilliant eyes, sparkling with animation, graceful, yet commanding in figure, attired in silk of California poppy yellow, with hat, gloves, and shoes to match, a miniature sheaf of wheat at her corsage the hat decorated with waving plumes and bunches of wheat artistically arranged.

Her magnificent voice was the surprise of the day. When she rose to recite there was a quaking of hearts among the Committeemen who had not heard her, thinking that being a woman she could not make herself heard, and a voice from the crowd was heard to say, "Wonder what she thinks she's going to do?" At the end of the first verse of the poem there was a burst of applause, and the same voice was heard to say, "Gee, she's got a voice." She was interrupted frequently by cheers, and congratulated by Mr. De Young, General Barnes, General Hammond, and members of the committee afterwards.

Mrs. Johnson is related to United States Attorney-General Richard Olney; to Henry Coates, of the great publishing firm of Porter & Coates, and to Malcolm Lloyd, of the Standard Oil Company, Philadelphia, and also by marriage to Dr. Henry M. Fiske, of this city. She is a member of the First Unitarian Church of Oakland, and her wedding at this church last spring, to Mr. C. F. Johnson, was one of the prettiest events of the Oakland season.

The celebrated Del Monte Orchestra has returned to the city, and its services may be secured by addressing Mr. Valentine Huber, care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

ADAM'S TUTTI FRUTTI

PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

CHEWED FOR HALF AN HOUR
AFTER EVERY MEAL

A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION

AMATEUR SPORT

It is a specially cheering thing to all Californians to observe the splendid success achieved in the past few weeks by the Keene stable over the great Eastern courses. While, of course, it is difficult to claim the white and blue spots as the colors of a Coast owner, the name of James R. Keene is too well known and too distinctly familiarly known to all of us in California for us not to share in the enthusiasm attaching to his victories. Another and a still more potent reason for our satisfaction is to be found in the fact that well-nigh all the Californians who have been risking their coins on the great Eastern events have been, and still remain, warm followers of the "J. R and F. P. K" horses; so it is a very fair presumption that a good many of the hard-to-get dollars have been drawn from the stubborn bookies at Monmouth and Sheepshead Bay by the sporting gentlemen from the Golden West.

After having captured the majority of the money offered at Monmouth, the Keenes have added the greatest purse of the year to their credit, the superb Futurity, the blue ribbon of the two-year-olds. The stake itself was over $60,000 this season, a portion of which was divided between the second and third horses and their breeders. The Keenes netted $49,715 out of the grand race of the grandest two-year-old of the season. There is no doubt in my mind that Domino is the greatest two-year-old of his generation. Putting up the smothering weight of 130 pounds, running over a slow and tiring course in the very best of company, and, after being thrown out of his stride, he came home in a superb burst of speed and landed the enormous pot by a short head. Taral's splendid riding which did much to achieve the result—has added more laurels to undoubtedly the greatest boy of the year.

* * *

The men at the nets are very hard at work just now, and, if practice counts for anything, we ought to be able to look for something really creditable in the way of good playing. I went out to the wind-driven courts of the Olympics on Sunday, and was very favorably impressed with some of the playing which I saw. To be sure, these young men have not, all of them, the championship timber in their make-up, but there are a number who show really good form. The playing of Wilber and Treat, who won the doubles with ease, was in many ways very creditable, and should they be able to put up as good a game at San Rafael, they will surprise some people. They play a not over-brilliant game, but it is fast and hard, and a fairly difficult game to face.

I look for some performances in the gentlemen's doubles at the Scott Street grounds, which should serve as a fair gauge to the championships. Wilberforce is practising hard and promises to be in first-class shape to do battle for the honors, in company with his partner, Allison.

* * *

The Corinthian cruise to Petaluma Creek on Saturday and Sunday was a huge success, and the wildest kind of hilarity crowned the admirable sailing efforts of the amateur tars. There was one "jolly" who had an impromptu bath, the cause of which was as amusing as the result. It was in the cold gray dawn, and the gentleman, a "bloomin' land-lubber," walked "up-stairs" in a somewhat hazy condition, induced, no doubt, by the afore-mentioned gray dawn, out on the deck and proceeded to take his "morning stroll." He got as far as the bowsprit and then, with a superb splash, continued his stroll into the still waters of the Creek.

* * *

It should certainly be a source of genuine and undoubted satisfaction to all Californian tennis players to observe that the man (Hovey) who beat Carr Beel for the Chicago championship by such a scant margin has shown himself to be the best player we have in this country. The great Hobart, who has won so many championships and was looked upon by the knowing (I confess I was one of them) as the most likely winner at Newport, went down before Hovey in short order. When it is taken into consideration that Beel learned his tennis on asphalt courts, and that he had to learn much of it over again during his stay in the East, his performance is all the more to his credit. I should like very much to see Hovey come out to the Coast and have a try at the best of our men on their own ground.

* * *

September and its bracing airs brings the football enthusiast to the fore, and sets the blood a-tingling with the expectation of coming contest. All the signs promise us a very good, in fact, the very best, football season we have yet had. The 'Varsity men are hard at work already, and I have great hopes of the "O. A. C.'s," despite the chilling Bliss douche. I should very much like to see the Olympic Athletic Club put a team together, such as the Club can certainly do if it is properly advised. It will be of vast benefit to the sport if an eleven capable of meeting the best of the college men can be put in the field. The Club players must of necessity suffer the disadvantage of being less well trained than the University boys, but, despite this handicap, I fully believe that there is quite enough material to be found to make a good showing against any kind of team that ever lined up.

A careful examination of the material at hand, convinces one that with judicious selection there can be found men of the needed capacity close at hand. Of the strictly Olympic men, Felton Taylor, Tobin, Haberly, Sherrard, and Graham, would be my selection. Tobin as full-back, Taylor as half-back, Haberly and Graham as guards, and Sherrard on the end. I have the fullest kind of confidence in these men, Mr. Laurie Bliss to the contrary notwithstanding. I should choose Clemans, who played with the Palo Altos, as the other half-back, and Smedburg, who played so well at "The Point," as the quarter-back; Wilcox, who is also a Military Academy man, as end rush, and Crofton, formerly of Andover, and a rattling good man, in the centre of the rush line. To complete the team, Porter, who once sported the splendid orange and black, the *bête noir* of the great New Haven players, and finally, that all-around man, who has done so much for the good of the sport in California, and who once, likewise, wore the stripes of the Princeton tiger, Basil Ricketts. I don't know whether all of the men could be induced to play; they would certainly be in very good company, and if such an eleven could be put in the field, "Stand from under" would be kindly advice to all who might be bold enough to oppose them.

* * *

There seems to be a prospect of some splendid sport at Burlingame if the project of the hurdle races and cross-country riding is successfully carried out. We have little enough gentlemanly sport out here, and I, for one, would be only too glad to see it developed. We have splendid country at our disposal, we breed splendid horses and have some thoroughly good canine blood, and, above all, the enormous advantage of a climate which allows us to indulge in out-of-door exercise for practically the whole year 'round.

* * *

The *Examiner*, through its talented reporter Annie Laurie, has had another go at the Country Club members for their "brutal slaughter of the innocents" at Monterey. I suppose it is as good newspaper material as anything else, but I cannot quite reconcile Miss Laurie's statement that the "poor birds" were weak and sickly, couldn't fly, and only managed to hop out of the traps and wait to be slaughtered. Is it possible that such a great Nimrod as that talented musician, Joseph D. Redding, could only hit six birds who just hopped out of the traps and waited graciously to be annihilated? Surely not. Then, again, perhaps it would have been as well for the fair defender of the poor pigeons had she consulted with the expert who wrote in a parallel column in the same paper, that a better, stronger-flying, and gamer lot of birds had seldom been put into the traps. Be this as it may, the scores of even the very best of the men were distinctly poor, and, for one, I am inclined to think that the gentleman who wrote from the "expert" side was pretty nearly correct.

THE STARTER.

There have lately come under our notice some specimens of card engraving and seal and stamp engraving, which are unquestionably the best we have ever seen. For boldness and accuracy of stroke and delicacy of shading, it would be impossible to surpass these specimens, and we consider San Francisco fortunate in possessing an engraver of undoubted talent and originality such as Mr. Jas. H. Duncan possesses. For years he was associated with Geo. M. Wood & Co., as the Company, but in May removed to the Thurlow Block, 126 Kearny Street, and his success has amply justified his move. Mr. Duncan executes all kinds of metal engraving, and those who need visiting cards, wedding cards, seals, etc., will find him prompt and obliging. Of his ability we have already spoken, and we predict for him a gratifying success and the patronage of our best people.

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UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE BEFORE THE PUBLIC SINCE 1808. YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT FLORIDA WATER IS. TRY IT!

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

MASKS AND FACES

If a proof were needed that "Ye Earlie Trouble" times were out of joint this drama would supply certain testimony. Events are developed in a precipitate condition, shot with streaks of interest and vigor. The play has a flavor of romantic feeling, strong enough to arrest attention and carry an amiably disposed audience along readily. With so stirring a background the result could easily have been a drama of power. A bloated list of characters prevents simplicity in dramas with few exceptions, and "Ye Earlie Trouble" suffers largely herein. Each act is crowded with scenes, the personages jostle each other attempting to have their little say and play in the given time. The villain is routed or triumphs, as it may be, always with dispatch, and the love passages, comedy, and agonies succeed each other at a brisk canter. Dealing with the obvious in a plain inelegant style, the playwright has added an honesty unusual and granted his figures some talent for gentle feeling. The second and third acts are stamped with the chief display of vigor allowed in the play, and fairly balanced enough they were, too, for this kind of composition.

As material for the players there was room for a general exhibit of abilities. Coruscations of talent are not provided by average stock companies whose work, however, is usually on a fair level of intelligence. Mr. Stockwell and his company carry themselves capably, talk with little rant if much haste, dress acceptably, and fill their places with reasonable skill. Miss Marie Burriss, the new leading lady, has an agreeable personality, some emotion, and a pretty talent for posing. Miss Blanche Bates did a small part with the cleverness expected from her debut playing.—

Without doubt the poorest play produced this year is that fierce, savage performance under the equally savage title, "The Wolves of New York." The patrons of the California (in diminished numbers) have with fortitude and true Job-like patience endured this insult to their intelligence as theatre-goers. Mr. Leonard Grover, Sr., has evidently had a soured, disappointed, bitter life, so he sought revenge by writing "The Wolves." That would seem to be sufficient for an ordinary human being, but Mr. Grover thirsts for blood, so one day he gave to the world this hackneyed, "hashed up" play. It went into the hands of a manager who demanded that the company should be worse than the piece. He did not quite succeed in finding his ideal, however, but did well in securing the son of Grover, Sr., as Robin O'Malley. From Robin's name it might be supposed he would speak the Irish dialect. Whether he does or not has not been solved. At any rate it isn't English, and is probably Irish. Robin performs wonderful feats in rescuing the beautiful country girl from the hands of that bad man, "Handsome Harry" (Mr. Edmonds). "Harry," who looks and dresses like the prosperous foreman of a stockyard, is the triumph of the manager, for his badness transcends anything ever before seen on the stage of the California. Miss Hillman, as the pretty, blind sister of the unfortunate heroine, is a success, for as a blind woman she is not expected to have action or facial expression.

The one redeeming feature of the performance is Miss Trella Foltz, one of the galaxy of rising San Francisco actresses. She is pretty, clever, and graceful, and will win for herself a prominent place in the theatrical world.——

The coming attraction at the Baldwin is a decided novelty in the shape of a scenic spectacular entertainment called "Urania." It is a new departure, will be presented for one week only, and is said to represent the highest achievements in scenic art with electric and steam effects in combination.——

"A Nutmeg Match," which will be seen next week at the California, is said to be a most artistically constructed comedy of New England life, and one which has been received everywhere with great favor. While it is not of an essentially jolly nature, it affords much gratification to those who love to laugh, and the theme is entirely novel. The showing of a great pile driver in operation is, perhaps, the strongest feature of the play, and the public may marvel at the fact that to produce this remarkably realistic effect it is necessary to carry a huge steam engine and a competent engineer.——

Henry Irving's London Lyceum Company, which will be seen at the Grand Opera House on Monday night, numbers ninety people, including his stage manager and the latter's assistants. He opens in "The Bells." Nine carloads of scenery follow his train, and with these the hands to see that it is properly put up. The stage of the Grand Opera House has undergone a complete change, and on Monday night one of the most accurate productions ever witnessed will be seen in the presentation of "The Bells." Miss Terry will appear in "Nance Oldfield," a one act comedy written by Charles Reade, which will precede it.——

NO STRINGENCY.

There are a number of people who, since August 8th, have had no cause to fear hard times, or to feel the prevalent financial stringency. These people are fortunate, of course, and in their case, as in all achievements, there is a tinge of luck. H. Von Hacht, of 11 Kate Street, and Jacob Wagner, of 811 Bryant Street, in this city, each held a quarter of ticket 673 in the drawing of the Original Little Louisiana Company, of San Francisco, of August 8th. Their coupons were winning ones, and each received, as his share of the capital prize, the sum of $3750.

These two people were not the only lucky ones. William Bernstein, of 941 Folsom Street, held half-ticket 3246, and received the handsome sum of $2000. Mrs. A. E. Sherman, of 108 Turk Street, and Fred G. Grant, residing at 525 Geary Street, each held a quarter of ticket 84,961, and each won $500. Mrs. Harry Woods, of 1328 Franklin Street, Oakland, Cal., held whole ticket 61,957, which cost her $1, and paid her five hundred times over, for she won, and has been paid, $500.

LOST TIME

is money lost. Time saved is money saved. Time and money can be saved by using the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in your recipes for Custards, Puddings and Sauces. Try it and be convinced. Grocers and Druggists.

AMUSEMENTS.

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Next Week, Monday, Sept. 4 Third and Last Week
THE EMPIRE THEATRE PLAY
The Girl I Left Behind Me

NEXT ATTRACTION, MONDAY, SEPT. 11th,
URANIA
SPECTACULAR WONDERS OF NATURE

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Commencing Monday Evening, Sept 4, 1893
FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY
First Engagement in San Francisco and First Appearance in Five Years in America.
MR. HENRY IRVING MISS ELLEN TERRY
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LONDON LYCEUM COMPANY
Under the Direction of Abbey Schoeffel and Grau

REPERTOIRE FOR THE FIRST WEEK:
Monday, Sept 4th ... NANCE OLDFIELD / THE BELLS
Tuesday, Sept. 5th.....THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
Wednesday, Sept. 6th.....BECKET
Thursday, Sept 7th ..... BECKET
Friday, Sept. 8th.....BECKET
Saturday Matinee, Sept 9th.....BECKET
Saturday Evening Sept 9th ... THE LYONS MAIL

Monday, Sept. 11th. Second and Last Week. Entire Change of Repertoire.

PRICES Orchestra Parquette Circle and Dress Circle, $3; Family Circle, $2; Gallery, $1.

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE
HANDSOMEST THEATRE IN THE WORLD
AL HAYMAN & Co.....Proprietors
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Monday Evening, - - September 4th
MATINEE SATURDAY
THE ENTERTAINING COMEDY DRAMA
A · NUTMEG · MATCH
A Character Study of Rural Life in Connecticut
Written by Wm. Haworth, author "The Ensign"

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SIMON REINHART,
Lessee.

ALL Paris yet remembers the grief of Madame de Sora when she lost her husband. Behind the door hung with the heavy black prescribed by Parisian mourning, there was a terrible despair of the Spanish type, exaggerated and demonstrative—that country where they adore the bleeding Christ and the Virgin heart pierced with swords. The Princess cut her hair, shut herself up and would see no one. Robed in her black gown, her pretty head covered with a crepe veil, she had the air of a young novice in a convent. She passed her days before her husband's portrait, and dined alone in solitary state in the grand salon, where each night two places were set at table. The cane and hat of the Prince were put in the anti-chamber in their accustomed places as if the master, gone forever, would return presently. This remembrance in all her surroundings, added to the despair of the poor woman and made the blank created by his absence more acutely felt. In the midst of the whirlwind of balls, visits, receptions, and concerts, where they had been favorite guests in their happy days, Madame de Sora had kept but one friend, the Countess Ancelin, a drawing-room singer who, thanks to her beautiful voice, retained her intimacy with the Princess. This great grief, so inconsolable, was irritated by noisy conversation but was soothed by hearing singing near her. It aided her tears to flow and drowned her sobs. Two years passed thus. The widowhood was as sad, as austere as ever, only now the hair was allowed to grow soft and fine. With the passing of time the mourning became, as it were, lightened by a ray of sunshine and seemed now and then an elegant caprice. It was at this time that the nephew of Madame Ancelin met the Princess at his aunt's house, fell in love with, and dreamed of marrying her. At the first word of love which he endeavored to say to her, she became indignant. For her the Prince lived still, and this offer of affection seemed an insult to him, a sort of infidelity. For some time she would not see her friend Madame Ancelin. The young man left the city and tried to forget her, but he returned and exhibited so much love and despair, Madame Ancelin took pity upon him and resolved to vanquish the scruples of the Princess. But how? How persuade that singular nature which never reasoned and lived in the midst of the enthusiasm of regret? The thought struck her that so exclusive a passion would yield to jealousy, and therefore she bent her energies to awaken the feeling in the breast of the Princess. She determined to secure some old letters of the Prince. This was not a very difficult thing to do, as in his bachelor days Monsieur de Sora had written a good deal and his delicate handwriting was disseminated among many dainty caskets. Madame Ancelin procured one of these leaves of romance and had the nerve to once more seek admittance to the Princess' presence at that home more like a living tomb than a dwelling.

She found the Princess weeping before the portrait as usual and sadly showed her one of the letters. It was not a pain which she gave her, it was a thunderbolt! Poor little Princess! Her grief, her touching widowhood, so full of loving memories, all gone, disappeared at once, at one moment, in an abyss of contempt and anger. Nothing remained now but a desire to avenge herself. The portrait was exiled to the garret, the cane and hat also took flight. Once more the grand house was thrown open to the gay world, and the balls, suppers, and receptions at the Hotel de Sora became the *fêtes* of Paris. The Princess, costumed in pearl gray, in soft lilac, then in rose and in blue, resumed her place in the world of fashion. One evening as she wandered through the glittering throng, accompanied by Madame Ancelin's nephew—who followed her like her shadow—she said to him: "I will be your wife whenever you wish." She would have been willing to have married him on the spot!

A short time afterwards they were married, she with a sort of frenzied joy, he with a mind troubled and astonished at this violent, sudden passion, yet too happy to analyze the cause. The world spoke enthusiastically of the marriage; Madame Ancelin, accustomed to romantic expressions, had even a charming word to say. "Do you see the Princess? You thought she wept, but she was only cooing. It was a dove-like widowhood."

Six months passed, the newly wedded pair were in the country at a chateau in the neighborhood of Paris. Madame Ancelin came to visit them. In seeing them so happy, walking tranquilly together in the garden among the flowers, the charming Countess who was never able to see beyond the present moment, said: "And it is I who have created this happiness; truly I do not regret my little ruse. Ah, my dear, I can afford to tell you now."

"What ruse? What falsehood?" replied the Princess with a rapid movement.

"Ah! my dearest child, the poor Prince was not so black as he was painted. That famous letter was five years old, written before you were married or had even met."

"You have done this!" said the Princess, and she looked at both her husband and his aunt with wild eyes. The dead Prince had not betrayed her. It was she who was false—she who had forgotten. His very name was discarded. He came to reproach her in that moment and at once took his former place in her regard. Her husband saw in her gesture that she wished to separate herself from him; it was all over between them.

She shut herself up once more and retreated from the world, and for eight days endured an agony more terrible than before, remorse being added to sorrow. The unhappy Princess had remarried without love, actuated alone by revenge, and the Prince having committed no fault, she felt criminal towards him and shame towards herself. The poor husband knew there was no hope for him, the ancient passion had returned with redoubled force. She spoke coldly to him as if to a stranger, assuring him of her pardon, persuaded that he was not his aunt's accomplice. At the last moment, as Madame Ancelin wept before her full of regret, though not comprehending her fault, the Princess felt as though a butterfly had crossed her severe, straight path and said in a feeble voice, "You see I do not coo; I die," and it was true.—*Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet*, by A. R.

THE BUDDING OF THE ORCHARD.

O the budding of the orchard
  Is a heralding of June;
Of the woodlark's brighter bosom,
  And the freedom of her tune.
In the hedge's heart the sparrow
  Tends her sapphire eggs in love
Till the song that's in the oval
  Makes a music for the grove.
And the grass beside the river
  Grows the long cool green of joy
For the creature in its comfort,
  And the maiden and the boy.

O the budding of the orchard
  Is a promise to my hope
Of the gray and opal evening
  Over lambs upon the slope.
I shall see the stock and pansy
  And the brown of Cicely's arm;
I shall hear the harness tinkle,
  And the cattle at the farm;
And the God above my forehead
  In His camp of beam and blue
For the colony of rosebuds
  Shall remember drops of dew.

—NORMAN GALE.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

"You do not know me?"

The speaker was a man in the very prime of life, his weather-beaten face bronzed and burrowed by exposure under the fierce heat of a tropical sun, and as he stood with easy grace before the president of the great railroad company into whose presence he had been admitted, he represented the very type of those men in whom physical courage blends with personal beauty, and to whose unflinching spirit there is no obstacle to the accomplishment of their purpose. The distinguished man whom he addressed paused for a moment to look with deep scrutiny into the face of the stranger, and then, thoughtfully leaning back in his chair, he replied, briefly:

"No, sir; I must say that I fail to recognize you."

"You do not remember," replied his visitor, "the beardless youth of ten years ago, the poor and obscure clerk, who, guided by the purest and deepest love that ever found its passionate utterance in the breast of man, sought your daughter's hand, and whom sir, you rudely repulsed and drove in scorn from your house, without one ray of hope and with all the light gone out of his life? Little did you dream, sir, when you sent me forth alone on that dark and rainy night, of the fierce spirit you had aroused, for I come of a race where the indomitable pluck of the Puritan still lives and which has never yet acknowledged its master. Humiliated but not utterly crushed, I set out to gain the fortune that you coldly informed me was the price I must pay for my love. I left the humble roof that had sheltered me, I bid good-bye to home and friends, and in distant climes I sought for the gold I had sworn to gain. With tireless energy I trod the unbeaten paths of far countries. In the jungles of the East I have tracked the deadly tiger, and, stricken with disease, I have lain for months tossing upon an obscure cot in India. Never once my undaunted purpose flagged, until finally in the mines of Brazil I found the thing that I had so long sought. I labored as no man ever labored before, and now, sir, I stand before you rich beyond the dreams of avarice; not as the humble and abashed suitor of a decade ago, but as the proud representative of millions."

The look of recognition that came into the aged face of the older man had suddenly given place to a deadly pallor, and as the speaker ceased he sank back in his chair utterly overwhelmed.

"Alas, sir," he murmured, as with a despairing gesture he seized the hand of the youthful millionaire, "alas, Mr. Caxton—I believe that is the name—I fear it is too late!"

"Too late!" repeated the other. "Too late! Why—"

"Yes," interposed the old man. "Weary and worn with hope deferred, my poor daughter, whose loving heart stood the test of so many years of waiting for your return, has succumbed. Last week she was married."

A look of intense relief came into the travel-stained face of his listener.

"You mistake me, sir," he said kindly, laying his hand on the shoulder of the other man. "I am sincerely glad that your daughter has married, and I trust she has done well. That, sir, was not the object of my visit."

"Not the object of your visit?" repeated the venerable railroad man, his hand trembling slightly as he passed it over his forehead. Then recovering his composure, and resuming the business-like air habitual with him, he said: "Then, may I ask, sir, what you came for?"

"Certainly," replied the hardy traveler and representative of millions. "I wanted to ask, sir, if, in view of our former relations, you couldn't waive a point in my case and accommodate myself and family with passes through to Chicago?"

TOM MASSON.

First Lone Female—There's a burglar under the bed.
Second Lone Female—How do you know he's a burglar? His intentions may be entirely honorable.—*Town Topics.*

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

Carrie dear, I want to draw your attention to something which will interest you very much and perhaps bring to your mind once again our many talks on "The Origin of Species." It is how wonderfully Nature imitates and repeats herself. I picked up a cocoanut the other day and could not help noticing how much it resembled the human head; then there is the walnut whose fruit is a perfect human brain. How remarkably the opened oyster looks like our ear, the plum our eye, and the almond our nose. Is it not wonderful how a person can travel along with her senses, to a certain extent, closed and then suddenly these sort of things strike her, and she wonders what other good things she has missed? As I was coming up in the car today, the plainest pretty woman it has ever been my misfortune to see, sat by me, and I could not help wondering why and for what purpose one is given a perfectly lovely face without the sense to make it attractive. This girl had large, soft, dreamy, gray eyes, fringed with long, curling, sun-tipped lashes, pretty curly auburn hair, a perfectly exquisite skin, a dainty nose which got wrong in the setting, a dear rosebud of a mouth with such sensitive lines, and yet she was undeniably plain, irrevocably insignificant. I fancy that, perhaps, I was one of the few who had given her more than a passing glance, and it was her mouth which drew my attention to her, and then I discovered how bountiful, yet how chary, Nature had been of her good gifts.

How much of a girl's beauty, too, depends on her own good taste, on the way she dresses her hair. There is Hilda, who is so tall and stout, with that lovely golden halo, which, when dressed high on her head makes her look like a queenly matron, but still a matron; whereas, when she wears it low at her neck she looks infinitely younger but utterly plain. Then there is Ethel, with her Evangeline type of face, who has studied herself so thoroughly and knows what she can and cannot wear. She told me that with her hair dressed high she looks simply like a very ordinary commonplace young woman, and when it is low she is a poet's dream. I always think a girl is little better than an idiot when she follows flitting fashion blindly and adheres to its freaks as rigidly as if they were the laws of the Medes and Persians. Have you noticed, too, how many really nice girls will lighten or darken their hair because red, fair, or black hair happens to be thought beautiful, when if they only used a little reason they would by and by arrive at the conclusion that the same pigment which gives color to their face, tones the hair to harmonize with it.

The shops are all showing their new goods, and the fall things appear to be principally neutrally shaded tints, or else funnily sprinkled goods. Perhaps that last phrase needs an explanation. The ground is of some fixed color—brown, green, purple, or what not, with little odd-shaped splashes of some lighter shade sprinkled on it. You cannot fancy what a funny effect it has. Of course, it would be absurd for any girl who has not half a dozen changes to indulge in such a garb, or she would soon be known as the woman in green and yellow, or purple and white, or whatever it might happen to be. Those particolored things are like piebald horses, which you know are so conspicuous that to see one is to have the privilege of making a wish, which will, however, lose its charm if one thinks of the tail. Needless to say our perverse brain connects tails with piebald horses.

I saw some very sensible winter hats of pale yellow, of a somewhat untanned leatherish tint, in mohair, felt or silk, trimmed simply with a band of leather of a darker shade. They will look very smart and natty with the tailor-made winter frocks, which are to be more fashionable than ever this winter, or rather more so than for several seasons past.

The jackets still retain their length, but all have shoulder capes, some set plainly on, others plaited or fulled. These latter, I fancy, would look well on the few long-necked, slim girls; but of course every stout woman in town will immediately invest in one.

You remember how much I told you of insertion last week and how much it would be worn? Alas, my prophecy was too true. Every woman I have met since has either shown me one or else signified her intention of having one made in this fashion. One lady had a blue and white India silk with the insertion laid on the front of the bodice and around the sleeves. She looked very nice in her gown, but it was narrow insertion, and did not have that garish effect which is so conducive to nervous headache.

A few anachronistic people believe that men never know what women have on; but it is a sad mistake. A man told me the other day that a girl's face never leaves any impression upon him, but he never forgets a dress he has once seen, and can recognize his girl friends a block off by their clothes. I was so disgusted, as it seems in many ways outside a man's province. He might be forgiven for connecting a girl with a certain pretty gown which harmonized with her; but if a woman is perfectly dressed one should merely consider the artistic whole. Like a butterfly's wings, they ought to be part and parcel of herself, and should not attract attention to them as a porsion, but to her as a whole beautiful thing. A girl, too, if she has taste and *chic*, really requires very little beauty to make her attractive. I know two girls here who had each a pretty navy blue serge, well made and of good material. Though I saw them constantly and always in this garb, yet on each occasion I felt how well dressed they were, whereas other girls who had five and six out-door frocks, always looked insignificant or dowdy. Really it often paralyzes me when I consider how few pretty serges one sees here, while in England no girl gets either a summer or winter outfit, without having at least one serge tailor suit. What looks nicer, cleaner, fresher, or daintier than one of these dresses with clean linen collar and cuffs? Do you know that if you want to invest in silk stockings or vests, they are being sold at remarkably cheap rates in some of our stores? I saw some lovely silk stockings, real good silk, for one dollar (think of that) a pair! I immediately spent all my ready money and advise you to go and do likewise, for what stocking looks so well as a silk one, and what is still more important, is there anything in heaven or on earth more warm or comfortable and less likely to chafe a tender foot?

The San Francisco WAVE is as bright as an electric light and as neat as a press club. —*N. Y. Journalist.*

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty,
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

Pipps—Which is your favorite club?
Kipps—The ace!—*Town Topics.*

The creation of light opera has grown to be a duty among our people suspected of literary and musical talent. We have had many subjects worked out in varying measures of success. Old English, Revolutionary American, Modern German, and imaginative motives have developed themselves in manners, distinctive or imitative, and the public has been interested, the press full of praise, and the authors brimming with pride untinged by humility. Victorious popularity has not welcomed these efforts, however, and their merits, despite first-night puffs, have been generously forgotten. Light opera makers, known to general fame, have followed the art as a serious profession and constructed their pieces numerously and with unabashed continuity. Local bands expect to attain finish and celebrity at a single stroke. None of the aspirants have yet received overwhelming notoriety from a wide-spread success, however.

A new opera from the joint authorship of Messrs. Sands W. Forman and Noah Brandt has just been published. Captain Cook's adventures form the material for the libretto under the name of "Captain Cook." Mr. Forman has embroidered South Sea island myths and legends with a whisp of fact sufficient to give color for the designation, "Romantic, Historical." The female personages dealt with have one misfortune for operatic purposes—they are of the dark-faced order. Light opera going fancy turns to thoughts of camelline and rouge pots in its ladies—black, tan, and buff females are discouraged persistently. However, South Sea Islanders do use white clay in make up, and have, like some Californians, a taste for the soda bleached poll. The eternal feminine as prima-donna straightens up, a very winged Victory, at the word "color"—an insult equal to the proposed gift of a complete mask has been offered her. However, that matter is a future discount for the librettist to settle. Captain Cook is brought before the audience in the paradise of the South Seas, backed by his ships and crews. Mistaken by the natives for a legendary white god who is to appear, he is invited to marry their Chief's daughter, a beauteous princess, and live among them life everlasting. The first act is taken up with the proposal and blushing acceptance by the navigator, whose remembrance of England, home, and beauty in the shape of a buxom Mrs. Cook at Plymouth appears to have been somewhat in abeyance. The second act develops the rage of the beauteous Princess' wronged lover and his quarrel with the naughty navigator, and the third bring, renunciation, departure, and virtuous resolves to the gallant Cook.

Introducing a lengthy and interesting ballet dealing with a South Sea legend, the plot is managed with sufficient ability, and the lines have enough sentiment to make the musical setting of them easy and agreeable. Situations giving opportunity for dramatic action are allowed the composer, and an admixture of comedy, not of the smartest, however, is permitted. Little matters like the spontaneous knowledge of English possessed by the entire company of Islanders from the Princess Ia-ia down to the chorus maidens, and their surprisingly cultivated knowledge of morals may demand no explanation under the protection of light opera. The character of Captain Cook does not emerge from the opera like the driven snow, the colored gentlemen seemingly have quite the best of it. The libretto, however, promises to be playable, and even has opportunities for effective staging.

On the part of librettist and musician this, in its line, is a first effort, and bears the impression of that fact. Mr. Brandt has made music fitting the situation satisfactorily and which is filtered with robust tune. The rhythms are founded on the broad plan which recommends itself to a popular mind and the harmony does not err in becoming involved. Numbers written for an historic South Sea ballet are quite suitable and have the elements of popular effectiveness well developed. A chant sung by the Islanders is both plaintive and fanciful. The chorus and concerted numbers are happy for the most part, and contain phrases which are easily remembered. Without being an ambitious attempt, the whole setting is strong enough to carry the libretto along readily, and with the number of phrases well calculated to fix themselves upon the public it is probable the opera will achieve considerable success. Too many bass solos are in evidence, a defect which, however, can be remedied easily.

Kelsey Martin

A HEART WORN OUT.

Across the day one dull red blur
  Of sunset's wasted embers died,
And all the world seemed dark to her,
  And desolate as wide.
"Spent, like the day's dead fires," she said,
  "My foolish hopes grow wan and ashen;
And from my weary bosom fade
  The last faint gleams of passion."

A thin white moon fled down the sky,
  Two spectral stars were keeping tryst,
And in the humid gloom went by
  A ghostly creeping mist;
She heard the low, wild washing of
  The homeless tides along the sands;
"And thus," she sighed, "my fruitless love
  Comes back with empty hands.

"Oh, hollow as the days and nights!
  And barren as the ways I tread,
The idle dreams—the vain delights,
  That cheated me," she said;
"The fierce desires, the endless frets,
  The bootless waiting day by day
That gnaws the heart with dull regrets,
  May wear e'en love away!"

She looked abroad with dreary eyes;
  "There is no light on land or sea!
But more than night and distance lies
  Between my love and me!
Of empty vows he gave full meed,
  But in my woman's heart I know
If he had loved me well, indeed,
  He had not let me go."

—*A. B., in Mercury.*

A notable addition to the ranks of our professional men is Doctor Earl D. Eddy, whose handsome offices are located in the Academy of Sciences building. Doctor Eddy has the advantage of long training in our best schools, and this, combined with natural aptitude for his calling, has placed him in the front rank of our dentists. Doctor Eddy practices dentistry in its every detail, and has lately, at an enormous cost, imported from Germany a quantity of pure Tertiary Amylene, an anæsthetic which is used by the best dentists of Europe in preference to any other anæsthetic known. He has the sole right for it on the Pacific Coast, and has already in numerous cases demonstrated its superiority. Its advantages are: Perfect safety, absolute comfort, freedom from nausea and trembling, temporary paralysis, headache. On the contrary, both during and after using Amylene, the action of the heart and lungs is never disturbed in any case.

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SAN JOSE GOSSIP.

San Jose is exceedingly quiet socially as many of the leading lights are now in Chicago, and this month will see the departure of many more, among them the Woodrows, the Morrisons, the Potts, and the Ruckers, who will all leave next week. So aside from one or two good st ries that the boys have rounded up, the Garden City is dull indeed. Of course, Society mediocrities have quibbled over the religious and semi-social phases of Andrew Piercy's marriage. The groom maintains, as only a Piercy can, the reputation of the family for eccentricity. The fact of his marrying a Catholic was much opposed by Mrs. Piercy, who has been so unsuccessful in her efforts to secure the guardianship of the little daughter of Sam, whom the Court awarded to the Dunphys, and who is now being brought up in the faith that Grandmother Piercy despises. No little comment has been made on the fact that Andrew's marriage was solemnized by one of the Jesuit fathers, who either did not have or refused to exercise the power of invoking the blessing of Divine Providence on this Catholic and non-Catholic couple.

The old lady, however, is nothing if not diplomatic. Determined to get ahead of the hated Romanistic ritual, she managed to have a Presbyterian minister on hand, and, much to the disgust of the relatives of the Hibernian bride, they were compelled to listen to an invocation and a blessing from lips to them abhorred. It is the first time, at least for many years, that a Catholic father and a Protestant divine have taken part in the same marriage ceremony, and the Presbyterians claim they have achieved a victory.

The latest story going the rounds of the boys is the youthful banker's apparent infatuation for the pretty grass widow. He follows her from early morn to dewy eve.

Aside from his eminence in the political arena, the banker is one of the boys, figuratively speaking, who says to the devil, "*Bon jour, Monsieur,*" but this time the axe has fallen upon his aspirations. The lady is a striking and, those who know her say, a beautiful blonde. She inspired a certain speech of his, for it was on that day he followed in her train. BESSIE.

HAPPY IDEAS.

Lisette—You remind me of a sandwich, Mr. Smart.
Mr. Smart—Indeed!
Lisette—Yes, you are only half bred.—*Town Topics.*

Binx—Should whisky be taken straight?
Doctor—For the first ten times. Then take it any way you can—lying down if you must.—*Town Topics.*

Binks—Women of that sort usually end badly.
Winks—She doesn't, I assure you. Come and see her in the ballet if you don't believe me.—*Town Topics.*

Jack—Pa, is gent an abbreviation of gentleman?
Pa—No; is generally an exaggeration of all his faults with an abbreviation of all his virtues.—*Vogue.*

Dora—Does her father oppose the match?
Cora—It seems so. He insists on her playing and singing all the time her lover is with her.—*Town Topics.*

Miss Bix—Don't you think that rich young Bisby is a little fly?
Madge (sighing)—Well, I'd like to be the spider.—*Town Topics.*

Pottsy—Old Boodle was entirely bald when he died.
Rottsy—How do you know?
Pottsy—Why the paper says he had no heir.—*Town Topics.*

Maid Marian—He's a pretty good fellow, isn't he?—as fellows go?
Maud Muller—Ye-es, but he's one of the fellows who don't go.—*Figaro.*

He—I don't want to marry for money; I want brains.
She—Yes, I suppose you do, if you don't want to marry for money.—*Town Topics.*

May—Why do you call me "dearest," love?
Jack—Well, I have had several girls that are dear, one that is dearer, but, b'Jove, you have simply bankrupted the kitty.—*Town Topics.*

Jones—Poor Brown! He was a nice young man, but he couldn't resist his ruling passion.
Smith—What was his ruling passion?
Jones—His wife's temper.—*Vogue.*

She—I hope you don't play poker, Henry.
He (emphatically)—I don't.
She (doubtingly)—You are sure?
He—Sure. I tried a hand with your father down town the other night, and I know that I don't.—*New York Press.*

May—That tall man and the irresistible blonde yonder were on the beach together constantly last summer. This season he hardly notices her.
Agnes—Why should he? Didn't you hear that they were married?—*Town Topics.*

Press Clippings on any subject, supplied on application.

Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

DAY DAWN.

A fresh breeze wakes over land and sea
With the dawning of day;
A trouble, a travail a newness, beginning to be
As the mists roll away,
And the young god, his pennons glancing with roseate light
Routs the cohorts of Night.

And the dark shadows curdle and then grow grey,
Then a whisper of wings
Dividing the gloom as it melts and is hurried away,
Some sentinel sings,
And proud with the Conqueror's pride of the Victory won,
Forth issues the Sun.

—*Lucy Morris, in Pacific Monthly Magazine.*

A New Thing

"MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE."

Join the Great Eastern Clothes Renovating Co. and have your Clothes Cleaned, Pressed, and Repaired for $1.50 a Month. Members will be furnished with six cards a month with which to notify us that clothes are ready. Clothes called for and delivered by us FREE OF CHARGE. WORK GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY. Try us and be convinced. Non-members: Suit, $1.00; Trousers, 35 Cents.

—REFERENCES—

COL. J. P. JACKSON, (U. S. Sub-Treasurer).
HERMANN SHAINWALD, (Shainwald, Buckbee & Co).
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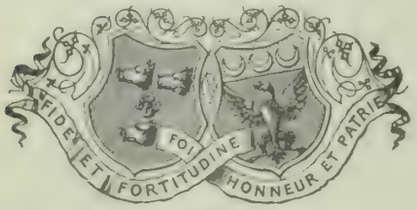

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A NEVADA INNOCENT ABROAD.

There seem to be a great many more pitfalls in this city than there are windfalls. Since writing my last letter to THE WAVE, my assortment of experiences has been both varied and peculiar.

A friend of mine, who had frequently received large quantities of free advertising in Nevada, had made his residence in Oakland, where he could be surrounded by his friends and other creditors. Meeting me on Market Street one day, he observed my lean and hungry look with considerable care, and finally asked me over to the Oak City to dine with him. Last Wednesday was the time set for me to arrive with my appetite; but I thought before going it would be a good plan to telephone him a request to meet me at the station. When the idea secured admission into my head, I was almost to the wharf at the foot of Market Street, and stepped into a billiard-room with a business-like air and asked the proprietor if I could use his telephone a moment. "Certainly," he answered, without hesitating.

It was the first telephone I had ever used and, while pretending to examine a letter in my hand, I carefully read the directions over the mouth hole. When I was fairly sure of doing the proper thing I rung up Mr. Central.

"Hello, Central," I bawled, like a sheepherder, "give me Oakland." In a moment the bell tinkled and a voice, seemingly out of the dead, dark, misty beyond, from whence no man is able to get return rates, said, "What number?" I started to answer, but a linguistic cyclone seemed to strike into the wires and mix words up like a mad Chinaman. There was then a long pause, and I took time to tell the Oakland man what I wanted, but no answer came. I rung and re-rung many times and the silence continued.

Presently I heard a soft, satanic laugh behind me, and I turned in time to see a fool player point at me with a knowing toss of the head. Things were becoming very uncomfortable for me, as the corner where the telephone was located contained a large soup kettle full of tripe stew, and the pepper-flavored steam was curling around me to mingle with the perspiration on my face. I must do something to bring the business to a close. I had not succeeded in getting even a whisper from across the water, but I concluded to give myself a fictitious reply.

"Give me No. ——." [Pause.] "Hello, Dick, are you at the store? [Another pause.] "Well, you can expect me on the next boat." [I paused here at length and pretended to laugh at something said by the alleged Dick.]

"By the way, Dick, you must meet me at the Broadway Station. I don't know the town." [Continued pause.]

"An—em—well, yes, I'll stay to dinner." [Pause and apparent joy.]

"Good-bye."

There! the job was over and I had not heard a word from him, but I succeeded in fooling the hobo behind me who was laughing at my style of delivery.

"Did you get a connection?" said the bartender as he quietly wiped a beer glass.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "and I'm very much obliged to you," laughing in my interior department to think how nice he had been deceived.

"Well, it will be forty cents, young fellow. That's what I charge to connect with Oakland."

I paid him with the last fifty cents I had, and as I slowly walked out into the fresh air—which, thank heaven, is free—the fellow at the pool table laughed like a hyena.

I am rapidly getting acquainted with the work of all the clever beguilers, and have quit lending money to reporters—because I have no more to lend.

Twice I have ordered pig's feet fried in batter at a popular restaurant and I think I got the same bones both times, as the identical dents made with my teeth in the first lot also appeared in the second installment. I am sure, however, that I got two consignments of batter.

I am happy to find one man in San Francisco who is keeping up a high standard. It is Edward M. Green, the designer of the immense statue of Justice with her balance, in which he proposes to give the public a nice ride for ten cents. He is certainly progressive and wants to do business on a large scale.

The cowboy in Stockwell's Theatre who takes a scalp about the size of a horse blanket from an Indian with a No. 6 head, is also a good example of the man whose ideas run to quantity.

I am still with the *Examiner*, and they are giving me something quite often now—my mail.

BOB DAVIS.

A PLEASANT OUTING.

A most interesting programme of twelve numbers has been arranged for to-morrow at El Campo, under the leadership of Marcus M. Blum. That the concerts given under the auspices of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway have become a popular feature at El Campo can be testified to by the great number who visit this resort every Sunday. Below will be found the programme.

1 March, "Persian" ..... Kalliwoda
2 Overture, "Bronze Horse" ..... Auber
3 Caprice, "Belles and Beaux" ..... Rollins
4 Grand Selection, "Maritana" ..... Wallace
With Solos for Cornet and Tuba.
5 Waltz, "Showers of Gold" ..... Waldteufel
6 The Trumpeteer on Guard, Characteristic..Neske
7 Overture, "Orpheus" ..... Offenbach
8 Song, "The Sweetheart of all the Year" ..... Leila France
9 Albion ..... Baetens
Grand Fantasia on Scotch, Irish, and English Airs, introducing "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Garryowen," "Annie Laurie," "British Grenadiers," "Last Rose of Summer," "Minstrel Boy," "Home, Sweet Home" imitation of Bagpipes, ending with three representative airs, "God Save the Queen," "Garryowen," and "Tullockgorum," all going in perfect and powerful harmony at the same time
With Solos for Cornet, Clarinet and Euphonium.
10 Waltz, "Love's Thoughts" ..... Gungl
11 Marceaux de Concert ..... Bosquet
12 Galop, "Jolly Tar" ..... Blum

THE SPARTA.

A really first-class down-town restaurant has long been recognized as greatly needed and much desired. Such a place has now been established in the Sparta, on the corner of Merchant and Sansome Streets. The place is sumptuously fitted, both outside and in, and is an architectural wonder. But what is of more importance, the meals served either at regular *table d'hote* or *à la carte* are unexcelled in any restaurant, hotel, or private club of the city.

The Sparta is under the proprietorship and immediate personal control of D. G. Camarinos, the Consul to the Greek Government, whose reputation as a boniface is too well known to need eulogy.

LIGHT AND LOVE.

Front not the sun; or, dazzled by his whiteness,
Earth's face will seem expressionless and dim,
Features confused and beauty drowned in brightness;
But turn from him,
And thou wilt find familiar scenes and homely
Transfigured with a tender atmosphere;
Scan not the source of all that makes earth comely;
Enough that light is here.

Question not love; or, pondering love's essence,
The wonder of his glory will confound
Those fair effects that issue from his presence;
But look around
And thou wilt find the narrowest prospects spacious,
And dark perplexities serenely clear;
Scan not the scource of all that makes life gracious;
Enough that love is here.

—ALFRED HAYES.

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Music Furnished * For Balls or Private Parties Large or Small Orchestra
RESIDENCE:
710 CALIFORNIA ST., - - SAN FRANCISCO
Orders left at Pacific Music Store, 206 Post St., Kohler & Chase, 30 O'Farrell St, or Sherman & Clay, 137 and 139 Kearny St, cor. Sutter, will receive prompt attention.

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The method of Painless Operating used by me I first introduced in the U. S. October, 1892. Having tested its merits in hundreds of cases, I take pleasure in calling the attention of my patrons and their friends to the perfect safety and great comfort always experienced by those who have been treated on the **New Method.** The advantages of my method are, that it can be safely applied in extreme cases, where ordinary methods would be dangerous, I refer to those who have suffered disagreeable side or after effects from Gas or other anaesthetics to avoid a repetition and the danger by coming to me.
Hours:—10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Graduate Dental Department University of California.
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THE CLUB HOUSE —AT— HAYWARDS PARK Will be Thrown Open to the Patrons of the Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway
ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1893
The well-known Caterer, Jas. Vance, will have charge of the beautifully appointed Dining Hall.
Electric Cars connecting with each Broad and Narrow Gauge Local from San Francisco, run direct to the Park.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The most important event of the week was the action taken by the Lower House of Congress in regard to the silver question. The Wilson Bill went through with flying colors after the several amendments made to it were defeated, the clause repealing the Sherman Act being thus carried by a majority of 239 to 110. It now goes to the Senate, and this or some similar measure will be enacted.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury to the Senate shows that there has been purchased since August 13, 1890, of silver 161,521,000 fine ounces, costing $150,669,459; the highest price paid was August 20, 1890, $1.29¼, and the lowest 63 cents, August 3, 1893. The present selling price in New York is 74. Thirty day options are quoted at 72. Now that the vexed question of the purchase of silver by the Government is about to be settled it is hoped that such legislation will be enacted so as to bring the country to a stage that the cloud of distrust will be removed, and the cry of hard times and universal idleness in the large cities will cease.

While it is true many large corporations and firms are curtailing their expenses and retrenching, it is noted that business is beginning to pick up, and merchants find, as a rule, that collections are easier made and more promptly responded to.

The one who is most seriously affected by the tightness in the money market is the agriculturist who cannot market his fruit and grapes (wine), and the farmer who sees his wheat quoted down to 1 cent a pound, with shipping and bags against him. Tonnage is now quoted at 34 shillings—a rise of 4 shillings in the last few weeks, and in the same time bags have risen from 6 cents to 7½ cents; now 6¼.

At the Produce Exchange demoralization is the rule. During the week wheat declined from $1.18 per cental to $1.13 for December delivery, the lowest price it has ever sold for. To comprehend what this price is to the farmer, we may state that at this time last year December wheat was $1.40, and as our estimated surplus for exports amounts to 800,000 tons, it means a loss of near $5,000,000.

At the Stock Exchange mining shares were more active during the past week, and it looks as though higher prices would rule. Con. Virginia sold up to $1.40 per share, Ophir to 70 cents, Potosi to 60 cents, etc., but it was only a flash in the pan, as the market receded on Wednesday all it had gained. What the outcome of the proposition of the miners to accept a reduction may be is not as yet known though it is thought they will reduce the pay from $4.00 to $3.50 per day. The Virginia and Gold Hill Water Company report that where formerly they charged the Savage Mine $800 per month now it is only $250; the Hale & Norcross from $600 to $250, and others in like proportion

It is also reported that the cost of lumber has been reduced from $22 to $19 per thousand, and the price of wood from $9.00 to $7.50 per cord, and the transportation of ore to the mills from the mines will be reduced from $1.00 to 75 cents; these reductions in addition to the cut of the officers' salaries have brought the mines' expenses to a reasonable limit.

The weekly letters from the superintendents of the mines are commonplace. The Con. Virginia and California reports the yield of ore for the week amounts to 420 tons, average car sample assays of $41.94 per ton. The good ore came from places below the 1650 foot level, where the prospects are excellent. The amount of ore shipped to the Morgan mill was 333 tons; amount milled 380 tons. Some prospecting is going on in the 1500 and 1600 foot levels.

In the other North End mines the Ophir, Mexican, Sierra Nevada, and Union Con. nothing new to report, as very little work is being done. In the Middle mines, the Potosi Mine extracted and sent to the mill 355 tons of ore from the 930, 1000, and 1150 levels. In the Chollar, on the 930 foot level, the north drift from the west cross-cut is out 43 feet; the face is in porphyry. In the Hale & Norcross some prospect work is being done on the 900 and 1100 levels, but no paying ore is encountered. At the Gold Hill end of the Comstock the Belcher hoisted during the week 22 tons of fair ore; the usual prospect work is being done on the 400 and 600 levels.

As yet there has been no great effort made by the many gold mines of this State to list their shares on the San Francisco Stock Exchange. This may be accounted for by the reason that, as a rule, a good paying mine can get as much capital as needed from private individuals, and an undeveloped mine would find it difficult to sell its stock. The people who have been trading in mining shares on the Exchange are used to dealing in silver mines, which, no matter how unproductive and assessment bearing, are bought and sold for the fluctuations which the manipulators make in their various deals. As a rule, there is very little intrinsic value attached to the majority of them. For the gold mines to become popular and be actively traded in is something that may be accomplished by avoiding the policy of giving nothing for something. Because a man owns a piece of ground with a hole in it, and calls it a mine, and lists it, is it not unreasonable to expect the public to bite at it? It is this system of mining that has done so much harm. However, there is a good field for legitimate gold mines on the Stock Exchange.

The majority of the gold mines in this State are getting ready for the winter campaign. There is an unusual display of activity observed in the section adjoining Oroville, Butte County. The Reece is proving a bonanza to its owners. It is a gravel mine, producing about 24 carloads a day, netting from $150 to $200. Other mines in that vicinity are equally productive.

Quite an excitement is going on at the Eddy Mountain, about thirty miles from Sissons, Modoc County, on account of a rich gold discovery there. The hills are full of prospectors making locations. Over $10,000 has been extracted from the quartz taken out.

At the Reward Mine, Nevada County, three shifts of two men are at work. The incline was started on the croppings, which were then 2 inches wide, and at present depth of 150 feet the formation is 22 inches wide. The rock shows but little free gold, but plenty of sulphurets, and has paid from $19 to $40 per ton in the places where worked.

The gravel mines in the district adjoining Nevada City are coming to the front rapidly. The Original Harmony made a clean-up early this month of $4000, which, after expenses were paid, left a dividend of $1500. The gravel now being worked is the richest yet encountered, and indications point that it runs through the entire property. The same lead has been struck up at the Central House, a distance of twelve miles from Nevada City, and the gravel and gold conforms to that of the Harmony. The ground between is owned by W. W. Stow, who has therefore a very valuable prospect. When all the ground is opened it will give employment to from five to ten thousand miners, and the output of gold will make this vicinity famous.

At the Greenhorn Blue Gravel Mine, Siskiyou County, they struck it rich on two days last week, when they took out one day 6 ounces, next day 8 ounces; the water at present is low, but when winter sets in from the two channels that are being worked $100 a day will be the outcome.

The Silver Grey Quartz Mine, at Canyon Creek, Trinity County, has run a cut with which the ledge has been tapped at a depth of 1000 feet; the ledge is 4 feet wide, and from a crushing of 100 tons of ore good results were had.

At the "Never Sweat" Mine, Columbia, Tuolumne County, $1600 was the latest take out. SURETY.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers will sail from Broadway wharf, San Francisco, as follows:
Loring, Wrangle, Sitka, Juneau, etc. (Alaska) at 9 A. M., August 18th, 28th, September 13th, 27th, October 12th, 25th.
For Victoria and Vancouver (B. C.), Port Angeles, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes, Fairhaven and New Whatcom (Wash.), 9 A. M., August 18th and every fifth day thereafter, connecting at Vancouver with the C. P. R. R., at Tacoma with the N. P. R. R., at Seattle with Gr. Nor. Ry. Line, at Port Townsend with Alaskan steamers.
For Eureka, Arcata, and Field's Landing (Humboldt Bay), str. Pomona every Wednesday at 9 A. M.
For Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro, East San Pedro (Los Angeles), and Newport, 8 A. M., Aug. 21st, 25th, 30th; Sept. 3d, 8th, 12th, 17th, 21st, 26th, 30th.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles (Santa Monica), Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, 11 A. M., Aug. 18th, 23d, 27th; Sept. 1st, 5th, 10th, 14th, 19th, 23d, 28th.
For San Jose del Cabo, Magdalena Bay, Ensenada, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), str. Newbern 10 A. M., 25th of each month.
Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.
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Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
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Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
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BreakfastCocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
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Guardian Assurance Co.
Of London
Established A. D. 1821
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Sun Insurance Office
Of London
Established A. D. 1710
Cash Assets - - $10,117,045
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WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

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OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY

ESTABLISHED 1825

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES

A week ago THE WAVE announced the fact that the Scottish Alliance had been refused admission to this State on the ground that its capital stock is impaired. It is now learned that the Scottish Alliance has made arrangements with an American Company, by which the Scottish Alliance takes the excess lines. In other words, if the American Company has—say a $2000 risk—it will probably reinsure $1500 in the Scottish Alliance, thus doing exactly what the law strives to prevent. The Scania thrived on this kind of business, reinsuring in several weak foreign companies, which could not gain admission to this State.

In New York this kind of thing is rendered impossible, because the law insists that the names of all reinsuring companies be quoted in each company's statement, and if the reinsuring companies are not sound, then the items are stricken from the statement. The law of th s State forbids the reinsurance of risks with companies which would not be eligible for admission to this State. There is, however, no way of knowing with what companies any local company reinsures. While the insured may be safe in this underground insurance, if no other injury is done, local insurance men lose the premiums, which are sent abroad to these weak foreign companies.

The Broadway Insurance Company, of New York, which has hitherto been doing a non-tariff business, will open a city agency in a few days, to be conducted on tariff principles.

Before the next issue of THE WAVE it is very likely that the Pacific Insurance Union will have a new manager. Without naming the man positively, suffice it to say that Alfred Stillman has the strongest backing.

"Salaries are being cut, premium receipts are small, losses are heavy and frequent," that is the way one man sums up the underwriting situation.

Fresno keeps up its record well, and every morning a new fire is to be looked for. The 50 per cent increase in rates in that city went into effect yesterday. On Friday next it is more than likely that a 50 per cent rate will be established in Fresno, Kern, Madera, Kings, and Orange Counties, and, in fact, the whole length of the fiery San Joaquin Valley.

Gilchrist and Lavery are the adjusters who were sent to Hanford to adjust the peculiar fire of Simon, Manasse & Co.

T. L. Miller, of the Southern Insurance Company, of New Orleans, left for Denver on Thursday.

In spite of the numerous fires Mann & Wilson make a good showing, with a loss ratio of only 25 per cent.

Some queer stories are in circulation about a certain accident company, several of whose losses have remained unpaid since January 1st.

There are no less than eleven independent adjusters in the city now. These gentlemen have all enjoyed salaries of from $300 to $700 a month, and most of them would gladly be less independent than they are and have larger incomes than they can at present earn.

An Englishman and a German are traveling companions here. Each has a company to place. One of them cannot get in because the capital is too small, the other's capital is just enough, and nobody seems to want either. LOCAL.

Missionary—I come to feed the hungry.

Cannibal—Go on with your bluff. There's nobody here hungry enough to call you.—*Town Topics.*

Winks—What an unbearably conceited fellow that Lighthead is.

Jinks—Yes; I think he must have left college in the freshman year.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM August 28, 1893.	ARRIVE
7.30 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	9.45 p m
7.30 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, §Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis.....	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose.....	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton.....	*3.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore.....	6.45 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez.....	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento.....	10.15 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 a m
*5 00 p m	Niles and Livermore.....	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.....	10.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10. 5 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION Narrow Gauge.

‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz.....	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.45 p m
‡7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations.....	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
‡9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	‡7.26 p m

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.
§ Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays only.

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WAGES.

My lass, when God
  To suffer sent me,
No gifts He gave,
  But only lent me
For gold, my breath,
  For silver, labor;
The sky as friend,
  The grass as neighbor.

The Vineyard called
  For workers many;
At eve I took
  God's punctual penny;
Because I bowed
  Content, I fancy
He gave me you
  For wages, Nancy!

—R. LA GALLIENE.

A SUMMER SONG.

Far better than to build the rhyme
  Of empty words, it is to hold
  Your hand beneath a sky of gold
At sunset in the summer time.

Far sweeter thus to kiss your eyes
  And take life's fulness at the flood,
  Than, lying stranded in the mud,
To weave phantasmal melodies.

To do is higher than to dream,
  To feel is truer than to think,
  And wiser at your lips to drink
Than at the pale Pierian stream.

Yet as this lovely summer time,
  Your sweetness in my arms I hold,
  I feel my kisses growing cold,
And all things turning into rhyme.

—*I. Zangwill, Pall Mall Magazine.*

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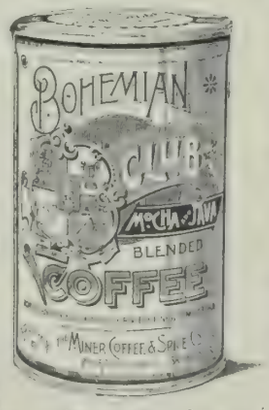

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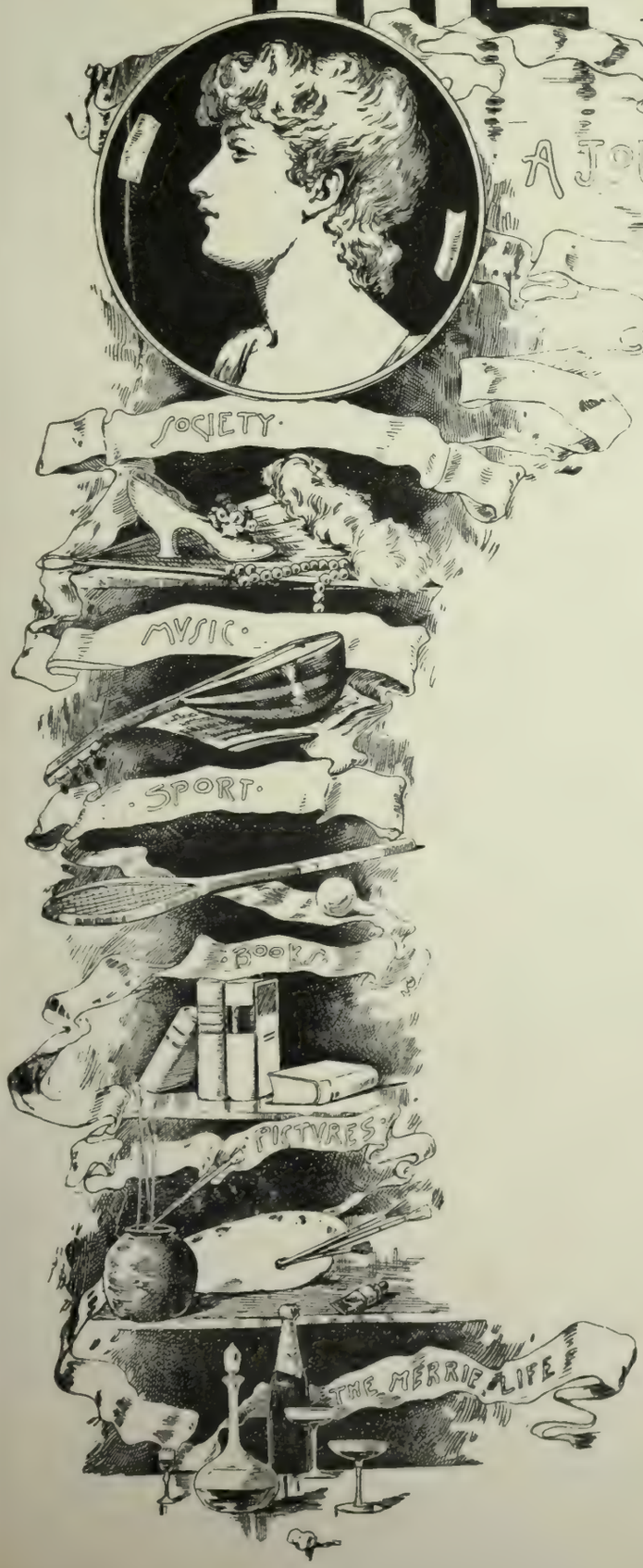

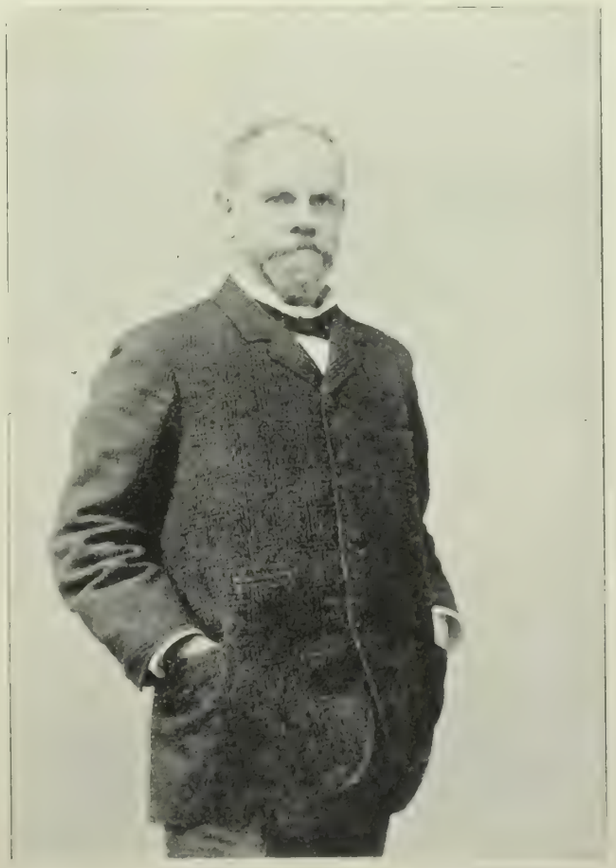

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THE WAVE

Vol. X. No. 36 San Francisco, September 9, 1893. 10 Cents.

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal,

Is published every Saturday, by the proprietor at the CROCKER BUILDING, corner Market and Post Streets, San Francisco.

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES

QUITE an interesting festivity is promised Henry Irving by the Bohemian Club next Sunday night. A big dinner is to be given in his honor, and all the personages of light and leading have promised their presence. Let us hope the *menu* will be up to the mark, for the tragedian knows just a little about the refinements of the *cuisine* and is apt to be critical. Afterwards there is to be music—vocal and instrumental—a programme including both being arranged by Donney Graham and Louis Sloss. A speech or two also, done in the best vein of General Barnes or Crit Thornton. Perhaps other specialties as the evening wears toward dawn.

* * *

The moments drag sadly in Bohemia these latter days. The condition of contentment approaches the beatific. For weeks the hydra-headed demon of discontent has not obtruded a feature, and the Directors are filled with apprehension. May it not be the calm that presages the storm, the peace prophetic of war? Even the lunch denunciations are stilled for the moment, and I am told of certain fellows who phrased a recent dinner as not half bad. I fear there is no especial yearning for the continuance of these halcyon days, for in the absence of grumbling the subjects of talk are few and far between.

* * *

THE NEWS that Will Hearst has disposed of the "Vamoose" for something in the neighborhood of $20,000 will doubtless surprise some of the clever young Editor's friends. The risk of transporting the steamer to this Coast was greater than he cared to undertake, however, and he decided to sell rather than have her crippled in a rough voyage around the Horn. Mr. Hearst's latest idea is to build a large pleasure yacht, the plans for which are already well under way. In the meantime, he spends most of his time in the editorial rooms on Mission Street, and is devoting himself vigorously to making the Monarch newsier and better.

* * *

In contradistinction to the usual order of things journalistic, very little credit for the excellence of the *Examiner* is ever given Mr. Hearst. Yet the fact is, he is prolific of ideas, fertile of resource, and exacting in maintaining a standard and a policy. Decidedly chief of his own staff, no one more readily admits his keen intelligence and journalistic capacity than the bright men who work for him. It must be remembered, though, he is not the type of editor who parades his authority. Mr. Hearst is modesty itself and diffident of manner, but the wisdom of his decision is rarely questioned. If it were otherwise, he could never enjoy the respect of his own subordinates, distinctly the most critical and independent set of men in town.

* * *

The Athenian Club over the bay is in a sea of troubles. The old men have been trying to run it and have made a fizzle, and now the young ones threaten to secede in a crowd. It seems that the old fellows abolished the big bay-window that was the delight of so many of the members. They also furnished the rooms in such a way that there was no comfort left, and then they made a lot of rules to preserve the furniture. The result is disaffection and low mutterings of discontent. If the younger members can be prevailed on to stay, they will be given some voice, even if it be a wee, small one, in the management of affairs. This is the first rumpus the Athenians have had for a long while. They are really doing very well.

* * *

ANIMATED by a sincere desire for the fashionable regulation of journalism, I cannot but regret the failure of the press Vigilance Committee. The impertinence and vulgarity of the newspapers are obvious, and I rejoiced to learn that inspiration and light were to be vouchsafed them from clubdom. Long have I believed that the errors committed proceeded from ignorance rather than malice, attributable to the inability of the writers to dance and lisp soft nothings at cotillions, rather than any actual desire to decry the aristocracy. Is it reasonable to expect young gentlemen whose necessities are more or less pressing to have the fine feelings, the rectitude, the generosity of veritable clubmen whose parents were millionaires and whose ancestors came over on the "Mayflower?"

* * *

That the highly cultured and refined spirits who so nobly answered the call of Press Evangelist Redding and signed their names to the roll of Vigilantes were animated by motives of crystalline purity, why doubt? Reformers of eminent capacity, it is only by personal intercourse one may realize the loftiness of their characters and the lustrousness of their pretensions. Yet with deep sorrow I must confess that the dignity and distinction of this illustrious Fifteen—for out of all Clubdom but fifteen "lined up" against the press—is in question in journalism. The newspapermen are actually accusing certain of the reformers of impertinence; they dare insinuate that others are no better than they might be.

* * *

Not only do these captious and irresponsible journalists criticise the manners, morals, and careers of Mr. Redding's friends, but they breathe threats of reprisal. I am told of prominent editors who are asking portentous questions about the stone-throwing proclivities of young gentlemen who live in glass houses. I have heard of others determined on the destruction of the first "Vigilante" who shows his head out of clubdom. Doubtless the Fifteen realized the consequences of their crusade long ere they undertook it, knew that among people of the pen they would be marked for martyrdom. But are they not reformers and pure? What have they to dread? Still, the lot of the innovator is often bitter, but in a future life there awaits them crowns of glory. In the meantime may I suggest the adoption of *Ave Cæsar te morituri salutant.*

* * *

ROMANCE cometh soon or late into the life of every man. Be he cold or commonplace, struggling or successful, it finds its magic way, and gilds with its gracious glam-

our the dark, dull places of the daily round. Not an uncommon situation in fiction is that of the shy youth who fears to tell his love to the maiden who watches his lips for the words she longs for. There comes to me anent the wedding of Mr. Hirsch and Miss Weill a story almost good enough to be untrue. It shows how often love languishes for lack of courage, how little use where the heart is concerned is the confidence that carries a man through mere *affaires*.

* * *

Long ere the "yes" that betrothed Miss Weill to Mr. Hirsch was spoken the twain had loved. From himself he did not conceal the positiveness of his preference, but, with the modesty of a lover, he found no reason why she should return it. Condemned by conventionality to silence, she dared no expression of her feelings, and thus their wooing languished, lingering over months, because he feared to test his fate. Who knows how much longer, indeed, but for an incident—an interference by the elements that precipitated the proposal and made two hearts happy. From Angel Island they were returning on the tug; it stormed as they left, and on the way across the wind grew fiercer—a veritable hurricane.

* * *

At a critical moment the rudder, torn from its setting, left the steamer at the mercy of the raging waves, and to his passengers the Captain confided their peril. "Nothing can save us," he said, "but another tug, and I cannot see a light on the bay." Surely a somewhat tragic situation for two young people, but it fired with courage the hesitating Hirsch. Taking his *inamorata* aside, he told her his long cherished secret, and begged if they must die that it be as man and wife. Miss Weill through her tears murmured "yes." But fortune smiled on them, for the moments of ecstasy that succeeded the declaration were rudely broken by the hoarse whistle of an approaching vessel. Safely to her berth the tug was towed; the betrothed stepped on shore, and the friends of both have had endless fun over what they call a hurricane proposal.

* * *

THE INTERESTING CONTROVERSY which the suit of Mr. Miller against Miss Mabel Briggs has precipitated, calls for the accurate definition of the ethics of engagements. When the Oaklander in question invited the object of his affection to share his joys and sorrows, he plighted their troth with a solitaire. On her ivory finger it shone refulgent; her friends glared enviously at its gleaming facets and she derived from its sparkle the gracious satisfaction inevitable under the circumstances. But into the Eden of their betrothal the serpent of discontent soon glided. He left undone the things he should have done, and those things he might have avoided he did. And, after due consideration, Miss Briggs announced to Mr. Miller that the sentiment that bound them had passed away.

* * *

But she did not return the solitaire. Should there not be some recompense for wasted nights, for resultless caresses, for gas bills, on which the fond parent had lavished his wealth? What is the use of being betrothed if the maiden may be deprived of the spoils of conquest by a mere change of opinion on the part of a Miller? There are other arguments in the same connection brimming over with irresistible logic. But the situation is one wherein there is fair ground for divergent opinions. On the man's side as much is to be urged, and in these days of "Heavenly Twins," what right has the feminine end of a pre-matrimonial combination to claim privileges she is not willing to concede? The relationship at an end, why not return the ring that was the mere sign or token of it?

* * *

Far be it from me to claim authority on so important a question, but with trepidation I await the determination of the suit. In the meantime the moral has not been lost on a certain insurance gentleman whose marriage was celebrated not so many moons ago. This was an "across-the-bay" wedding. It seems he had an interesting experience with a fascinating creature, to whose charms he yielded his heart, and on whose finger he slid a very handsome diamond. She, tiring of the bond, broke it, but retained the ring. Unlike Miller, he did not sue, but in the course of time profited by his experience. Again he fell in love: she was tender, true, and beautiful, but until their wedding day he gave no ring to her. Wherein he may be accused of exhibiting wisdom.

* * *

The Nos Ostros Club, whose parties and excursions have proved so very enjoyable during the season, has decided to re-organize under a new and more harmonious name. It seems there have been internal difficulties in the institution, and in order to get a new start it was thought best to commence afresh under different auspices. To-night the Club has a banquet at Frank's *Rotisserie*, and after the edibles have been disposed of business will be proceeded with. There are now on the roll sixty-two names, and it is hoped that before the grand ball of October that at least one hundred charter members will be on the list.

* * *

AS A BACKGROUND for first-class romances, Castle Crag has hardly been a success. That the desire to figure entertainingly was absent from the summer visitor, I am not inclined to imagine. The difficulty was the absence of available male material. One story, however, comes to me about a nice young Oaklander who married some four weeks ago, and spent a portion of the honeymoon under Mt. Shasta. He has, it appears, acquired a reputation for economy, and the episode seems to exhibit that it was not obtained undeserved. Half a dozen fellows taking pity on his loneliness—for even grooms are liable to have attacks of that—invited him one day to a little supper. Champagne flowed freely, and they were all very happy.

* * *

A night or so later the same crowd gathered, and on him devolved the doing of the honors. He shivered with apprehension; he seemed to diminish in size, if so curious a possibility can be imagined. At last he begged to be informed what they would drink. They ordered beer. This economic groom glowed with happiness; he sparkled more than champagne would. Since then his victims have more than compensated themselves for their disappointment by whispering the tale of his meanness all over Oakland.

* * *

That very popular newspaperman Arthur La Telle Clarke, is to be married early next month to Miss Emma Jenkins, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. A. Jenkins, of Chicago. Just at present Mr. Clarke represents the *Chronicle* at Chicago, and has done some excellent work descriptive of the Fair. Colonel Jenkins was formerly proprietor of the Clifton House. He is a prominent Loyal Legion man. The happy pair are to have four weeks of honeymoon and will make a trip to the Pacific Coast.

* * *

A quiet wedding that of Louis Hirsch and Miss Minnie Weill, celebrated late Thursday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Castle, on Bush Street. Dr. Voorsanger performed the ceremony in the presence of the most immediate friends and relatives of the contracting parties. Miss Weill was charming in her bridal robe and looked very happy. Afterwards quite an elaborate dinner was served, and in the evening the newly wedded pair had the pleasure of receiving congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Hirsch will spend their honeymoon South, and propose going to Central America later in the year. The wedding presents were exceedingly handsome.

* * *

THOUGH no festivity of importance has occurred, there have been quite a number of minor affairs during the week. Society, with few exceptions, is back in the municipality, and already the era of call-paying is at hand. On all sides one is told of the forthcoming exodus to Chicago. Of the opulent, those who have not yet seen the Fair indicate the probability of an early flitting. Even those of straitened means are bending energies to the accomplishment of the trip. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how anyone with leisure and a few dollars to spare is content to permit the spectacle of the century pass into oblivion without seeing it.

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Among the parties already headed for Chicago are the Houghtons, Mrs. Irvine, and Cal and Will Byrne. Mrs. George Bucknall and her daughter, Mrs. J. Appleton Maguire, left by Tuesday's overland, to be absent two months. Lucius Solomons, the well-known attorney, accompanied by his mother, started

for the Fair late last week. James D. Phelan also went on to preside at the entertainment to be given in the California Building, on Admission Day. On that occasion a poem, written by Miss Emma Frances Dawson, will be read.

* * *

Mrs. C. de Noon gave a dinner last night at her residence at 2024 Jackson Street. Mrs. D. E. Allison gave a dinner on Friday last at her home on Broadway. Mrs. Jefferson G. James entertained a number of ladies at lunch at her home on Howard Street. A card party was given by Mrs. James Irvine, on Monday night last, at her residence on Page Street; a very agreeable evening was spent. On Thursday afternoon a girl's tea was given by Miss Tobin at her home on California Street.

* * *

There will be an interesting gathering at the tennis courts of the Hotel Rafael on Saturday. The tournament promises to be more exciting than that of last year, for the players are in excellent form, and there is a growing impression that a California expert may not be so very far behind the Eastern champions after all. Even a greater degree of interest is centered in the determination of the feminine supremacy. The final set is liable to be close, and I have no doubt but that Miss Morgan will have to play hard for the retention of her laurels. On Saturday night there will be a dance, for which quite a number of San Francisco people are coming over.

* * *

There was a pleasant gathering of musical people at the new home of Mrs. Walter Watson, on Ellis Street, Monday night last. The guests were treated to some excellent vocal music by Mr. and Mrs. Carbanasse, by the hostess, and by Mr. Stich, all of whom were in good voice and did eminent justice to "Cavalleria Rusticana" and other operatic selections.

* * *

The silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. S. Dannebaum was celebrated with much festivity at their home on the corner of Bush and Octavia Streets, on Sunday night last. There was dancing, music, a superb supper, and many congratulations. Some very beautiful gifts of silverware were received by Mrs. Dannebaum.

* * *

The entirely unexpected death of Ramon E. Wilson was a very sad blow to his countless friends and admirers. It is men of his stamp that we need so truly in this community, and the withdrawal from our midst of one of such high character and valuable attainments is to be considered a calamity of public import. Mr. Wilson was a prominent figure in all the higher walks of life. In his profession of the law he enjoyed a wide and growing popularity, and a reputation as spotless in its character as it was exalted in its capabilities. Personally he was a man of charming *bonhomie*, a delightful companion, and a sincere and most trustworthy friend; and to those nearest and dearest to him I extend my sincerest sympathy, as well as a personal regret at the loss to us all of so promising a citizen.

* * *

HENRY IRVING has come among us and has conquered—if an enormous and spellbound audience at every performance is to be considered as a sign of conquest. The critics have been well-nigh unanimous in their praise, praise at times to the degree of fulsomeness, but I question if the general public have found the great Englishman all that they expected. They have flocked to see him in well-nigh unheard-of numbers, it is true, but there seems to be a strange diversity of opinion as to his capabilities as an actor. This is as I expected, I may fairly say as I predicted last week. The average auditor went to the Grand Opera House with the expectation of seeing another Booth. The idolatrous are invariably the iconoclastic. Let a man worship at but a single shrine, and all other altars are false for him. The incense that one burns in one's own censer blinds the eyes.

* * *

Mr. Irving is a school of acting unto himself. That school has its limitations, its standards, and by those standards and with those limitations in plain view he must be judged. He is a master of facial expression, a past grand master of theatric effect. Irving without his accessories, which are really part of himself and unquestionably of his own creation, would not be Irving. At times his delivery and his gesture are faulty, his intonations distinctly unpleasant, but to the just critic these shortcomings—natural disadvantages, to be strictly just—are willingly lost sight of in the face of the superb devotion of the man to his art as he understands it.

* * *

Theatre parties by the score at the Grand Opera House this week. On the opening night Society turned out in force, and the miscellaneous character of the costumes exhibited actually forced into journalistic controversy, questions of the propriety of frock coats and high-necked dresses. There is no doubt, of course, of the correctness of dress clothes, but in San Francisco how few men attempt to follow the *convenances*. On this especial occasion it is hardly worth creating a flurry for the mere discussion of the subject, but draws attention to our provincialism.

* * *

Harry Bigelow, when last heard from, was at Minneapolis with the Huxtons. He is arrayed in some startling tweed combination brought from England by his friends, and looks really magnificent. Later on he goes to New York, and then to Lennox.

* * *

DESPITE financial gloom, Cupid and Hymen continue active. From Oakland cometh news of engagements—the first that of the charming and intellectual Miss Maud Wyman, daughter of Mrs. Captain Wyman, and a niece of Brete Harte. Dr. Duncan Eberts, her *fiancé*, is Chief Surgeon of the Wellington Colleries. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to explain he is not an Oaklander, for what Alameda maiden is ever known to marry in her environment? Broken engagements, alas, seem the sole result of Oakland love affairs. Within a few short weeks Adolph Uhl is to be married to Miss Marshall, of San Francisco—much to the chagrin, I hear, of a certain maiden whose heart was set on the dreamy-eyed Adolph. There is positive curiosity in his set to meet his *fiancé*, who must be a maiden of distinct beauty to suit his fastidious taste.

* * *

The story goes that the affair was a case of love at first sight. A vision of loveliness, she crossed his path at a small dance, and immediately he said: "There is the girl I will marry if I can win her." And, I am told, the course of his true love ran smooth.

* * *

Actually the patronesses in full panoply of swell gowns and fine millinery graced the Bachelder concert the other evening. With them came all Oakland that did not gather at the Irving opening. Really a very pleasant affair, the beneficiary was given something of an ovation, and sang her very best. The members of the Charity Company acted as ushers and officers. Jack Wilson distributed programmes, and Lester Herrick seated the audience in a manner affectingly graceful. Their presence and participation exhibits positively that there is no basis for that tale of disruption some people circulated so industriously. Besides Mrs. Bachelder's numbers the remainder of the entertainment was satisfactory.

* * *

They are becoming very excitable over in Oakland; bellicose, too. Think of Deacon Barnard, of the First Congregational Church, striking Mr. McMullen simply because the latter insinuated he was a railroad man. Are we henceforth to number that especial term among those of distinct reproach? But, even then, does that excuse so holy a man as Deacon Barnard inflicting bodily chastisement on the person of a Christian and a brother? Here is Dr. Pardee, too, engaging in wordy warfare with Attorney Baker, of the Fourth and Townsend Street contingent. But the Doctor is fast lining up in the ranks of the combination whose opinion does not weigh very heavily across the bay.

* * *

Nothing in Oakland again this week. The only excitement is going down to Sixteenth Street Station and bidding good-bye to friends eastward bound. Others have departed this week. W. C. Mason and his two daughters, Miss Grace and Mrs. Ella Melvin, left the first of the week. Mrs. George Mason will go East with her own relatives, the Cronches.

* * *

THE LARGE number of people who, at the present time, are amusing themselves by saying mean things about little Maurice Schmitt of the Fire Commission, I am free to

say, might be in better business. The charge that Mr. Sam Rainey, Master of the Farmer's Grange at Warm Springs, Alameda County, is engineering a fight to secure the reappointment of Maurice to the Fire Board, is a slander that has been invented for the delectation of the innocent. Sam Rainey is not backing Maurice any more than he is backing ex-Supervisor Colin M. Boyd, who is upon the "slate" for the other vacancy. The truth of the matter is, Maurice has a little "pull" of his own, and it is that which is now being exerted in his favor. If Sam Rainey is entirely agreeable to his serving the city another four years in the Fire Commission, it is not because Sam is particularly infatuated with Maurice, but because Maurice is agreeable to the powers that be.

* * *

Let me explain this matter. The Fire Department is composed of between three and four hundred active young men. They receive salaries ranging from $35 to $200 a month. Although the position of a fireman is dangerous at times and undesirable to most men, it is greatly coveted by the class who seek it. Naturally, knowing that a change in the Fire Commission will deprive them of their places, these three or four hundred men are opposed to a change. Being a compact, intelligent organization, the Fire Department, by exchanging favors, places under obligations to it various other organizations. For instance, the Fire Underwriters, or insurance men, dare not antagonize it. The Board of Supervisors, a majority of which is always in politics, does not care to brave its election-day wrath.

* * *

Hence in the game which means to them the retention of their positions and the maintenance of their salaries, the men of the Fire Department are rarely thwarted. They are able to wield a powerful influence because they are as a body a powerful influence themselves. This is about all there is to the fight that is now going on to secure from the Board of Supervisors the appointment of two Fire Commissioners who are favorable to the firemen in office. The talk about Sam Rainey desiring the reappointment of Maurice Schmitt originates with those who wish, by repeating this story, to beat Maurice and substitute for him someone who will represent them in the Fire Department. Personally, I do not believe Sam has had anything whatever to do with the fight. If he has had it is because he does not want two Commissioners appointed who will dismiss Chief Sullivan, Clerk Maxwell, and a few of his other personal friends in the Department.

* * *

It is the fashion of a portion of the press to denounce the Fire Department. I observe that my esteemed contemporary the "Monarch," usually so plausible on municipal topics, fell to the other day and raved about the Fire Commission, Sam Rainey and Maurice Schmitt. Of course it is all easy to understand, but for all that, said ravings are exceedingly reprehensible. Our Fire Department, as an unbiased investigation will demonstrate, is one of the best in the world. Its record in extinguishing fires, the *esprit* that prevails among the men, and the personal character of the officers is far above that of any in the United States. Just why it should be denounced whenever it becomes desirable for a new political faction to get control of it, or what public interest is to be subserved by circulating vile slanders concerning as brave a body of men as exist anywhere, I confess I am unable to imagine. I know Maurice Schmitt to be a good fireman. If the Supervisors reappoint him they will displease nobody except the politicians who, for their own selfish purposes, wish to supplant the men who are now running the Department.

* * *

IN MY OPINION the return of Boss Buckley to the scene of his early political triumphs is not an event of such pith and moment as to justify my esteemed contemporaries in indulging airy facetiæ at his expense. I know that almost anything will justify the space writers of this town in perpetrating funny jokes, but Boss Buckley ought to be sacred from the shafts of their trenchant wits for two reasons. First, because his coming is not at all unlike that of any other citizen of equal wealth and intellect, and, at most, ought not to be signalized by anything more than a mushy interview on the silver or some other harmless question; and, second, being dead politically, he should be permitted to go about in peace. Certainly no newspaper, not even that owned by Mr. De Young, which, in these Midwinter Fair times, is entitled to unusual liberties in consideration of its services to the public, ought to demean itself by striking a blind man.

* * *

The other day I was permitted to read a letter from the fallen Boss, in which he remarked that he expected to leave England during the latter part of August, and, after spending a few weeks in Boston, would probably return to San Francisco. But he added that he should not long remain here if the newspapers could find nothing better to do than roasting him. "I am out of politics and dead to the world," he wrote, "but my skin is as thin as ever, and I can't stand it to be done up for breakfast every morning. Besides, Mrs. B. objects to that sort of thing. Write and let me know whether it is probable that after tanning my jacket a little they will drop the subject." These sentences struck me as quite pathetic. Really, it seems to be a burning shame that Boss Buckley cannot return to a town where he has over half a million in real estate without arranging a *modus vivendi* with the press.

* * *

But whether they will or no, the press cannot again put life into the ghastly cadaver that once went by the name of Boss Buckley in this town. Even Jake Lindo could not breathe into its nostrils the oxygen of life. Buckley is dead forever and eternally. He is not even interesting any longer to the Grand Jury. The statute of limitations bars the offense he committed when, by placing certain shares of stock where they would do the most good, he passed the Metropolitan Electric Railway franchise through the Board of Supervisors. Advertising will do a good many things, but it cannot again make Mr. Buckley a political factor in this city. The esteemed press may as well cease from troubling. "Buck" is not only a chestnut—he is a dead chestnut.

* * *

WHOSOEVER IMAGINES a telephone wire is the proper medium for the transmission of secrets need feel no surprise if he finds they are public property. Under the Exchange system, which, of course, has a variety of specific advantages, it frequently happens that switching goes very much awry, and the valuable communications that one is engaged in confiding to one's good friend are just as liable to be heard by one's enemy, whose ear is at his own receiver. Some curiously complicated tales are going the rounds anent the new system—one of a wife on the verge of calling up her own husband, hears him busily arranging for a poker game with a friend of his. A moment later he is regretting in saddened accents, which the wires clearly carry, how sorry a press of business detains him down town.

* * *

It would be ridiculous to expect one's telephone talks to have the sanctity of the mails, but it seems Manager Sabin, who has a prolific and inventive mind, can surely find a means of minimizing the dangers of overhearing. Until he does, I should strongly advise circumspection if the communication partakes of the confidential.

* * *

A SOMBER commentary on the contract system applied to community property is offered by Referee Creswell's findings in the White divorce case. Instructed by the Court to examine into the possessions of the Mendocino millionaire, whose unkind treatment of his better half secured her a separation, he analyzed flocks, herds, and broad acres, only to discover that matrimony had conferred poverty rather than affluence on his subject. In fact, his possessions began the dwindling process soon after the knot was tied, not that either White or the Referee ventured to insinuate connection between the phenomena. There are the facts, and those who themselves are married may deduce all they please.

* * *

Next to Mrs. White, the individual most interested in the result of Mr. Creswell's discoveries is Attorney Highton, who so vigorously waged war against the husband and won the verdict. Associated with him were J. A. Cooper, of Ukiah, and Henry McPike, who learned, with some degree of astonishment, during the progress of the case, that the senior Counsel had a contract with their client for fifteen per cent of all he succeeded in recovering. The immediate result compassed, they asked the Court to fix their

fee and were allowed several thousand dollars each, which, with much repining, the Mendocino Crœsus paid. For Mr. Highton nothing, it being understood that only the final consequences concerned him. Since then the difference between a million by repute and ten hundred thousand dollars in fact has been realized by all concerned, and both Mrs. White and Mr. Highton are anxious to learn where the conclusions of Referee Creswell place them.

* * *

Fifteen per cent of nothing is a problem that might defy a senior wrangler, and, considering the heavy and effective work of the Attorney, it appears somewhat inadequate. Nothing if not voluminous, and with a tremendous capacity for exhausting every imaginable phase of a question, Mr. Highton argued for six days before the Referee on the subject of Community Property, and, alas, there was none.

* * *

Rather an interesting question has arisen in regard to the poem "California," declaimed at the Midwinter Fair Exercises by Mrs. Charles F. Johnson. Credited to the pen of this eminent elocutionist by the dailies, it seems the authorship is claimed by a Mr. E. J. Sculz of Watsonville. Written originally for the State Grange, a copy was turned over by Poet Sculz to the maternal relative of Mrs. Johnson, but it seems the highly enthusiastic verses were made more so still, rather to the regret, I conceive it, of the composer, who complains that they evidently thought he had not said enough in praise of the State. The actual authorship of so important an addition to literature ought, it seems to me, to be determined without further delay. Otherwise, who knows but in years to come it may rank with the Letters of Junius, or the identity of the Man with the Iron Mask.

* * *

TWO YEARS of San Francisco life were ample for Byron Waters. He has packed up his law books and silently stolen back to his old home in the little town of San Bernardino, repenting that ambition ever tempted him North. With so admirable an introduction to general practice as his association with the late Judge Messick afforded, it seems strange Waters did not establish a *clientelle.* A lawyer of considerable brain force, and a very good fellow, he possesses far more capacity than half the men who are making thousands out of their practice. Yet, he has not succeeded, and he asked not for a too complete demonstration. Ever a leader of the Democracy in his section, I presume he will again head delegations to the conventions of his party as he did in days of yore.

* * *

Some years ago an irrigation case of considerable importance brought Judge Messick to San Bernardino. He associated with himself Byron Waters, and as the trial dragged on over days and weeks there arose between the two men an intimacy that developed into a close friendship. Very generous to the few he really cared for was the great specialist, and he promised the country lawyer that when the time came he would give him a wider field for his ambitions. This chance the death of young Phelan afforded, and into the vacancy in the big mining firm Byron Waters was installed. Only a certain line of business came to Messick's office—mining cases of the most complicated and difficult character, and of importance sufficient to enable the payment of the large fees he exacted.

* * *

Plunged immediately into litigation of the first importance, Waters hardly developed the degree of ability expected of him. Not wanting in comprehension, he yet lacked the special talent for mining law which Messick's cases required. Still, he figured prominently in the Hale and Norcross suit and in several others; he wrote a good many strong briefs, and during that first year and a half in town gathered in a great deal of money. But with the death of its chief the firm lost its hold. Its business was largely one of isolated cases —cases that came to Messick because of his own ability, and they who brought them would have Messick and none other.

* * *

When Byron Waters found himself becalmed he reasoned the situation out philosophically and returned to his old home richer in experience, a little disappointed, perhaps, but who knows what degree of development he may not yet achieve?

* * *

WITH ALL due deference to the information that is said to have leaked out of the sanctuary, I do not believe that Rev. Dr. John Hemphill threw up his job at St. John's Presbyterian Church simply because the choir giggled. I do know as a fact, however, that the choir at St. John's frequently giggles. But in that respect it does not differ from the average church choir. I take it that all choirs occasionally giggle. Nor do I believe that Dr. Hemphill quit work at St. John's because Mr. Wilson, the Tivoli tenor, was invited there on several occasions to sing. Dr. Hemphill is rather on the dramatic order himself, and he is the last man in or out of the Presbyterian faith whom I should suspect of objecting to a tenor because he seeks his bread and beer upon the operatic stage. I am convinced that neither Mr. Wilson nor the giggling ladies of the choir produced Dr. Hemphill's theatrical resignation.

* * *

Ten or twelve years ago, Dr. Hemphill filled the pulpit of Calvary Church, to which, I understand, he is about again to be called. In that pulpit he made quite a reputation as an orator. Calvary, you must know, is at the very top notch of Presbyterianism in this city, and exactly why, after contributing to make it so fashionable a place of worship, Dr. Hemphill should have resigned and departed for Philadelphia, I never knew. His place was taken by Dr. Spreacher, a greatly inferior man, and I am told that the congregation of Calvary for ten years has been yearning to secure Hemphill's return. But there was some unpleasantness years ago and the church officials have never exactly cared to ask him. So it happened that when he actually did return to this city, he took charge of the pulpit of St. John's.

* * *

It has long been an open secret, however, that he was not in love with his new flock, and I am told that before many months had slipped away his yearning to again fill the classic aisles of Calvary with the sounds of his voice, and the yearning of Calvary to have him do so, were quietly made known to the proper parties. From that day St. John's has held Dr. Hemphill by a silken thread. At any moment he has been liable to jump. The reverend gentleman is a Scotch-Irishman and a Presbyterian of the most enlightened and vigorous variety—a man, in fact, who is never afraid to speak his mind. I cannot imagine why he should consent to the public intimation that a giggling choir and a Tivoli tenor ran him out of St. John's, when the truth is he desires merely to resume his old place in Calvary church as the most stunning pastor of the most brilliant Presbyterian congregation in San Francisco. It is quite absurd to say that a man of Dr. Hemphill's iron nerve and robust constitution could be disturbed by a giggling choir.

* * *

In the sad dearth of dollars that prevails throughout the city, no one profession has the monopoly of poverty. To an undertaker of eminence a certain lawyer was bewailing the absence of fees and the utter impossibility of collections. "As for you," he said, "these dull times cannot affect undertaking. People will die, you know."

"Alas!" replied the undertaker, "it is even worse for us. Nowadays when a man is ill, he refrains from calling in a physician."

"Well?"

"The result is, the death rate has dropped fifty per cent."

* * *

The man who makes a will prohibiting his wife from marrying again, should be denied Christian burial. A case in point is that of a jolly and jovial captain, who by no means averse to leading a double life himself objected very seriously to having a successor, fogetting that it is not nearly so immoral or embarrassing as permitting a contemporary. The testament in question left everything to the widow so long as she retained his name That, he thought, settled the matter for ever. But lawyers are cunning and the man who wished to be husband No. 2 was willing to sacrifice a point for the sake of the estate. He is to take proceedings to change his name, and his future patronymic will be the same as that of the dear departed. Thus the widow remains a wife without ceasing to bear the name

on which the estate depends. Truly invention is the daughter of necessity.

* * *

JUDGE ROSS, of the Southern United States District Court, to whom the interpretation of the Geary Chinese Registration Act appears to have been left by consent of all parties, is achieving fame very early in life. He cannot now be much over forty years of age, and yet he has already well-nigh run the judicial gamut. I do not know who originally discovered Judge Ross, but in 1879 he was nominated for the Supreme Bench by two political parties and elected. In 1882 he was elected again, but this time by only one party. He served four years and resigned on the ground that his health was bad and he could not stand the hard work. Soon after this President Cleveland appointed him to the United States District Court for the Southern District, a position which lasts during the remainder of his life.

* * *

Judge Ross is what the lawyers call a born jurist. He has never practiced law to any extent, and so has never suffered the mental warping that afflicts nearly all practicing lawyers. His decisions, while on the State Supreme Bench, are considered to be among the ablest that have ever emanated from that tribunal. The fact that the Federal judiciary all over the country have rolled over upon him the task of construing the Geary law shows that a great deal of confidence is felt in his judgment and courage. Repeated attempts have been made recently to get decisions on the same subject from Judges Morrow and McKenna in this city, but they have all failed. Those jurists avowedly hesitate to tackle the disagreeable question. A few days ago Judge McKenna was asked what he thought of the rulings of Judge Ross. "There is no question," he answered, "but that whatever Ross decides on almost any subject is *the* law. You are not likely to see him overruled on Chinese law especially, for he understands it thoroughly."

* * *

JUDGING from his recent manifesto in relation to the salaries of the employés of the Street Department, I should say that Supervisor Dundon had abandoned his ambition to run at the next election for what they call in the region south of Market Street "High Sheriff" of this town. Certainly no man who ever expects to become Sheriff would think of reducing the wages of the army of loafers who work on the public streets. Those gentlemen each receive from two dollars to four dollars a day, and upon a very liberal estimate—giving them the benefit of every doubt—they earn about fifty cents. The sewer cleaners spend the greater portion of their time drinking beer in corner groceries, and the pavers put in their weary hours talking politics.

* * *

Doubtless Mr. Dundon is right in seeking to reduce their wages. As nearly all the money that is paid to them is wasted, it can do no possible harm to reduce the amount. But, notwithstanding, no man who hopes to be High Sheriff can afford to take a stand against them, for every employé of the Street Department is a statesman and a politician, and on election day every one counts for a dozen namby-pamby citizens, no matter how "prominent," who know nothing of the science of government. Therefore, I reason that Mr. Dundon has abandoned his ambition. Perhaps it is just as well, however. Dundon is a contentious little man, and it is reasonably certain that in any event he would talk himself to death long before the next nominating season.

* * *

But just exactly why he should go out and dig himself a political grave, as he has done by assaulting the Street Department loafers, is hard to conceive. My opinion is that Mr. Dundon thinks too much. If he would shave off his whiskers, padlock his jaw, quit thinking, and, as Jack Dougherty, of the Fire Department, would say, merely pick his nose and look wise, he might yet become High Sheriff of this town. If he would do those things I am not certain but that I would get into his fight myself.

* * *

In journalism there are always congratulations for the man who emerges, so I suppose Sam Ewing, who has left the *Examiner* for the law department of the Southern Pacific Company, is to be felicitated on the change. For many years Mr. Ewing has done "railroads" for the "Monarch," and has made many friends among the best men in the big brick building. Interviewing them on all sorts and conditions of current events, he has won an enviable reputation for honesty and correctness of statement—characteristics railroad men are by no means prone to attribute to newspaper men. In his own profession Sam has many friends who will learn with pleasure that he enters the Southern Pacific service under the best auspices, and is pretty sure of rapid promotion. That he has brains and ability his work has shown.

* * *

BEFORE they get through with their crusade against the Southern Pacific "octopus," I expect the Oakland Common Council will raise the old scratch with its grand army of commuters. At present it is quite evident that the deadheads have the upper hand, and if something is not done to restrain this asinine body Oakland may anticipate, within a short time, the loss of a large part of its population. Already three friends of mine, who sleep in Oakland and trade in San Francisco, are preparing to leave the Athens just because the Common Council has "regulated" the Oakland trains so that they will miss the boats they have been accustomed to take every morning. I am free to say that it would require considerable persuasion to induce even so patient an ass as I am myself to live across the bay and wait half an hour in the mole depot for my matutinal trip on the raging main.

* * *

Of course, I can understand how it happens that it is fashionable at the present time to "fight the railroad" in Oakland. It is not to the point that if the Southern Pacific should shut up its shops and give that town the go-by, there would be no Oakland. It signifies nothing that the Company pays to Oakland people in salaries more than the profits of the ferry amount to. There are certain gentlemen in the Common Council who think it will profit them politically to abuse the railroad, and they will probably continue to do that thing until they discover their mistake. However, I do not suppose that it is any of my business. Oakland seems to be accursed in its Common Councils. If those bodies are not composed of boodlers who despoil it, they are composed of demagogues who misrepresent it. As between the demagogues and the boodlers, I do not know which inflicts the most material injury.

* * *

THE DEFERENCE due to the Commodore of the San Francisco Yacht Club is not properly appreciated in Sausalito. Unparalleled as it may seem, they are laughing at a story on him and accuse his dignity of a downfall which might stun an eagle. Among the most welcome of the Commodore's guests are two gracious and graceful maidens, whose presence on the "Chispa" the great man rejoiced over. Time and again they came until tempted by the rival attraction of a naphtha launch, which crept buoyantly and breezily up angles of Richardson's Bay which the flagship of the squadron could not tackle.

* * *

Commanding the "Electrix" were two young Englishmen and their parties were the jolliest of the season. Deserted by his charmers, the Commodore plotted a dire revenge. Into the ears of the maidens' parent he whispered a terrible warning not only against naphtha launches in general but Englishmen in particular. Alas! the result—the stern father refused to allow his daughters to go on the "Electrix," and the protestations of the English tars were absolutely vain. How they sighed for revenge. It came. A week or two later the squadron was cruising under orders from the "Chispa," whose Commander in the full panoply of his yachting rig was sunning himself on his own quarter deck.

* * *

Just off Angel Island, alas, the breeze, which had borne him along so spankingly, dropped, and then he lay in a dead calm, immovable. There was to be a ball that night and without a tow the Commodore was denied the privilege of opening it. The shades of evening were falling when the "Electrix" steamed by the stationary "Chispa," and was vigorously hailed by Gutte. Down on her the lithe launch bore, twisted and circled around, finally getting near enough for Captain Avery to assure the Commodore that it was

quite too dangerous for so risky a craft to attempt towing so safe a sea boat. A moment later and the "Electrix" shot towards the dance hall, where Gutte and his friends got some hours later—just in time to find the revel over with.

* * *

THE SMOKE of battle still lingers in the Olympian atmosphere. There are lowering clouds that the election has not dissipated, murmurs of discontent over excluded friends and included enemies. The card-room coterie, whose responsibility for the conservative ticket is admitted, is unhappy because it elected but three of its supporters. The regulars are disconsolate over the loss of Forsyth, Knight and Shorten. However, they control the board, and that is a distinct consolation. It seems a pity Olympic politics cannot be conducted with a greater degree of urbanity. Certain features of the late unpleasantness were more objectionable than surface indications evidence. There was an infusion of acrimonious personalities that may yet result in the disruption of the institution.

* * *

The regular ticket, made up of certain men interested in particular departments of the institution, is said to have been one of the strongest ever offered. Its announcement, however, sent certain other individuals with ambitions into the opposing camp, and then the fight ensued. Weed, Chairman of the House Committee, joined it; the selection of McArthur, for leader, sent Short into the ranks. Then the active participation of W. F. Beck and Steve Casady suggested the interposition of W. Greer Harrison, which, however, was very positively denied. Indeed, the result of the upheaval was the production, by the Conservatives, of a very good ticket, and it really made no great difference which gained most votes.

* * *

That the administration of Henry Crocker will not fall below the expectations of his friends, is positive. So far he has made a valuable officer, and experience must increase his effectiveness. Mr. Pennell, the new secretary, is distinctly a popular man, who has few enemies and many warm friends. Given to yachting, he had with him that element, and, with the fight against Forsyth, he had no great difficulty in winning. That General Barnes will be a valuable adjunct to the management of the institution if he will but give it the time, no one doubts. As for the other new men, they are all serviceable, and will be deeply interested in the work of the institution.

* * *

Treated to a revelation of character, the Wilkie concert-goers found themselves face to face with an original. Mr. Henry Strauss, it is to be presumed, has played innumerable times for audiences, but the opportunity of talking to one never presented itself until the episode of Golden Gate Hall, judging from his interrupted eruption into eloquence the other evening. Mixed hilarity and sympathy greeted him until he announced himself an unknown quantity of greatness in pianists. Whereupon the assembled multitude fell into convulsions of questioning their culture in failing to have his name classed with the pianists of pianists. Mr. Strauss consented to touch to ecstasy the living lyre in the form of the tinpannikin so prodigally provided, but the ecstasy didn't walk. True he diplayed sagacity of the antiquated type in bringing a dowry of frontal bones to bear upon sundry accompaniments, but the young ladies did not rise in a body, casting their heavy hands and hearts upon him, with shrieks of adoration, as they would have had Paderewski been the artist. Like Remenyi, Mr. Strauss is probably ready to swear that a caroty wig and a reputation for refined lady-killing are indispensable to the fame of an artist, and, judging from his recent conversation with the public, he should be capable of acquiring these little arts with sufficing readiness.

* * *

THERE IS a very marked condition of *statu quo* in the financial department of the Midwinter Fair. A large number of those who have agreed to contribute seem much inclined to delay the transformation of their agreements into solid and substantial coin. This is plainly the effect of something, and I am inclined to think the cause is due to the continued star-chamber methods of the committee. It seems to me very unwise to insist upon keeping the general public in total ignorance of the progress of the collections. As matters stand now, no one outside of the select few in the mysterious mezzanine rooms has the faintest idea of how much coin is in hand, or even how much has been promised. Even my statistical friend, the lightning calculator of the *Call*, admits the incapability of his system to arrive at even an approximation of the amount of money which has been subscribed.

* * *

All this, it seems to me, is radically wrong. It is clearly the duty of the gentlemen in charge of the financial end of the enterprise to keep the public posted as to the progress of the fund. Not only would this restore the confidence which is now so conspicuously lacking, but it would serve likewise to bring the laggards to the front with their contributions. It is not in common sense to expect men of business to write out their checks for the amounts they have agreed to donate without acquainting them with the doings of their neighbors. Let us know day by day how the fund progresses, how near or how far from the required amount the total is, and I feel sure that everyone will be better satisfied. It is absolutely necessary that the enterprise be carried to completion for the sake of the reputation of the city and the State, and such short-sighted policy of secrecy and subterfuge must not continue.

* * *

GEORGE FOLSOM, the popular young accountant of the Southern Pacific Company, strolled into the office about half past nine one morning last week. He was greeted with a genial good morning by Secretary Willcutt, who also gently suggested the somewhat lateness of his entry, and inquired the wherefore. "Yes, there was a little sickness in our family this morning," was the answer. Now, said family consists of his wife and himself; at that moment she was enjoying a short vacation in the country.

* * *

"Ah!" said Willcutt, "your wifes is home then?" to which Folsom responded in the negative, and attempted to pass on. "But," continued the now curious Secretary, "you said you had sickness in your family, and you say your wife is not home—*you're* not sick are you?" Another "No"—the victim looking as if he wished the inquisition might go no further.

"Well, if your wife isn't here and you are not sick," persisted the relentless Willcutt, "who is sick?"

"Well, our little dog was feeling somewhat ill this morning," groaned the unhappy Folsom, as he plunged into the innermost recesses of his desk and hid himself from view.

The Witness.

Maud—Dicky seems to be very timid. He was afraid to kiss me last night.

Marie—I don't think he is timid. He kissed me the other night.

Maud (spitefully)—That does not show he isn't timid. He probably was afraid to refuse.—*Vogue.*

Imitation is the sincerest flattery. The many imitations of Sherwood's Keystone Monogram Whiskey speaks volumes for it, but little for them.

She (just after accepting him)—I don't see why you were so sure I would have you.

He (happily)—It was because I heard you tell one of your friends that my last necktie was unbecoming to me.—*Truth.*

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAVE
A Society, Literary, and Political Journal.

The decision in the Behring Sea case concludes the historical career of Mr. Blaine. His Egan diplomacy in Chili had evaporated already and its instrument, succeeded by a gentleman, has dropped into an obscurity so profound that it permits a pin-drop to be heard, but it embraced Egan noiselessly.

Blaine has passed into history attended by the polite and manly expressions of his opponents and the intense and over-wrought ascriptions of his partisans. The searcher for the mark he left upon the time in which he lived will find the same in resolutions and eulogies rather than in history. His diplomacy was simple. It consisted in teasing the British lion. Whenever he could report that that royal beast was in agony his friends would announce that Blaine was the agonizer, and that settled it. Looking over the record there appears not a single conclusion of a diplomatic issue on the Blaine line. He and Egan coppered the wrong card in Chili. The fishery question is where it was when President Harrison was inaugurated and wet his new suit in the showers of March 4, 1889.

Blaine abandoned the closed sea theory in Behring sea, and originated the novel doctrine that the seals born on the Pryboloff Islands are citizens of the United States and incapable of expatriation, carrying our jurisdiction wherever they swim. This was fantastic, and, therefore, Blainey. Such a doctrine embedded in international law would carry analogies of the most interesting nature. If citizenship inhere in one creature that swims in the sea, to what creature may it be denied? We would have found our national honor in the keeping alike of the blubber-padded whale and the lowly lobster.

Upon that theory, however, the recent arbitration proceeded and we lost the case. From asserting sole ownership of the seals, we descend with a dull thud to consenting that foreign sealers may hunt in deep water, and do that which we have denied to our own citizens.

The curtain falls on the Blaine episode, with the pan-American Congress merely the memory of a painful alcoholic impression on the pneumo-gastric nerve, with Egan in the limbo of the forgotten, and American tenants of the Alaska rookery compelled to poach under a foreign flag for the pelts and profits they expected under their contract.

* * *

The negro people of this city have held a meeting and passed resolutions against the lawless lynching of black men in the South and central West. Looked at from the stand-point of patriotism and philosophy, the negroes are the last people who should by example be taught that it is safe to violate law, provided the victim is suspected of its violation. In some of the lynchings there is no doubt of guilt and no mistake of identity. But in many there are doubts, and in neither case is it humane or expedient to lawlessly take life. Let it be granted that usually the lynched man is accused of a revolting and unmanly crime and the excuse for its *al fresco* punishment is that the legal penalty is insufficient. I grant that no men so guilty should live, nor am I squeamish about the method of getting him off this good, green earth. But if he is to die by rope, torch or torture, let the law say it, and then judicially execute the law. This safeguards the accused, if he be innocent, and it takes off the guilty without weakening the safeguards of Society as they are always weakened by lynching. The negroes who are making this issue against mob law, should make their position so plain that none can accuse them of denying the right to lawfully punish members of their race who are proved guilty of crime. They know how abhorred is the offense which usually provokes these outbreaks. They know that white men who commit it are pursued by hue and cry, and frequently lynched. Therefore let them join the demands of Society that the death penalty be fixed by law for that crime, and add their influence to that of law-abiding white men to secure judicial execution of the statute.

* * *

The Evans-Sontag play is reported by the daily papers to be ready for the boards. Members of the family of the head of the firm are in training for the leading parts. It is a splendid field for the realistic, and should out-rival "*La Tour de Nesle*," that lurid tragedy in which all the actors are left dead or repentant on the stage in the last act.

It is expected that the law and its officers will be smitten under the fifth rib, and many an incipient train robber and amateur murderer will find his high purpose to be a bloody outlaw strengthened by witnessing it. As for the contributing audiences, if they are beset by footpads on the way home, or find their houses robbed when they get there, I suppose they will accept such incidents as evidence that Society is reorganizing upon the plane of the train-robbing belt, according to the highly moral lesson taught by this edifying drama.

* * *

Senator Teller, the gentle-minded Statesmen from Colorado, announces that he has his winter clothes and proposes to obstruct action on the Sherman case and be-devil the country, until he breaks every bank in the United States. This utterance seems to be approved and applauded by other Senators.

When one conjures to the mind's eye the consequences that would follow the success of that threat, treason and insurrection are dwarfed in the list of crimes by contrast with this offense against food and fireside.

Confessedly in the minority, the free silver men in the Senate propose to ambush behind freedom of debate and defeat the majority by indefinite discussion. This course is merely wilful. There is no prospect of a majority next year, or any year, for free coinage at a ratio of 16 to 1. The people make Congress, and if they did not make this one to enact free coinage, they will not make the next for that purpose, after the object lesson they are getting now in silver congestion. There being no present nor future prospect of getting their theories into law, these men, by obstruction of the majority, violate a primordial principle of free government, for it is the intent of that system that the majority shall impress its policy upon affairs and bear the responsibility. Senator Teller and his allies propose government by the minority. The sober second thought of the people will condemn them and their financial theories, and dump them in a heap with political garbage, from which the most skillful co-worker of Mr. Boffin will not be able to pick even a paper rag.

The good effect of the gallant majority won by the President in in the House is seen in the easier circulation of money. The premium on currency has disappeared. The New York banks have paid their clearing-house balances in cash, and exchange on that city is now sold without the condition that it is payable in clearing-house checks. The metal and fabric mills are starting up, and the palm of labor is tickled once more with wages. Hope brightens every home again. But as the clouds roll by the eye of the Silver Senator is jaundiced and gall rises to the root of his tongue. He sees that all that is needed to complete the re-instatement of confidence is concurrence with the House, and this he proposes to prevent by foiling the majority. A cause won by such means is a cause forever lost.

* * *

By the way, is California a silver State?

While money was bootlegged a petition for free silver went around and was numerously signed. Men were asked: "Do you want plenty of money?" Of course they do, and were told to sign this petition and money would be abundant.

To call such a paper an expression of public opinion is to misrepresent California. This State is more interested than almost any other in sound money, in the commercial money of the civilized world. California exports to a foreign market $40,000,000 a year in the products of her soil. If free coinage come, no Act entitled an Act can keep gold from going to a premium of 50 per cent and that will mean that our producers will get only $20,000,000 for their $40,000,000 exported.

Mexico does business on precisely that basis, and I invite the people to study in her condition the operation of the silver pill they are invited to swallow.

JOHN P. IRISH.

FINE ARTS AND DECORATIVE ARTS BUILDING.
B. McDougall & Son, C. C. McDougall, Architects.

MECHANIC
Edward R

MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.
A. Page Brown, Architect.

BU

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTE

ACCEP

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL HALL.
SAMUEL NEWSOM, ARCHITECT.

RTS BUILDING.
IN, ARCHITECT.

DINGS

OF

NTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

OM

D DESIGNS

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.
A. PAGE BROWN, ARCHITECT.

MIDWINTER EXPOSITION BUILDINGS.

ARTHUR H. BARENDT.

Whatever the opinion of the buildings of the California International Midwinter Exposition may be as to their size and number, there can be but one verdict as to their architectural beauty. There is every indication that the exposition structures will present an appearance harmonious and yet delightfully varied. Their arrangement with respect to the grounds and one another will be symmetrical, and their location will be such as to afford a gratifying *coup d'œil* to the visitor.

Knowing the interest taken in the Midwinter Exposition on this Coast and the almost greater interest beyond the Rockies, THE WAVE has presented this week a finely finished half-tone plate of the five buildings, reproduced from the designs of their authors.

Of the two buildings which A. Page-Brown has designed and will erect on the Exposition Grounds, one is for the Administration. This structure is Oriental in outline, and in the detail of its ornamentation the Central Indian and Siamese are chastely combined. It consists of a central square structure covered by a lofty and highly ornamental dome, with four pavilions, one on each angle of the square. The cost will be about $25,000.

The Fine Arts Building is to be, and ought to be, a permanent structure. C. C. McDougall shows more than ingenuity, more than happy ideas in his drawings. He plainly devoted time, talent, and study to its evolution.

In plan the building is very simple, being a rectangle 136 feet long and 72 feet wide. In the centre of one long side there is another rectangular structure 60 feet long and 34 feet deep. The main building is simply four brick walls covered by a slanting glass roof carried on a graceful iron truss. The walls will be furred on the inside as a preventative against dampness, and the pictures will rest against cloth stretched over the wooden lining to the brick building.

The exterior covering of the building will be plastered, the ornamental work being wood. The brick walls will be forty-two feet in height, and from the ground to the apex of the pyramid will be a height of eighty-one feet.

The interior of the vestibule is to be a striking feature of the building. It will rise through two stories and the roof, representing the "stepped" construction of the pyramid, will, through colored glass, cast a soft light to the gallery and floor below. The sculpture will be in Egyptian style and the columns in harmony with it.

In the art gallery itself the opportunity of illustrating the Egyptian character is reduced to a minimum and can only be suggested in the coved ceiling, embellished with lotus, and the decoration of the inner side of the circular balcony through which light passes from the upper to the lower floor. On the level of the ground the architect proposes that only statuary, ceramics, and art treasures of three dimensions shall be exhibited. In the gallery of the upper floor with its numerous alcoves, abundant space for pictures would likely be found.

With the austere life of the Mission Fathers there is always associated the suggestion of flowers and trees. Samuel Newsom has taken for the foundation of his work the Mission building, and then, finding that it did not afford him all the latitude he required, he has tracked the fathers back to their homes and has followed the architecture on which their ideas were founded. With these Spanish Mission ideas and suggestions as a basis, he has combined more than a tinge of the Romanesque once so much favored in the southern portions of France and in Spain.

The "Mission" is evident at a glance, and in the triplicate arched entrance, the short columns, and other details, the Romanesque can be readily detected. The great dome is the most striking feature of the building, and will be the most laborious portion to construct. It will really rest upon the ground, though apparently will exert its thrust upon the walls. Behind and above the arched entrance, and carrying a secondary dome on its crown, it is certain to be a landmark in the exposition grounds. It will be 101 feet 6 inches in diameter, and 90 feet high from the ground to the "lantern."

Round the dome on the outside there will be a roof garden, and the background of this garden as seen from the front above, and set back from the circular foil window, over the entrance, will be beautified with a series of pretty plaster figures in low relief. Instead of the cherubs of Raphael, Michel Ange or Rubens they will be Nineteenth Century cherubs of the Kate Greenaway order—a pretty innovation.

In point of size the building will rank among the largest. The central square carrying the dome will be 190 feet a side, the rectangle on one side will be 146 feet long and 122 feet wide, and the bay will have a radius of 30½ feet, so that the extreme length will be 266 feet 6 inches, and the greatest width 190 feet.

The cost will not exceed $70,000, including a log hut with a tall tower, which will stand close to the agricultural portion of the building. This little annex will be an exhibit in itself, and will be as beautiful in its way as Mr. Newsom's handsome main structure. The architect is to be congratulated on his work as a whole and in every detail.

Indian is the type of architecture chosen for the Mechanic Arts Building. It is as nearly pure Indian as it is possible to design a building of this class in that style. The relation of the Byzantine, Moresque, and Indian is close, not alone in the love of gorgeous effects but in the more striking features of outline. Edward R. Swain, the architect of the Mechanic Arts Building, has succeeded in producing a design for a building which will be beautiful, striking, and highly artistic in its rich oriental style. His idea has been to attract the eye to the grand entrance in the centre of the building and then to invite inspection of the entire structure. In this effort the architect has succeeded well. The peculiar roof with the "prayer-towers" rising on each side, the lofty arched entrance flanked by kiosques, and the brilliant coloring cannot fail to catch the eye first, and then tempt it to wander to the other portions of the building, delighted with its proportions and pleased with its surprises. The rows of openings in triangular form, the sculptured and painted panels, the towers with their projecting galleries and the minarets are all evidences of Indian architecture and make of the building a palace.

The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, of which Mr. A. Page Brown is the architect, is the largest structure of the exhibition. It is Moorish in style, measures 462 by 237 feet and covers 101,784 square feet. The exterior of the building is covered with "staff," which is treated to represent marble. The long array of columns and arches forming the arcade across the front of the building is relieved from monotony by elaborate ornamentation.

There are four great towers, richly ornamented and with projecting flower balconies, one in each corner, covered with low-domed roofs covered with tile. In these towers are entrances to the building, the main entrance being through three great arches in the centre of the façade under the dome. The exterior of the arcade across the front is decorated with symbolical figures of the various arts and sciences.

The interior of the building is treated much after the manner of a Roman *basilica*, with broad nave and aisles. The roof is, therefore, in three divisions. The middle one rises much higher than the others, and its walls are pierced to form a beautiful arcaded clear-story.

Within the building there is a gallery averaging thirty-five feet in width and extending around all four sides, so that visitors may survey the vast array of exhibits from it. The galleries are approached upon the main floor by five great stairways, the flights of which are each eight feet wide.

The building, including its galleries, has an area of 152,000 square feet. Its cost will be about $105,000.

Mr. A. Page Brown has produced an elevation at once picturesque and in line with popular ideas of what an exhibition building should be. Its proportions are perfect, and standing directly opposite the great Golden Gate, which is to admit the people of all nations to the California International Midwinter Exposition, it will be strikingly beautiful and eminently fit.

GOING SOUTH.

It is ever so far away
For the swallow to fly;
And she peeped from an English thatch
At a round of sky!

But the elders have told her tales
Of the sister blues;
And she starts at the wink of dawn
On her windy cruise.

She can tell her path in the void,
Though her native sod
Was here in a Warwickshire lane,
For her pilot's God.

—R. LE GALLIENNE.

The wind blew his hat off and sent it sailing a whole square. When he had got his breath again he said: "That fashion paper was right."

"Which one?" asked his friend, in astonishment.

"The one that said that 'the soft hat is having an unprecedented run this season.'"—*Puck.*

ADAM'S TUTTI FRUTTI

PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

CHEWED FOR HALF AN HOUR
AFTER EVERY MEAL

A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION

AMATEUR SPORT

I think I may safely venture to say without fear of contradiction that the forecasts regarding the performances of California horses on the Eastern tracks have been very well borne out by events. When, after the MacDonough, Fair, Williams, and Follansbee strings met with a series of defeats in the spring meetings, well-nigh all the formerly enthusiastic followers of the various stables were much inclined to turn upon their former favorites, and write down the whole lot as a crowd of rank outsiders. While I clearly expressed it as my opinion that none of the Coast representatives were good enough to appear to advantage in tip-top company, or stood even a fighting chance for any of the great stakes of the year, I insisted repeatedly that they would all show much greater merit in the autumn, and I can say without vanity as a "forecaster" that such has certainly been the case.

The MacDonough stable has been whipped into very good shape, and, as a result, a number of profitable purses are going the way of the enterprising and courageous young owner. Ameer's victory on Monday was a very satisfactory one, for it showed this young son of Kingston to be a genuine clinker. He shouldered a very heavy bit of weight and won in the easiest style. As the colt started with good odds against him, and as Mr. MacDonough is a warm supporter of his entries whenever their form justifies it, it is safe to assume that a good sized pot was added to the credit side of the stable's books. While I don't think Ameer good enough to go against the mighty Domino or his superb rival, Dobbins, I should have liked to have seen Ameer accorded a better chance of extending himself for the great Futurity. He started at odds of one hundred to one, and, unfortunately, was lost in the big field of unmanageable youngsters.

On the same day that Ameer won Jack Follansbee's splendid mare, Gloaming, added another victory to her list of wins and some more dollars to genial Jack's bank account. The race was a mile and a quarter over the turf, and the time 2:12. That game old campaigner, dangerous in any company, Raceland, could do no better than second, while as good a horse as Kildeer was third. I sincerely hope to see Gloaming bred to Ormonde.

The arrival in this city on Monday of MacDonough's prize stallion was an event which should be marked on the calendar of racing in this part of the country. The grand horse stood the trip splendidly and got here with the accompanying mares in splendid health. I must say that I think that the newspapers of California have been very frugal in their praises of the young gentleman whose love of sport and of the most laudable of pastimes, the breeding of high class horses, induced him to spend well-nigh a quarter of a million dollars to bring this magnificent batch of racing stock to the Coast. Ormonde has been loudly praised, and columns of sensational description about his blankets and his sweaters and his "parlor car" have been written with but a passing reference to the courage and generosity of the man who brings them to California.

My always interesting *confrere* "The Tipster," who with "The Veteran" writes such admirable racing news for *Town Topics* (N. Y.) prints this paragraph this week:

Among the daily visitors at Sheepshead are Porter Ashe and "Tom" Williams, the whilom antagonists in the Geraldine matter in California. They do not speak as they pass by, but, judged by the bearing of each when he meets the other, "some pretty tall thinking" is indulged in. Bury the hatchet, gentlemen, and call the whole matter off.

There are those of us out here, who, while we might wish to assist at the hatchet interment, are very decidedly skeptical as to the likelihood of its occurring in the near future at least!

* * *

Now that the overwhelming excitement over the election of officers in the Olympic Club has subsided somewhat, I am in hopes that a little more attention will be paid to sport and a little less to politics. I am glad to see that my suggestion of over a month ago, regarding the plan for a big midwinter athletic, tennis, and bicycling meet during the projected fair, has borne fruit. It would be an excellent incentive to sport, and I feel safe in asserting that quite a number of good men would come out from the far, far East.

It is just as well for our local athletes, in the face of the prospect of meeting some of their fellow walkers, runners, and jumpers, to make up their minds that they will have to do a good deal of tall training and practicing to make even a fair showing with the Eastern men. In point of fact, we are dreadfully behind in the matter of records. The average O. A. C. or college man who runs a quarter in 50 or 51 seconds, a half in two minutes, and the mile in 4:40, or thereabouts, is looked upon as first-class. The broad jump of 20 feet, the high jump of 5 feet, 10 inches, and the shot put to 37 feet are all considered good performances out here. It is very doubtful whether any of the above figures could win a man even a third medal at any first-class Eastern meeting.

Conneff's world's record of 4:17½ for the mile, earned at Boston a few days ago, was a superb performance, and displaces George's American record made a good many years since, when the phenomenal Lon Myers went down at the distance before the powerful Englishman. Conneff's time is also over a second faster than the best time George ever made in England while he was in the amateur ranks.

* * *

To-day decides the much-mooted question of the championship tennis doubles at San Rafael as well as the ladies' championship of the Coast. The finals occur too late for me to make any comments upon them this week.

* * *

Consternation has come into the very heart of the camp of the Blue and Gold football players over the unlooked-for arrival of "Pop" Bliss, engaged as coach for the Cardinals, and down at Palo Alto, despite the great stringency in the money market and "the need of rigid economy" to keep the college going at all, there is consequent jubilation. While the coming of the great half-back is somewhat early for a California season, it is to my mind all the better for the team, and I think the managers of the Stanford kickers showed not a little wisdom. Not only is it a matter of supreme importance to have ample time in which to select from the mass of material presented the most promising men, but it is likewise greatly to the benefit of the sport to keep up the interest in it from the very outset. If anything, all of our California athletes are inclined to be lacking in the snap and enthusiasm which is so characteristic of their Eastern cousins, and when something can be found to fire the ambition, it is for the better.

Bliss is certainly a very strong man and should be of great benefit to the Stanford players. He has the reputation of being much more convivial and whole-souled than his hypocritical brother, "Laurie," and should according to all accounts, make many friends among the football players of the Coast. The Yale expert will begin his campaign of education by looking after the welfare of his men in the way of clothing and shoes, as he very wisely declares that many a young player becomes disheartened at the outset by his rough handling in consequence of an improperly made outfit.

* * *

This year's contest for the Wieland cup promises to be a mighty poor imitation of a yacht race. Last season the race was won by the swift-going "Jessie," but as Commodore MacDonough is in the East at present, the race this fall will narrow down to the "Aggie" and the "Lurline." While the absence of the "Jessie" is to be regretted, the other two boats are quite well enough matched to make an interesting race of it, and I sincerely regret the unsportsmanlike determination of the owners of both the "Aggie" and the "Lurline" to race their boats without the necessary scraping and black leading. Yachting in these waters suffers painfully from a lack of encouragement as it is, and if owners of such prominence and wealth as the Wielands and the Spreckels set such a bad example, what can we be led to expect from the balance? If the boats are good enough to rank as representative California craft they are worthy of a better fate than sailing for a prize with foul bottoms.

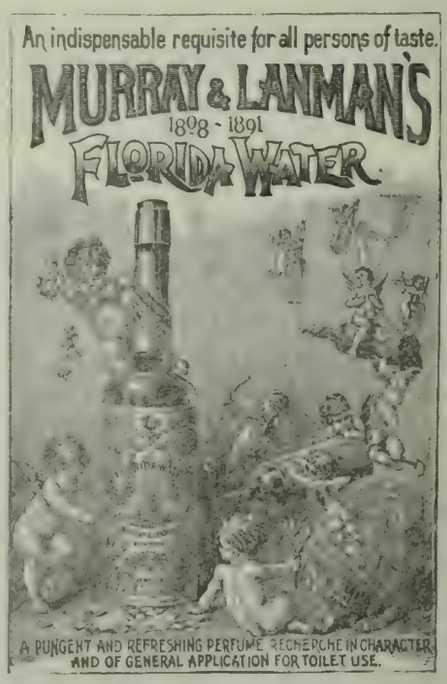
THE STARTER.

He—Don't you think Miss Highheels is a perfect dream of beauty?

She—Oh, yes; a perfect dream, which never comes true.—*Vogue.*

Her Adorer—No, sir; it is not for the sake of your daughter's money I love her, it is on account of her sweet temper and charming manners.

Her Father—If it is not for money you wish to marry, I can let you have my niece; she has a much sweeter temper and no money whatever.—*Vogue.*



MASKS AND FACES

HENRY IRVING IN "THE BELLS."

It is related that during the first performance of "The Bells" at the Lyceum Theatre in London, somebody in the pit started to hiss Mr. Irving. "Hush!" a neighbor was heard to say to him, "not so soon." There was quite a different spirit abroad Monday evening. The vast crowd that filled the Grand Opera House had come there to give welcome to a foreign reputation, and it poured forth its plaudits with undiscriminating prodigality. In the comedy that preceded "The Bells," not only the effective points, but even the little hitches came in for their share of the applause. What wonder, then, that brains so easily heated were inflamed to delirium by the sweeping realism of the English actor.

Just how great is Henry Irving's interpretation of Mathias in "The Bells," the spectator may never know. We measure the strength of one actor by the weaknesses of others who have gone before him. When a new role is created, we still gauge and judge, but few of us justly. By means of facial play and gesture, of sigh and moan, and all the other symbols of emotion, the actor reveals to his audience the inner workings of his soul.

If his voice is flexible, and his physiognomy mobile; if his word suit the action and the action the word; if he possesses a goodly portion of that indescribable something called magnetism, and at least a touch of that indescribable everything termed genius, the public realizes in a vague, satisfied way that the actor has realized his conception of the role.

Within this scope rest the limitations of passing criticism. The conception itself is lost sight of, or rather taken for granted. Whether it is the greatest and truest interpretation, few pause to consider. People are more concerned with the methods than with the vivifying power that embodied the dead, cold lines of the playwright into a consistent personality. And yet it is as an interpreter of the drama even more than as a master of the technique of acting that Irving is peculiarly conspicuous. Whatever censure they may invoke, his conceptions are not the result of chance inspiration, but of exhaustive analysis and firm conviction.

The role of Mathias is a dangerous one to trifle with. The actor either seizes it firmly or misses it altogether. Melodramatic, yet subtle; flashy, yet psychological, it possesses elements that appeal alike to the tragedian and to the dramatic trickster. But woe to the charlatan who might undertake to portray it! To have seen the "Corsican Brothers" converted by clumsy handling into an uncanny farce, is to realize how delicate is the poise upon which such plays rest.

Irving absorbs the role in its entirety, accentuates the effects, at the same time making them subordinate to the whole. He develops the subtleties, and sweeps with it all into the very realms of tragedy.

Startling though his method be, there is no sacrifice of truth.

There is everywhere consistent development. The Mathias of the first act is not the victim of a newly awakened conscience. His is the tense control and febrile imagination of one whom the Furies have never ceased to pursue. He is nervously alert. He has been listening to those bells for fifteen years. We are told nothing of those years, but we see and feel that he is the result of them. And as surely as his sensitive face evidences the experience of a past, so surely does it foreshadow a grewsome future. From the first we are made to know that the end is inevitable. In his own mind dwells the destiny that he hopes to conquer. It is an unequal struggle—a struggle between a weakening will and an unbridled imagination.

It is with the events of this losing battle that the play has to do. There is no detail that fails to find its proper value in Irving's impersonation. His Mathias is well armed for defense—he is clever, cunning. "The man who killed the Polish Jew was no fool," he tells Christian. But all his cunning avails him nothing against the real foe within him. Here is no question of conscience. He is not suffering for what he has done, but for the punishment that may come to him. He regrets his lost happiness, it is true, but remorse he does not know. It is an imagination, not a conscience, that is torturing him. The bravado that he displays is consistent with his cowardice. It savors more of nervous excess than wilful recklessness.

He is alone—always alone. Never before have we been made to feel this poignant solitude of guilt. It is the solitude of the mind that feeds upon itself. In such a soil is bred insanity. Even after the crash has come, and it comes in a way that is unnatural and horrible, and yet natural and just, the mind retains as its most vivid impression not the desperate despair of the prisoner, crying for Christian, his protector, but, strangely enough, the picture of the rural wedding, the merriment of the villagers, the light-hearted song and dance, the atmosphere of careless innocence; and in the midst of it all the old man a part of the gay scene and yet alone—appallingly alone with the bells.

But while Irving's conception of the difficult role is great beyond criticism, and while he presents a splendidly sustained identity, his methods are undeniably unfortunate.

There is a question of doubt as to whether Irving is more widely celebrated because of the subtlety of his Mathias or the halt of his stride—the greatness of his Becket or the break in his utterance.

So much has been said of his mouthings and his posturings, his palsied gait and extravagant gesture, that discrimination is lost in the glad surprise of not finding him a galvanized marionette. Yet the most biased partisan cannot fail to see that his mannerisms obscure his genius. In the freedom of melodramatic movement they are occasionally lost sight of or they become identified with the role. But they are serious obstacles to the highest reaches of the tragic art.

Had Irving come to us unheralded by his fame, the plaudits that were showered upon his least effort would have been reserved until his genius had forced its light through the fog of his eccentricities.

It is well enough to bid us close our eyes to these peculiarities of speech and manner, and think only of the greatness that lies back of them. We know well enough that mannerisms do not make an actor, and that he must not be judged by them. Still, they can do much to mar him.

It is the first law of success that an actor be understood, and we cannot be expected to admire unreservedly what is frequently unintelligible. If the facial expression were the sole medium of an actor's emotion, Irving's sway might be indisputable. But as long as the potency of voice and gesture is acknowledged, his greatness will never be based upon his capacity for passionate expression, which must always be marred by redundant gesticulation and broken speech, but will rest, rather, upon the depths that he knows how to sound in moments of repose.

Hence, a play like "The Bells," which offers the license of melodrama and which is at the same time subtle and psychological, furnishes Irving an opportunity for the free display of his greatest powers.

So electrical is the understanding established between his audience and himself, so intimately does he take them into his confidence and project into their minds the burning secrets of his own, that his Mathias adds itself for life to the few creations that are unforgettable. HARRIET L. LEVY.

A very interesting series of plays are promised by Henry Irving and Ellen Terry for next week. So far as the programme has been decided on it runs thus: Monday evening, "Alivia;" Tuesday, "Charles I;" Wednesday matinee, extra, "Alivia;" Wednesday night, "Louis XI;" Thursday night, "The Merchant of Venice."

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Adapted from "The Vicar of Wakefield"

Tuesday, Sept. 12th ..... CHARLES I

Extra Wednesday, Sept. 13th (by special request) ..... OLIVIA

Thursday, Sept. 14th ..... THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

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A BRIEF NOTORIETY.

Just after the memorable Three Days of July, 18—, the floating population of Paris was modestly increased by the arrival in that city, from his native province, of M. Symphorien Baliveau.

The owner of this curious and not entirely euphonious patronymic was a young man of about five-and-twenty years, neither handsome nor ugly, fat nor lean, the type, in fact, that one daily elbows on the boulevards and never looks at twice. I need not add, of course, that such was not his own opinion; on the contrary, he was deeply impressed with the consciousness of his own charms and equally determined to profit by them for the attainment of the object of his ambition—notoriety.

For two weeks after his arrival, then, he pondered incessantly on the best means of accomplishing his desire and finally made up his mind.

"Everything is in my favor," said he—"good looks, money, and a determination to succeed; all I want is a short-cut to celebrity; a duel will give me that."

This conclusion arrived at, M. Baliveau impatiently awaited a chance to test the correctness of his idea, which very soon presented itself. The next evening, indeed, while he was treating himself to a bavaroise at Tortoni's, a short, muscular individual, dressed in the latest mode, with a bristling mustache and a self-satisfied air, took his seat at an adjoining table. The provincial, after a critical inspection of the newcomer, rose from his chair and, saluting him courteously, requested him to favor him with the address of his tailor.

The stranger glanced askance at his questioner.

"Why?" inquired he curtly.

"Because I am struck, monsieur," said Symphorien, "with the good taste of your costume. That green coat with silver buttons becomes you admirably."

"You think so? Well, your wish can be easily gratified, for I chance to have a card of my tailor in my pocket. Behold it!"

"Thanks, monsieur. May I ask if you have also the address of your shoemaker in your pocket?"

"The same thing is in my pocket, monsieur," the little man answered with great suavity, and tearing out a leaf from his notebook he wrote on it the required address and handed it to Baliveau.

"Is there anything more you desire to know, monsieur?"

"Only this—your hatter's name, if I may be so bold."

"That, I regret to say, sir, I cannot afford you to-night, but I have it at home and to-morrow morning two of my friends will bring it to you if you will kindly oblige me with your address."

"With pleasure, monsieur," replied Symphorien, "here is my card."

"And here, monsieur, is mine."

"Nothing could be better," thought Baliveau, as, exchanging a polite bow with the stranger, and paying for his bavaroise, he strolled leisurely out and down the boulevard; "impossible to settle a similar little affair more pleasantly. My adversary is a gentleman—there is no doubt of that. By the way, who is he, I wonder?"

And he drew the card from his pocket, approached a lighted window, and on the little square of pasteboard, in clear, sharp etching, read: "Martial Roque."

"Roque!" said he, starting back and paling visibly, "the great duelist, who never misses his man, but either spits him with a thrust impossible to parry, or brings him down with a bullet sent evenly between the eyes. Bon dieu! what a mistake I've made, all for the sake of a little celebrity! I'll be celebrated enough to-morrow, that is certain, but what good will it do me if I'm not there to see it?"

As may be imagined, Symporien's sleep that night was none of the soundest, and early next morning he was roused from a fitful slumber by the arrival of his adversary's seconds. He explained to them that, being a stranger in Paris, he could not off-hand refer them to his own assistants, but promised that they should certainly accompany him to the appointed place and accept the arrangements as made.

A secluded spot in the Bois de Boulogne—less frequented in those days than now—agreed upon and four o'clock in the afternoon proposed and accepted, M. Roque's friends announced that their principal, having the choice of weapons, selected pistols, and this formality over, left Symphorien to his meditations, none of the cheerfulest, as you can see.

While ruefully reflecting to whom he could apply in this dilemma, he chanced to pull from his pocket the two addresses given him by Roque.

"Ah-h, a happy thought; the very men I want!" said he, brightening up.

And without a second's delay he dispatched a message to M. Staub and Sakosky, the fashionable tailor and bootmaker of that epoch, requesting their immediate attendance at the hotel where he was stopping.

Thirty minutes later they were there, and as a wise measure of conciliation—Symphorien was no fool, after all—he gave them an order considerably larger than they were wont to receive, even from their most extravagant customers; then the necessary selections and measurements made, he amazed them still more by demanding the amount of the bill, as he desired to settle it beforehand.

Settle a bill beforehand! Staub and Sakosky had never heard of such a thing! With one accord they protested against the need of so speedy a payment; they had every confidence in monsieur's solvency and were not in the slightest hurry!

"That may be," replied he, "but I am. I have a duel this afternoon with M. Martial Roque, and though I am no novice in such matters and have caught a swallow on the wing many and many a time, one cannot be sure, with so dangerous an adversary, what may happen."

The two tradesmen exchanged looks of apprehension.

"A duel!" gasped Staub, "with M. Roque!"

"You are a dead man if you do!" added Sakosky, prophetically.

"The more reason, then, for putting my affairs in order," quietly responded Baliveau. "Here are 10,000 francs. If things go ill with me, and there be anything over, you can account for it to my heirs."

Staub and Sakosky stared at each other aghast. Such an off-hand proceeding took the breath out of them. The idea, too, of losing a customer so generous and confiding as to urge payment ahead of time aggravated both bootmaker and tailor to the point of frenzy. On the other hand, they reflected on the chance—most unlikely, of course, but still possible—of his proving himself the better shot of the two. Roque owed them a regular pot of money, and if he should chance to fall by Symphorien's bullet, who would pay their bills?

Staub looked at Sakosky, Sakosky looked at Staub. It was enough. They understood each other.

"Monsieur," said the latter, "in a case like yours the choice of seconds is a matter of great importance. May I take the liberty of inquiring the names of those who act in your behalf?"

"I have none as yet," replied the young provincial; "I shall probably take the first two soldiers I meet; any one, in short. I have no acquaintances in Paris to whom I can apply."

"Then, monsieur," said Staub, "I may venture to make you a proposition. Whenever I have a leisure moment I am generally to be found in some shooting-gallery, where our skillfulest marksmen congregate. I am not a novice myself, either. Therefore, as you are unprovided with seconds, if you will condescend to accept my services and those of M. Sakosky—"

"Willingly, messieurs," interrupted Symphorien, who desired nothing better, "you anticipate my wish and save me an infinity of trouble."

* * * * * * * *

Three hours later, the two principals and their seconds, punctual to the minute, arrived at the spot fixed upon for the encounter. At the sight of his tailor and bootmaker Roque stared in amazement, and, advancing towards them, angrily demanded what they were doing there.

"Is this a time or place to be pestering me with your infernal bills?" he cried.

"But no, but no, M. Roque," protested Staub; "how could you suspect us of such a liberty? We are not here as tradesmen, but in the honorable capacity of seconds to M. Baliveau."

"What!" exclaimed Roque, disbelieving his ears; "he has chosen you?"

"He could not do otherwise. You gave him our names and addresses, and as he knows no one else in Paris, he was only too glad to avail himself of our services."

Roque's sense of humor—small as it was—was so irresistibly tickled by the absurdity of the situation that he laughed outright. Encouraged by his unusual geniality, his two creditors began eloquently to implore him to be merciful.

"Consider, monsieur," urged Sakosky, "if you deprive us of so excellent a customer, the loss it will be to both of us. A perfect treasure, who pays without bargaining and before the goods are delivered! These are hard times, M. Roque!"

"And we have so many bad debts on our books, M. Roque," Staub added, insinuatingly.

The last allusion appeared to nettle Roque; he pushed them unceremoniously aside, strode up to Baliveau, standing patiently waiting, and eyed him curiously.

"Monsieur," said he, with a courteous bow, "you are sharper witted than I took you to be."

"Eh? In what way, monsieur?" Symphorien demanded.

"You know how to save your skin without compromising yourself. But see you, tell me what made you so bent on a duel last night?"

"Ambition," frankly confessed the provincial; "I wanted to be celebrated and saw no other way."

"Ah, you have the mania, too, then? So had I once—till I outlived the folly. Well, no matter; you've courage and your wish shall be gratified more easily and safely than mine was. Get into my cabriolet. When they see us returning together people will

say of you, 'Behold the only man who ever went out with Roque and came back safe and sound.' Jump in before I change my mind, which would be all the worse for you."

Symphorien needed no second hint, but leaped to his seat, was driven back to Paris, and paraded up and down the boulevard. Then they stopped at Tortoni's.

"Here we part company," said Roque. "Enjoy your celebrity while you can; if it shouldn't last, don't blame me. Adieu!"

"Adieu, monsieur," returned Symphorien, stepping to the curb and saluting his late antagonist with a jaunty air.

Then, agreeably conscious that he was the object of universal attention, Baliveau proceeded to the Café de Paris—the restaurant most in vogue at the time—where he lengthily dined, knowing that every eye, from the waiter to the *dame de comptoir*, was fixed upon him with an interest and curiosity that satisfied, even beyond his anticipations, his thirst for notoriety.

"At last," he murmured, as for the twentieth time he strolled from the Rue Grande-Batalierete to the Chaussee d'Antin, "at last I am somebody."

Alas, for the unstableness of human felicity! Next morning there was a panic on the Bourse. When he entered Tortoni's for breakfast no one noticed him; they were too much absorbed in the profits and losses. At the Café Paris and Café Riche, where he went for lunch and dinner, it was always the same—no one noticed him any more than they had noticed him at Tortoni's during the morning hour. Even the waiter, who had served him so obsequiously the evening before, served him now mechanically, and without the faintest apparent recollection of ever having set eyes on him before.

It was the *coup de grace* to Baliveau's brief celebrity, and, weary and dispirited, he returned to his province home. The miss had been too narrow for him to risk making himself a target a second time for Roque's unerring aim. Better a whole skin in the country than a forgotten grave in Paris, and an epitaph, "Here lies a fool." Decidedly, he told himself, the game was not worth the candle.—*Translated from the French of Donzere by E. C. Waggener.*

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

Now that so many of our friends are bound for Chicago, don't you wonder that they don't prepare to be more comfortable and clean while journeying thither? The very best costume for traveling is a thin serge made with an Eton or short jacket, and a quantity of silk shirts. On to the belt of the skirt should be worn a chatelaine, which should contain a flask of distilled water, a cake of almond soap, a box of rice powder, a camel's-hair brush with which to apply the soap, a taper, a tiny pair of tongs, and a glass tube of carmine. With these, whenever at any moment they wish during the journey, they may freshen up and look as if they had just stepped out of a bath.

One should always take a number of old shoes along as one's feet become so swollen sitting still for so long a time, you know. Also a great number of veils, as they do save one's skin so and add to the beauty of the complexion, besides keeping one's recalcitrant locks in order.

Nell, who is of what I call a providential turn of mind, went around to her friends and got half-worn skirts, shoes, stockings, old silk vests, etc., and said, when these friends thanked her for the pretty gifts she brought them, "Oh, this is what I have saved from my laundry bill; if you had not given me the clothes I should not have had half so much pin money." Half worn gloves, too, are so useful; and that reminds me, I saw the loveliest undressed kid long gloves in all colors, in Oakland, the other day, for seventy-five cents a pair. Now what excuse is there for any girl going around with horrid soiled or worn gloves when she can buy new ones for almost nothing? Whenever I feel especially hard up and want anything, I walk and use my car fare for my pet fads or fancies.

You should go to Stockwell's Theatre if you want to see a swell looking woman who knows how to dress. I went to "Ye Earli Trouble" the other night and simply lost my heart to Marie Burress, or her clothes, or both, or either. One dress I particularly liked was a gray crêpe, I fancy, cut low with a long fichu draped softly around the shoulders and hanging with long ends in front. It really had a most graceful effect.

Our latest excitement here is the Widwinter Fair, and we girls are going to try and see what we can do in the way of making it attractive to our Eastern visitors. The ladies here, take them as a whole, lack that oneness of spirit which inspires confidence and commands success. I shall never forget last spring when some of the bolder spirits wanted to send a suitable exhibit to the World's Fair in Chicago, and the manner in which their efforts were discouraged by the very ones who should have assisted. It was objection and counter-objection, and reminded one of the days of long ago, when we, as little girls, played ladies and considered it our bounden duty to quarrel and object to every suggestion of our sister lady.

The ladies' class at the Olympic Club becomes daily more popular, but many of the husbands and fathers of the members disapprove of it and lay all the ills and aches of the female members of the family at its door, and simply because the women are idiotic enough to overdo things. They are so anxious to become champion swimmers that they remain in the water till the weaker ones faint and the stronger ones wonder they feel so debilitated. They fence till every muscle becomes sore and exercise on the poles and bars until they are so lame they cannot move for days. Why can they not learn to "make haste slowly," and they will find that instead of becoming weaker and thinner and lamer they will get on twice as quickly and show their fathers and brothers what is to be gained instead of lost by their attendance at the Club

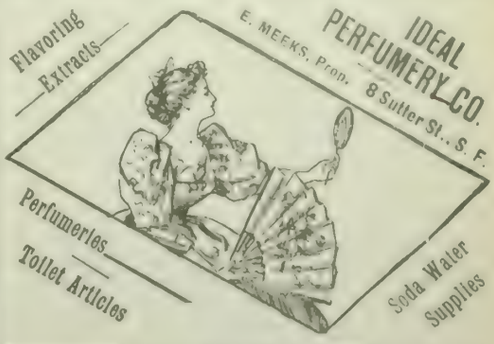
You say, how about revers, lapels, and that sort of thing. Make your mind easy, my dear; they are to be more popular than ever. Also, those very swagger sprung collars, which are made in about a dozen pieces and have such a stylish effect. The basques, too, with a little flounce below the waist, are positively fascinating on a slim girl and have such a smart effect. The vests are not made with buttons, but with a single seam up the centre, which has a really prettier appearance. Some of the vest materials are very fetching with dark grounds, with flying birds or pussy's head in white silk—rather loud looking, I fancy. Others are in basket material, like cross-stitched canvas, you know, with light dots or spots, and are quite *chic*.

If you want a pretty calling or reception dress get a crepe or India silk, and have the waist and skirt ruffles and all accordion pleated. It has simply a bewildering effect, and enhances every curve in yourfigure. Even the jackets are a good deal trimmed this season, not only the collars and cuffs, but the skirts. Those horrible seamless jackets are still to be worn by the foolish virgins and matrons, for who, with even the smallest *soupçon* of a figure, will make a guy of herself by wearing such a hideous coat? Flounces are also quite *en regle*, and if confined to those to whom they are becoming, will be quite a pretty variation, but if the stout, short women insist in making day or night hideous by donning them, we shall wish them hidden away among our other household skeletons.

You ought, also, to get a white serge dress to wear in the afternoons at home during the winter—it is so soft, warm and pretty—and every girl looks fresh and loving in white. They are rather inexpensive now, too, and clean beautifully. So take a friend's advice and get one. If you have any ready cash, now is the time to shop—such bargains! You really ought to persuade your father to give you your allowance ahead of time, for here and at present is the shopper's Utopia.

THE REFLECTOR.

The celebrated Del Monte Orchestra has returned to the city, and its services may be secured by addressing Mr. Valentine Huber, care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.



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SYMPHONY CONCERT.

For many seasons no programme given without alien attractions has drawn as large an audience as did the last orchestral performance in the Tivoli. Wagner numbers, without exception, constituted the list, and "Elsa's Dream," the only solo to relieve the tension. Probably no selection of this kind has ever been attempted here, and the profuse display of interest was due chiefly to this fact. Support tendered so fully to the cause of advanced musical art is something in the nature of a surprise in the annals of local musical effort. Hitherto, concerts with the best object have been but slightly successful, and a tale of the continued existence of a series for more than one season was received as an optimistic romance. Aware at last of the claims of a tone world, our public awaking finds a revealing medium grown to some strength already. That body is itself somewhat puzzled to account for its sudden burst of life and stands ready to accept ingenuously whatever of good is offered. Though the last symphony concert of the summer, the humor was one of springtime and sufficiently ebullient to satisfy even the captious vanity of sundry performers.

Excepting the "Lohengrin" and "Valkyrie" excerpts the other numbers, in their orchestral form, were new to local audiences. A considerate and short argument enlightened those desirous. Whether designed as flattery to a passing fancy or a tribute to the colossal creative genius, the performance's effect impressed itself readily and made deeper appreciation of Wagner a strong possibility for the future. "Siegfried's Death March," the "Song of the Rhine Daughters," and the "Meistersinger Prelude" had for the public, at a first hearing, the same compelling interest the familar "Lohengrin" extracts had. Wagner, in whatever vortex of emotions or unfathomable dreams of lurid joys, retains his mastery of the electric quality which takes possession of a public. Fair, serene estates are not the aim of this art; heroic agonies, tragic loves, and all the underworld of elemental passions pulsate fierce and threatening, making the Wagner music drama the type and culminating effort of the creative arts of the century. For a mere concert programme the exhibition of Wagner was complete as need be.

Exactions beyond the compass of any but supremely disciplined bands were met with enthusiasm, if not satisfying compliance, by the orchestra, under Mr. Bauer's direction. Something like finish made the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin" redemanded. The rest of the numbers were attempts with gallant elements running through them. Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher, the vocalist, was overweighted in the execution and delivery of "Elsa's Dream"; only the gifts of a great dramatic singer can cope with the innumerable necessities asked in this excerpt. A great deal of applause was dispensed for the benefit of the performers in general.

The Ballad Concerts identified with Mr. Wilkie's name resumed at the new and agreeably fitted Golden Gate Hall. Of the acoustics something less than perfection was experienced over vibration, which may be remedied, being the defect. Quite outside Mr. Wilkie's calculations, a spectacular performance took place upon the stage—Mr. Strauss' vagaries causing the assembled audience and the next day's journals a paroxysm of amusement. Humor, pathos, and ingredients too numerous to mention, mixed to amazement. An absence of what is known as "horse sense" precipitated the affair, which ended amicably, however. More ballad-like than usual, the programme carried out the title with a degree of faith hitherto unachieved. Popular favorites such as Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Mr. Walter C. Campbell, Mrs. Olive Reed-Batchelder, not forgetting to mention Mr. Wilkie himself, despite the disturbing element introduced by the pianist, succeeded in interesting and holding attention. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell have long since passed into the region of popularity which is out of the range of comment, and, as usual, received the well-known acknowledgment. Mr. Wilkie remains much the same in voice and style, eliciting the usual welcome. Mr. Hother Wismer developed as to technique and general musicianship, and Mrs. Olive Reed-Batchelder, in possession of her agreeable voice, added vitality and quality to the programme. Triple quartettes and a smooth piece of work by Mr. H. B. Pasmore made the complement of larger pieces.

Kirby Martin

IGNORANCE THAT IS NOT BLISS.

For its melancholy influence on the complexion the climate of San Francisco is notorious. The fogs, the wind, and the dust are enemies of the epidermis, and woe betide the maid or matron who neglects the precautions which experience dictates. Of all the compounds prepared as an antidote against the inroads and ravages of our peerless atmosphere none compares for efficiency with Camelline. Its virtues are familiar to all the beautiful women in town, and those who suffer in ignorance of its eminent qualities are to be commiserated. Camelline is prepared by Wakelee & Co., corner Bush and Montgomery Street.

ART GOODS AT LOW FIGURES.

It does not often happen that residents of San Francisco have an opportunity to secure high art goods at reasonable prices. A short time since Messrs. S. & G. Gump found it would be necessary for them to liquidate, and consequently are offering at private sale their elegant stock of Paintings, Ornaments, Fancy Decorative Articles, and numerous other necessaries in the way of making the home beautiful. Discounts ranging up to 50 per cent are offered on the entire stock, and at these figures a fine line of their beautiful art goods must find ready sale. Messrs. Gump are now located at 113 Geary street.

PICNIC AT EL CAMPO.

On Sunday next the time of starting of the steamer for El Campo will be 10:30 A. M. and 1 P. M.

The change was made owing to the fact of several German societies having secured the Park for a picnic. A fine band will be in attendance and programmes can be secured on the grounds. The trip to El Campo and return is a delightful and invigorating one, and the resort is conducted on first principles only.

The nicest display of fine stationery to be found anywhere can be seen at Sanborn, Vail & Co's, 741-745 Market Street. Paper and envelopes to match, put up in neat boxes, writing tablets with handsome covers, inks, pens, and, in fact, everything in the stationery line, at the lowest possible prices for the best goods made. Visiting cards, invitations, etc., a specialty with Sanborn, Vail & Co.

"Married in haste, eh? Well, they 'll repent at leisure, probably."

"I don't doubt it. They have gone to Philadelphia to live.—*Truth.*

DRAMATIC NOTES.

At the California Theatre, on September 18th, an opportunity will be had of witnessing Klaw & Erlanger's production of the "The Soudan," a melodrama whose three years of unparalleled and unprecedented success has made it the most widely heralded play of recent date. This season a fortune has been spent in tons of new scenery, gorgeous trappings, and a general, elaborate, new ornamentation for this famous melodrama that excited the enthusiasm of all London when it was first produced at the Drury Lane Theatre.——

It is certain that an uncommon treat is in store in the engagement of the "Urania" at the Baldwin, beginning on next Monday, September 11th. Of the presentations it has been said, again and again, by surprised and delighted auditors and spectators: "It is as enchanting as a play and as instructive as a voyage.——

Mrs. Drew is at the head of the Old Comedy Company which is booked at the Baldwin Theatre for the week after next. She will be seen in her most celebrated characterizations. Theatre-goers who seek laughter-producing attractions of a high order will find "The Rivals" meet all the requirements demanded in a stage performance.

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LIBRARY NOTES

In gross imitation of Bret Harte, background characters and all, is Howard Seely's latest, "A Border Leander." It contains the same style of description; the beautiful sunsets have the identical following of colors, and there is a wild, untamed girl-woman as "unconscious of her charms as the blossom of its future splendor." She is "feminine to her finger tips," but the secrets of the hunt, the pleasures of the saddle, the excitement of prairie life are as well-known to her as to the most reckless of her father's vaqueros. The gentle art of swimming she leaves to her lover—one of those ugly, true-hearted, dangerous border men. There is an old-fashioned feud between her family and his, and a pleasant interchange of compliment and shots upon every available occasion. It is impossible to find anything clever in the love story—for such it is, pure and simple—not an expression but can not be found in a glossary of Bret Harte—the very bullets strike with the same rhythm. The weak points are too numerous to mention.

In rather interesting style is written "An Innocent Impostor," by Maxwell Grey. The plot is a good bit overdrawn, but the interest does not flag. It is so seldom that even a novelist can prove an impostor innocent, that if only for that virtue the book has merit. It is there the story-teller towers over most lawyers. I was hoping it would not end in conventional marriage and apparent happiness; the oddness of the title would have been better sustained. Indeed, anything might have been done with the hero, such a combination is he of contradictions. Of course, there are lengthy descriptions of the blending of names; for generations the twinings of the branches of the family tree are followed in order that the impostor may be forgiven for having a bit of all of his cousins' names. If a story is laid in England it seems to call for a vast deal of family history being aired before one can get at the *raison d'être* of the book. In America—bless the mark—unless a writer is gifted with the most glaring imagination or a madness for returning book and reader to the ancestral halls, it is impossible to go back more than a few generations; but things are done here in such short order that two back numbers of Americans are worth ten Englishmen. In the writing a self-made man can have more experiences, more soul, and silver growth than a whole line of noblemen. The innocent impostor is remarkably generous; he provides the disappointed suitor of his *fiancée* with the exact amount of her dot—quite a novel way of showing his superiority.

There is more merit in the plot than the telling of the short stories that follow. Some of the situations are distinctly amusing, especially that of the lady who loses her husband on their honeymoon trip and rides to destination with his rival, who has not heard of the wedding. The Hansom-cab tale is unnatural and very apparently made for the complication. There is little narrative, less grace of finish or style. Considering the polish we are now exacting in the matter of fiction, it seems to me Maxwell Grey might have put her material to better advantage.

In the preface to the Japanese Proverbs, compiled and translated by Ota Masayoshi, it is said: "The Japanese people are little in stature and successful only in little things." Their proverbs should be worth even more than they are, for they are shortness itself. The reading of them only adds another proof that wise men are not confined to any nation under the sun—nay, more, that the same rules are good the world over. The universality of the Bible is not to be wondered at when one can find in a heathen (?) book this sense and apparent experience of our higher civilization.

So much do they resemble some of our unused English proverbs that even the language is the same. "An ugly woman shuns the looking-glass," "Love does not delude people, they delude themselves," "By the name of daughter-in-law one's own child would be hated." It seems strange that the Japanese should need any proverbs, so light, so happy are they always. If it is necessary for them, why not such as these: "The screen will not fall in the wind if the embroidered flowers are heavy enough," "The scent of the tea is lost if the water is too hot," "The pagoda has many roofs, but the top one is nearest the stars." ORACLE, K. B.

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For Eureka, Arcata, and Field's Landing (Humboldt Bay), str. Pomona every Wednesday at [illegible]

For Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro, East San Pedro (Los Angeles), and Newport, 8 A. M., Aug. 21st, 25th, 30th; Sept. 3d, 8th, 12th, 17th, 21st, 26th, 30th.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles (Santa Monica), Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, 11 A. M., Aug. 18th, 23d, 27th; Sept. 1st, 5th, 10th, 14th, 19th, 23d, 28th.

For San Jose del Cabo, Magdalena Bay, Ensenada, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), str. Newbern 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

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NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be despatched the following Monday.

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ABSINTHES.

[*Adapted from Alfred Allais in L'Intransigeant.*]

Five o'clock.

Beastly weather....gray....a dirty gray, a gray as melancholy as the devil.

Not even a shower heavy enough to drive indoors all these fools who strut along like blooming idiots.... Beastly weather.

Wretched day this....curse it! Blue devils!

Story refused....politely.

"Excellent story, oh, yes....interesting subject, very....well written, but....not quite in our paper's style."

Paper's style, bah! That's pretty....paper's style! ....stupidest paper in all Paris and the departments to boot!

Editor engrossed....deep in thought....frightfully busy.

"Return the gentleman's MSS....Very good, your story....interesting subject....Very well done, but, of course, you understand....business at a standstill.... crowded with stuff, too .. couldn't do something of the order of '*La Grande Marniere*'?....Splendid seller ....decorations, too."

Went out with a gracious and stupid expression.

"Some other time...."

Beastly weather .. half-past five.

The boulevards! Let's try the boulevards....may meet some pals....Great, those pals! All chumps ....Can't count on a soul in Paris!

What ugly brutes all these passers-by are!

And the dowdy women....and the stupid-looking men!

"Waiter—an absinthe with sugar!"

Funny, that little bit of slowly dissolving sugar. Same old story of the drop of water that wears away the rock!....Jolly idea....catch it....a rocky absinthe?

Rocky absinthe....Ha, ha, ha....ha, ha, ha.... Brilliant, good line....Beastly funny! Nice thing, a rocky absinthe, if one was in a hurry! Ha, ha!

Nearly melted now, the little lump of sugar.... That's ourselves....striking illustration of man's life, that little piece of sugar!

When we're dead, we'll light out like that....atom after atom....molecule after molecule....melted, disintegrated, resolved into the Great Whole through the gracious intervention of vegetable matter and earth-worms.

Be much happier then....Victor Hugo and Anatole Beaucanard equal before the Great White Throne.... Thank Heaven!

Beastly weather....Wretched day....Reader's an idiot....Editor's a dozen kinds of a d—— fool!

Besides....Perhaps he hasn't brains enough to be as big a fool as that....only half a dozen kinds....

S'good—absinthe....not the first mouthful, but after....

S'good.

Six o'clock....Slowly the boulevards are brightening up, very slowly....At last, some women now!

Better looking than a while ago....better form, too ....don't seem so scared of mankind.

The sky is still gray....a pretty pearl gray....good taste....fine tone coloring....The sun seeking its soft couch just tinges the curved cloud edges with a radiance of pale copper tinting....Jove! its mighty pretty.

"Waiter—a suissesse!"

Good fun, the sugared absinthe; but, hang it, it's too slow!

Half-past six!

What a crowd of women passing by....Nearly all pretty, too....Strange, too.

Mysterious, too....

Where do they come from?....Where are they going?....Can one ever tell?

And they scarcely take a look at me....at me, and I'm so fond of them, too!

As each one passes she makes such an impression on me that it seems as though I never could forget her....No sooner out of sight....why, then, I can't recall a single feature of a single one.

It's lucky that those who follow are even sweeter.

I could love them so, if they wanted me to! But they all pass on....Shall I never see them again?

On the sidewalk....in front of me, peddlers hawking all kinds of things....evening papers....celluloid cigar-cases....monkeys in velvet jackets, all colors.

Who the deuce are these fellows? Poor devils! Blanks in the great big lottery....unrecognized geniuses....talents misapplied....How deep set their eyes are ...What somber fires lurk therein!

There's a story to build on them....out of the common ...will live....a story they'll have to buy....all of 'em.

Oh! all those women. How many!

Why doesn't one of them think of sitting down here next to me....kiss me....very softly .. comfort me, as mother used to do when I was a baby?

"Waiter—an absinthe straight .. And .. don't be afraid of the absinthe, either!" ST. GEORGE.

GEORGE HAYFORD.

One of the most interesting cases in the annals of the Southern Metropolis was that of the State against Henry Bentley, accused of poisoning his wife. The lady in question, a Mrs. Nordholt, was a somewhat mature an exceedingly wealthy person whom, it appeared from the evidence, Bentley had married for financial rather than amatory reasons. Indeed, he was inconsiderate enough to discuss future matrimonial depredations with sundry individuals of his acquaintance, insinuating a desire to get rid of his bargain, provided he might retain her cash. The prosecution gathered against him a strong body of testimony, and his conviction seemed a certainty.

Fortunately for himself, however, his case was in the hands of a clever attorney, George Hayford, one of the ablest lawyers at the Southern bar, who, by the exercise of an unusual degree of skill and diplomacy, disproved the evidence, and secured his client's acquittal. Indeed, the effort and its reward were regarded as a legal *tour de force* in Los Angeles. For his fee Mr. Hayford received the sum of $10,000, and so satisfied was the client with his brilliant service, that he presented him in addition with a gold watch jeweled with diamonds.

Some time ago Mr. Hayford concluded that San Francisco offered for an able lawyer a wider field than Los Angeles. The requirements of his practice kept him there until recently, however, when circumstances enabled him to retire and commence work here. Located on the fifth floor of the Mills Building, already the nucleus of a practice has been formed, and the chances are that 'ere many months are gone the name of Hayford will be as familiar here as it is in the Southern Metropolis.

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES

The prediction of THE WAVE anent the probable selection of Alfred Stillman as Manager of the Pacific Insurance Union proved correct, and on Friday, a week ago, he was all but unanimously chosen. As Manager of the Orient, of Hartford, and Providence Washington, of Providence, R. I., Mr. Stillman had hardly as much success as his friends anticipated. Everyone admits, however, that as Manager of the Pacific Insurance Union he was more than capable. He organized the first institution of the kind on this Coast in Portland, Or., there forming the Portland Underwriters' Union. It became later on, the Insurance Association of the Northwest, and was the forerunner of the Pacific Insurance Union, which has its headquarters in this city, and which for the first six years of its existence was under Mr. Stillman's management.

Fresno people have been thoroughly scared by the fifty per cent increase in rates, and a meeting of the Board of Trade, of that city, with the Executive Committee of the Pacific Insurance Union was held on Thursday. Action upon the proposed increase of the rates of Fresno, Tulare, King's, Madera, and Kern Counties has been deferred, pending more complete inquiry as to the loss ratio in the past six years. The probability is that Kern County will escape the punitive decrees of the Union, as, eliminating the Bakersfield fire of 1889, the loss ratio is probably not much above normal in that county.

Insurance Commissioner J. N. E. Wilson has made an examination of the affairs of the Life and Annuity Association of Oakland, and, having found it insolvent, has revoked its certificate. The Company is of the mutual endowment order working under the co-operative law of the State, and having a cash deposit of $5000 with the Secretary of State. The President of the Company is a A. H. Pratt, and the Secretary is Postmaster A. W. Bishop.

Maxwell and Berry have resigned the agency of the American Casualty and Insurance Company. Their reason for so doing is a difficulty over the payment of losses. The agents wanted authority to pay them as soon as they had been adjusted, but the Company wished the agents to pay in sight drafts on the East. The latter method has injured the Company greatly by the long delays in payment of just losses. The agents have given thirty days' notice.

Charles J. Okell was married, on Wednesday last in San Diego, to Miss Burt Wallace. He wired the news to a local insurance friend, who promptly told everyone of Okell's friends and so surprised them all.

Charles Stuart, Assistant Manager of the British America, Western, of Toronto, and America, of New York, is home again.

The Union Casualty and Assurance Company, of St. Louis, Mo., has filed its statement with the Insurance Commissioner and has been permitted to enter this State. LOCAL.

SAN JOSE GOSSIP.

It is too soon for the great or good men of San Jose to announce themselves or put themselves in the hands of their friends, as it were, but the late lamented J. J. Owen has made one of our local politicians great in spite of himself, and it is understood that he is being pushed for Mayor by the pious and God-fearing people of the Garden City. Editor Owen in his late San Jose newspaper venture, the *Better Times*, charged Harry Edwards, Superintendent of the Electric Improvement Company, of handling "the sack" and buying up the innocent (?) American voter in the interest of his Company, and accused him, in specific doses, of general political cussedness. Harry promptly sued J. J. and his newspaper chums for libel and the jury gave him a certificate of good character, $750 in cash, and restored him to his former exalted position in church. The newspaper corporation took an appeal, gave a good bond, and died. The Supreme Court affirmed the judgment last week. Harry is now spending the $750 with his friends and giving lavishly to charitable and other good enterprises. His friends say he is the coming man for Mayor. They think his purse is full and contains more than a Schilling.

Much jealousy exists here between the plebians, who succeeded in gathering up coin enough to visit Chicago, and the patricians, whom the stringency in money matters has compelled to remain at home. The Morrisons left during the week for a trip of several months. The Spencers leave to-day with their youngest daughter and will probably reach New York in time to extend a welcome to the Montanyas on their return from Paris, where Mrs. Montanya took her son, James, to consult a celebrated Parisian doctor. They left early in the spring for France, and Mrs. Montanya, Jr., has been sojourning at the home of her father in this city.

The prospects for a season of social gayety during the fall and winter months are not very encouraging, as San Jose is now divided into small cliques which rarely intermingle. The Porters, the Morrisons, the Maburys, and the Mays are considered one set, and they have for their cavaliers Messrs. Nessmith, McDougal, William Mathews, Moore, and Finley. Another clique included the Ruckers, Fields, Hales, and Bowmans. Among the Catholics there are nearly as many cliques as members. Prominent among them are the McLaughlins, O'Connors, and O'Keefes, who were friends in Grass Valley before either acquired any great amount of this world's goods, and who associate almost exclusively among themselves. When the Murphys give an entertainment the guests are generally sisters, cousins, aunts, or sweethearts, who always have a royal good time, and whose entertainment consists chiefly of wining and dining. The Presbyterians are very exclusive, and among the principal entertainers are the Alexanders, the Beans, and Ledyards, who once a year give a high tea; while in the Methodist Church the amusements rarely go farther than a cobweb party either at Gerichs or Griswolds. The Woodrows, who worship at the same shrine, go a little further and invite their guests to play a game of billiards. BESSIE.

Boy—Pa, are despots happy?
Pa (impatiently)—Ask your mother.—*Truth.*

KNOWLEDGE

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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Of London
Established A. D. 1710
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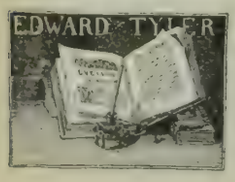

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MINING AND FINANCIAL.

In banking circles money is becoming easier and the accommodations offered in loans to their clients is beginning to be felt in the various mercantile houses. It appears now as though the financial crisis, which began with the failure of the Barings, of London, through heavy losses in Argentine securities together with the collapse of the boom in Australia where banking and other financial institutions lost millions, is now past. From New York comes the news of a revival of speculation in railroad shares, and during the last few days the appreciation in prices has been from 10 to 20 per cent, and this means millions to the United States, as the majority of the investments are from funds sent from London, Paris, and Berlin. Here in San Francisco we are beginning also to feel the effects. The Produce Exchange has had a regular boom in wheat. Last week December wheat was down to $1.10½ per cental; now it is $1.16, with larger transactions than for some time past. Although as yet the mining market has not responded, and business has been very quiet around the Stock Board, it would take but very little encouraging news to set stocks aboiling, as there are hundreds waiting for the opportunity to invest. That this is a fact can be demonstrated by the actions of last week. On the strength of a reported improvement in the Hale & Norcross the market from a state of inactivity became active and lively, the principal buyer being Hirshfield, whose clientage is largely of Virginia City miners. He must have purchased of various stocks over 7000 shares. While it is true the market responded only 10 or 15 cents per share, it goes to prove that there is an element ready and willing to speculate if the opportunity offers.

The chances of a deal taking place in the near future do not look very encouraging, as at present there are less than 150 miners at work on the Comstock. It is to be remembered that in the past when the signs were most discouraging then was the time when shares were accumulated by the manipulators and a deal sprung on the public. Of one thing it is certain, no one can be hurt very hard at present prices, as about 50 cents per share will buy the best of them.

According to the Secretaries' report, published the first Monday of this month, the financial standing of the various mines can be seen. Among those having a credit are: Bodie, $8722; Standard, $24,917; Andes, $8800; Bullion, $17,500; Best & Belcher, $9900; Gould & Curry, $7050; Mexican, $20,550; Savage, $11,730; Con. Virginia, $42,600 (with bullion on hand $31,196). In debt are the Belcher, $13,800; Chollar, $4700; Potosi, $19,073; Overman, $3380.

At the Gold Hill group the Yellow Jacket yielded some good ore, and as the mill is expected soon to start crushing there is a prospect of the stock doing better in the near future. This will bear watching.

The price of silver during the week averaged about 73½ cents per ounce. During the agitation before the assembling of Congress the price had been as low as 62, but now that it is known just about what legislation will be enacted, from 70½ in August it has advanced to 74, and this will give the silver miner an opportunity to figure on what basis to resume. The closing down of so many silver mines has stimulated the gold districts of Arizona, New Mexico, and Oregon. From the latter the news comes that the Sturgis Mine, near Jacksonville, has nearly finished the season's run; the clean-up will be $20,000.

Here in California all is activity. Many hydraulic mines are making application to be allowed to work according to law. From Oroville, Butte County, comes the information that the quartz ledge discovered by English and Parks is panning out well. The ledge is two feet wide. In five days, with a hand mortar $5100 was pounded out, and in one day 4 pounds of gold was taken out. At Forbestown the principal mines employ 200 men.

The Norambagua Mine, Forests Springs, Nevada County, made a clean-up of 28 loads of ore that ran $27 to the load; the ledge is 6 to 17 inches in width, and the quartz now being taken out will pay about $50 to the load. The Bellefontaine Mine is getting out some rich sulphurated ore worth $200 per ton. Twenty tons will be shipped to the Selby Works.

The Johnny Bull Mine, Plumas County, at the last clean-up of a month produced $2000, the ore yielding from $10 to $11 per ton. The mill has but five stamps.

During the week assessments have been levied on the Overman and Utah 5 cents per share.

Dividends have been declared by the Church Mine, 10 cents; Spring Valley Water, 50 cents; Pacific Gas Improvement, 50 cents; California Street Cable, 50 cents per share each. The Charlestown Mine declared a dividend of $3.50 per share at the end of August.

In local securities very little is being done, with a weakness in the sale of Spring Valley shares.

SURETY.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM August 28, 1893.	ARRIVE
7.30 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	9.45 p m
7.30 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, ‖Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis.....	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*12.15 p m
.....	Niles and San Jose.....	‡6.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and Livermore.....	6.45 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*9.00 p m
1.30 p m	Vallejo and Martinez.....	12.15 p m
3.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	12.15 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento.....	10.15 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 a m
*5 00 p m	Niles and Livermore.....	*8.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.....	10.15 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.15 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7.45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10. 5 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION Narrow Gauge.

‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz.....	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.45 p m
†7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations.....	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
‡9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	†7.26 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.
‖ Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays only.

ILLUSION.

When, in despite of care's dead weight,
And tarnished faith, and hope's decay,
A gladness stirs thee, delicate
As the first tremor of the spring
Or thrill of love's awakening
Ask it not whence—or it will shrink away.

So when the rainbow's transient smile
Cheereth heaven's gray and tearful face,
Look lightly on that tender wile;
For if too hard, in joy's excess,
Thou gaze, the specious loveliness
Will fade as doth a dream, and leave no trace.

—ALFRED HAYES.

Kind Neighbor (accompanied by English mastiff, to little girl very much afraid of dogs)—Oh, you needn't be afraid of him. He's a good dog; he never hurts any one. Don't you see how he's wagging his tail?

Little Girl (still shrinking back)—Yes, I see, but that isn't the end I'm afraid of.—*Vogue.*

Miss Uncertainage (coyly)—Two heads are better than one, you know.

Young Goodcatch (clutching his hat)—Yes—ah—but, don't you know, I don't want to be a freak.—*Vogue.*

Jack—Hello, old man! Awfully glad to see you. Here, take off that coat and put on this smoking jacket and make yourself comfortable.

Dick—Deuce take it! Do you mean to insinuate that I don't feel comfortable in a dress suit?—*Truth.*

Parker—Are you enjoying your rest at the seaside?

Robbins—Yes, immensely. Here's a letter I just received from my wife saying that her mother is visiting her.—*Truth.*

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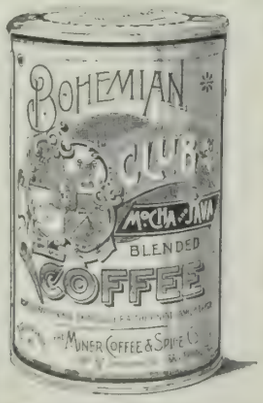

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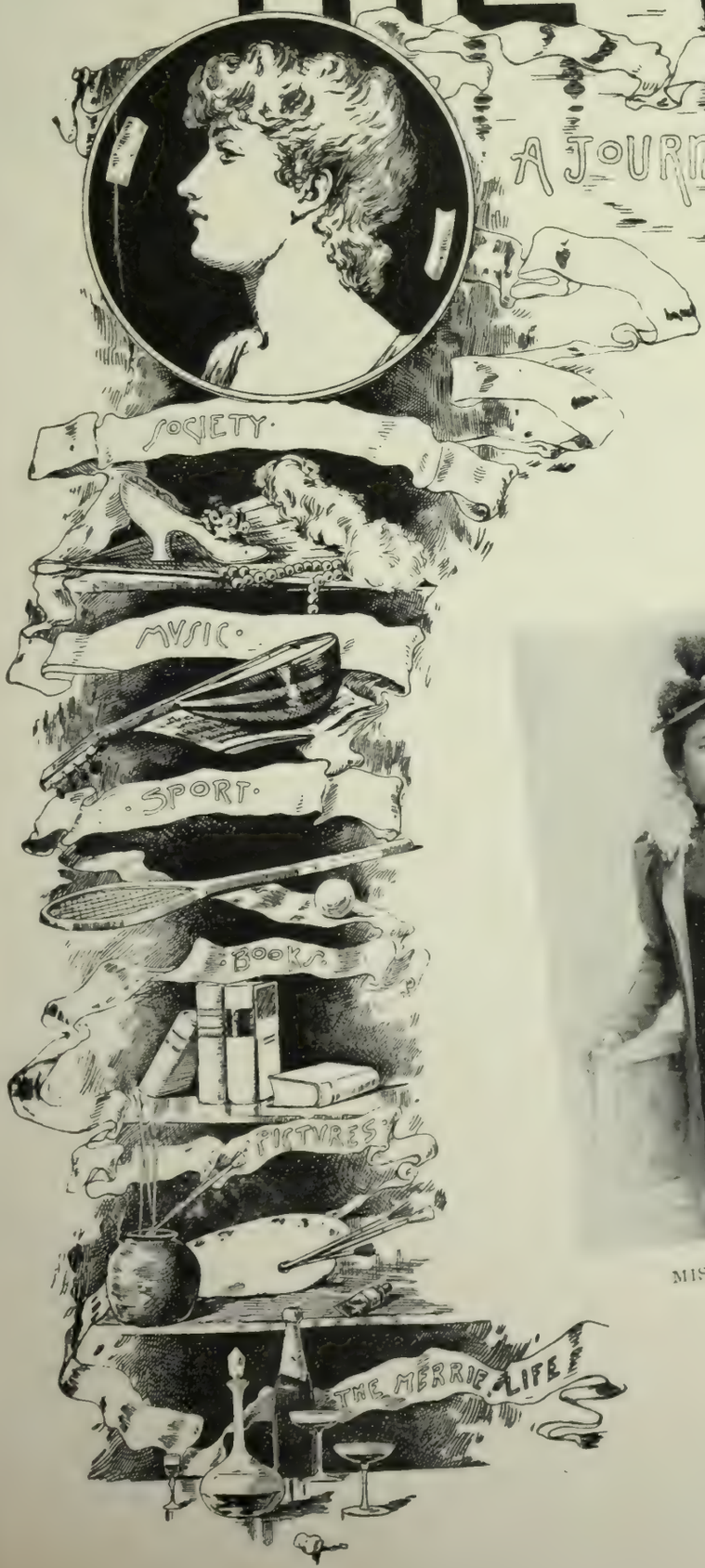

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THE WAVE

Vol. X. No. 37. San Francisco, September 16, 1893. 10 Cents.

The Wave

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THE WAVE is kept on file and is on sale at BRENTANO'S, 17 Avenue de'l Opera, Paris, France; 5 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES

WITH EAGER, expectant eyes have I scanned the cable columns of the dailies—awaiting the marriage of Miss Nellie Murphy. This blithesome and beautiful letter-writer had selected the anniversary of her mother's marriage for the celebration of her own nuptials with Don Vincente Dominguez. The affair should have happened weeks ago, and with a certain degree of anxiety I await developments. That the distinguished Spaniard is a better match now than when Madame Murphy refused her consent is a potent fact. Apart from his lineage, which is eminently aristocratic, he is about to take temporarily the place of his uncle, who is Spanish Embassador at the Court of St. James. For a certain time, at least, he will enjoy the prestige and all emoluments of the place, even unto living in the London mansion of the mission. Later, I am told, Dominguez is to be given a post of some considerable honor in the Spanish diplomatic service, and his promotion to a first-class mission is but a matter of time. Perhaps the delay is due to the determination of the twain to be married in the embassadorial palace.

* * *

VERY SERIOUS are those San Rafael tennis contests becoming. To watch graceful damsels in charming white gowns wielding their rackets, one might be forgiven for believing the fate of nations hung on each stroke. The solemn intentness of gaze affected by the spectators, the exuberant sincerity of their rare enthusiasms adds weight to the assumption. Not a smile on the faces of the contestants, whose slim forms glance rapidly after the flying balls. Hither and thither flitting, how full of vital tension and activity their changing attitudes! Artistic, delightful even, but how sober, how earnest!—just as though victory or defeat made so thrilling a difference after all!

* * *

The grace, dexterity, and litheness of Miss Bee Hooper were charming. Her stroke is quick, strong, straight from the shoulder, displaying to perfection an exquisitely moulded arm, dimpled at the elbow, and as brown as a berry. Very practical her costume, with its short skirts, her sleeves rolled well above the forearm, her hair tightly twisted in the neatest knot imaginable. Adroit and strong though Miss Morgan is, she has hardly the grace of her rival. Her arms were covered, but the smooth sleeves of white duck seemed in no way to interfere with those quick forearm strokes of hers.

* * *

Quite exciting grew the contest as the end approached, and how the spectators applauded. A popular victory that of Miss Hooper who blushed furiously as compliment and felicitation poured in upon her. But she bore her honors with a charming modesty—even the ornate phrases of President Archie Treat who awarded the prizes with considerable eloquence. Over the defeat of pretty Miss Ethel Bates the Oakland contingent grieved somewhat, though they hardly aspire to all the championships. Her trouble is an indulgence in undue length of skirt, and one can understand how much she must have been disconcerted by the accident to her dress. In an important moment she put her foot through it and young Mr. Bates had to amputate a yard or more of its abundance. After the accident she was not "in it."

* * *

About the attendance there was nothing to carp at—scores of pretty girls in snowy duck, soft sateens, and tender-toned tulles—the effect charming. Alas! there were not men for all these maidens—not even youths, though of the latter there seemed quantities. For some reason they preferred to flock by themselves, these male young people, and had much inscrutable fun with one another. Oh! for a telescope to see the point of the jokes they went into ecstasies over. It struck me as curious, though, that the matured man was so absent. I saw several of the most fascinating and interesting young women in town sitting absolutely alone—a condition of affairs absolutely unwarrantable.

* * *

The ball went off with considerable swing. Most of the pretty girls and a liberal allowance of men remained over, and with re-enforcements from the town and the Coleman tract there was no lack of partners. Of course, the heroine of the occasion was Miss Bee Hooper, who looked very charming and quite decidedly tired in pink; Miss Wallace was in yellow, Miss Ethel Murphy in white, pretty Miss Helen Walker in a most becoming gown of pale yellow, Miss May Hoffman in blue looked superb, and Miss Haxe was as fascinating as ever in white. Among other notable costumes were those of Mrs. Tom and Will Magee, Mrs. Belle Donahue, and Mrs. Crooks.

* * *

THE LOT of the Bohemian "Kicker" is well-nigh unendurable. His vocation seems to have become a dead letter. Following the success of the Midwinter jinks cometh the Irving banquet wherein even the captious have refused to sanction a flaw. Are the planets in league against the grumblers, or why this absence of occasion for reproach? About arrangements, decorations, and mummeries there was a full-fledged completeness that won admiration. The tables, covered in yellow satin and adorned with fruit and flowers by the apt hand of Joullin, looked superb. I am persuaded, however, the *menu* was better from the artistic than the edible standpoint, though, perhaps, that was the fault of Solly Walter.

* * *

Very faithful to her stars is Bohemia, and the usual constellation shone in the after-dinner functions. The initiation ceremony consumed moments of deep, dire interest, and included Uncle George, Peter Robertson, and a background of Shylocks, Lears, Hamlets, and Mephistopheles in appropriate garb. Henry had reason to be impressed by everything but the speeches, though, *entre nous*, they were better than those at the Carlin dinner, whereof Kipling discoursed so unpardonably. Then came Graham and Joullin as the Brothers Plasteur, of Paris, in blithe melodies of the *Café Chantant* order; Louis Sloss, George Hall, and Charley Dickman in appropriate whimsicalities.

* * *

Other features, too—music, a recitation by the great man himself, and introductions *galore*.

How the high lights of Front Street flocked around and with veritable Bohemian abandon saluted the histrion's good right hand. Years have gone since there was such a gathering in the lovely apartments of Harry Brady, which is often spoken of as the library. Gong-ringing, the owl, the punch bowl, a cartoon of Irving contemplating with astonishment St. John of Nepomuk, wondering, I suppose, by what construction of saintinless the patron of Prague should preside over the realm of Henri Murger.

* * *

THE BEST of us are bluffed at times. Have I not labored these many years under the impression that Bohemia was earnest in resenting publication? Yet, here is the *Chronicle* with the Irving function at full length. Not only the fact, but the figures, the rites, the details unto Solly Walter's *menu* card, and the grouping of diners. Had the affair occurred at the Pavilion instead of at the Club, Editor Garrett would have devoted less space to it. And not a word in the *Examiner*? Some weeks ago, however, the "Monarch" had an interesting and well-written *exposé* of the midsummer jinks, wherein bits of the poems, excerpts from the speeches, and other intimate details were given in full. Where does it proceed from, all this information?

* * *

That certain members of both *Chronicle* and *Examiner* staffs figure prominently as Bohemians everyone knows. Not through them, though, does all this news filter—being objects of suspicion they necessarily avoid exciting the caustic comments of Commerce. From another source entirely it all comes. However, since there has been no especial turmoil in the club, it is fair to assume that Mr. De Young's paper is in favor on Post Street. Therefore there would be little purpose in my disclosing the identity of the individual who is ever getting the institution into print. In both instances he was largely responsible, and yet no one rails more persistently at journalism. Under the circumstances his concern over the license of the press is amusing.

* * *

IN CONCESSION, doubtless, to current depression, or perhaps out of deference to gentlemen with slim appetites, there was opened at the Pacific-Union Club a second dining-room wherein meals *a la carte* were served at Grill-room rates. Instead of being compelled to eat through the length and depth of an elaborate *menu* at one dollar, it was made possible to enjoy a steak or a slice of beef, with attendant coffee or tea, for the minor expenditure of say thirty-five or forty cents Never was innovation more warmly welcomed. Up there flocked fellows who invariably eat down town. The House Committee had congratulations by the score.

* * *

The silver lining in this instance had precedence of the cloud. As the fascinations of the *a la carte* service dawned on the members, the dollar dinner lost popularity. In the small room one found a score of feasters—in the palatial apartment the rows of snowy tables were deserted. Imagine forty-cent meals being popular in the Pacific-Union Club. The result—a distinct falling off in revenue brought about a change. At a conclave of Directors, hastily summoned, the situation was discussed, and next day the economical ones were confronted with the legend, "No meals served under seventy-five cents." Still, in these days a quarter saved looms up larger than a dollar in days of prosperity.

* * *

A QUESTION of moment concerns the reorganization of the Fortnightly Club. Not a case of "to be or not to be," but of limitations. In the inner circle the advisability of recreating on the same basis as last year is opposed. The list of individuals content to pose as mere spectators or as critics, as the case might be, was rather too long for the patience of the self-denying spirits who acted, danced, or sang. Are these drones to be excluded? It must be admitted they are socially above par, and an audience is as essential as a stage. However, the inner circle will doubtless decide the issue, and we will hear of the Fortnightly under full sail.

* * *

Perhaps the entertainments may be a little more elaborate this season, inasmuch as they are to be fewer. That the final shows of last winter did not compare with the initial ones for vivacity or variety is a matter of fact. With increased opportunity for preparation, however, there is no doubt the talent will show to better advantage. I hope the journalistic flurry of last year will not repeat itself.

* * *

THE SUGGESTIONS breathed dimly at the close of the Winter that the Friday Night Club might not reorganize are nullified by the fact. On the usual date, the committee gathered, discussed the possibilities, and did what it invariably does do—instructed Mr. Greenway to proceed to business. That consists in sending out invitations according to the prescribed list and arranging the dates of cotillions—that is all. The music, decorations, the supper, will be in the same apt hands as in the past. Of course, the interest of the initial german centers in the identity of the debutantes. Hardly as lengthy as last year's list, there is yet no lack in numbers. Where, though, are they to find men?

* * *

Far beyond the supply is the demand for dancers. In days of yore civilian deficiencies were easily supplied from army and navy ranks. Now, alas, most of the soldiers and sailors stationed among us are married—an unpardonable oversight which I hope Secretary of War Lamont will rectify.

* * *

BRILLIANT indeed will the wedding be that eclipses in splendor the nuptials of Miss Hecht and Marcus Gerstle. Performed in the Synagogue Emanu-el in the presence of a large concourse of friends, relatives, and the curious generally, its details were all notably complete and conspicuously swell. Music, decorations, ceremony—all were executed in the highest style of the art, and it was quite impossible to avoid being impressed. In her bridal gown Miss Hecht looked very charming; her sister in yellow brocade, her picturesque type of face set off by a white Gainsborough, made an ideal maid of honor. The bridesmaids looked exceedingly pretty, and the ushers in their willie-boys were impressive in the extreme.

* * *

After the full length verbal photography with which the dailies indulged the event, there is little left to add at this late date. The favors were pretty enameled pins made in the form of orchids, with diamonds in the centre—souvenirs of considerable beauty, which remind of the very beautiful bouquet of orchids which the bride carried. They came all the way from Thorley's, the New York florist. After the ceremony, some one hundred and fifty very intimate friends, mainly relatives of the Hechts and Gerstles—clans of considerable numerical strength—gathered at the Hecht mansion on Washington Street. With palms and ferns the artistic interior was decorated, and the newly wedded pair had a happy time receiving congratulations. Later came an elaborate wedding breakfast, served by Ludwig—really a delicious repast—and after the inevitable speeches and toasts, Mr. and Mrs. Gerstle escaped into a closed carriage and caught the overland.

* * *

They are to be absent three months or more, this fortunate twain, and will visit the World's Fair, the East generally, and Europe, perhaps. Then homeward, and Mr. Gerstle settles down to the law in the office of Chickering, Thomas & Gregory. Probably in the course of a year or so he will become a partner, and being a promising, conscientious, and capable young man, there is no doubt he will keep the name of Gerstle as honorable as his father has made it. In the course of years young Mr. Gerstle will be a very rich man. The assets of the President of the Alaska Commercial are far up in the millions, and have the advantage of being excellently invested. As for the bride, she too is an heiress, for not only is Colonel Hecht exceedingly wealthy, but he is as active as an aspirant, and even in these days of commercial depression, makes money.

* * *

Mrs. Gerstle vows that mere domestic cares will not persuade her from the pursuit of culture. She vows the keeping up of the many interesting accomplishments she has acquired, and purposes, I believe, gathering at her home, on becoming a householder, the bright people of the town. Clever, tactful, and appreciative, she will make an adept hostess and I am sure can be a social leader if she so desires.

* * *

Mrs. Clara Catherwood left for Chicago on Thursday afternoon; she meets there her daughter who is the guest of Prince and

Princess Hatzfeldt, who are doing the World's Fair with a party of friends. That the son-in-law of President Huntington will visit San Francisco before returning is not probable. At least, his intentions do not now justify the expectation. Later on Mrs. Catherwood will make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest La Montagne at Westchester.

* * *

Prior to her departure Mrs. Catherwood gave a tea in her parlors at the Occidental. Quite a number of her friends gathered to bid her adieu. She expects to return here shortly after Christmas with Miss Catherwood and purposes spending the latter months of the winter at Honolulu.

* * *

In spite of depression one hears of quite a number of minor festivities. Entertainments are being given for both Mr. Arnhold and Miss Wagenheim and Mr. Greenebaum and Miss Brandenstein, whose marriages are set for next month. The latter ceremony takes place October 3d, and undoubtedly will be very elaborate. On Sunday night last a dinner was given by Miss Newmann at her home 1356 Post Street, for Mr. Arnhold and his prospective bride; it was a very pleasant affair and was followed by some excellent music.

* * *

THE ATMOSPHERE of happiness that pervaded the Ashe mansion on Thursday night was undoubtedly the reflected feelings of the bridal couple. It was somewhat after nine when Dr. Foute joined in wedlock Miss Millie Ashe and Mr. Seawell, and then congratulations were in order. There was a concourse of friends present, and their felicitations had the rare merit of sincerity. Supper followed, toasts were drunk and responded to in various degrees of eloquence. Miss Bettie Ashe was maid of honor and Mr. Oscar Seawell was best man. The bride wore a gown of brocaded white satin, made in 1830 style and trimmed with chiffon. On the 21st, Mr. and Mrs. Seawell leave for Japan and the Orient generally, making a complete tour of the world before settling down. Their future home will be at Bath, Maine.

* * *

The presents, especially those from the many friends of Mr. Seawell in the East, were exceedingly handsome and valuable. The wedding tour is the gift of Mr. Seawell, Senior, to his son.

* * *

The death of Miss Lulu Dresbach proved a sad shock to her parents and to the large circle of friends that this charming young girl had made. Such a pretty, vivacious, graceful girl as she was, her untimely end must excite sincere regret and deep sympathy for her bereaved parents.

* * *

Among the most interesting gatherings of the week was one at the Century Club in honor of Irving and Terry. The membership was admirably represented, for who would think of missing so excellent an opportunity of meeting such prominent mummers? There was a little music, some felicitating; the guests professed themselves charmed with their reception. By the way, Mrs. Kendal was the last actress of prominence entertained by the Club. The episode and the *Argonaut's* commentary still rankles.

* * *

Henry Irving seems to appreciate more than most members of his profession the efforts of the *dilettante* to entertain him and the exertions of the press to be equal of his occasion. To the men whom he has seen most of—dramatic critics, Bohemians, and others, he gave a supper at the *Maison Riche* Wednesday evening—a brilliant affair that did not break up until very, very early in the morning. The scene of its occurrence was the main dining-room which was elaborately decorated for the festivity. There were some good stories told over the walnuts and wine, a few short talks, though the host left to his guests the exhibition of eloquence. The *menu* was really a delicious one, for which the *chef* of Mr. Ladagnous deserves congratulation.

* * *

HOW VERY buoyant Oakland was last week—gay, indeed. If one but dared build prophecies for the season on recent events, what delicious possibilities would loom up out of the futurity mist! Spasmodic, alas! these wild bursts of hospitality.

* * *

On the afternoon of Friday last the beautiful home of the J. J. Valentines was thrown open for the benefit of the Oakland Free Kindergarten. There was a fine attendance; the little tots sang songs, pretty things were sold for them, and altogether it was a social success, besides netting some welcome coins for the young ones. The Knowles gave a thimble-bee in honor of a Boston cousin who is visiting them. It was a jolly affair—a characteristic of gatherings at the Knowles'.

* * *

The departures for Chicago continue—the latest to say good-by are the W. Letts Olivers, Bartons, Wellmans, Misses Playter, Warren English, Jim Allens, James Deans, and Charles Overacker and mother, Mrs. Doyen.

* * *

Miss Emma Wetherell had quite a select audience of Berkeleyans at her "Scarlet Letter" recital. The affair was under the auspices of the Athenaeum, whose president, Wm. Carey Jones, has but just returned from Europe. I believe the gathered *cognoscenti* were graciously pleased to approve the efforts of the lady.

Rehearsals for the amateur opera are still in progress, but the performance has been postponed until October. There have been several changes in the *dramatis personæ*, owing to vocal difficulties; but in the best regulated of troupes such difficulties occur.

* * *

DENIZENS of Oakland who did not gather at the tennis tournament flocked to Sissons' Basin to witness the regatta. An event of the first water, those who saw that important encounter between the "fats" and the "leans" are not liable to forget it. In the former category rowed George Wheaton, Lester Herrick, Harry Bowen, and Arthur Pope. Exciting as their contours were the anatomical lines of the "leans" were a revelation. The graceful attenuation of Chris Miller, Bert Brayton, and Ben Taylor is something to astonish. What an admirable display of ribs and vertebræ there was! However, they won the event, and are therefore objects for congratulation. There was quite a gathering at the Columbia Club, and on the "Idler" Jack Wilson entertained a pleasant party.

* * *

The festivities finished up with a dance in the University Club boathouse, whose floor is capital for waltzing. From the other clubs came the guests, and the evening passed very joyfully.

* * *

Much sadness in Oakland over the suspension of operations on the Smith mansion. It seems even our Borax Kings are suffering the absence of their customary surplus—hence the departure of the busy masons and the agile carpenters with all their tools. I suppose there is no hope for that housewarming to which Oakland Society has so long looked forward.

* * *

How very quietly young Mr. Adolph Uhl celebrated his marriage. The ceremony took place in the parlors of the First Congregational Church on Wednesday, the 6th, Miss Marshall, of course, being the party of the second part. On the following day the twain made one betook themselves to Portland, whence they go to Chicago. Being both an heiress and a beauty, Miss Marshall has been the subject of much admiration. Indeed, not until the last moment did the rivals of the victorious Adolph abandon hope. I am told of an interesting call the prospective bride had, but a few days before her wedding, from the dear friend of one adorer. Alas! the advocacy was unavailing, for that dimple which won Adolph so much admiration as leader of the Assembly carried the day for him again.

* * *

In Alameda liveliness has taken a crescendo tendency and there is much hope for the season. A charming affair was Miss Kruger's church wedding, and that of Miss Maud Kellogg was equally pretty. How difficult it is to get up a new combination with matrimony as the object we all know, so this bride is to be congratulated. There were three groomsmen, three bridesmaids, and for ushers, eight pretty girls. All in quaint evening gowns, they grouped themselves 'round the bride for the evening, and the effect was most agreeable. General Kapus, the groom's father, is U. S. Consul at Sydney, N. S. W., and he returned here specially for the wedding.

* * *

I HAVE HEARD it remarked that a lie has as many lives as a cat—which is said to have nine—and that no matter how often it is pursued and killed it will as often rise again

to confront its victim. But notwithstanding the inexhaustible vitality of the mighty untruth, it has always seemed to me that in the eternal fitness of things the revival of exploded lies should be undertaken only by the lower orders of mankind. I am pained, therefore, to see so good a man as Supervisor Stanton repeat that ancient slander about the charity fund of the Fire Department being used to lobby bills through the Legislature. To my certain knowledge that lie is now over three years old. It was invented in 1891 when Dan Burns endeavored to pass through the Legislature of that year his bill reorganizing the firemen out of office. It was in due time investigated by the Finance Committee of the Board of Supervisors and found to be utterly without foundation. Dr. Stanton now repeats it, in an interview with him in the *Chronicle*, just as though it was a fresh and blithesome political scandal.

* * *

No one has asked me to defend the Fire Department, and if any one had done so I should respectfully but firmly decline the commission. But I would be unfaithful to the history of which I am an unwilling witness did I not give such stale slanders as this about the charity fund a prompt quietus. It is quite true that the Fire Department has a charity fund, and that is about all the truth there is in Dr. Stanton's gruesome insinuations. The fund is made up from voluntary contributions by the firemen—a certain sum a month, I believe, from each fireman—and is used by a Committee consisting of the District Engineers to relieve cases of actual distress among members of the Department.

* * *

It has been believed for years in certain quarters that this fund was a political and not a charity fund, on the principle, I suppose, that firemen are such monstrous creatures that they are incapable of providing for their sick and unfortunate fellows. Being a firemen's charity fund it has been assumed there must be something rotten about it. But no one ever succeeded in turning the matter up until Dan Burns attempted to put his bill through the Legislature. The charity fund then had in it about $7000. One day it looked as though Dan's bill was going to pass, and knowing that the moment it became a law every man of them would have to walk the plank, the firemen took the alarm. To prevent their charity fund falling into the hands of the politicians, who they knew stood ready to take their places, the District Engineers met and transferred all the money to John Dougherty, who was not then connected with the Department. John deposited it in the Bank of California and awaited results. As soon as Dan's bill had been killed the money was returned to the San Francisco Savings Union and there it is at the present time.

* * *

But while the money was in the Bank of California some one started the story that Dougherty had taken it to Sacramento for use in bribing legislators. The investigation held by the Finance Committee demonstrated this to be false. The dates of the certificates of deposit in Dougherty's hands proved that the money could never have been in Sacramento. Dr. Stanton's charge that the Fire Commissioners handle the fund and apply it for political purposes is utterly without foundation. The Fire Commissioners never touch a dollar of it. Now that this slander has once again been laid at rest, I trust it may be permitted to repose in peace. Perhaps, however, such a hope is vain. So long as it is more profitable politically to traduce and slander the Fire Department than to support and improve it, I suppose this lie will live and prosper. But of all men Dr. Stanton should be the last to be found repeating it. He ought to understand that there is no force in false charges. No man ever climbed to public favor upon a ladder of slander. The truth only is mighty, and the truth about the Fire Department, the Lord knows, is bad enough.

* * *

AMONG the smart business men of San Francisco, Joe Crockett, President of the San Francisco Gas Light Company, ranks as one of the smartest. Owing to the fact that the papers rarely or never write him up, he is not very well known to the world at large, but among his intimate acquaintances he is reckoned as carrying sufficient ballast to float in any sea. But it appears that notwithstanding all this he was victimized the other day in a manner painful to relate. Mr. Crockett denies the impeachment and, I am told, asserts that the story is due to a confusion of names. At first the denial showed signs of washing, but it was ultimately discovered, by carefully consulting the Directory, that there are no other Joe Crocketts in town and that, consequently, there could be no mistake. As the story, like the mud produced by the recent rain, is now all over town, I cannot longer maintain the obligation I undertook not to repeat it.

* * *

It seems that some days ago a finely dressed, suave, genteel-looking man called on Mr. Crockett at his place of business on First Street, and introduced himself as an advertising solicitor for the *Examiner*. He gave his name as E. A. Morgan and went on something like this. "You see, Mr. Crockett, we are getting up a New Year edition and I have been sent down to secure an "ad" from your Company. We have put you down for a hundred. This is a particularly good investment, for, besides giving your Company a capital send-off, the *Examiner* agrees to donate twenty-five per cent of the receipts of the edition to the building fund of the Press Club."

Mr. Crockett (in his mind) demurred until the building fund of the Press Club was reached. That rather fetched him. He is reputed to have replied: "It is true the Company sometimes advertises in these big editions, but at present we are retrenching somewhat, and I am sorry to say that I cannot give you an order. But that building fund matter strikes me. In order to save the Press Club's percentage, I will donate twenty-five dollars out of my own pocket."

Mr. Morgan cordially thanked Mr. Crockett, dropped the coin into his trousers, and vanished into lambent air.

* * *

Something like an hour after this interesting interview, an idea (so the story proceeds) seemed to strike Mr. Crockett. His employés say that he suddenly assumed an abstracted air. Then he put on his hat and went over to the *Examiner* office.

"E. A. Morgan? E. A. Morgan?" repeated Mr. Hearst, when asked, "I don't think I know such a man. Perhaps Mr. Williams knows him, however. Just call over at the business office."

Mr. Crockett called at the business office.

"E. A. Morgan?" said Mr. Williams, "blessed if I know any such fellow. He don't work for us, that's sure. Want to see him about anything important?"

"Well, no; nothing important," said Mr. Crockett, "just like to see him for about ten seconds, that's all."

"Perhaps he works on some of the other papers. I'll try to find him for you."

"Oh, no; you needn't mind."

"Friend of yours, eh?"

"Yes, very dear friend. Good day."

And Mr. Crockett departed in a whitey-brown study.

* * *

ANOTHER COLLECTION of stories by Ambrose Bierce is on the verge of publication. That is, the book may appear at any moment ere Christmas, and will doubtless attract even more attention than "Soldiers and Civilians." Cassels have it in hand, and I believe the author has already corrected most of his proofs. To readers of the *Examiner* several tales in this series will not have the advantage of complete novelty, but others are absolutely new, and all have had the exacting revision to which Mr. Bierce invariably subjects his work before final publication. A volume of verse is another possibility where he is concerned.

* * *

Mrs. Atherton has found a new vein that will, I believe, win her the degree of reputation her former efforts have hardly achieved. Though "The Doomswoman" contained admirable characterization and dramatic situations of value, the tone was forced and theatrical; the picturesqueness was out of key with the tints of the background. It was graphic without being true. For *Vanity Fair*, a London Society journal, she is now writing a series of short stories whose design and treatment exhibit not only originality, but a strong power of individualizing and a simple method of attaining dramatic effects. Some idea of this new manner may be had from a story I reprinted a few weeks ago—"An Original Chapter."

* * *

A collection of short sketches, in book form, by Sam Davis, is soon to be given to the world.

It is made up mainly from a roughly printed volume Sam published years ago in Carson City. There is no questioning the merit of some of the stories, and I am persuaded they will have a large sale.

* * *

SINCE JUDGE COFFEY realized the distinction between wit and impertinence the City Hall has yielded few judicial stories. Judge Wallace, however, has temporarily slipped into the breach with a characteristic ruling which, I imagine, delighted not the aspiring soul of Attorney Jimmy Long. That mildness which denotes the sucking dove, and occasionally the great advocate, Mr. Long's manner has yet to achieve. He is aggressive; the mere fact of his making an objection he regards as an excellent ground for sustaining it; indeed, in spite of ample experience, he is given to regarding an adverse ruling as a personal affront. But he is young, enthusiastic, and persuaded that soft speeches capture no clients, much less convince juries.

* * *

The cause in question was of no great moment, but Mr. Long fought for the defendant with all his vocal energy. To a question of the prosecution he objected, and with tranquillity Judge Wallace overruled him. Instantly he was on his feet, voicing a vigorous indignation in tones of thunder and lightning. According to the manner of his protest the State—even the National Constitution—was in danger. The tirade continued for some moments. In the midst of a *fortissimo* passage of eloquence, the Judge leaned over and whispered:

"Mr. Clerk, erase that ruling. Rather than listen another moment to Mr. Long, I'd vacate my Court."

* * *

HAD I the leisure that is necessarily the lot of the editor of the *Wasp*, I should apply myself to the gentle task of diagnosing the inability of Tom Flynn. Not that one requires especial penetration to appreciate the depths of his incapacity. The most cursory perusal of his paper reveals all one cares to realize. In by-gone days, when Tom loomed up large as a City Editor and the hero of the Mike Price *coterie*, I endowed him with the style of a Henry James and the encyclopedic knowledge of a Wiggin. His opinion on real estate seemed fraught with infallibility, and I was prepared to take my hat off to Thomas Magee, because, in an off moment and with a sinking voice, present company, of course, having been excepted, Flynn said he was the greatest man in town.

* * *

On the amount of writing Tom then did it was easy to acquire a reputation. He seldom signed anything, but whenever a good thing got into the *Call* Flynn blushed if it was talked about. However, he wrote Flynders, and some of his friends forgot his name; he took the *Wasp* and made it worse. His deterioration becomes more marked as effort grows more labored, until, to-day, Tom's wit has sunk to a Tehama-Street level, and his humor has the subtlety of a slap in the face. A better comparison, perhaps, would be the punch Mr. Maloney gave him some time ago in Sacramento. One never sees that honored name in the *Wasp*, by the way. What an admirable weapon of vengeance silent contempt is.

* * *

THE ASSUMPTION that Attorneys Foote and Wilson made substantial additions to their exchequers by the Curtis victory is not so positive as the Bar imagines. Indeed, I am told they are a little anxious about the forthcoming reward of their labors, for it has yet to materialize, and indications exhibit no undue gratitude on the part of Mrs. M. B. Curtis. Those whose duty it has been to deal with that lady are not inclined to ascribe liberality to her. A close bargainer, it is to her finely developed parsimony the Curtis opulence is due, and her reluctance to come to time is the occasion of no little uneasiness. So far, I am told, only $2000 has been had, and of that amount George Knight and Foote took a thousand each. Their contract calls for $3000 additional.

* * *

Just after the notable verdict which set Curtis free, I am told the question of coin was broached by the victorious counsel. Alas, a change had come over the spirit of the anxious wife. Of their great services she was oblivious, and I am given to understand she hinted to a friend of hers the intention of obtaining immunity from further efforts at collection by going into insolvency. Under the circumstances there will be a severe investigation into the disappearance of the Curtis property, and doubtless some interesting facts may be developed.

* * *

AT THE PRESENT time I do not care to enter into a precise description of the conflicting reflections that overcome me every time I read Boss Buckley's oft-repeated assertion that he is out of politics. Those reflections might interest Mr. Buckley, but to the non-political reader they would probably prove tame and uninteresting. But, in passing, I may be permitted to observe that I think I have fathomed the defunct boss' ambition. I may be wrong. No man who bases his beliefs upon the occult principles of divination, can ever positively swear that in any given case he is certain of his premises. But I will wager my head against a Lodi watermelon—which some of my loathsome contemporaries in private assert that it inwardly resembles—that I can call the turn on Mr. Buckley's new game. In a word, he wants to be a SAGE.

* * *

Think how sweet to his ears it would sound to hear the newspapers say, "the Sage of Livermore." You remember the Sage of Grammercy Park, Samuel J. Tilden. Also, the Sage of Utica, Horatio Seymour. Also, to go further back, the Sage of Monticello, Thomas Jefferson. What a heritage to that infant son—"the Sage of Livermore, Christopher A. Buckley!" People who are tempted to laugh at this idea will please pause until I finish. I know that Buck has already consulted some of the lambs with reference to the chances of his being able, upon his return, to play the Sage act. On his arrival in Boston, the other day, I am informed, a number of letters awaited him giving the ideas of certain prominent California Democrats upon this subject. Of course, none of them use the word "Sage" as I have used it, but all address themselves to the question whether, under proper conditions, the ex-boss cannot return to San Francisco and become the great, unselfish, noble, and patriotic leader of his party. I wonder what Sam Rainey thinks about this play? I shall interview him at once.

* * *

The latest in romances has just appeared. It seems to show that love is hardly as blind as they thought eighteen hundred years back. Not a twelve month ago there was a brilliant wedding in Oakland, and when the honeymooners returned from Castle Crag it was announced that the mother and sister of the groom would reside with the young couple. This arrangement lasted as long as it invariably does—fully a month. Then Madame and Mademoiselle decided to board in San Francisco. Only a few weeks later what should the sister take but that plebeian and unbecoming complaint, the measles. Hastily they summoned to her bedside a certain young physician. In a fortnight the patient had recovered; two weeks later they were engaged, and two weeks later still there was a marriage. Veritably a case of love at first sight, measles and all. Cupid should consult an oculist.

* * *

THE MOST striking instance of political misstepping that I have observed recently is to be found in the case of Senator Dan Ostrom. Mr. Ostrom resides in Yuba County, and is a horny-handed tiller of the soil. A more careful and sagacious politician of the Democratic persuasion I have never encountered. He has represented his county in the Senate and Assembly repeatedly, and as a legislator has long since been set down as a sixty-four caret cheese-parer of the Treasury watch-dog variety. It has been an open secret for several years that he aspires to become sometime the Democratic candidate for Governor. Being a hard-fisted farmer as well as financier, it has been his theory always that when things at last reached such a pass that the people desired an Honest Man for Governor they would dig him up. I am not certain that he has been counting entirely upon an improbable contingency, and but for the *faux pas*, to which I shall presently refer, I do not know but that ultimately he might have achieved his high ambition.

* * *

But it seems that at the last session of the Legislature he attempted to regulate the sale of jute bags at the San Quentin Prison, and so fell head long into the *consomme*. It has been a theory of Ostrom's, also, that the Prison Directors were constantly selling the jute bags

to dealers instead of to the farmers who are entitled under the law to purchase them. So he passed a bill forbidding the sale of bags to any but actual wheat raisers, and limiting the profit to one cent per bag. The natural result is that the farmers, who require credit at all times, and who have always heretofore purchased through dealers who vouchsafed them the credit, have given the San Quentin bags the go-by. There is, therefore, a surplus of a million bags at the prison this year, notwithstanding the mill shut down all last winter, and a deficit in the jute fund of many thousands of dollars. Besides, the wheat farmers throughout the State are souring at the way in which, in consequence of Mr. Ostrom's bill, the bag ring has been enabled to fleece them this year. Beyond doubt this piece of asinine legislation has (to use a Yuba County phrase of great expressiveness) put the "Kibosh" upon Senator Ostrom's gubernatorial aspirations. His record as the champion bull-dog of the Treasury will not count when the honest grangers begin to foot up their losses and the profits of the grain bag ring this season.

* * *

THE PRESIDENCY of the Mercantile Library is vacant. Banker Rideout has made up his mind that, in periods of financial stringency, the entire time of a man who runs half a dozen country institutions is needed in his own business, hence the withdrawal. However excellent an executive, and the personal success he has achieved leaves no reason to doubt his ability, Rideout makes way for a man who will fill the place to better advantage. Vice-President Edmund Tauzky has been connected with the Mercantile Library for years past, and not a detail pertaining to its management is he ignorant of. A man of shrewdness, ability, and application, he will devote to the institution the time necessary to delivering it out of its difficulties.

* * *

That the trustees will elect anyone over Mr. Tauzky's head I cannot imagine. He will make a model President if given but half a chance. Indeed, there is no question but that his name should have headed the ticket last time, for certainly he has been devoted in the interests of the institution thus far. The trustees elect at their meeting in October.

* * *

THE VERDICT of the Weaverville Coroner in the matter of John Martin's death convinces me his widow is the victim of a relentless persecution. The two physicians called in to attend him during his last illness suggested, for some reason of their own, that death had not come of natural causes, but was due to arsenic taken in some quantity. The signs and tokens of arsenical poisoning they discovered in his eyes and face. Thereupon the body was exhumed, the most searching investigation known to science was made, and not a particle of the substance discovered. Instead of bringing in the verdict that the circumstances justified, the jury announced that Martin had not died of arsenic, but of something else, thus throwing on his widow the suspicion of having made away with him.

* * *

Certain inquiries I have made lead me to conclude that behind this verdict there is personal feeling of a pronounced character. To the interest of another cause is the besmirching of Mrs. Martin's character, and it is being done. The letter the widow wrote to her son, and out of which so much capital was made, is readily explained. Being assured that this Dr. Blake would testify in a certain way, it became necessary for her to gather all the medicines which he had prescribed in order to use them in her own defense. In her papers, which she asked for also, were certain letters of Henry Martin's which go to show the motive of the second will, and these she feared might fall into hostile hands. Hence the letter. Now Attorney Campbell is very anxious to learn how the missive got into the Coroner's hands and alleges it was stolen.

* * *

Like President Cleveland, Mayor Pardee is blest only with daughters. They are bright little maids, though, and one is old enough to go to Sunday School. Owing to the strange construction this tiny damsel placed upon the text she heard propounded last Sunday, the burgomaster has temporarily withdrawn her from spiritual influence. The line in question ran: "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging." By no means averse to the best products of the State is His Oakland Worship, who has been known not only to drink claret, but even beer—in mildest moderation, of course. What was his astonishment when his little one, in response to his inquiries as to what she had learnt that day, responded:

"Oh, wine is a slogger and water isn't good for you."

Thereupon, calling to his better half, the Mayor announced:

"Don't let that child to Sunday School again. We won't be able to have anything drinkable in the house."

* * *

AMONG the men who died last week there were two whose departures from this valley of fitful struggling put a fine point upon the unprofitableness of politics as a "career." Daniel McLeod, who died at the age of fifty-six, was ten years ago a prosperous contractor and builder. His energy and aptitude for business, his genial nature and generous disposition, had he continued in private life, might have carried him safely and happily to the end. But in an evil moment some one lured him into the filthy stream of politics. For a time he held office, but at last the fatal fever overcame him, and he ran for place. The place sought was the Superintendency of Public Streets. He was defeated badly; but as if the disappointment and chagrin of failure were not sufficient, the wire pullers who surrounded him got most of his money. The campaign left him friendless and wrecked upon the shoreless political sea. He never recovered from the shock. His Waterloo came in 1886. Seven years later he descended to the grave. I knew him well. I believe that but for the trials of 1886 Dan would still be a young and useful citizen.

* * *

The other man was called Michael Lane. He was a rollicking, big-hearted Irishman, born in Limerick, but as healthy an American as could be found anywhere. In youth he was a member of the Volunteer Fire Department of New York City; in manhood he fought for the Union in one of the tough New York regiments. He saw four years of service, and his record, which is on file in the archives of the General George H. Meade Post of this city, is without a flaw. He came to California in 1872, and seven years later entered the field of politics. He was twice elected to the Assembly, and his service in the lower house ended his career as an iron-worker and machinist. Politics, however, gave him but a poor living, and when he came to die the nurses at St. Mary's Hospital saw him off, and his comrades of the Grand Army carried him to the cemetery. He was only fifty-six years old. Neither of these men understood the science of politics nor the responsibilities of public station. They both fell victims to the primary system and the blood-sucking but alluring "piece" club.

* * *

IN THE Shortridge contempt case, Justice Paterson of the Supreme Court laid down some good law. I have not for a long time encountered a decision of that august tribunal which has struck me as being so thoroughly impregnated with common sense as this one. And in expressing this dogmatic opinion I wish to disclaim the possession of any of those joyous sentiments which well up in the journalistic breast when Courts register an edict upholding the "liberty of the press." For my part I do not think the press asks for or should be allowed any more liberty than it already possesses. Mr. Charles M. Shortridge, the editor whose rights were involved in this case, did not, as a matter of fact, claim any special privilege nor plead for any strained construction of the Code. He asked for a common sense vindication of the law, and Justice Paterson, who is one of the clearest and most forcible of our judicial *litterateurs*, has laid down a few propositions regarding the power of a Superior Judge to punish for contempt, that are not likely soon to be disputed.

* * *

Mr. Shortridge, as is well known, is the editor and publisher of the San Jose *Mercury*. The *Mercury* aims, of course, to publish the news of the day as it occurs in the Garden City. Sometime ago there was a divorce case on trial at San Jose in the Department of the Superior Court, over which Judge Loregan presides. The parties litigant were quite prominent, and general public interest was felt in the result. Judge Loregan, who appears to be a not over-gentle conservator of public morals, choked off the public desire for news

of the trial by ordering closed the doors of his Court. But Mr. Shortridge's *Mercury* was not so easily suppressed. It appeared next day with a full account of the proceedings. Judge Loregan immediately called the editor to account, and fined him for contempt.

* * *

Where he found the law upon which to base such an order would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. There are two sections of the Code of Civil Procedure bearing on the subject, but neither of them gives Judge Loregan authority to punish newspapers for publishing the news. Justice Paterson properly observes that the people have an unassailable right to know what is going on in their Courts, and if the Legislature had intended that Superior Judges should have the power to suppress the publication of accounts of trials before them, it would have said so in plain terms. It would be strange indeed if a newspaper report could be construed into an unlawful interference with the dignity or process of a Court, as those things are defined by Section 1209, of what the lawyers call the "C. C. P." Who could imagine such a thing, unless it might be a grouty old lawyer intent on bulldozing a newspaper? So far as the "liberty of the press" is concerned, there are now no terms capable of defining it. The press is practically unbridled. The only check upon it is a wholesome public opinion, and of that every editor is constantly mindful. Mr. Shortridge knows better what to publish in his *Mercury* than all the judges in California boiled into one. Like an experienced *chef*, he studies the public appetite and seeks to gratify it. It is now too late in the nineteenth century to subject the editorial *chef* to the censorship of the judicial *chef*, especially since, in the very nature of things, the judicial *chef* cannot possibly be competent.

* * *

The story of this cause is half way interesting. It seems the proposition of publication was presented by Charles Shortridge to his brother, who, after looking into the law, advised "going ahead." Of course, the entire San Jose bar stood in with the Judge, but nothing daunted the editor went his way. When the case came up before the Supreme Court, S. M. Shortridge was to have delivered a brief, but owing to his illness Mr. D. M. Delmas undertook the obligation, and made an argument, scholarly, profound, and highly polished, that is a valuable addition to the literature of the subject.

* * *

AN AMUSING complication occurred in the *Report* office a brief week ago; it betrayed the necessity for occasional comparison of notes among partners. After a certain Irving performance, Mr. Bunker betook himself to the Palace *café*, and indulged his epicurean appetite in oysters and other post-theatrical delicacies. It seems also he considered it consonant with his journalistic dignity to parade among his friends. He even took occasion to felicitate the steward on the excellence of the *cuisine* and the admirableness of keeping the institution open. For his thoughtfulness and in recognition, doubtless, of his distinguished services as dramatic critic of the *Report*, a check for the meal, marked "complimentary," was handed him by a bowing servitor.

* * *

Next morning in the "Brevity" column of his paper appeared a notice setting forth the convenience of the *café* and grillroom for supper purposes, and the long-felt want they filled. The appreciation so neatly conveyed suggested to Business Manager Hiester the advisability of obtaining from the Palace a special "ad," and up he went to the grillroom authority. He has a blunt way about him has Hiester, and in few words he conveyed his wants. "Guess you ought to do something for the *Report*. Saw what we said about you last night?" Alas, the authority saw it not that way and Mr. Hiester whispered a phrase alleging ingratitude.

"Ingratitude! Don't you know Mr. Bunker had a complimentary supper in here last night?" snapped the authority angrily. "What more do you want?"

I presume Messrs. Bunco & Hay-steer have since settled the little difficulty amicably.

* * *

KLEPTOMANIA prevalent in Oakland—imagine it. Think of our City of Churches and homes possessed of a redeeming vice. May one congratulate it on selecting so profitable a form of sin; it exhibits frugality of no common order—a commercial proclivity that argues a future of opulence. Attention was directed to the interesting tendency some months ago, but since the Merritt sale no instances of social light-fingeredness have come to light. Not many nights ago, at a party on Alice Street, it was discovered that the petty larcenist was abroad. Several articles of minor worth were missed, and the hostess, vastly indignant, inaugurated a career of suspicion.

* * *

She fastened on two girls—the daughters of neighbors—as the guilty ones, and, certain of the accuracy of her assumption, she actually had search warrants issued and the domiciles of the damsels in question routed out. The lost trinkets were not discovered, however, and there yawns a chasm between the several families. The fury of the suspected knoweth no bounds. In the meantime there is considerable anxiety to discover the identity of the culprit, and in the circle of its occurrence the episode has created a profound sensation.

* * *

AMONG deserving charities I know of none comparable with the Youths' Directory. Conducted under Roman Catholic auspices, it is yet non-sectarian in its utter lack of prejudice in the endeavor to do good and subserve its purpose without consideration of creeds. It is unnecessary explaining the *modus operandi* of the institution. It is known and appreciated by the poor, and the manner of its management is most commendable. But it needs money—requires it badly, for the Directory is supported by personal contributions, and just now, while it owes little, its funds are at a low ebb.

* * *

It behooves the charitable in general, therefore, to patronize the Congress of all Nations at the Pavilion. The show is a good one, and the object is admirable.

* * *

It was a deeply interested audience that gathered at the "Becket" opening—lawyers, physicians, clubmen—society in several phases, curious, I fear, over the mummer rather than about his part. At the end of the second act there is a brilliant scene wherein Becket throws himself before an English mob and persuades it against violence—a very impressive situation that history has repeated since. So, at least, thought Martin Kelly, the erstwhile Republican boss. Struck by his attitude in the foyer—it expressed severe reflection—a friend approached and asked:

"How did you like that, Martin?"

The politician shook his head sagely.

"Seemed to have had trouble with their primaries in those days, too."

The Witness.

To avoid imposition see that Sherwood & Sherwood's name is on the label of Keystone Monogram Whiskey. None other genuine.

Ethel—Do you know, I believe Cholly is in love with me.

Mabel—Why?

Ethel—I noticed that he stole papa's big cane when he went out!—*Town Topics.*

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAVE

A Society, Literary, and Political Journal.

THE conclusion of the Administration to deport Chinese up to the limit of the funds available is not new at all. There are 120,000 unregistered Chinese in the country. Their deportation will cost about $9,000,000. Only a small sum is at present available, and this will be used. There will soon be no Chinese question in California.

What is to follow may now engage the attention of people concerned in our industries.

Reliable contract labor, not permanently fixed in the locality of its employment, or slave labor fixed as a chattel of the estate, has each been always and everywhere the most powerful inducement to large land-holding. Free, non-contract labor, fixed in the community where it is employed, has always accompanied small land-holding.

The large orchards and raisin plantations of California will not be profitably operated when there are no more Chinese. They are founded on that labor system, and must go when it goes. The effect of deportation upon California will be exactly what the effect of emancipation was upon the South, and a complete industrial reorganization must follow. This will cause a present loss. We all may as well know this and prepare for it. We cannot substitute bands of wandering white men for the Chinese. White labor has never bettered itself nor profited its employer under such circumstances.

The present loss to our planters by a change in the labor system will be the ultimate gain of the State. The large orchards and plantations will have to be cut up, subdivided, and sold to small holders. An industrious man with an average family can prune and till a twenty-acre raisin plantation, and can cut and dry the grapes ready for sale on the trays to the packer, who will supply the sweat-boxes. In a few years plantations of a section, half-section, quarter-section, or fifty acres, even, will be a novelty in California. The large planters may net some losses in the transformation, but the State will gain greatly in an independent and self-supporting rural population. The profit of all forms of our fruit industry, instead of going as now to a limited number of large planters, will be distributed to thousands of small owners—to families that do their own work, own their places, pay taxes, and are permanent contributing members of the Commonwealth. For each Chinese deported there will appear many small land-owners, and the effect upon the State will be inestimably beneficial.

The first great planter to realize this and offer his plantation in twenty and forty-acre subdivisions will be the wisest of his class, for he will avoid the loss of trying to work two incongruous systems together. His large holding was caused by the convenience, reliability, certainty, and profit of Chinese labor. Had that labor not been available, his property would not be in existence. The struggle to maintain it at a paying scale after that labor disappears will be vain. No man can overcome physical and economic facts, and no wise man ever tries to do it.

* * *

IT will be conceded that there would be no need of the Act to deport Chinese if the Scott Act had been enforced. That Act was put in force at the close of Mr. Cleveland's first Administration, and official laxity under President Harrison seemed to render the Registration Act, with its deportation penalty, necessary. The last Act is official impeachment of the efficiency and integrity of our own officers, for with them efficient and faithful no more Chinese laborers would have entered the country, and registration would have been unnecessary. The Chinese who were lawfully here under the treaty were innocent of violations of the Scott Act, but upon them now falls the punishment visited upon its evasion.

It occurs to me that concurrently with their punishment should occur the expulsion from the public service of every officer of the Treasury who permitted the violation of the Scott Act. The service is still full of them. The special agents who should have prevented the smuggling of Chinese, but by carelessness or corruption omitted to do so, should be besomed into private life at once.

This whole Chinese business is an appalling exhibit of the faithlessness of our own officers. Now that we are at the beginning of a new Administration, the old crowd should be retired.

* * *

ADMISSION DAY has been celebrated again with some pomp and a few circumstances. But, after all, the only real Admission Day celebration was the first one, when the slow but sure ship plowed into the bay with the news that Mr. Clay's Omnibus Bill had passed and California was a member of the Union in full standing. Let it be remembered now that that day caught its glory from the genius and foresight of Gwin, who saw that the new State must be free and not slave, and planned, therefore, that its imperial proportions should not be carved by the line of the Missouri compromise. His foresight saved to this Commonwealth her wide borders. Let us see to it that they are not narrowed by folly or ambition. "California as she is, one and indivisible," is the watchword of local pride and patriotism.

* * *

THE Stockton *Mail* says:

> Colonel Irish gets on the wrong side of the money question in THE WAVE each week. He also writes about some other things that are more interesting, for he is the rankest goldbug in the whole swarm. In last Saturday's WAVE, speaking of the indiscreet expressions of certain zealous but harmless Populists in Washington, he said:
>
> "The most serious work before the administration is the curbing of this Anarchistic and Nihilistic tendency."

My *Mail* friend proceeds to say that I advocate the European system of money and that the people intend violent revolt against the same and I propose repression by force of arms. He concludes therefore, that I want a standing army and gore. It is not proper to use the gentle WAVE as the theatre of a naval battle so to speak, but I may be permitted to say that my friend on Mormon slough is quite mistaken. I am not a man of war. On the contrary, I am a Quaker and non-resistant. True, I have occasionally fulfilled the promptings of the spirit by turning the right cheek to the smiter when he had got through with the left, and when both eyes were blacked, according to the Scripture in such case made and provided, I have gratified the flesh by licking the other fellow, but that was years ago.

What I mean by "curbing" the tendency to lawlessness and disorder is that the people shall be taken out of the hands of the demagogue and agitator by educating them in sound ideas, just as Mr. Cleveland took them out of the hands of the protected plutocrat by educating them on the tariff question.

The *Mail* believes in fiat money, and thinks that I wish to punish it for this belief, as it says:—"going so far as to employ bayonets for the purpose." Let me quiet these fears by extending the pickled olive or any other liquid or solid emblem of peace.

The *Mail* says further that the President, the members of Congress who vote for the Wilson bill, and I, conspire to violate the Chicago platform, betray the Democratic party, and adopt the European money system. What a lot of sturdy daredevils we are to be sure!

Referring to the Chicago platform I find it demands a financial system which will give us dollars of the same unit of value and equal purchasing power "in the markets of the world." There is only one kind of such dollars, and that is the kind that is of equal value with gold by being redeemable in that metal, for gold is the only coin that has equal purchasing power in all the markets of the world. Europe is in the world, therefore the Chicago platform demands a dollar that goes in Europe, and gold is the only dollar that will. So the repealers in Congress, the President and I, all stand squarely on the Chicago platform, and desire to curb the wild tendencies of our *Mail* friend by inviting him to stand with us.

JOHN P. IRISH.

THE SHAME OF CALIFORNIA.

Governor Markham's letter to the Secretary of State shows that he is a fitting successor to Waterman and Stoneman. It appears to be a law that, on becoming Governor of California, a man forfeits his common sense, his honesty, and his manners. Reading in the papers accounts of Chinese being hunted out of their homes, robbed, beaten, and murdered by assemblages of hoodlums, the Government at Washington naturally inquired of Governor Markham whether he desired assistance to preserve the peace. To this the Governor replied in a letter saying:

"I am pleased to inform you that open hostilities have ceased, and, as far as I can learn, good order has been restored."

At the hour these lines were penned the following transactions were occurring at Fresno—I quote from the *Examiner* report:

> A band of raiders appeared at the Metzler ranch, and required the owner to discharge his Chinese hands. Metzler offered them the work of picking his grapes which were ripe. They paid no attention, but went over to the bunk-house where the Chinese were, and began to shoot through the house. Then ripping off boards, they entered the house and scattered the eleven Chinese, beating them with sticks. Three of them they marched down the road. * * * One of these three was found, several hours afterward, lying on the road side with a cut between his eyes and bruises all over him. He was out of his wits, and could not tell what had become of his companions. * * * Half Fresno believes that the other two Chinese are hanging to trees somewhere near the vineyards.

On the same day, the Chinese fled in terror from San Bernardino; at Los Angeles, the Chinese laundries and vegetable stands were closed in consequence of the flight of their owners. The hoodlums robbed their victims of their savings; the *Examiner* reporter states that a United States Marshal took $145 from the person of one Chinese, and as a general rule, wherever a Chinese quarter was cleaned out, the assailants stole everything they could carry away.

This is what Governor Markham calls "good order being restored."

The raids on the Chinese in the southern counties are nothing but the natural fruit of the race prejudice with which persons of respectability labor to imbue the ignorant class. Men of the standing of Governor Markham prate about the non-execution of the infamous Geary law; persons of a lower grade of civilization give effect to his views by looting a Chinese dwelling house, stealing its contents and beating its owner. The difference between the Governor and the raiders of Metzler's vineyard is one of degree. If in a fit of contrition the Fresno authorities should arrest the latter and put them on their trial for riot and murder, they ought to place Governor Markham by their side, and try him with them.

We are reaping the harvest which was sowed many years ago when, in meek subservience to the Workingmen's party, respectable men acquiesced in the cry "The Chinese must go." Brutal and insensate anti-Chinese prejudice was abhorrent to men of culture and principle. But not one of them had the pluck to stand up and say that such barbarism was revolting and disgraceful. On the contrary, they patted the Mongol-haters on the back, found excuses for them, fished out of ethnology the old apologies for race prejudice which used to serve as justifications for negro slavery, winked at outrages which made honest men's blood boil, and trafficked their political virginity at Washington for Exclusion Acts. Men of intelligence stultified themselves at the command of the labor unions, men of morality prostituted their honor to curry favor with the Sandlot. Senator Fair defiled the statute book of his adopted country with a provision that, alone among the nations of the world, the Chinese could not be naturalized; John F. Swift crowned an honorable career by lowering himself to the level of the basest moujik who insists that from Russia the Jew must go. When that is the attitude of the leaders of political parties, is it any wonder that ignorant ranch hands should deal out to the Chinese the gentle mercies which the Apache and the Comanche used to vouchsafe to unwary white men who ventured within their reach?

We are ourselves the chief victims of our time-serving cowardice. A quarter of a century ago, the men of this State were pre-eminent in statesmanship, law, letters, and general intelligence. Now they are at the foot of the class. Before the anti-Chinese mania broke out, the Government at Washington leaned on Californians for guidance in its foreign policy and in its commercial relations; the decisions of Californian judges were quoted all over the country with reverent respect; the world gazed admiringly at Californian triumphs in engineering; California had few peers in letters. Now we have not a member of either house at Washington who can speak without emptying the hall; there is not a public man in San Francisco whose opinion on large questions anyone cares to know; all classes have an incurable propensity to take the wrong side of every question which comes up. They are protectionists when protection has been laid to rest in lavender; silver men in a State to which a sound currency is indispensable; filibusters when filibusterism is as dead as the slave trade. In the Californian intellect there appears to be a kink which bars the way to logical action. We are suffering from curvature of the moral spine, and the curvature prevents our standing upright. It is nothing more nor less than the adoption of a false principle as the basis of our political philosophy. We build on a rotten foundation, and, of course, the superstructure is rickety and twisted. We teach our young men that whatever else they may believe, they must stick to the principle of Chinese exclusion; launching them with such wrong bearings, of course they cannot make any safe port, and when they meet in a body as native sons, the world is dazzled by the brilliancy of their minds and the logic of their reasoning.

The end will probably be that Congress will repeal not only the Geary Act, but likewise all the other Acts providing for Chinese exclusion. The labor unions would set up a howl, and Mr. Terence Powderly would for a moment desist from the wake he is holding over the Knights of Labor to shriek: but it would not be long before common sense reasserted its sway. California would get the labor it needs. The fruit would not go unpicked, laboring men would no longer need to barricade themselves in unions to maintain wages. Citizens would be enabled to cross the border without having to blush for their State. It would be a sad day for the agitators who live by fomenting the ignorant passions of the Sandlot. But if, in the extremity of their woe, they should see fit to seek a premature grave in the waters of the bay, honest people would console themselves with the reflection that the ebb tide is uniform, and that putrescence of all kinds soon finds its way through the Golden Gate and outside the heads.

John Bonner

THE BIRTHDAY.

It was St. Martin's day and Martina's birthday—a day with a springtime face but the heart of autumn. Martina had risen early with the glad consciousness that this was one of the special events of the year—one of the times when it is a duty to enjoy as many moments as possible and store the enjoyment for a future consumption, when days are melancholy and sunless.

Martina revered anniversaries as days individualized by incidents in which she had taken some share, but her youth and inexperience had not yielded her many of them. The importance of her birthday was greater because a year ago Raoul had told her he loved her. Everything seemed changed then—even the bird-sounds and flower-voices were different. They realized the coming of St. Martin's day.

But one chord was unresponsive. With the passing hours Martina grew restless. There was no birthday token from Raoul. Other gifts there were in plenty, but they were the undesired and their very profusion annoyed her. This thoughtfulness of people to whom she was indifferent only heightened the contrast of his negligence. One flower from him with a message would have meant more to her than all these great bunches. Martina felt displeased with the huge, waxen buds.

She stood reflectively with her long, pale hands drooping over the space she had reserved for his gift. She was passing the months in review since the last St. Martin's day. At that time she had been in a delicate, acrobatic poise between love and friendship, in the one period in the history of her love when it was unmixed with pain. But her heart had flown out without waiting for her understanding, and before she realized the delightful twilight of feeling that was enveloping her, she had passed beyond it. At that moment one year ago she had held her love in her hand to cherish or crush, but she had chosen to love her best and this had carried her heart a long way toward making her love an everlasting thing. She resolved to be patient, tender, unselfish, but, alas, which of these can overcome indifference? Martina thought in her bitterness that reminiscence is a disease, and expectation a synonym for disappointment.

And down in the heart of the city Raoul was whistling gayly. To him memories were an encumbrance and anticipation a superfluity. The past meant yesterday to him. He had not even remembered that this was Martina's birthday and the first anniversary of their love.

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AMATEUR SPORT

The autumn tennis championships at San Rafael resulted in the making of one new champion and the strengthening of the claims of the Hardy brothers to the title in the doubles. It was certainly the event of the week in amateur sporting circles, and as such deserves first consideration in these columns.

When Miss Hooper defeated Miss Bates, of whom so much had been expected, every one considered Miss Morgan's victory in the finals as a foregone conclusion, and while the California Club champion played in her usual form, her friends, and those of Miss Hooper as well, were completely upset in their calculations by the brilliant playing done by the latter. Miss Hooper's play, from start to finish, was characterized by a strength and confidence quite unlooked for. The first set was a long and a hard one, closing at 9-7 in favor of the challenger. Miss Hooper was loudly applauded for her splendid showing, but when the champion carried off the second set at 6-3 in her favor, the wise judges decided that Miss Morgan was only biding her time. They proved quite as much at fault, however, for in the third set Miss Hooper's play was the better throughout and she reversed the score, winning at 6-3 in capital style. By this time the younger player had won many warm supporters and enthusiastic admirers, but the splendid exhibition of power on the champion's part seemed to blight all the hopes of the younger contingent, for Miss Morgan carried off the set at break-neck speed in the brilliant score of 6-1. There were some wise players present who predicted that Miss Morgan had outplayed herself in this hard set, and the result of the fifth and final bout proved their wisdom, for Miss Hooper was the fresher of the two and had the best of it from the start, despite a brave and brilliant resistance on the part of the champion. The score was 6-4.

The championship doubles developed some remarkably good form in the play of the Hardy brothers. Both of them have improved greatly, and they played a game which for hard driving and judicious placing would be hard to beat. Messrs. Bates and Driscoll were defeated handily by Stetson and De Long, and I must confess that my judgment in this instance was at fault. What I had seen of Bates' practice play convinced me that in conjunction with Champion Driscoll he could offer a game at least good enough to meet the Hardys in the finals. Neither Bates nor Driscoll, however, were in first-class form. They won the first set at 6-2, but this was but little to their credit, for their opponents did not extend themselves. The next three sets went to the California pair—6-3, 6-2, 6-4.

Stetson and De Long have played together so often and have so frequently pulled a losing game out of the fire that, despite the fact that they were neither one of them playing a hard game, there were many San Franciscans who felt that the Oakland boys would have their hands full. But, as I said before, both of the Hardys have improved in their playing, and won pretty much as they pleased in straight sets. The first set was not conspicuous for any brilliant play on either side, although it was plain that the champions would have but little difficulty in retaining their hold upon the much-coveted title. The set went to their credit—6-3. The second set was the most interesting of the meeting, both the Hardys playing from the deep court. While their game was at times risky, they made a number of brilliant plays, which won for them rounds of hearty applause and finally the set—7-5. The Californians had clearly shot their bolt and were fairly out of it in the final set, the Hardys winning without effort by a score of 6-1.

* * *

While I was much inclined last week to criticise the determination of the owners of the "Lurline" and the "Aggie" to race their boats for the Wieland cup without the necessary preparation, I am forced this week to bestow a good deal of praise on Skipper Spreckels for his splendid performance at the wheel of the keel boat. There is certainly no question in my mind that over such a course the centre-board boat is far and away the faster of the two; in point of fact, if sailed to her full capacity, I think it a safe bet that on such a day as Saturday last the "Aggie" can show the way to any craft in these waters, "Jessie" included. The Wieland schooner seems to have but little luck in her handling, and seldom shows the turn of speed she is capable of

The course selected was the mid-channel one, and a more perfect day for a race could not have been wished for. The wind was true and sufficient to make the going lively from the very start. Captain Underwood, who had the white boat in charge, was clearly unused to her tricks, for he sailed her with such care that it seemed at times that he was afraid of her weather qualities. The "Lurline," on the other hand, was made to carry every available stitch of racing canvas on board. All her forward sails proved effective and the "Aggie" seemed in cruising rig compared with the keel boat. Mr. Spreckels piloted his schooner with a masterly hand, and is deserving of much credit for her victory, which, of course, proved a most popular one.

As I predicted a week ago, the New York cup-defender, "Vigilant," has proved herself the best of the quartet in every way, and it is to her fore that we shall have to pin our hopes of retaining the historic America's cup.

* * *

Football from now until November promises to occupy first place in the interests of our amateur athletes. The season will undoubtedly be the most brilliant we have ever seen on the Coast, and a number of splendid games may be looked for. Denver is going to send her team to compete at the Midwinter Fair, and in all probability the Portland players will come down to try the metal of the O. A. C. men and of the two 'Varsity teams. The Denver players are, many of them, men who have had their teaching at the big Eastern colleges, and in consequence will prove to be well worthy antagonists. The team is always relied upon to put in an appearance in first-class form, and will, doubtless, be able to make all the Californians extend themselves.

"Pop" Bliss is hard at work down at Palo Alto, and is putting his men through the necessary tests for the selections of players for the first and second elevens.

* * *

The sale of the Follansbee stable at Sheepshead Bay on the same day that the pick of the Lorrillard racers were disposed of, was a disappointment in the way of prices. The splendid mare, Gloaming, fetched but a trifle over $7000, which, considering her winnings and her present form, was but a sorry figure.

All the other stables from the Coast are in good condition and the owners in hopes of capturing some of the remaining purses at Gravesend and Morris Park before setting out for the late campaign over the southern and western tracks. "Charlie" Fair, who has been here for the past ten days, returns to the East shortly. He tells me that he has strong hopes of one or two of his string showing well to the front before the season closes.

THE STARTER.

The San Francisco WAVE is as bright as an electric light and as neat as a press club. —*N. Y. Journalist.*

The celebrated Del Monte Orchestra has returned to the city, and its services may be secured by addressing Mr. Valentine Huber care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

She had been telling her little grandson about the crazy king Nero and how he played the violin while Rome was burning, etc.

Suddenly the child looked up earnestly and asked: "Grandma, was he any relation to Nero my God to Thee?"—*Figaro.*

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
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"Why were you out so late?" asked the magistrate severely.

"Couldn't get away from the club," said the culprit sadly.

"What club?" asked the magistrate.

"The policeman's club," said the culprit.—*The Hotel.*

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THE IDEAL.

Sorrow for him who evermore hath striven
To shape the perfect vision of his soul;
For gazing up into the face of heaven
The falling snow seems foul.

—A. HAYES

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MASKS AND FACES

ELLEN TERRY.

The triumph of Sarah Bernhardt has been ascribed to her incomparable portrayal of the conflict of passions. Ada Rehan founds her fame upon the infinite variety and truth of her impersonations. Upon what should Ellen Terry rest her claim for dramatic distinction?

Enthusiasm, such as she has aroused, is generally conceded to be evidence of extraordinary talent. But, after all, is such popular demonstration to be trusted as final proof of histrionic greatness?

The average playgoer does not linger over his pleasure slowly listening to the flavor—he takes one sip to decide whether it is to his liking, then empties the glass at a swallow. He likes or dislikes and analyzes no further. Often—who knows how often? he conceals a wry face, and smacks his lips because his neighbor, a professional taster, has smacked his. A third man echoes the approval and soon the whole semi-circle voices the enjoyment that it feels that it ought to feel. There is nothing so convincing, not even greatness itself, as a great reputation. It prepares opinions for the weak, browbeats the criticism of the independent, and ridicules the hostility of the pugnacious. And so it extends its term of office indefinitely.

The applause that greeted the initial performance of Miss Terry in this city was in every way disproportionate to the value of the work presented. It is asking too much of an actress, however versatile, to assume a dual role successfully at a moment's notice. So occupied was Miss Terry in prompting other members of the cast that much was lost of the finish, ease, and snap that might otherwise have distinguished her acting. As it was, the merry comedy, instead of going with a rush, plodded on with many a halt to its happy termination. The tumultuous applause that followed upon the fall of the curtain—applause such as her best efforts have not since been able to outrival—was ample proof that Miss Terry's great reputation had gone before her and conquered. So much for the significance of popular plaudits. As for the genius of the actress who evoked them—

Adorers of Ellen Terry (her admirers are adorers) tell us that she is great because she is great. Her art is so subtle that the mind must not hope to analyze it. To doubt her distinction is to evidence our own mediocrity. She is too indescribable to be described, too elusive to be scrutinized, too intuitively unerring to be questioned. If you do not think her beautiful, you are blind; if you do not find her youthful, you are prejudiced. You do not fancy her acting? She does act—she is. Her methods are flawless, her interpretation infallible. In short, fact that must silence all criticism, she is Ellen Terry.

That the public should respond to the charm of an artistic actress is readily understood; that it should so have enshrined her that honest criticism becomes sacrilege, is unique as it is incomprehensible.

There has been no actor so great but that his range has been limited, and his success unequal even within that range. Ideals are as varied as the minds that may conceive them, and an actor is great or little to the individual according as he realizes or falls short of that individual's ideal.

There are people to whom dramatic greatness depends less upon the intuitive grasp of a conception than upon the heart that quickens it; less upon perfection of method than upon the soul's impulse that moves and stirs and animates; less upon harmony and artistic completeness than upon the fire that, burning itself, can kindle a hundred kindred emotions in others.

To all such, Ellen Terry's supreme greatness remains yet to be proved. An attractive personality, a supple, willowy figure, a grace of movement, an instinctive grasp of a role and a nice perception of its inflections, a delicate method, technical skill, vivacity, and, above all, a temperament that suffuses her roles with the spirit of its own poetry, all united proclaim Miss Terry an actress of superior charm and intelligence.

But it is not in the detailed correctness of a portrayal, but in the soul that animates it, that we look for the divine spark. When it exists we feel it. Genius is its own interpreter; its force is electrical; we recognize the thrill.

Nowhere has Miss Terry made us feel its power. The recesses of the soul are never searched by its light nor the depths of the heart stirred by its pathos. There is an exquisite sympathy between an actress and her role, that is the test of the sympathy between an actress and her audience. It is not to be found in Miss Terry's acting. Her roles do not call for passionate fire, but every character that is to stir must be inspired with the warmth and glow of life. Her art illumines, but it does not vivify. Her characters live—it is insisted. Perhaps—but they never shrob with life.

Her voice, perhaps, expresses best the quality of her acting—it is not vibrant. Any one in whose memory, to-day, vibrates the thrilling cadences of Neilson's tones, cannot fail to realize the limited resources of Miss Terry's voice. The recitations and declamations of Nance Olfield testified sufficiently to the limit of its range. Beyond a few notes of contralto richness it is strained and worn. It is a voice without soul. As her acting never thrills, her voice never rings. Her gestures are fluent and varied, but her voice is stubborn. In tenderness it is not caressing; in passion, not eloquent. A certain breathless incisiveness must ever atone for what it lacks in resonance and sympathy.

Nor is her face, as a rule, sensitive to delicate fluctuations of emotion. In repose it indicates only weariness; in thought, haunting pain. In gayety, alone, is it illumined and enchanting. That Miss Terry continues to accomplish what she does in spite of such drawbacks, testifies to the spell of her unconventionality and the perfection of her art.

Just what extremes her art can touch, we cannot know. It is because her imagination, rather than her heart, identifies itself with her roles that her happiest effort is to be found in "Becket." As the fair Rosamund, Miss Terry struck a beautiful note of a perfect chord. Her temperament, essentially poetic, here found natural expression. Her very mannerisms, the flitting tread, the extended arms and waving hands seemed born anew as the special expression of Tennyson's poetic heroine.

Her Portia was dignified and winsome and even tender, but it was in no way a revelation. In the "Raillery Act," as in the portrayal of the airy abandon of the *insouciant* Nance Olfield scenes, in which the head has more play than the heart, Miss Terry is at her best.

But the spirit animating Olivia was cold. There was none of the exultant vitality of youth in the earlier scenes, nor tears in the pathos of the later ones. Her spirit is volatile enough, but it is the vivacity of excited restlessness rather than the spontaneity of exuberant animal life. She effervesces, but does not sparkle. And where she should sound the depths of feeling, one looks in vain for the glow of a genuine palpitating emotion.

Charming, refined, individual, poetic, Miss Terry is all of these, but great she will never be until unconventionality is genius, and stage business inspiration. HARRIET L. LEVY.

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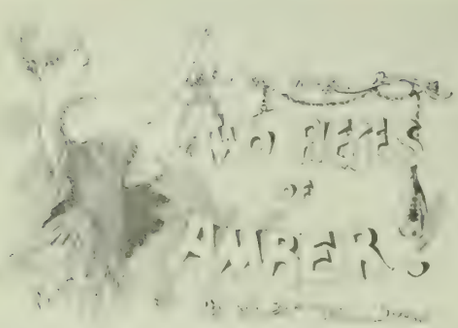

Because of two pieces of amber, there is trouble in the household of Nathaniel Dovecote, Esquire.

To some extent, it was the fault of the Unseen Powers.

The Unseen Powers ordained that these two pieces of amber, instead of rasping about on the bottom of the Baltic until the underflow caught them and rolled them ashore, to be turned into neckwear or wristware, should be given as eyes to a Certain Girl. And while it is not infrequently the manner of the people who live upon Rügen island, and other Baltic shores, to believe in amber as a love charm, yet the verification was never perfect until the Certain Girl appeared.

It may be that while these two pieces of amber were yet in the Elsewhere, they belonged to a mermaid. And the olden legends declare that mermaids were always in the swim in affairs of the heart.

But what does the dead past matter? The past that keeps showing us its wounds is the only past that matters—because we hate it.

The game of life had favored Nathaniel Dovecote from the beginning. He started poor. That gave him ambition and industry. For a time he stayed poor. That enabled him to practice economy. And when he grew rich the habit of economy was too strong upon him to be shaken off. In great measure, it was the habit of economy that caused Nathaniel to take to himself a wife. He was rich; he was become a power in the land. The land, however, in what Nathaniel mentally held to be its cussed foolishness, began to plume itself with the insignia of its prosperity, and to expect its Powers to do likewise. It created Society, and declared that whoso would maintain a position must figure in Society. So Nathaniel decided that it would be economy to marry in such wise as to let his wife maintain his social position, while he continued building himself more firmly into the foundations of the financial tower of Babel.

Mrs. Nathaniel Dovecote was an admirable woman. Her family was a shining beacon of light. It shone, but it did not glitter with gold. That was why it allied itself to Mr. Dovecote.

Their life was an alternation of chills and fevers. When Mr. Dovecote's dinner disagreed with him, he reproached his wife with going to receptions and neglecting the care of the house. When she stayed away from a swagger function, he wondered what he had married her for if it were not that his name might figure at the social occasions.

Yet, inasmuch as they did not hate each other, they were happy together.

One day Nathaniel had been particularly unpleasant to his wife, so he went over into the part of town that smells of opium and patchouli and crowded creatures, and instigated a Refuge. It was partly a hospital, and partly a fold for estrayed sheep.

This thing of being patron to a Refuge helped his credit immensely. Besides which, it allowed his self-respect to vaunt itself, and furnished him with another text upon which he hung an address of welcome to himself.

And when Mrs. Dovecote went to a cotillion to sustain the family credit, her husband thought devoutly of the Refuge.

He often wondered which was the more paying investment—his wife or the Refuge.

It was in the nature of the Refuge that in its maintenance nurses should be an item. For a long while Mr. Dovecote considered the genus nurse as a being that wore black clothes, leathern features, and eye-glasses, and cost so much *per mensem*.

Until the day when a Certain Girl was seen of him. Her features were not leathern. Her eyes were:

Two pieces of amber!

What does it matter where she came from? Shall the Angel Gabriel or the Demon Malevolent require identification when this world ceases? She was a nurse in the Refuge, and she was, h'm, necklessly beautiful.

After the patron saw her, he wondered how much the *per mensem* arrangement included.

It is a fact that up to this time the sluggish blood of the patron had never yet been stirred to the boiling point of passion. Unconsciously, perhaps, this had been part of his economic scheme.

Yet, in the wealth of economy that this man had practised all his successful life, there was one curious flaw. You have seen a fly caught in amber, staining the yellow glory with a somber speck? In Mr. Dovecote's case the flaw was:

Amber!

He adored it. He never smoked, yet he had a collection of amber-tipped pipes, cigar, and cigarette-holders, that would have dazzled an Arcadian, an Arcadian of Mr. Barrie. He had earrings of amber, watchguards, bracelets, necklaces.

But this was the first time that he had seen eyes of amber!

Of course he desired to possess them at once. When this desire, the desire of the collector, of the hobby-rider, came upon him, he observed, with some apprehension, that there was some other feeling mingled with it. It was in the blood.

That feeling, curiously enough, was the only one recognized by the Certain Girl.

And since woman is largely a creature of instinct, it is probable that this girl's reading of Mr. Dovecote's attitude towards her was the correct one.

Yet the fact remains that but for the two pieces of amber that served her for eyes, a Certain Girl might have been Venus and Lais in one and yet have passed unnoticed of the patron of the Refuge.

Speculation aside! There were two pieces of amber that Nathaniel Dovecote wished to add to his collection.

To do this he found it necessary to furnish them with a somewhat expensive setting.

The flat was one of the prettiest in town!

Of all his amber collection those two pieces of amber were the dearest to Mr. Dovecote. He looked at them until something inside him went blind. It is certain that he did strange things and talked stranger ones.

Amber used to be his hobby. Now it was a monomania.

And always those two pieces of amber! How he raved!

Mrs. Nathaniel Dovecote was stepping into her carriage to be driven to the Benedicts' Ball, when her husband stopped her, smilingly. He had smiled a great deal, and queerly, for some time before that. He gave the coachman a different address to the Benedicts' and then got in beside his wife.

He talked of amber all the way.

He led his wife into the prettiest hallway, opened a door with a key from his pocket, and ushered her into the most charmingly appointed apartment.

Mrs. Dovecote was boiling with rage and agony.

Her husband opened another door.

"Here are two pieces of amber," he said, smilingly, "the gems of my collection." And he introduced his wife to the Certain Girl.

The latter was smiling, the wife was quivering with inarticulate rage, and in Mr. Dovecote's eyes there was a queer gleam of amber.

It was as if sparks of amber, glints of deep sea amber, flew from the eyes of the Certain Girl to the eyes of the patron of the Refuge.

Mrs. Dovecote threw her hands before her eyes, shutting out a yellow glare. "Sancta Maria!" she cried, wildly, stumbling out of the room to reach the door behind her. She never knew how she reached the carriage and home.

And now there is trouble in the household of Nathaniel Dovecote, Esquire—because of two pieces of amber.

J. Percival Pollard.

THE ROSE OF CONSCIENCE.

It is eight of the clock. The ceremony will occur in ten minutes. She is standing alone in the sumptuous little boudoir that has been the downy cradle of her adolescence. At her request her bridesmaids have left her—left her alone there for the last time.

Her mind is in a tumult, her heart is beating fast, and her cheeks are aflame. Ten minutes more of girlhood ten minutes! Then—the sweet and wonderful culmination of her youthful dreams.

She stands before the long mirror contemplating herself. She is a splendid vision in her rich bridal robes. The long white gown fits her perfect figure to perfection, and the snowy lace at her throat is not more white than the soft flesh to which it clings caressingly.

She wears no decorations save orange blossoms, the floral type of innocence.

At last he is to be hers, he whom she loves so devotedly. How noble and good he is! He is her hero, her ideal. Oh, she will be as faithful to him as the breeze to the bough.

All at once she begins to tremble. The red dies out of her cheeks and in her eyes comes the look of the wounded fawn. A haunting fear seems to have taken possession of her, or the memory, perhaps, of a day that is dead.

Her gaze is fixed upon a tiny photograph which peeps from a corner of the mirror. It is the face of a man with soft, dangerous eyes.

She draws it forth and tears it into a score of pieces, as a beast rends its prey.

There is a vase of dark red roses in the window. She buries her face in them and closes her eyes, and inhales a long breath of their delicious and intoxicating incense. They seem to communicate their color to her cheeks, for the pallor is replaced by a flush of red.

"You scarlet things! How I hate you!" she whispers, chokingly. "How I hate you!"

There is one a more brilliant red than the others, and this she suddenly breaks from its stem and for an instant presses it to her lips. She seems to waver between two impulses, and then she tears from her corsage the loveliest of the delicate white blossoms, casts it from her, and conceals the red rose in the folds of lace in its place.

Someone is at the door. She starts guiltily. They have come for her. The man she loves is waiting for his bride.

She goes slowly down the flower-strewn stairs and places her hand in his.

She does not lift her eyes to his proud face.

How fondly he kisses her!

How beautiful she is!—*Town Topics.*

Margery—Why do you keep on refusing Jack? You say you love him.

Emma—Oh, he has such a cute way of proposing! —*Truth.*

Clara—Fred has been telling it around that I'll let just anybody kiss me.

Belle—The mean thing! If there's anybody I hate, it's the man who tells everything he knows.—*Truth.*

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

You remember I promised to tell you about the meeting in connection with the Woman's Building and Exhibit at our Midwinter Fair. There was quite a large number present to discuss the preliminaries, and it was decided to ask some of our most prominent ladies, from the social, literary, or monetary standpoint, to form a committee of management. Among those chosen are Mrs. Alvord, Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Will Crocker, Mrs. S. D. Cooper, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, and some others; so we hope they will act and I am sure we will all coalesce to make it a success. *On dit* that long ere these ladies took the measure under advisement some others, who are less prominent but more of the character of the "early bird," approached the Managers of the Fair here and told their wishes and plans; unlike the "early bird," however, their aspirations toward catching the worm were rudely dashed to the ground, as the management would have none of them. Our ladies were told they would meet with a similar fate, but whether the management repented of their former hastiness, or whether we baited our hooks with something more tempting, we were cordially smiled on, and begged to make haste and not weary of well doing; in fact, we received so much encouragement that we feel that already we may count on aid whenever we are prepared to ask for it.

Fancy a woman with seven feet three inches of hair! yet only to-day I read of such a woman. What a tremendous amount of "grooming" it would require, and how distinctly distasteful would be the task of shampooing it. I never envy these modern "Samsons" their wealth of locks, for, if you notice, it is quality, not quantity that forms the chief beauty of hair, as of many other things. So great a weight of hair, too, is essentially unhealthy, and we usually notice those who are so endowed suffer from the most awful headaches and nervous disorders. There are, however, some exceptions to this rule, and one of the ruddiest, jolliest, healthiest girls I know has hair so thick that when loose it forms a perfect mantle, completely covering her as far as her knees. Have you never noticed that the thickest, strongest, longest hair is of the golden or ruddy brown tint? I have, invariably. By that I don't mean to say that all girls with golden or black locks have neither long nor thick hair; but as a rule they are not in the running with their sisters of the mezzo tint.

Are not our new hats the queerest, quaintest, oddest things? I was in Lucile & Stone's to-day. You know they have opened their new store in the Irving Hall Building, and it is a thing of beauty and I trust a joy forever. It is filled with the frailest, most exquisitely delicate gems of bonnets. One in a soft shade of blue, caught up in the most peculiarly *chic* fashion and trimmed with one of those irresistible ferrets, and a *soupcon* of lace, and a fluttering of feather, took my eye. Then there were those Revolutionary hats with the peaks, with the most deftly turned bows and quills. There were accordion plaited hats which had a most peculiar fascination, as I have never seen anything approaching them either in shape or form heretofore. The rooms are so prettily furnished, too, and so bright with fine large mirrors where one can gaze on one's fleeting charms to the greatest advantage. There are no abominable-looking boxes to hurt one's eyes, but pretty stands and cases, with a perfect wealth of flowers, feathers, and bonnets artfully displayed to catch the eye and heart and hold both until one falls a victim and goes off the proud possessor of some dainty confection.

I saw some tea cloths to-day that made me at once desire to give a whole series of teas, not meaningless teas, but either a sort of a mutual improvement Society tea, you know, with a few songs, not classic exactly but new and well sung, and a little sewing, and a little reading, say one a fortnight or so; where we might imbibe a little knowledge, not the kind marked poisonous, unless taken in large doses, but the homeopathic kind, the gleanings of the richer harvest so to speak, without our knowing why or wherefore. Have you an object in life or do you always intend to lead a butterfly's existence and leave only footprints in the sand to be wiped out by the next passer-by? I suppose in one way you have your use like the lily of the field who toiled not, etc., but still one does become a sort of egotistical monomaniac, and the result is dire, not to one's self—one might pardon that—but it is usually not the individual who is a sufferer but the unfortunate friends and acquaintances.

How do you like this for a gown? A pale gray cloth of very fine, soft make. The skirt is plain, but lined with rose-pink silk, and has a flounce inside of the same color and material as the lining. It is worn over a pink silk petticoat, frilled to match. A very pretty pink silk blouse, with a jabot of old lace, is worn under a short basqued coatee of the gray cloth, which is open in front. The pink sleeves of the blouse show under the gray ones from the elbow to the wrists. The hats need not match the suits this year, as nearly all, or rather black and white ones, predominate. So you don't need nearly so many, and can have, perhaps, one or two imported ones instead of the several cheaper ones of the usual season. The what I call angel effect, you know those pieces put on in somewhat of a shield form, reminding one of ancient armor encased in "complete steel," only the shield, which meets at the shoulders, both in front and back narrows to the waist, and gives one a stunning figure. I saw one the other day on a tall woman and she looked absolutely majestic.

The ladies of San Francisco have a most agreeable surprise in store for them. Looking in at the Maze millinery parlor, the other day, I was invited to peep into some of the beautiful creations they will shortly display to the fashionable public. This enterprising firm has brought from Paris Madame Audree. To the *habitués* of *Rue de la Paix*, Paris, the Madame needs no introduction. She is the pupil of the greatest Parisian milliners and designer of their famous successes. From the models I saw of her handiwork I can safely predict a veritable deluge of success for the Madame, and considerable vie among the ladies as to which shall first secure some of her prizes. Without doubt her equal in design or taste has never been seen here, and we predict for the Maze the greatest popularity any season has ever witnessed. The opening will take place shortly, and, if you want to be in it, try and get the manager to give you a peep before it occurs.

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The Other—Who in the world told you that?—*Truth.*

LORING CLUB CONCERT.

Among local vocalists there has never been a widespread enthusiasm for the singing of part songs. With one honorable exception, the Loring Club, societies have come and gone and scarcely more than one season's existence has been vouchsafed them. The pleasures of indulging unwieldy jealousies, appetites for combat, and other egotistic excrescences speedily eat through supports of these bodies inharmonious and made flat failures infallibly certain. Conducted on fixed principles discouraging to inclinations quarrelsome or otherwise destructive of necessary internal repose, the Loring Club has been enabled to hold its subscribers firmly, and remains the only society performing the more dignified class of works written for chorus. Mr. Loring has given so many years of successful effort to an enterprise which at the outset was declared an impossibility, that both public and musical world now take for granted his present, past, and, it is to be presumed, future labors without according acknowledgement in anything like due measure. Last week's concert, happening to be the first of the seventeenth season, was a fitting occasion for public recognition of services given by the conductor and other original members. Maintained and sustained almost entirely by amateurs, the club is a living memorial of musical feeling and an incentive to a form of culture which is very much neglected. Its work in enrolling together a large body of amateurs, who would otherwise let their taste and abilities lie comparatively fallow, is not to be made light of, and the standard attained is, if not ideally satisfactory, at least intelligent and capable of holding the attention of the large audiences which gather for each performance. It appears that though attendance and interest continue growing, the list of associate members remains at a somewhat limited number. As the financial success of the club depends upon its associate membership it is to be hoped there will be enrolled a round number of new subscribers at an early time in this season.

Of the many amateurs possessing voluminous voices in cultivation or in process of, an insufficient number find their way into the club. The voice trainers have something to do with this, as they universally discourage choral singing, puffing up their disciples with consciously false hopes of brilliant success in solo singing. Many names recur in this connection of whom good might be expected from the ranks of a well-drilled chorus; at present these individuals are a pain to friends and unspeakable to the public. In place of some of the Loring singers, whose tones perpetually fail to eventuate, the efforts of these costermonger artists would be acceptable.

Since its last appearance no new qualities have been developed by the only local male chorus. Its first tenor is, perhaps, a trifle more robust, but at that could undergo improvement in quality and quantity. Perfect pitch and balance of forces seldom salute the ear amongst a multitude of metropolitan chorus singing; here if a certain crispness and clean rhythmic swing is given the expected is done thoroughly. Of the numbers, the final chorus by Esser, delivered with vigor, volume and elasticity, showed no limited capacity for bright singing.

Mrs. A. E. Brune relieved the programme with solos. A light soprano, her voice has an artificially-made breadth upon the upper medium. These tones, monotonously disproportionate, disappoint and promise unfortunately if persisted in. A clear and unaffected style recommend themselves favorably allied to a petite and agreeable presence. Messrs. Coffin, Blinn, and Morrissey did the incidental tenor *soli* to a point of acceptance. As an accompanist, Miss R. W. Loring has developed talent and certainty.

Mr. Wilkie's Ballad Concert of the usual prodigality in numbers, drew the customary house on Thursday. Excepting the choice of Mr. Henry Strauss and Mr. Albert Hooper each piece was sufficingly familiar. First appearances of Mr. Strauss, Miss Esther Needham, Mr. Hooper, and the little maid, Mary Pasmore, gave particular interest. Mrs. Martin Schultz and Mr. Wilkie received the welcome always reserved for them and their efforts. Mr. Strauss, a pianist of the old order which changes not nor is dismayed, pronounced himself in Paderewski's gracious and antique flavored *Op.* B variations. Much digital culture, some feeling, the inevitable tight octave and chord playing, and an Old World stringency of tone are exampled in his method. Sympathy, emotional quality, sufficient volume, and good range impress themselves through Mr. Hooper's voice. Musical ability and sensitiveness will, when the strain of public appearance is past, be expressed more certainly. Miss Needham has voice, confidence, and musical conception, a dolorous delivery and curiosities of English to expound. So much talent as the little Mary Pasmore displayed is rare anywhere and deserves every benefit of care and development; the elements of a real artist appear inborn in the little personage.

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LIBRARY NOTES

Not because of Evadne's superlative conscientiousness nor for the sad moral of her marriage; not because she preaches by the page and theorizes through chapters; not because of its lesson, of its vehemently urged purpose, of its special pleading of the woman's cause, nor the intrinsic interest of its awful examples, is "The Heavenly Twins" a great book. It is great because of an exuberant fertility, a surprising vitality; because of its power, its humor, the consistency of its character drawing, its modernness, and, above all, because of its idyllic chapters.

That Evadne is a remarkable creation shrewdly developed, manipulated with rare insight, her conversation modulated to the carefully wrought individuality—a unique heroine of original charm, is very true; that the characterization of the Morning-quest group, of the Fraylings, of the Maltese colony, is all admirably distinct, no one who reads may deny. Yet it is not for all this clever portraiture; not for the spiritual charm of Mrs. Orton Begg, nor for the orations of Mrs. Malcomson; not for the tragedy of Edith Beale's marriage, nor the profundity of Ideala and Dr. Galbraith that one reads these 679 pages of small type. Is it not rather for Angelica and Diavolo, for the delicious abandon of Evadne's early love, for the subtle delineation of her strange life in Malta, for her heroism, rather than for her ideas, but, above all, for the idyll of the tenor and the boy?

A huge canvas that of Madame Sarah Grand. Her *dramatis personæ* have ample space to exploit themselves. Yet with its great length, its involutions, its division into books, one cannot criticise the composition as awkward. It may be there is no effort at form, save in the development of the characters, yet the *ensemble* is not inconsistent. Still, one may be forgiven the impression that the authoress is unconsciously an artist; that her serious effort is the development of Evadne's theories; that the delicious wickedness of the twins and the twain is unique in the range of English fiction; the delicate charm of Edith's pure maidenhood, the idyllic beauty of the passages between the tenor and the boy are the manifestations of the true novelist who, for the moment, has doffed the preacher's surplice.

Portraying precocity is, of the novelist's tasks, one of extremest difficulty. Exaggeration is so easy, affectation so accessible—the error is committed ere the possibility is conceived. Regarded as creations the Twins are a literary achievement. Positively individualized from their introduction, their effrontery, their unique wickedness are only half their charm. There is about them a humanity, a daring, an honesty that captivates in their delineation as they fascinate in the story. How skillfully they are used to bring out the character of the old Duke, of Father Ricardo, of Lady Fulda, who had "a full exterior of uncrumpled, lineless, delicately-tinted flesh; a voice that made 'good morning' impressive; a sincerity which paused on every expression of opinion to weigh its worth." Full of insight and sympathy is the manner of their development; how skillful the psychology of their separation; how admirable the scene wherein Diavolo realizes the mystery of sex, comprehends the gulf between himself and his sister. There is a profundity of human knowledge exhibited in the expansion of the wonderfully vitalized Angelica, whose exuberant physical and mental vigor find the outlet that Society denies in the episode with the tenor. The roguishness, the spontaneity, the fascination of the Boy contrast with the melancholy, tender manliness of Julian, to form a delicious situation whose climax is as sad as it is beautiful. Who can forget the exaltation of their last trip up the river in the moonlight, the tenor singing in that ineffably glorious voice of his songs of the sun and the sea, strains incomprehensibly sweet and thrilling, and the Boy playing divine strains on his violin?

These chapters, the early history of Evadne's love, the ecstatic picture of Edith Beale in her room in the Bishop's palace, the wonderful scene between Colonel Colquohoun and his wife when he begs her to be veritably his, are touched with genius. The influence on this highly intellectual woman of the physical magnetism which he exerts and the languor of the tropical afternoon, swaying her will hither and thither, are admirably done. This passage, perhaps, gives the key to Evadne's theories of marriage:

> It is the system that is at fault—the laxity which permits anyone however unfit to enter upon the most sacred of human relations. I firmly believe that marriage, when those who marry are of such a character as to make the contract *holy* matrimony, is a perfect state, fulfilling every law of our human nature; but such marriages as we see contracted every day are simply a degradation of all the higher attributes which distinguish men from beasts. For there is no contract more carelessly made, more ridiculed, more lightly broken.

In a letter to her mother, she says:

> "Women are no longer content to be part of the livestock about the place; they have acquired the right of judgment and reason in matters concerning themselves in particular and the welfare of the world at large. You remind me of what other women have done and how patiently they have submitted. I have found the same thing said over and over again in the course of my reading, but I have not yet found any particular mention made of the great good which would naturally have come of all the submission which has been going on for so many centuries, if submission is truly an effectual means of checking sin. On the contrary, St. Monica doubtless made things pleasanter for her own husband by rewarding him with forgiveness, a happy home, and good nursing, but at the same time she set a most pernicious examble. The mistake from the beginning has been that women have practised self-sacrifice when they should have been teaching men self-control.

Inculcated with an energy that is passionate are these theories, illustrated by matrimonial failures of the most melancholy type. Destined to be widely read it is impossible not to believe that the book will have a deep influence on female thought. In the future, perhaps, who knows but that early male depravity may be frowned down upon, that the plea of Evadne for Christ-like men may not become an actual requirement of all good women? Altogether, in spite of its utter diffuseness, of its tremendous length, of inexcusable prolixities, "The Heavenly Twins" is a most remarkable novel. Astonishingly vital and quite without a parallel. It adds half a dozen portraits to the gallery of English fiction, and if it is denied by its length immortality, it cannot fail to sway minds and bear fruit in the present generation. It will be interesting to watch subsequent manifestations of Madame Sarah Grand's genius.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Heavenly Twins," by Madame Sarah Grand. Cassell Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"His Private Life and Other Tales," by Henry James. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

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THE CALIFORNIA SUMMER GIRL.

Viewed from the kaleidoscopic standpoint of a traveler, the young marriageable woman of California is doomed to doleful spinsterhood upon her native soil unless she is predisposed to sacrifice her rejuvenating health, her effusive sentiment, and her blooming beauty to haggard age or hopeless imbecility; for whether encountered in the embroidered walks of Del Monte or Coronado, the languorous groves of Los Angeles, or the fettered fiords of Alaska, she is immeasurably superior to the youth who bears her company.

The cause of this keenly distinguishable discrepancy is not apparent—for are they not nourished by the same food, bronzed by the same sun, fanned by the same zephyrs, bathed in the same fluids, invigorated by the same ozone, strengthened by similar athletic exercise, educated in the same schools?

That the result of this equality to the sexes reverts to the honor of the female rather than the male, must be admitted by all who have eyes to see or ears to hear. The Native Sons of the Golden West are not noticeable either for physical beauty, moral purity, genius, or intellectual attainments

The Native Daughters are at least good looking and graciously mannered. Many of them are very handsome and bright, though their conversation is sprinkled with such expressions as, "Well, mama, there's no use marrying him, you know, if he hasn't any money"—and their exuberance may seem a trifle effusive at times to the subdued Easterner. They must be credited with sincerity, however. Speech, with them, is not yet an invention for the concealment of thought. Their frankness is refreshing!

At the beach, mountain, lake, and valley resorts they loom up picturesquely, with their dainty apparel, their trained steps in the dance, their independence, amiability, liberality, and animation; but to a mind that seeks some rhyme for the reason of things, the question must force itself, "For what purpose is all this?" The summer resorts are not numbered among the haunts of men. With a few solated exceptions, the summer girl has them all to herself.

Is it lack of appreciation on the part of the youths?

Has the sterner sex become insensible to the charms of nature and the pure delights of life?

There were no engagements announced this season.

Is sentiment really suspended?

Is that ancient and honored custom called marriage on the decline? It seems so. On a coast steamship, some weeks ago, I formed the acquaintance of a San Francisco Society girl on her way to Paris. In the course of our conversation I said:

"When you return I suppose it will not be alone?"

"Oh, dear—me—yes. Why not?" she exclaimed.

"You will probably meet some one in that far, fascinating capital who would wish to accompany you home," I added, presumably with truth.

"Do you mean a husband?" she asked, with a breezy simplicity.

"Yes; you surely will marry."

"No; it is not likely, for I am too patriotic to marry a foreigner; too fastidious to accept a Californian. They are too frightfully matter-of-fact, too atrociously mannered, too fickle. I couldn't hope to keep him long, however valid might be my claim to him. It is quite too precarious a venture—matrimony in California. And so, you see, Madam, I shall be left out in the cold altogether."

She did not seem aggrieved over her self-appointed fate, and there was really no need. She was very pretty, young, bright, and possessed of an independent fortune; yet enviable as her position is in the world's verdict, it has its vein of pathos, for what young woman does not look to marriage as her ultimate destiny?

If she had made the appalling discovery—with that wonderful intuition which is the special heritage of women—that there was not in all this splendid State a Native Son worthy of her peerless purity, her divine intelligence, her beautiful youth, then her hopes of conjugal happiness are poor indeed.

The girl who accepts, from lofty principle, the social stigma of "old maid," is a heroine, who should be honored as one of the inestimably precious gifts of God.

If the young men were in any sense comparable to the young women of California, we might reasonably hope for a race of heroes in the next decade. As it is, matrimony—which means in its highest interpretation the cornerstone of a State and nation—is being shunned. Among the male element there has been a sad degeneration. They are both unwilling and incompetent to assume their natural obligations.

The conversation of a Native Son, if he be young, turns upon tennis, his favorite trotters, the stringency of currency, prize fighting, or pedestrian matches. If a sire of a Native Son, he discourses of early days and their attendant vicissitudes—mining, the stock market, animal breeding, the means of advancing one's monetary condition, the resources of the State, and to what extent they are convertable into coin; all of which may be very well from a purely material point of view, and in this connection the sire, be it understood, is infinitely superior to the son, but not of a quality conducive to the higher development.

If mentality, be like morality—which is conceded by the brainy minds of the world to be dependent, to some extent, upon soil and climate—why should not this State, with her rare fertility, her marvelous variety, her matchless majesty, and soothing serenity of clime and scene bring forth giants as of old? Most gifted of the Creator she assuredly is!

Is it true that men dissipate their divine powers upon paltry, base, and unworthy things? Have they—as it is said—sacrificed their honor upon the sordid altar of Mammon? Are their ears dulled to the heavenly harmonies which surround them? Have they parted with pride? If so the ruffianism rampant in high as well as low places is explained. When faith is gone and honor lost the man is dead!

The Native Daughter—with her immunity from commercial and hardening pursuits, her leisure gained by inherited opulence, her opportunities for extended travel, her association with the noblest things in nature—is unconsciously developing a character quite unique, and sure to win ready recognition in any country wherein her favored feet may chance to stray. Irrespective of antecedents, religion, fortune, or matrimonial ties, this distinct type of character will be known. And so it rests with the California girl to perpetuate the fair name and fame of this fruitful land.

EUGENIA K. HOLMES.

Herald—There awaits a courier with important dispatches.

King of the Cannibal Islands—Admit him. Anything is better than this spring lamb with mint sauce. —*Town Topics.*

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Eleventh Year; New Equipment; Personal Instruction; both College-Preparatory and Finishing.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OF LONDON

Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

CAPITAL PAID UP, - - - $ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS, - - - - - - 21,584,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, - 8,980,251.00

Robert Dickson, Manager, San Francisco.

City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery.

FIRE

LION FIRE INS. CO., of London. Assets, $4,712,747. Commenced in Cal. 1879

IMPERIAL INS. CO., of London Assets, $10,190,349. Commenced in Cal. 1859

WM. SEXTON, Manager R. C. MEDCRAFT, Sub-Manager

Pacific Department, 214 SANSOME ST., S. F.

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT

Guardian Assurance Co. Of London Established A. D. 1821
Paid-up Capital - $ 5,000,000
Cash Assets - - $23,194,249

Sun Insurance Office Of London Established A. D. 1710
Cash Assets - - $10,117,045
Assets in America $2,510,318

WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

AACHEN AND MUNICH

Fire: Insurance : Company

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY

ESTABLISHED 1825

Capital, $2,250,000.00 *Total Assets, $6,854,653.65*

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT:

312 PINE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., - - - GENERAL MANAGERS

WILLIAM MACDONALD, Manager D. E. MILES, Ass't Manager

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT

London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co. OF LIVERPOOL

Capital.....$10,637,500
Net Surplus over all liabilities.....3,116,305

315 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

PREMIVMS AND POLICIES

That honorable firm, Simon, Manasse & Co., of Hanford, has settled its affairs with the insurance companies of this city. With a generosity which showed its indulgence for the hard-pushed insurance men, it accepted about fifty per cent as its total loss. Had there been anything dubious about the loss, it would have been protested by the insurance men. The firm not being of the grasping order, preferred to enjoy the esteem of the underwriting paternity and accepted $22,000 on a total loss of merchandise insured for $39,000. This is indeed striking generosity in hard times. As an exhibit for the Midwinter Exposition, Simon, Manasse & Co., would be a drawing card. Meanwhile, the insurance men are pondering over another hazard—the friction of a big insurance policy on a small stock of goods.

The losses in the United States and Canada for August amounted to $13,222,700 or more than $2,500,000 in excess of the losses for August, 1892, and yet 1892 was a fearful year. During the first eight months of the year the losses in the United States and Canada were $111,324,000, and for the same period in 1892 were $87,112,550. The news from Europe is no more encouraging, and fire losses have been very heavy. The losses on this Coast for August were about $150,000 less than for the same month last year. The losses for the eight months the *Coast Review* figures at $3,806,862 against $3,652,607 for the same period last year. Taken all in all, it does not seem as though the year's losses for '93 will be much heavier than for '92, little of a consoling nature as such a statement affords.

The Executive Committee of the Pacific Insurance Union has been instructed to revise, which means to considerably increase the rates in Fresno, Tulare, King, and Madera Counties. A howl from the fiery San Joaquin may be expected at any moment. In the town of Fresno there is much woe over the fifty per cent increase and the three-fourths clause.

Hugh Craig's Clearing House proposition is under discussion by the Union with a probability of its ultimate adoption, possibly in a modified form.

The Rochester-German, of New York, has gone out of business on the Coast. It was with Reynolds, of the Westchester, and quietly dropped out—losses too heavy.

John M. Crane, Superintendent of Agencies of the American Casualty and Insurance Company, is in this city.

Harry Mann, of the Mann and Wilson Agency, has gone East, and everyone interested is wondering for what particular company he is laying his wires.

John Landers, General Agent of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company, left with his wife on September 7th for a holiday and business tour. He visited the Salt Lake Agency, then went on to Chicago. He will look in at the New York offices and make his way home by the Sunset route sometime in the middle of next month.

The failure of the Life and Annuity Association, of Oakland, is a disgrace to the men who were back of it. When will the law be able to get such a hold on these endowment swindlers as to put them where they belong—behind prison bars? This concern was of the same stripe as the Occidental Endowment, Pacific Endowment, Western Benefit, Bankers and Merchants, and other swindles now fortunately deceased. The only regret is that the rascals who manipulated them are still at large and that some of them have the audacity to raise their heads in public places and to claim that they are public-spirited citizens. LOCAL.

SAN JOSE HAPPENINGS.

San Jose has at last taken a decided step forward in musical matters. Some of the swell set have organized a "Saturday Morning Musical Club," which promises to eclipse anything we have ever known here. Most of our Society people felt blue when they lost the KING, but as the Conservatory gained a DRIVER, all musicians, amateurs as well as professionals, are brushing up. The Saturday morning club will be very exclusive—money as well as musical ability will be required of all who aspire to membership.

Miss Carrie Foster McLelland is conductor, and among the other notable members are Miss Evadne Hunkins, a splendid pianist; Mrs. Hillman-Smith, a professional vocalist. The Misses Elizabeth and Letitia Miller are lay members. These gifted sisters have enjoyed the advantage of study abroad. They are linguists as well as musicians, and the more ignorant ladies of the set will need have recourse to glossaries now.

The beauty parts will be taken by Miss Kate Dunn, Miss Andrews, and Miss Murphy, while Miss Spencer will add dignity to the *ensemble*. Mrs. Frank Ledyard and Mesdames Ward and Frank Wright will keep the air serene.

The meeting this week is to be held at Mrs. C. T. Park's, whose gifted daughters are the pride of San Jose. During the coming winter several concerts are promised.

There is little this week to speak of in the future Capitol city. Outside of "Jane," at the Auditorium, even theatrical circles have little animation. Of course, there has been the famous Daniel Webster trial, which ought to have been held in the theatre instead of the small Courtroom. A sale of seats for the benefit of the Pratt Home would realize enough to pay off all the claims of contesting heirs.

Howell Moore is defending Daniel, and we expect great things from him, because both are *so* friendly and cordial with each other, and then both belong to the club. Nearly all the prominent citizens of the town were called either as jurors or witnesses. There was Ralph Lowe, Loring Nesmith, Harry Edwards, Arthur Field, and many others, who walked into the Courtroom with the air of a peer, because a juryman, or with the shamed and downcast look of an expert witness.

This was the first day. I haven't been there since.

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The Latest, The Handsomest and The Most Exclusive Styles and Novelties

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CHAS. PETERSEN, - 124 Sansome St., S. F.

—OR—

O. M. BRENNAN, - - Manager Hotel Rafael

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM SEPTEMBER 7, 1893.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	9.45 p m
7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento [illegible] via Davis	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
‡10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	‡6.15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*6.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose.....	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge.)

‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz.....	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.45 p m
‡7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations.....	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
‡9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	‡7.26 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.
§ Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays only.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers will sail from Broadway wharf, San Francisco, as follows:

Loring, Wrangle, Sitka, Juneau, etc. (Alaska) at 9 A. M., August 15th, 25th, September 1st, 8th, 22th, 29th; October 12th, 27th.

For Victoria and Vancouver (B. C.), Port Angeles, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes, Fairhaven and New Whatcom (Wash.), 9 A. M., August 18th and every fifth day thereafter, connecting at Vancouver with the C. P. R. R., at Tacoma with the N. P. R. R., at Seattle with Gr. Nor. Ry. Line, at Port Townsend with Alaskan steamers.

For Eureka, Arcata, and Field's Landing (Humboldt Bay), str. Pomona every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro, East San Pedro (Los Angeles), and Newport, 8 A. M., Aug. 21st, 25th, 30th; Sept. 3d, 8th, 12th, 17th, 21st, 26th, 30th.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles (Santa Monica), Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, 11 A. M., Aug. 18th, 23d, 27th; Sept. 1st, 5th, 10th, 14th, 19th, 23d, 28th.

For San Jose del Cabo, Magdalena Bay, Ensenada, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), str. Newbern 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York via Panama.

Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.
Sailings (at noon)—S. S. "City of Sydney," Sept. 23d; S. S "San Juan," October 3d; S. S. "Colima," October 13th; S. S "San Jose," October 23d.

NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be despatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, etc.
Sailings (at 3 p. m.)—S. S. "Peru," Sept. 30th; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro", October 19th; S. S. "City of New York," October 26th; S. S. "City of Peking," Nov. 9th.

Round trip tickets at reduced rates.

For Freight and Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

Speculation at present is at the ebb. As a rule, everything is in a depressed condition, with prices ruling that are from 30 to 40 per cent less than for past years. This not only covers silver as a commodity, but also such staple articles as wheat, hay, hides, wool. The latter is now quoted at about 7 cents where formerly 15 and 17 cents was the rate.

In real estate circles business is dull, and this should not be, for building materials have declined with other commodities, and houses can be built far below former rates. I called the attention of the readers of THE WAVE, last week, to the movements of the wheat market. This week there was another bull movement and December wheat was carried up from $1.16 per cental to $1.24, a rise of 8 cents on one hundred tons. The lowest quantity dealt in, the operator could have cleared $160 each. One cent rise represents $20, from the above figures. There has been a reaction, but it will not again sell at such low figures as ruled a few weeks back. Quite a number of the stock brokers are also members of the Produce Exchange, and the late flurry finds Kelley, Shinn, Gauthier, Wright, regular attendants, each of whom has made profits in the rise.

At the Stock Board the same dullness prevails. Notwithstanding the small amount of trading, the majority hold their prices well, especially the North Ends. Con. Virginia remains at about $1.30, Ophir at 80 cents. It does not stand to reason that these figures will rule. Something must take place and that shortly. There is not much margin for a decline, and no bear is bold enough to wish to shorten them. Outside of a development, it is not unlikely some syndicate or set of operators will yet take hold and corral a quantity of stock and set prices on the upgrade, for it is noted it takes but very few buying orders at the present time to stiffen the market. With money becoming easy, and the cry of hard times obliterated, much of the deposits that were withdrawn will want to find an investment, and the stock market will be made alluring enough to attract attention. Let the Exchange become active and see how quickly orders will come to purchase, for the public will only deal when there is an advance, and will, under no consideration, touch an inactive dull stock market. One hears at times of the amount of money that has been sunk in various operations by the public in the Comstock mines. Let us see how this will tally with a few figures. Up to the present the list of mines on the Board has been assessed to the amount of $83,056,500, while in the same time they have paid in dividends $119,386,700. Some of the outside districts have equally as good a record. In the Bodie mines $2,053,400 was levied in assessments, while dividends were declared to the amount of $4,620,200. With the foregoing outline it does not look reasonable that business of such capabilities is going to be allowed to go under, and all the money invested in mills, lumber outfits, railroads, water works, etc., is to become dead capital.

Now the chances are, when speculators and the public have become disgusted and parted with their shares, the manipulators will spring a job on them and show up a market; so it behooves the patrons of THE WAVE to keep a good lookout and scan the market closely, and take any advantage that may offer. As a rule, assessments are very nearly paid up. At the delinquent sale of stock of the Mexican, held this week, less than 2000 shares out of a total of 100,800 were sold for non-payment of the assessment. No further assessments will fall due this month.

For the month of August the Con. Virginia earned about $13,000 to $14,000 above expenses, and now has about $57,000 in the treasury.

The Potosi office received $6000 in gold, last week, from the sale of bullion.

Here in California, notwithstanding the determined fight the Sacramento Valley men are making against hydraulic mines, the commissioners are granting licenses to such applicants as comply with the Caminetti law, and in the near future the whole State will feel the good results from the resumption of such mining. The following news from various counties is noted.

At the Linderaxa Mine, on the Mokelumne River, Calaveras County, a tunnel has been run on the lead for 200 feet; 70 feet from the mouth a winze has been sunk 50 feet. On two levels the ledge has been cut; the ore prospects $40 per ton. In the main tunnel the ledge is between 6 and 8 feet wide.

The Utica Mine, at Angels, has proved a bonanza to its owners, Hayward and Hobart estate. It produces $100,000 per month; running expenses of the mine $40,000. The vein is 50 feet wide, and now is worked at a depth of 800 feet.

At a clean-up of six loads of quartz by the Spring Hill Mine, of Nevada County, the yield was $30 per load. The ore was taken from a depth of 30 feet. There are about 100 tons already on the dump.

The Gold Flat Mine, Grass Valley, has a ledge 2½ feet wide, which shows free gold.

Quite a large gravel claim is being worked on the Yuba River, below Bourns' ranch. The gravel was struck at a depth of 10 feet on what is supposed to be the top of the channel, and is said to be rich in gold.

The Messrs. White, at Ophir, Placer County, are running a drift on the 300 foot level to tap the chute. Two weeks ago the clean-up yielded $3000. At Forest Hill divide a scene of activity is displayed; everything is booming. Over 500 miners are at work, and the output of gold is $70,000 a month.

One of the largest and best paying mines at North Bloomfield is the Derbec Blue Gravel Mining Company. It covers 621 acres and employs 100 men. The pay channel is from 600 to 700 feet wide; the daily extraction is 200 tons, averaging $2.50 per ton, this being the average for the last eleven years.

The Montezuma and Messner Mines, situated at the head of Scott River, Siskiyou County, for the present year's run have yielded $20,000. All the mines along the Klamath River, in this county, are paying well; the ground for one hundred miles is being worked over, with numerous banks of gravel, inviting capital to develop. The Bellevue Mine, on Salmon River, has been yielding good average pay right along, from $37.50 to $45 per ton; the ledge is from two to three feet wide. The Spencer mine continues to yield ore of an average of $35 per ton.

At the Stock and Bond Board local securities were dealt in freely. Of Spring Valley 300 shares changed hands at about $94. Bank of California, which sold down to $200 in the late depression, is now quoted at $220.

SURETY.

O GOLDEN DAY! O SILVER NIGHT!

O golden day! O silver night!
That brought my own true love at last,
Ah, wilt thou drop from out our sight,
And drown within the past?

One wave, no more, in life's wide sea,
One little nameless crest of foam,
The day that gave her all to me
And brought us to our home.

Nay, rather as the morning grows
In flush, and gleam, and kingly ray,
While up the heaven the sun-god goes,
So shall ascend our day.

And when at last the long night nears,
And love grows angel in the gloam,
Nay, sweetheart, what of fears and tears?
The stars shall see us home.

—ALFRED HAYES.

A PRAYER.

Tend me, my birds, and bring again
The brotherhood of woodland life,
So shall I wear the seasons round
A friend to need, a foe to strife.

Keep me my heritage of lawn,
And grant me, Father, till I die
The fine sincerity of light
And luxury of open sky.

So, learning always, may I find
My heaven around me everywhere,
And go in hope from this to Thee,
The pupil of Thy country air.

—A. HAYES.

Fred—Has her father taken a liking to you?
Arthur—It seems so. He has had the piano tuned

THE SILENT HARP.

Poor harp, how desolate! The loving hand
That wind-like wandered o'er thy tremulous strings,
Culling sweet sheaves of sound or whisperings
Æolian, at the Master's mute command
Drops lifeless. In that unresponsive land
What music He from earthly sufferings
Evoketh and the stress of mortal things,
Wistful we seek but may not understand.
Yonder may dwell continual peace, but here
All peace begetteth and is born of strife,
And every smile is sister to a tear;
Death only can the missing note supply
To quite resolve the discord of this life;
Silence alone is perfect harmony.

—ALFRED HAYES.

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Fancy Paper Cases

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GRAND VIN SEC The Perfection of a Dry Wine

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S. C. BIGELOW.

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES

ITS VICTORY over the recalcitrant waiters is, indeed, a feather in the cap of the University Club. Even if the somewhat tawdry secrets of its *menage* were laid bare, has it not the consolation of establishing a domestic precedent of importance? Economy, doubtless, would have dictated the payment of the servitors' pittance, but why consider that when a principle is involved? They had the audacity to complain, these waiters, to discredit the management, to abuse the *chef*, to decry the club generally. It behooved the institution to show how false were the charges, how unjustifiable in general the accusations. The impertinence of these fellows dragging kitchen affairs into Court! Undoubtedly they required a lesson.

* * *

There are invidious members who have expressed dissatisfaction with the conduct of the episode, who go so far as to pronounce the *exposé* discreditable, who assert, indeed, that the Club has gained nothing by its contest save notoriety. That it behooves so aristocratic an institution to feed generously its help goes for the saying. No one demands the serving of French dinners to waiters nor the preparation of *plats* for dish-washers. What is given, however, should be good of its kind, plain, wholesome, and fairly cooked. If the waiter is worthy of his hire, surely he should be of his dinner. Yet, if one dares credit the testimony of the recalcitrants, they were starved. There is where the invidious find point for their captiousness.

* * *

One naturally expects carping in a club. Certain men are grumblers by temperament; but that members should criticise as bad form the policy of such a directorate as that of the 'Varsity is unendurable. The idea of suggesting that a little tact might have kept secret the privations of the servitors, that for an extra dollar and a little care, the suit could easily have been avoided. These men fail to realize the value of the principle which Attorney Michael so cleverly established. I don't think they are aware the Club is ahead the sixteen dollars which the waiters claimed.

* * *

THESE ARE the days when club bills loom up ominously. In this period of depression he is lucky, indeed, who can meet the eye of his landlady; a favorite of fortune is the happy one whose finances are equal to his dues. There is no more convincing testimony to the scarcity of dollars than the bulletin boards of certain social institutions on Post Street. The delinquencies are painfully long and large. Posted there are aristocrats and plebeians—fine spirited fellows, whose requirements seem to have been more potent than their revenues, whose expenditures failed to diminish with the dwindling of their incomes. It is not a little embarrassing to have one's stringency paraded before one's fellow clubmen, but on the boards the company is excellent.

* * *

He is indeed bold, the individual who dares face out the fact of his destitution and haunt his familiar chair after the servitors decline his signature. Yet, poverty is no disgrace, and good men at times have bought more than they could pay for. It is to be hoped, though, the clubs will not drop many members by this dollar drought, for I understand there has been a distinct curtailment in incomes.

* * *

WHEREFORE the Sorosis? In Century Club circles its organization is being eagerly discussed, and the motives of its founders canvassed most searchingly. Is not the Sutter Street institution sufficiently representative? Has it not performed satisfactorily its social and intellectual functions? The institution of a new club whose *metier* is almost identical is suggestive of dissatisfaction somewhere. One may be forgiven, therefore, a certain curiosity as to its source. To ascribe the Sorosis to certain ungratified ambitions, as some narrow-minded Centurions are busily engaged in doing, I cannot bring myself. Something better than that I am sure. Nor will I believe, as Arthur McEwen suggests, that its motive is Irving Scott's desire to obtain audience for manuscript lectures.

* * *

That "Sorosis" will elevate intellectually the community I am not yet ready to believe. Coin is the sole force potent in San Francisco. and the current attitude towards intelligence is that of patronage. Much may be made of a foreign reputation; before the transient lion respectability abases itself, not because of deference, but in order to permit his luster to reflect on its appreciation. However, it is not necessary to object to the effort, and possibly the new club may do a little towards relieving the fiendish Philistinism of Society. Let it search out the actual brain-workers and put them in evidence, rather than the pampered and highly advertised luminaries of the Bohemian Club.

* * *

In the list of founders there occur the names of some talented women whose organizing faculty is well marked. It may be they will develop a *raison d'etre* for "Sorosis" by presenting lectures and entertainments of interest and value. The progress of the institution will be watched with interest.

* * *

AS A BACKGROUND for beauty there is no discounting a church. In the dim, religious light the charm of a pretty girl gains a spirituality more fascinating than mere purity of profile. Sanctity softens the suggestiveness of ripe, red lips, consecrates the glamor of lambent eyes, exalts the seduction of gracious contours. Deep in the male bosom is implanted a yearning for the angelic. The ideal woman of most men is she who incarnates virtue and devotion—otherwise ignorance and simplicity. Habituated to patience, she is a willing martyr to their demands; and accustomed to worship, she regards the man of her choice as a source of light, of inspiration.

* * *

Among the daughters and sisters of the Concordia Club, piety is at a premium just now. The regularity of their attendance at synagogue is to be attributed to other than theological motive, though. Not even the

new Rabbi, whose fascinations are so positive, is the instrument of their sanctification. A more worldly reason explains their devotion—none other than the engagement of Mr. Al Rich and Miss Viola Hyman. It seems the moment of his captivation was that of her departure from the Temple Emanu-El. It was after service; she was charmingly gowned and presented, passing the admiring Rich, a most graceful figure. The sight of a girl at once so pretty and so pious appealed to him, and, in due course, he proposed.

* * *

Absolute holiness is seldom fraught with agreeable consequences, so there is an interesting uniqueness about the instance in question. I am not inclined to deduce from it general conclusions good for other examples.

* * *

The Athenian Club, of Oakland, is laboring under the weight of a frightful stigma which has been put upon it of late—it is described by a whole chorus of girls as "real mean." It is difficult to tell whether the Club is expected to bear up under this burden of blame or not. The cause is simple, though the remedy be hard to find. Some time ago the House Committee decided that the furniture of the Club was sadly in need of alteration and improvement. New furniture was ordered, and an enjoyable "opening" for the benefit of the ladies loomed into view, but, alackaday, the opening is still in the loom, with no prospect of its ever becoming a fact. The furniture, it is said on the inside, was not up to the expected standard of beauty and opulence, so the members decided to limit the contemplation of the charms of fresh varnish and not too artistic brocades to their own view. However, there is a small sop for *ces belles dames* in the announcement of a forthcoming dinner to be given by the "vets" of the Oakland Light Cavalry, once the crack rigiment of the town.

* * *

Rather a neat story about a recent wedding in Hebrew *hig lif* has just emerged from the circle of its occurrence. Dr. Voorsanger, with his customary *aplomb*, was tying the knot—and who does so more securely?—when he observed the groom make a pass at the bride. It seems he had misinterpreted a pause in the service to indicate its conclusion, and, bending eagerly forward, prepared to imprint on the countenance of the blushing bride the initial kiss of matrimony. With a quick movement of his hand and a "Not yet," the Rabbi arrested the impending salute and proceeded to read the license which brings the ceremony to its legitimate climax. That ended, he whispered "Time" in the ear of the ardent lover. With a gesture eminently stately as compared with its predecessor, the husband bent forward, the lips of the united twain met, and the deed was done.

* * *

FOR THE affected culture that exhibits itself in lion worship I have nothing but contempt. With considerable pleasure, therefore, I heard of the manner in which Joaquin Miller was treated at Castle Crags by certain scions of our first families. In his cowboy costume, dishevelled hair, loose shirt and high boots, he landed at the fashionable caravansary, inscribed his name on the register, and wandered outside to enjoy the scenery that submitted itself to his inspection; but when he presumed to address to some highly respectable ladies the thoughts poetical that filled his breast, they decamped. The same lack of deference was exhibited in other quarters. A coterie of swell maidens, whose charms might well make glow the heart of one less susceptible than Joaquin, turned up their pretty noses as he approached.

* * *

To crown this series of indignities, the great man was steered into the nurses' dining-room, and, emerging, he heard one Society personage, whose name is oft in the mouths of those who dine and dance in the halls of pride and pleasure, declare to a social celebrity of equal prominence:

"Poet or not, the man should at least cut his hair and have his shoes blacked before intruding among respectable people."

After that Mr. Miller quietly wandered into the woods, and left the respectability to its own devices.

* * *

SOCIETY has sojourned to Chicago. Half the Blue Book is at the Fair and the others are packing their trunks. The Oakland mole witnesses each night afflicting leave-takings; brides and grooms go there instead of to Del Monte. If the exodus continues the first cotillion of the Friday Night Club may as well be given in the California Building, and doubtless Mr. Greenway will be sent for to lead it. Strange as it may seem, our San Franciscans make no appreciable impression on the Jackson Park gathering. Hither and thither they wander; they salute each other respectfully, sign their names on the register, and go into ecstasies over all properly accredited beauties. Enthusiasm over the unknown or imperfectly appreciated would, of course, be bad form.

* * *

It will be November ere Society is itself again. Most of the travelers purpose extending their tour to the Eastern seaboard, and one may expect to hear tidings of Californiennes at Lennox, Tuxedo, and other fashionable resorts of Gotham *hig lif*. Advisedly, I use the word expect—though it is as well to remember the stereotyped method of avoiding disappointment.

* * *

TO INDICATE, thus early, the possibilities of the winter, might seem to savor of presumptuousness. However, it is not uninteresting to remember that many of the people who boarded last year are now in their own homes, comfortably and spaciously located. The Schwerins have a house on Pacific Avenue; the McCutchens are settled on the same street. Further along the McBeans have the house that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Palmer resided in; the Southard Hoffmans have the handsome residence numbered 2509 in the same block. The Blairs are home and their beautiful house on Van Ness Avenue will doubtless be the scene of several interesting gatherings.

* * *

The purchase of the Moore house by George Pope suggests festivities with this magnificent residence for a background. Interiorly, the home is one of the best in town, and there is no questioning the ample ability of its new owner to entertain both widely and well. Mrs. Hager purposes remaining in town, at least until after the holidays, and there is every possibility that Mrs. Louis Haggin will figure as a hostess. Though absentees are many, there are a number of girls here who, last season, were touring in Europe or elsewhere, notably Miss Wallace, Miss Marie and Miss Kate Voorhies, Miss Blair, and Miss Hoffman. If the financial depression has not irretrievably contracted revenues there are chances of a number of very interesting gatherings.

* * *

It is highly probable that Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair may spend the winter at their Pine Street residence. The climate of the Coast suits both far better than the chill rigor of the Gotham air; besides, both are anxious to spend some time with the ex-Senator, whose existence has little to relieve its loneliness. Undoubtedly their presence will prove an effective element in current gayety.

* * *

Over in the San Rafael church there is to be good music on Sunday next. Farmer's mass is to be sung by a quartette composed of vocal luminaries of no less potency than Donald Graham, George Hall, Mrs. M. H. de Young, and Alvina Heuer. For the occasion only H. J. Stewart will play the organ. The treat may console those of the San Rafaelites who cannot go to the Symphony Concert for the pleasure they miss.

* * *

General and Mrs. John T. Cutting have returned from their wedding tour. They had a most enjoyable trip, both being delighted with their experiences.

* * *

An interesting engagement just announced is that of Miss Alice Mau and Fred H. Hovel, of Santa Rosa. She is the daughter of Mrs. H. Albert Mau and the sister of W. F. Mau, the well-known merchant. Mr. Hovel is the nephew of Judge W. W. Morrow. The wedding is set for some time in October. Announcement is also made of the betrothal of Miss McCarthy, of Oakland, daughter of James P. McCarthy, and Arthur W. Forrester, of Los Angeles.

* * *

Among happenings of the week was a tea given by Mrs. Henry Crocker at her beautiful home on Washington Street. It was really the first social event of the season. Mrs. J. F. Whitney gave a progressive euchre party last week. Mrs. Wendell Easton and Mrs.

Shaw assisted in the entertainment of the guests—some thirty ladies. A supper of unusual excellence was served.

* * *

The measure of success that has attended recent charitable undertakings did not promise brilliantly for the Youth's Directory. Yet, the "Congress of All Nations" has done admirably, and the result will show up a fine balance for one of the most deserving organizations on the Coast. The attendance throughout the week has more than met expectation, and I have no doubt the closing night's audience will be especially large and brilliant. Among the agreeable events of the week was the "At Home" given by the ladies of the United States booth on Thursday evening.

* * *

VERY interesting indeed the annual gathering of the Century Club on Saturday last. It was notable for the installation of the new President, Mrs. Horace Davis, and for the compliments paid Mrs. John Vance Cheney, who presided so brilliantly over the institution during the past twelve months. From the Treasurer's statement, it seems, in spite of liberal expenditures and numerous entertainments, there is a balance on hand. The reports of the several committees presented in review the amount of work done during the year—certainly a most creditable showing. Before it the Club has had some of the cleverest people in town. It has been lectured to on topics of unusual interest, and if the term of Mrs. Davis rivals that of her predecessor, she will be a subject for congratulation.

* * *

That the way is not easy nor the task a light one she realizes already. The Club, however, has obtained a splendid impetus, has become a representative organization, and Mrs. Davis will strive to keep up the pitch. She has on her committee a number of bright women, who will no doubt co-operate earnestly with her.

* * *

Quite a fashionable crowd gathered at the Pacific Mail dock Thursday last, to bid *au revoir* to Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Romie Wallace, who are going to Japan, and *adieu* to Mr. and Mrs. Sewall, who are bound round the globe. They set out on the "Belgic" amid much waving of hands and handkerchiefs.

* * *

The prospects are excellent for the establishment at San Mateo of a first-class Jockey Club. In the Bowie estate is a large tract of flat land admirably adapted to the purpose in question, and I am positive in the hands of the right people the undertaking must be a success. It is about time horse-racing was taken out of the hands of professionals and book-makers. Of all sports it is the most interesting and exciting, and why it should not be conducted under honorable auspices is a problem I have never properly understood. Excellent progress is being made, I understand, in the work of organization, and there seems every prospect of the success of the undertaking.

* * *

The polo playing contingent at Burlinghame is gaining proficiency. Falls are not nearly so numerous now, and the rudiments of the game have apparently been mastered. Hurdle racing, too, grows in popularity, and round the new course there have been some exciting races. It seems as though the Club is bound now to go ahead. It has a hundred members and a waiting list; the stable already pays expenses; new cottages are being planned for, and if the depression but lightens the enterprise cannot fail of at least social success. The expectation that it will pay large dividends in the near future is less positive, however.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier headed straight for St. Louis, where they are to remain several weeks. Later, they go to the West Indies, then sail for Southampton. Later, London and Paris. They expect to remain a month at least in the gay capital. They are to return by Christmas.

* * *

The U. C. Alumni dinner at the University Club, last Saturday night, went off with considerable snap. There were lots of flowers, silken draperies and other decorative accessories, besides rather an interesting *menu*. President Reinstein had the head of the table and made a capital speech. There were other good talks, some college songs, and lots of good fellowship. The absence of certain young Benedicts was commented on somewhat severely, it being alleged that their wives kept them at home.

* * *

There was considerable jubilation in Bohemia over the arrival of Harry Gilligg, Frank Unger, and Elwood Crocker. Several dinners were given for them, and their stoppage here made as interesting as possible. They are to meet Mrs. Gilligg in India, where she is now traveling with Miss Crouch.

* * *

OAKLAND, it must be admitted even by the most partisan of the 'cross-the-bay contingent, is not a very huge city at best; but as compared to the size of its present round of gayety, the person who was such big potatoes at Rhodes melts into utter insignificance alongside of the Alameda County borough. To be pointed and direct, even if cruel, it is woefully, horribly, and undeniably dull in Oakland just now. Last week a number of the more fortunate escaped the distressful atmosphere of gloom by emigrating to "town" and Irving; but the past few days have been worse than ever in point of monotony. I'm afraid the average Oakland man is in a dreadful state of stringency of a pecuniary kind, for he is nowhere to be seen in the land. Mrs. Taft gave a luncheon in honor of her niece, Miss Smith, and the Jackson Street set were out in full force, and Miss Dunham's luncheon to Miss Wadsworth-Taylor was likewise a popular entertainment, but there endeth the list of gayeties for the week.

* * *

Here is a warning uttered in a friendly spirit to Oakland editors. The Charity Ball question is again being mooted, and gentlemen of the quill, pray bear it well in mind that it is wise to be of the multitude and not of the few, if you would boom circulation. No one in Oakland has yet forgotten what a mistake it was to devote space in dilating upon the beauties of the gowns and jewels of just two ladies out of the entire gathering. If you must speak of these things, gentlemen, I pray you for your own good peace of mind and the honor of the craft in general, be catholic and liberal in your praise and your comments. There is no doubt that the affair will be a financial success, but I trust that the exalted upper hundreds won't again be offended and forced to stay away on account of the choice of a leader who may have pleased the management but did not meet with the approval of the elect.

* * *

More people are leaving for the East every day. Miss Annie Miller and Horace Miller are among the latest to go. They were attended at the train by about twenty maiden cousins, who waved a moist good-bye. George de Golia and Mr. and Mrs. James Allen are to depart shortly. Mrs. Allen's petite and slender figure will be missed in Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Haven are to leave next week for Chicago. It is rumored that Society will open its arms to Mrs. Haven on her return to atone for former neglect. Mrs. George C. Pardee, the wife of Oakland's Mayor, and her sister, Miss Penniman, also set out for the Fair. And so Oakland runs away.

* * *

On Wednesday afternoon the wedding of Mrs. Lillian Plunkett and Mr. Ernest M. Ferguson was celebrated at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, on Fourteenth Street, East Oakland. Mrs. Plunkett looked very charming, and her two young daughters stood near her during the ceremony. The bride is engaged in literary pursuits, as readers of "Prattle" are aware. She has a wide circle of friends, and since her husband's death, several years ago, has supported herself and little children. Mr. Ferguson is a man of some wealth, and the marriage is a congenial and fortunate one.

* * *

The sermons of the new Rabbi, Rev. Jacob Nietto, have proved an interesting feature of the Jewish holidays. He is a man of great ability and decided eloquence, whose views have certainly the distinction of independence.

* * *

A GREAT MANY people who have nothing better to do than to propound conundrums have recently asked me what has become of the League of Progress? So far, I have been compelled to confess my inability to answer.

I frequently hear of Mr. Leeds' Traffic Association, and occasionally I see an item in the papers to the effect that next week, or as soon thereafter as he can raise sufficient money to purchase a silver shovel, he will proceed to Stockton and turn the first handful of earth on that Bakersfield railroad. But never a word do I see about the League of Progress. Ten or twelve months ago, I gathered from its prospectus, this League had in hand the transformation of our entire economic system. It purposed changing the currents of trade, abolishing public and private abuses, and constructing an overland railroad. Why all these high-sounding professions have been succeeded by a season of masterful inactivity—why, indeed, to be poetical, the League of Progress has been swallowed up in sepulchral silence, I now can hardly understand.

* * *

The very last thing I heard about the League of Progress related to an investigation it was making upon the water front. In the search for public abuses, it seems, every thing had failed to pan out except a certain contract that exists between the firm of Goodall, Perkins & Co. and the Spring Valley Water Works. By virtue of this contract Goodall, Perkins & Co. are enabled to supply the ships that sail into this port with water at monopoly rates. The officers of the League were in high glee at having at last discovered something that would yield a sensation. They called a meeting of members and a Committee was promptly appointed to take action. The plan was to spring charges suddenly in the newspapers; but during a fit of temporary mental aberration (as the story goes) the Committee took a walk down Market Street. Absently, it wandered into the office of Goodall, Perkins & Co. The first man encountered was Governor Perkins.

* * *

"Governor," began the Chairman, absentmindedly, "we represent the League of Progress——"

"Thunder! I belong to that, don't I?" exclaimed the Governor, interrupting.

"No, sir; you do not," replied the Chairman. "We have come, sir——"

"Well, how much does it cost to join?" again interrupting.

"One hundred dollars. But, sir, we are——"

"Thunder, that's little enough. Here, make me out a receipt. I'll draw you a check instantly. That name sounds well. The League of Progress, eh? I must be in on that at all hazards."

Mechanically (so the story proceeds), the Chairman took the check, and when the Committee reached the sidewalk it looked blankly at itself. That night the League met again, and the report of the Committee was accepted unanimously. In fact, the members were complimented upon the efficient manner in which they had discharged the disagreeable duty of investigating Goodall, Perkins & Co's water.

Since this occurrence I have not seen a word in the papers relative to the League. If it is not dead I wish it would send its address to this office.

* * *

MORE MEN are made by their wives than by opportunity. That half the business success of Archie Gunter is due to the brightness of the clever woman who married him, he might not willingly concede. Yet, prior to their union, the author of "That Frenchman" was unknown and possessed a working capital of just $500—hardly an adequate amount to face the cold world with. Shortly after the wedding the author settled at his desk, and the result of considerable effort and no little pruning on the part of the bride was "Mr. Barnes." Publishers in general had not exhibited for his previous literary endeavors an especial degree of eagerness, and on account of their coldness Archie decided not to trouble them further. Into type and binding he put four of the five hundred dollars.

* * *

For that amount he issued a few thousand copies and hired a hustling agent to place them. No agency superintended the circulation of these yellow volumes—a very few the News Company took on trial. But there began a demand. The books sold but not a cent came in. One blissful day Mrs. Gunter, taking the law in her own hands, demanded a statement. The "hustler" promised it and decamped—deficit just $400. Heartbroken hardly describes the deserted twain. It was the last straw. Next morning in Gunter's mail was a letter from the American News Company ordering one *carload* of "Mr. Barnes." Unable to believe his eyes and certain that someone had blundered, the author picked up his hat and strolled as languidly as his impatience would let him into the office of the great distributing concern.

* * *

"I wish you'd look up the order sent me this morning," he said to the Manager; "my office boy got the letter wet and it is blurred."

"The order was for a carload," was the answer. "You will let us have them as soon as possible."

"Just as soon as they can be packed," said Archie, in a matter-of-fact way.

Will he ever forget that blissful day?—the ecstasy of his feelings, the deep, deep satisfaction of it. The edition was almost exhausted, but there were the plates, and half a dozen presses were soon grinding out Barneses of New York by the bushel. Since then Gunter has known only halcyon days. His publishing company is now a flourishing concern, and if one may doubt the quality of the man's talent there is no questioning the brilliancy of his success.

* * *

Mrs. Gunter is from Boston—a woman of considerable character and manner—well educated and decidedly clever. To her, the author of "Miss Dividends" *et al.* reads every chapter and sets forth each situation. She is his severest critic, he says. That, if Archie reads the caustic comments of certain journals, augurs considerable acrimony in the *menage*—and yet they are still turtle doves.

* * *

NOWADAYS one cannot be too careful in taking up people. Long gone by are the days when fellows with blonde moustaches and English accents could win introductions to our best Society, and convey an impression of nobility by their disregard of conventionalities. Showing how very careful the best element has become, I cannot but think of a certain highly connected army man who installed himself for a week or two at Castle Crags. Comparatively a stranger, and connected with an outside branch of the service, he knew no one, but imagined it not impossible to make acquaintances. Not a soul looked at him. The pretty girls with unconcealed contempt rebuffed his advances; the dowagers drew round them the cloak of their aristocratic dignity when he approached. Never was mortal more severely left to his own devices.

* * *

Four days of his vacation had gone by when Governor Stephenson and a party of friends side tracked their private car at the caravansary. Silent and alone, in the midst of the gathering of girls awaiting the distinguished visitors, stood the army man. His eye caught the Governor's who, with a hasty exclamation of delight and surprise, rushed forward.

"Why Captain W——, this is an unexpected pleasure. I have not seen you since you left Salt Lake. This is good."

Instantly the eyes of all the indifferent damsels were turned on the interloper, who took no notice of the novel cordiality of their glances. With Stephenson he dined, and supped, and passed all day, until the car resumed its north-bound way. Then he permitted himself to become the hero of the hotel. It was Captain W—— here, and Oh, Captain W—— there. Without him no party was complete, no picnic bearable. And yet I am told he has been at some pains to explain that he considers the gathering a collection of rather stupid snobs.

* * *

THE CHARMS of Sausalito have just now no warmer advocate than Jeremiah Lynch. Regularly installed at the El Monte, he rides and rows daily, and is understood to be training for his next literary undertaking—a biography of Broderick. There is no question but that the onslaught on journalism, perpetrated by this late Senatorial candidate, attracted more attention than aught he has done since "Buckleyism" appeared. Jere was alternately congratulated and commiserated with. The Bohemian Club hailed him a hero and offered a body-guard. The attacked smiled savagely and are waiting. In the meantime the literary manner of the article furnished material for many a sarcasm.

* * *

Among them glistens a single gem. For its appreciation some explanation is neces-

sary. To doubt the authorship of "Egyptian Sketches" is a current journalistic joke. The book is ascribed to Bierce, Harry Dam, and sundry other *litterateurs*, rather than to Jere. In the course of THE WAVE article, he left a grammatical opening or two which his adversaries pounced gleefully on.

"Times are indeed hard," said Charley Palmer of the *Examiner*, pointing sadly to one of these. "Here's poor Lynch doing his own writing."

* * *

A second shot was given the ambitious author by Bierce. They met one recent day, and, after a cordial handshake, Lynch said gleefully:

"Congratulate me. My book is to be translated into——"

"Into English, Jere?" interrupted Bierce, innocently.

* * *

THE VERY latest concerning the fight for control of the Fire Department, is calculated, I am persuaded, to harrow up the souls of the large number of estimable citizens who, at the present time, are aspiring to succeed little Maurice Schmitt and little Fisher Ames as Fire Commissioners. Not a whisper of this news has yet found its way into the columns of my esteemed but somnolent contemporaries. For that reason I hesitate to make it public. If I do publish it, my contemporaries are certain to take it up, and when they do, widespread heart failure is equally as certain to prevail among my friends, the politicians. Jack Martin will fall dead the instant he reads it. Supervisor Stanton, being a doctor, may violate a time honored rule, take a dose of his own medicine and recover; but Supervisor Dundon is certain to suffer a cessation of respiration. As for the fifty or sixty candidates for Fire Commissioners, ninety per cent of them, the moment they hear of this, will follow Mr. Martin into new-made graves. If they do not, it will be because they have recently become inured to political disappointment.

* * *

However, notwithstanding all this, I do not think I ought to withhold from the public the important news any longer. Even if its dissemination should result in the sudden death of a few pothouse politicians, that will not be a very serious offense to answer for hereafter. I already have upon my hands the blood of many men of that elevated profession, and a few drops more or less can make no difference with my subsequent fate. The news, then, is this: In view of the desperate attempt that is being made by certain politicians to break their way into the Fire Department, the political managers of that powerful arm of the municipal government have formed an offensive and defensive alliance with the Police Department. I do not state this upon information and belief, but upon most reliable authority. For sometime past it has been quite evident that the influences surrounding the board of Supervisors were going to threaten the autonomy of the Fire Department. Fire Commissioner Martin is hostile to the powers that control the present organization. If men inimical to Chief Suilivan can capture the two Commissioners who are to succeed Schmitt and Ames, they will, with Martin, have a majority of the Board and at once become masters of the situation.

* * *

It may not be easy to understand why the firemen are threatened by the present Board of Supervisors without an explanation. A reference to the last election will make everything plain. On that occasion the Fire Department made up, worked for, and voted a certain ticket. On that ticket there was but one member of the present Board of Supervisors. This one was Sands Forman. The others feel that they are under no obligations to the Fire Department, and if satisfactory arrangements cannot be made, they are ready to join a coalition against Chief Sullivan and his men. The dangerous character of the fight has, it appears, rendered the coalition with the police necessary. A few days ago it was explained to a politician who called on Chief Crowley that the alliance was not for aggression. It is formed to keep scheming politicians from declaring vacant the places of firemen and peelers. The first work of the combination will be to elect Fire Commissioners to succeed Ames and Schmitt, and the next to look after the interests of both Departments next year when the Board of Freeholders come to make a new charter.

* * *

When I add, finally, that Mr. Sam Rainey, the Warm Springs, Alameda County, granger, has been engaged to do the head work for this combination, it will at once be observed that it can hardly fail to have its way. I am told that the police receive their orders through Captain Lees, who is communicated with by Chief Sullivan. Sam Rainey has an electric button connecting the Chief's engine on Bush Street with the Warm Springs *hacienda*, and when he touches it the entire machine moves. I am told that the bush whackers, headed by Fire Commissioner Martin, are pledged (should they succeed) to dismiss Chief Sullivan and reinstate District Engineer McCarthy, who was cashiered not long ago on proven charges. But if they ever had a chance to triumph it is now dissipated. The Board of Supervisors will never elect two Fire Commissioners hostile to the stupendous "pull" that can be exerted by Sam Rainey with the Fire and Police Departments at his back. Such things are possible, but not probable in these degenerate days.

* * *

AN ABILITY at veracity is often as valuable as a talent for imagination. Both are gifts, however, to be exercised with due discretion. The initiated, doubtless, will see between the story that follows and the phrase that precedes, a certain connection. At a seaside resort a handful of prominent citizenesses discussed pedigrees at greater length than the subject ordinarily commands in San Francisco. Crests, emblems, and genealogical trees were dragged forth from dusty recesses and stalked for the edification of incredulous listeners. The pretensions of one female in particular, a personage whose early days had familiarized her with the sad usages of the scrubbing brush, were especially garish, and to those familiar with the facts, quite humorous.

* * *

"Shure, our family is discinded from the Tudors," she boldly stated. "Look here, now, till I dhraw the ginological three," she declared, struggling with a lead pencil.

A strange structure that tree, studded with names and dates, proving elaborately the claim. Passed around from hand to hand, it finally came to Mrs. De Young, who happened to be of the group.

"How fortunate you are to be able to trace back your family," she said, smilingly gazing at the tree and its domestic product. "I should like to show you our crest—the only one, indeed, we have in the family. That is why, perhaps, I am so proud of it. Give me a pencil and a bit of paper."

She set to work drawing a laurel wreath—leaf after leaf—the result being a pretty design with a vacant space in the middle. Therein she wrote six words and passed the sheet around the circle. The descendant of the Tudors gaped uneasily at the words and finally spelled out:

"*The Chronicle has the largest circulation.*"

There was a delightful titter, and never again a parading of genealogies.

* * *

I DO NOT think I have ever, in the whole course of my uneventful life, witnessed a political blunder equal to that of which the Board of Supervisors was guilty when, a few days ago, it abolished the Sewerage Commission. I do not regard the fact (which, to some of my esteemed contemporaries, seems to be so pregnant of woe) that the Board has deprived a few tax-eaters of profitable employment, as a very serious matter; nor do I think that any great harm will be inflicted upon the community by an entire cessation of sewer investigation. But, nevertheless, politically, I regard the action of the Board as next to suicidal. I am sorry to see that my friend, Mr. Dundon, originated the resolution of abolition. It will certainly put an end to his political career.

* * *

I speak thus strongly because the discontinuance of this work by the Board of Supervisors places in the hands of its political enemies a large wad of effective ammunition. The Sewerage Commission was engaged in perfecting the drainage system of the City so that it will drain. At present, the doctors agree, the sewers cause a third of all the deaths reported by the Health Department. When the Non-Partisan and Republican Municipal Conventions meet next year, they will take this matter up and accuse, by solemn resolution, the present Board of Supervisors of *Murder!* This is about as certain as anything

can be that is a year in the future. I imagine that I can see now, in my mind's eye, the bristling sentences that will appear in the two platforms denouncing the men who stopped work on the sewers and spread deadly miasma throughout the town.

* * *

The point is such an excellent one, and is so certain to be credited by the public, that I have no doubt the orators will take the subject up. Then the Democracy will be charged with manslaughter in every precinct in the City. There will be no explanation to make. The impeachment will have to be admitted, and if it is admitted, it will cost the party thousands of votes. Personally, I am a great admirer of political fools. But there is something about the average Supervisor that surfeits my imagination.

* * *

ACCORDING to the critics, the six most illustrious men the world has ever known were Bacon, Newton, Plato, Bonaparte, Julius Cæsar, and Pericles. It is said that, in comparison with these, all the other great children of men have been pigmies. I am of the opinion, however, that a seventh name must now be added to the list. Perhaps the seventh man will not be considered as deep in science as Sir Isaac Newton, nor as profound in philosophy as Lord Bacon, but he is certainly as great in generalship as either Bonaparte or Cæsar. It is with the most profound admiration that I move to amend the list of illustrious names by adding that of the man who discovered a foul-smelling cesspool under the Mayor's office at the City Hall. The name does not sound very high, but it certainly designates a genius of the first magnitude. It is Spinks—Mr. Charles N. Spinks, and its owner occupies the lowly position of Plumbing Inspector. The discernment manifested by his discovery underneath the Mayor's office, however, will certainly in time elevate Mr. Spinks to a dazzling social and political altitude.

* * *

The trick at the City Hall is to uncover something to be done by outside contractors and to avoid uncovering anything necessary to be done by the salaried employés. The maximum of employment for outside plumbers, carpenters, gas fitters, etc., and the minimum of all kinds of work for deputies and clerks regularly engaged, is the great problem. The man who reduces this problem to the most perfect system, is regarded at the municipal building as nature's greatest work of art. It may be remarked, in passing, that it is quite easy to systematize the minimum of work for employés regularly engaged. By general consent it is regarded as an offense little short of a felony for a man to work at the City Hall. It is related of Mayor Ellert that one day he happened into the Assessor's office and saw a man making rings with a pencil, upon a blotting pad. "Do you make those rings all the time?" blandly asked His Honor. "No," replied the Deputy Assessor, "I sometimes vary the monotony by making squares," and, suiting the action to the word, he drew several square figures upon the pad.

* * *

But it is often difficult to provide work for the horde of plumbers, gas fitters, carpenters and other skilled mechanics who infest the City Hall with their "pulls." The reason is that the heads of departments usually know the work to be fraudulent and they dislike to be responsible for it. Of all the men who object to this method of depleting the Treasury, Mayor Ellert is the most obstreperous. He is a shrewd fellow, very observant, and bold in exposing frauds and abuses of all kinds. In a word, he is the terror of the grand army of political "work" fakirs. But he is evidently no match for Mr. Spinks. Mr. Spinks discovered a cesspool right under Ellert's office, and within an hour afterward the Mayor (according to the papers) went home sick with "malaria." The next day he called the City Hall Commission together and set up a loud howl for a plumber. Mr. Spinks, you are certainly a genius. I take off my hat to you.

* * *

The lot of the Pacific Mail purser begins to be sad. In port, his servitude has hitherto been light and airy, his hours brief unto buoyancy, and between times has he not aired his shapeliness on Kearny Street? Over the spirit of his existence a dark shadow casts gloomy outlines. A *ukase* from headquarters condemns him to labor unaccustomed hours. Verily it is now from early morn until dewy eve, and the cry of his lamentations ascendeth to the zenith. The *raison d'etre* of a change so radical is not generally understood, but under the new *régime* the purser begins his day at 7 A. M. and toils until five—a sad change from the luxurious time-table that preceded it.

* * *

THE DESPONDENT characteristics of current finance seem only to spur art on to fresh exertions. At Vickery's, Ernest Peixotto exhibits a number of creditable canvases, whose manner shows capacity of no common order. Certainly the most talented and promising of the younger artists, his future, if its lines are properly cast, should be brilliant. He has the brain to achieve a place in the world, and given a few years amidst fitting surroundings his name will not, I am persuaded, be entirely unfamiliar. The gem of the collection, and quite the best thing Mr. Peixotto has done, is "Chinatown at Monterey"—really a strong composition finely handled.

* * *

Numbers 7, 14, and 16, landscapes all, struck me as excellent pictures worthy a place in good collections. While it cannot be said Mr. Peixotto has yet developed a distinct artistic individuality, his subjects are handled with a degree of poetical appreciation and a technical knack that suggests far bigger possibilities than he has yet aspired to.

* * *

Next Saturday Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, *née* Elizabeth Curtis, exhibits a collection of canvases done while she was abroad. The quality of this new work will dissipate the impression that courtship and marriage occupied all her time and thoughts while in Paris. She certainly worked hard, and her friends will have ample reason on Saturday next to offer their congratulations. The rooms of the Art Students' League will, of course, be decorated for the occasion.

* * *

After Peixotto takes his leave of Vickery's gallery the latest canvases from the brush of Miss Eva Withrow will be exhibited there. Miss Withrow has also been in Paris, and those who have seen her work pronounce the advance she has made most notable. There will undoubtedly be considerable interest to see what she has done.

* * *

Keith has settled down to work, and is painting with renewed power. Some beautiful and poetical canvases are just off his easel, and he promises, in the near future, to do the best work of his life.

* * *

ONCE AGAIN I observe that John Brickell has been sued to test his title to Baker's Beach. Nothing could better illustrate the uncertainty of land tenures in San Francisco, or, in general, the insecure grip by which every man holds his property, than the struggle that Mr. Brickell has been engaged in for fifteen years to retain his title to Baker's Beach. The property consists of fifty-nine acres. It lies to the north of the Park, between the Presidio on the east and the City cemetery on the west, and a long stretch of it is washed by the waters of the Golden Gate. Brickell loaned some money to the owner many years ago and took the land on foreclosure of mortgage. Since that time he has been sued by everybody in the remotest degree connected with the original owner, now dead, and on a hundred different grounds. Nine times the litigants have had him in the Supreme Court, and it is now evident that he is soon again to make another journey to that tribunal.

* * *

I understand that the litigation with reference to the title to Baker's Beach can continue until every point that the ingenuity of the lawyers can raise has been settled. Ordinarily the statute of limitations bars all kinds of actions at law. The principle of that statute is that it is public policy to sometime put an end to litigation. But the statute of limitations does not bar minor heirs. So long as there is a person on earth, therefore, who can claim kinship to the original owner of Baker's Beach, he can sue Brickell and allege fraud in the making and foreclosure of the mortgage. At the close of the year 2093, when

Baker's Beach is covered with solid blocks such as now line Montgomery and California Streets, the courts will still be occupied with suits involving its title. But then, I suppose, the lawyers of that period, and the periods that intervene, will have to be provided with something upon which to exercise their jaws, and Baker's Beach will be as good as anything else.

* * *

The death of Adelaide Emerson, the actress, has recalled to many an Oakland mind the success and popularity of the once beautiful and wealthy belle, who was then put down upon the visiting tablets of most of Oakland "first families" as Miss Carrie Walker. There was no girl in the whole town more sought after nor better liked than she, when fortune smiled upon her splendid home. But the moist finger of disaster was pointed at the magnificent fortune, and in a twinkling it disappeared with even more rapidity than it had come. But the finger did not stop at the fortune, it went on across the smooth ivory faces of those visiting tablets, and with the cold cruelty of the social dictum it effaced the name of the erstwhile belle and still beautiful girl. Those who had been her intimates and those who had been her guests passed her by as a stranger, and it was not until she had achieved success upon the stage that they deigned to mention her name. Now that the last chapter in her life is ended, you will find many who are quite willing to say they knew her—her later life and her unhappy death made her celebrated.

* * *

The days of darkness at the Alcazar are numbered. Another brave man has reared his head from the mass of theatrical wreckage which surrounds the O'Farrell Street house, to announce he is about to reopen the place with a stock company. The courageous gentleman this time is a good actor and a popular one, Mr. McKee Rankin. While I, for one, would be only too glad to see another place of amusement added to our none too generous list, I am constrained to ask Mr. Rankin if he has fully contemplated the difficulties which surround the enterprise. His theatre must needs be a popular-priced one, and the productions must accordingly be of a comparatively mediocre order. Have we enough people other than those who patronize the regular theatres, and such other playhouses as the Grove and the National, to support one other temple of Thespis? Candidly, I think not.

* * *

THE ATHLETIC contingent of the San Francisco Verein are quite worked up over a bicycle race between Dr. L. Neuman and Bert Hecht. It seems they have recently developed a craze for the silent steel steed, and each morning at six they start for the Park. There, in the Cyclery, they don knickerbockers and sweaters, and off they dash over the smooth roads. Between the two there has been for some weeks considerable rivalry, and out of it the contest has grown. At first Bert led in the betting, the sports declaring his lightness practically ensured him victory. Latterly, however, the Doctor has come to the front, because of the staying powers he has evidenced.

* * *

Considerable coin is up, and, besides a cash consideration, the loser pays the winner's lunch bill at Marchand's for the term of one month. Next Saturday is set for the contest. The course is from the Cyclery to the Life Saving Station at Ocean Beach, and I believe there will be a large delegation of ladies out to see the start.

* * *

THE TERRY reception at the Century Club was an interesting event. The rooms were most artistically decorated with flowers and ferns. The refreshments were perfectly delicious. Miss Terry was graciousness and affability in person. She made a multitude of friends by her wonderful charm of manner, and expressed her opinion of San Francisco and its people in terms of unqualified admiration. She left the Club in a "Rosamund's" bower of flowers, was crowned with laurel, and decked with exquisite blossoms. A few of the intensely narrow-minded among the members have expressed their private opinions publicly, and regretted that Miss Terry, because she has had more admirers and husbands than had fallen to their lot, should be entertained by the club. Yet these are the very women who knelt at the feet of Edwin Arnold—he of fourteen Japanese wives—as at the feet of Gamaliel, expecting to learn wisdom.

* * *

It is in their relation to their art one receives stars. From that standpoint alone one should judge them; not according to the standard that ordinary people are supposed to live up to. I think, too, that if any woman cares to entertain a dramatic light, especially of the first magnitude, no matter what her reputation in her private capacity may be, she is at perfect liberty to do so, and is to be congratulated for so doing. If the star be a man no one dreams of demanding a certificate of immaculateness.

Why, then, of a woman? (Shades of "The Heavenly Twins.")

* * *

DOES NOT the insensibility of Cleveland to the claims of California afford some ground for resentment? Considering the State went Democratic and that the exertions of certain men were responsible, it seems as though there might have been some recognition. I assumed that at least one place of prominence and importance would be given us, and hoped the claims of the gentleman whom the delegation had endorsed for the Italian mission might receive favorable consideration. That Mr. Van Allen is rich is very positive, and that he presented $50,000 to the Democratic campaign fund is also a fact, but that he will fitly represent this Nation in Rome or anywhere else I cannot persuade myself.

* * *

In passing over the men of prominence here the President is injuring, irreparably, the party. If he cares for the success of his ideas he should try a certain degree of conciliation, and I cannot but think it would be well to commence at once. Japan, Hawaii, Guatemala—gone to the East, and only Brazil to California. Verily, Grover has little care for us out here.

* * *

Is it not a little hard that Messrs. Bunco and Haysteer should be so frequently caught at news stealing? All of us have known the larcenous proclivities of the *Stock Report*, but the *Post* is taking rather an unkind advantage of its rival's helplessness. If I am not grievously in error, the journal is having rather a hard financial time of it just now. It does not scream with its usual loudness, nor are its pages as lusty with "ads" as in days of yore. Besides, I am given to understand that its circulation has dropped materially.

* * *

The reward that is said to recompense properly directed persistence does not develop itself with the regularity one might reasonably expect. There is Charles Hanlon, for instance—an attorney of application and perseverance, highly pugnacious, and at the plying of objections quite untiring. Not so many weeks ago he was arguing an appeal before the Supreme Court. Point after point he presented at full length until, finally, Chief Justice Beatty bent wearily over and said:

"But, Mr. Hanlon, if you intended to rely on these points you should have raised them in the Court below?"

"I did, your Honor," returned Mr. Hanlon, "but I was stopped."

"Stopped!" said Justice McFarland, in tones delicately sarcastic. "How did they do it?"

The Witness.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAVE
A SOCIETY LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

CALIFORNIA has in operation at Whittier and nearly ready for pupils at Amador, a State school for juvenile incorrigibles. I wish I could use a shorter and a softer word. These State schools are for the boys of California who have been forbidden the right to learn a trade and thereby prepare themselves for earning honest bread. Of the four hundred pupils at Whittier a large percentage have been through our public schools and have been unable to find work. It is quite customary to lay their idleness at the door of the Chinese, but we all know that the Chinese have invaded only a few of the handicrafts, and are easily dislodged when they have secured a foothold.

The trouble lies in the refusal to receive apprentices in white workshops.

The *Century* is calling attention to this evil in the East where there are no Chinese to produce it. The organizations there and here which control the various skilled handicrafts deliberately, as a part of their policy, either limit or deny apprenticeship to the trades. A canvass of their leaders upon the question has brought back a multitude of answers, revealing a state of things which would rouse the keenest indignation were it not so serious that apprehension stifles all other feelings. The most of these leaders are foreigners, as are most of the members of the organizations they represent. They all oppose freedom of apprenticeship, and their sentiment is expressed by one who frankly says that American boys are not wanted in the trades because they are too independent to submit to Union discipline!

Our form of Government was devised in the beginning to foster and encourage individuality and independence in our people. Self-reliance and self-dependence, manliness and personality were esteemed as the qualities required in a free people who were to take care of their government, instead of letting the government take care of them.

More than a century of trial has produced that quality in us which is essential to the maintenance of our institutions, and just as our form of Government has accomplished its purpose, combinations made up of immigrants, of alien born, who have come to us for their own convenience and not mindful of ours, are found in control of every skilled handicraft, and engaged in denying to American boys the right to learn a trade because our boys have just the quality which our Government is intended to promote!

For a long time there was a way open for a native American to learn a trade. When the immigrants in control of the handicrafts had denied apprenticeship to our boys and the resulting idleness and crime had brought them into the law's grasp, there was a chance for them to learn a trade in the penitentiary. There are fifty penitentiaries in the United States, with 52,000 convicts within their walls. Of these 38,000 are native Americans. But the immigrant masters of the trade organizations did not forget that the natives must be kept out of the trades, so by using the vote given to them by our laws, with the aid of cowardly demagogues, they have suppressed the handicrafts in every prison in the United States, and Americans cannot even learn a trade in stripes.

Therefore we have the edifying spectacle of shop doors barred against apprenticeship of our boys by immigrants, the same boys arrested by an immigrant peace officer, taken before an immigrant jury, sentenced by an immigrant judge, and put in a prison where aliens forbid him the chance to learn a trade, and where, as a rule, his idleness is watched over by an immigrant guard with a gun.

When asked by a labor commissioner where the supply of skilled labor would come from if our boys are denied apprenticeship, one of the labor leaders frankly answers: "Foreign immigration will supply it."

These things teach and exhort. I make no point against men changing their country to better their condition, but I deny to them the right to pauperize and criminalize the native born boys of the country that gives them an asylum. That they are doing this here is proved by facts as numerous as the stars, and it is time that we stop permitting Americans to be born, or else do our duty by giving them a chance to live honestly in their own country. When the subject is fairly presented to a thoughtful man, there is that in it which startles like the midnight shriek of a dreamer.

* * *

THE pan-religious Congress at Chicago is something the like of which was never seen before. Catholicism and Protestantism will for once stand up together for Christianity, facing their old mother, Judaism, and treating politely her other child, Mohammedanism. These modern religions will display their adolescence in the presence of veterans like Brahminism, Buddhism, and before the Shinto, the Parsee and the Confucian, relatives all, each the final crystallization of the thought of the unthinkable as it has formed in various civilizations. I expect to meet them all in the fields Elysian.

* * *

THE gentle Populists of Iowa have nominated a ticket and in their platform called their opponents "sneak thieves."

As the Populist vote of that State is only 22,000, the majority of its people must be a hard lot.

All the world will look with interest upon the Populist attempt to use hard words to butter parsnips.

* * *

AN agent is abroad in Europe teaching far-away people to eat American corn. He is insinuating our supawn, dodger, flapjacks, and friend mush under the continental jacket with fair success. This was an original idea of the late Samuel J. Tilden, who believed that a profitable market for this characteristic American crop could be secured in that way.

California wines need a campaign of education amongst our own countrymen. The use of our red and white dry wines as a part of the American diet would improve the digestion of our countrymen by stopping the swilling of dyed tea, or the more bilious beer, and would greatly benefit our wine-growers. Americans began wrong by drinking rum and burning witches. They quit burning witches and burned themselves by moving into the whisky habit.

Dry wines cannot be drank over a bar. They offend the empty and intelligent stomach, but used at dinner they are intensely agreeable and are never the means of drunkenness. They carry a low percentage of alcohol, the presence of which is not perceptible, and their use, especially in the hot season, is safer than the use of ice water.

* * *

IT seems that Emin Pasha has been killed and eaten. In life and in death he was a useful man. His former disappearance was the cause of Stanley's second expedition to equatorial wilds. He found Emin and brought him out to Zanzibar, where the Pasha celebrated his return to civilization with such energy that he fell out of a window and sustained a greenstick fracture of his skull. After needed repairs he fled from champagne and hilarity and again penetrated the forests, where he has been met and eaten by the guileless children of nature, who roam in naked brunetteness of complexion. While this missionary method of getting near to the heart of the heathen does not tend to encourage imitators of Emin, still it shows that the white explorer has a sure way to agree with the natives as long as good digestion waits on appetite and health on both.

JNO. P. IRISH.

THE YOUNG MEN'S SIDE OF THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Mrs. Eugenia K. Holmes' arraignment of the Native Sons of the soil, in the last number of THE WAVE, is severe. Perhaps she is like the spirit who said to the angel of the church at Laodicea, "As many of them as I love, I rebuke and chasten." But it is using the rod savagely to say that our young men are "not noticeable either for physical beauty, moral purity, genius, or intellectual attainments," "atrociously mannered," "incompetent to assume their natural obligations." Is not such a chastisement as this in violation of the provision of the Constitution, which forbids cruel or unusual punishments?

Mrs. Holmes' objection to the young men was voiced by the impatient damsel who sang, "Why don't the men propose, mamma?" It is a very old story, indeed. It distressed the English girls in the time of Addison, and led, in some ancient countries, to the imposition of a tax on bachelorhood. Not only in California, but in all regions and at all times, the merry maiden has deplored the shyness of young men, and their backwardness in coming forward. But it does not appear that the volume of old maids has ever been large anywhere. Sooner or later every girl gets her chance of marrying, even without espousing the "haggard age, or hopeless imbecility" which fill Mrs. Holmes' soul with horror. For every Jill there is a Jack somewhere, lying *perdu* in the grass.

How quickly and how impetuously Jack will emerge from his grassy hiding place depends a good deal on the bait which is dangled before his nose. No honest observer will deny Mrs. Holmes' assertion that the Native daughters are "good-looking and well-mannered," "handsome, bright, and sincere," "independent, amiable, liberal, and animated," "exuberant and pure." It does not seem to occur to her that such an accumulation of excellent attributes may overwhelm a timid youth. He knows that he is a poor little devil, who sometimes tells lies, has mean impulses, drinks cocktails, smokes cigarettes, and is not very sure whether Milton wrote "Ivanhoe," or Scott. How could he venture to ask such a peerless divinity as this to tread the walks of Paradise by his side? The alliance would be a sort of miscegenation. Men marry their like, not archangels or Peris.

All said and done, marriage is a contract which ought to be equal on both sides. It is a partnership in which each partner embarks the same investment. If the girl gives herself and her love, the man gives not only himself and his love, but also his support. He has a right to expect that his overtures, which may lead to an offer of marriage, shall be pleasantly and considerately received, whether they result in anything or not. If they are not, he is justified in concluding that his reception is equivalent to notice that he had better take his hat and his gloves.

The picture of the California girl, drawn by Mrs. Holmes, is so faithful and lifelike that her behavior toward young men is sure to be all that could be wished. It is different in the neighboring State of Barataria. In that State a girl is, in Mrs. Holmes' words, "immeasurably superior to the youth who bears her company." What is more, she is conscious of her superiority. It follows that she expects to be adored, and does not expect to make any return for the adoration. She takes it as her due. It is enough that she condescends to accept homage. She would rather die than requite a favor, or sacrifice an enjoyment to give pleasure to a man who is devoted to her. When they meet, she holds that it is his duty to amuse her, and no part of her duty to amuse him.

Hence, she is pretty dull in Society, and the man finds her company rather heavy lifting. She is imperfectly educated, and, to keep the conversation going, the man must be careful to remain in shallow water. She gets easily out of her depth, and a suppressed yawn shows that she is no longer following the talker. This being the normal treatment of the young Baratarian male by the female of his species, it is not surprising that matrimony is falling into innocuous desuetude in that flourishing State, and that the number of young men who spend their time in the monkeries called clubs is increasing. Personal liberty is secured by the Constitution of Barataria, and a young Baratarian does not need to marry unless he chooses. When he is called to account, he retorts brutally that Perdita is far better company than the girls of his world.

It is pleasant to reflect that the habits and customs of Barataria have gained no foothold in this State. Nothing is more frequently remarked upon by strangers than the affability of our girls, their considerate courtesy to young men, and the pains they take to make themselves agreeable and amusing. In some trifling ways they might, perhaps, make themselves still more fascinating. It seems ungallant to say it—but in matrimonial partnerships, and in the delightful courtship which leads to matrimony, the man is the head of the firm, and the woman the junior partner. Sometimes, in the wild gush of early love, girls fancy they are the whole firm. This is needlessly humiliating to him whom they may have to promise to love, honor, and obey. And, again, in the choice of their amusements, girls are sometimes not as thoughtful of male tastes as they might be. The summer girl complains that there are no men at the watering places. Why should there be? The main pastime of such places is dancing. Lives there a man who enjoys dancing? Was there ever a more idiotic amusement devised than the wiggling of legs and feet in a waltz? If the girls at Monterey and Santa Cruz will provide some sport which young men can really like, there will be no more complaints of Adamless Edens.

Mrs. Holmes concludes her admirable and well-written paper with the statement that "it rests with the California girl to perpetuate the fair name and fame of this fruitful land." The California girl can do much, no doubt, but whether she can perpetuate her race all by herself without the assistance of a congenial mate, seems to be a physiological problem. The early Spanish explorers on this Coast were told that California was an island, inhabited by Amazons, and that it was death for a man to set foot on the island. But that race appears to be extinct.

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AMATEUR SPORT

Now that the Midwinter Fair has assumed proportions which practically guarantee its successful opening, and work having begun in earnest upon the grounds, I suggest the advisability of a general meeting of our amateur athletes for the purpose of formulating plans for an outdoor entertainment embracing all the departments of amateur sport.

While I am, of course, most favorably disposed in every way towards the Olympic Club, I believe it would be best for the success of the project if it was made a mutual undertaking instead of being fathered or managed by any single organization. I would suggest, then, the following plan, which I am certain is quite feasible, and which I believe would meet with the approval of all concerned.

Let it become the duty of the secretaries of the largest of our bicycling, baseball, lawn tennis, football and athletic clubs generally to communicate with the secretaries of other organizations of similar character, calling upon these clubs to elect delegates to a general Amateur Athletic Congress to be held in this city, say four week from date. From the delegates thus assembled in meeting let a general committee, consisting of one representative from each branch of sport, be formed.

It shall be the province of this committee to lay the matter of the meeting before the Fair authorities, and to obtain the necessary concessions of ground space, privileges, etc. In addition to this general committee, other committees on invitation to outside athletes to attend, on announcement, transportation, board and lodging, and everything required to make the journey and the stay of outsiders comfortable and as inexpensive as possible.

The successful carrying out of this Fair tournament would be of incalculable advantage to the State and city, as no more effective way of demonstrating the virtues of our winter season could be found than a series of sporting events on land and water, held under a cheering sun at a time when outdoor sport of all kinds is prohibited by the fierce dictates of the Storm King.

If the secretaries of the various clubs will communicate with "The Starter, Amateur Sport Department, THE WAVE," I will gladly publish in these columns any announcements or correspondence which can aid in the furthering of the project I suggested over two months ago.

* * *

Football is booming in truth. During the past week all the championship timber in the College teams has been undergoing a close and critical examination by "Pop" Bliss, and the balance of the wise men who are at work making brilliant tackles and backs out of the studious young gentlemen in the 'Varsities. Over across the bay the boys of the Blue and Gold are hard at work and seem to take to their tasks with a vim and good-will which argues well for the showing of their team. Bliss and the Crimsons are hitting it off very well at Palo Alto, and the Yale men think he has found a good deal of very good material to work with.

The Olympics, while not as assiduous in their work as the collegians, who can turn more readily from class-rooms to the field than a city man can go from his office to the "outside grounds," are nevertheless doing some good practice work and will, I feel sure, from what I have recently seen, turn out a very strong eleven to do battle with the college men and the visitors from north and east.

* * *

While our local yachtsmen are not any too devoted to the glorious sport out here, they are, notwithstanding, warm patriots so far as concerns international racing, and, in consequence, are displaying a good deal of genuine interest in the forthcoming contest for the America's cup between the Dunraven challenger and the "Vigilant." As I have said all along, the race will no doubt be the most brilliantly contested that has ever been sailed for the historic trophy. That the "Valkyrie" is the best craft of her style which has ever been in commission, there is little doubt. The Prince of Wales' cutter, "Britannia," has done some remarkably good work this summer, and certainly a very fast boat in any company, but single handed there is scarcely a shadow of a doubt that Lord Dunraven's cutter is several minutes speedier. Of the American cup defenders the "Vigilant," I am pleased to say, has been my choice all through, and her final victory over her dangerous rivals was fully predicted in these columns weeks ago.

The "Vigilant" and "Valkyrie" are both 86⅛ feet on the water line, and about 14 tons difference is in their weight, the American, minus the keel load of lead, being of course the lighter. The exceptional draught for a pure centreboard boat of 14 feet, and her extreme beam of 26 feet over all, enables the New Yorker to put out the enormous spread of 11,500 feet of canvas. The Britisher carries some 1300 feet less. Both vessels are advanced examples of their types, the keel boat with 21 foot beam and the "skimming dish" with 14 feet of draught. I look for a series of races of exceptional interest, and with the narrowest kind of margin between winner and loser. I am inclined, I regret to say, to the belief that the "Valkyrie" will prove a trifle the faster of the two.

I heard of a wager made between a local yachtsman of fame and fortune and a tourist who was stopping at the Palace Hotel, and whose name, address, and accent proclaimed clearly a subject of Her Gracious Majesty, Victoria, etc., etc., etc. The bet was made in the grillroom and amounted to a round hundred pounds. There will doubtless be a good many more wagers of a similar kind before the races start.

* * *

To all those who are admirers of the splendid English national game, cricket, I can recommend the match to be played to-day between the champion Alamedas and the San Francisco clubs. The latter team has been doing some rarely good work this season, and has made an average quite creditable to any eleven. The Harrison cup is to be battled for, and a game of rare merit and interest should be the result, with the odds slightly in favor of the Alamedas.

* * *

The bicycle tourney, at Central Park, set down for this afternoon and conducted under the auspices of the Bay City Wheelmen, will be a social as well as an athletic entertainment of much merit. The entire receipts are to be donated to and equally divided between the Hahnemann Hospital and the Maria Kip orphans. A number of very good events are down on the cards, which, together with the crowd of pretty girls which will certainly be present, should suffice to attract a large crowd.

* * *

The inter-club baseball game between the University and the Bohemian clubs is getting to be an absorbing topic of discussion on Post and Sutter Streets, and a large number of the most popular members of both organizations are going around with badly-damaged fingers as a result of their practice with bat and ball.

* * *

There is but little racing news from the East which is of interest to Californians. The always prominent "Tom" Williams is about to shed his light upon us again, and returns full of promises and plans to make the fall meeting at the Bay District Track the most wonderful and soul-inspiring aggregation of equine paradoxes ever seen by man, etc. It is to be hoped that we shall have the opportunity of enjoying some good sport and fine racing, with a little less discussion of the personal differences of the "bookies" cliques.

THE STARTER.

CAREFUL PREPARATION

is essential to purity of foods. It is wisdom and economy to select those that are pure. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is prepared with the greatest care, and infants are assured the best. Grocers and Druggists.

She (suddenly pervading the piazza)—What! no one here! Where have all the nice men vanished to?

He (bitingly)—Where all the nice girls have vanished to.—*Vogue.*

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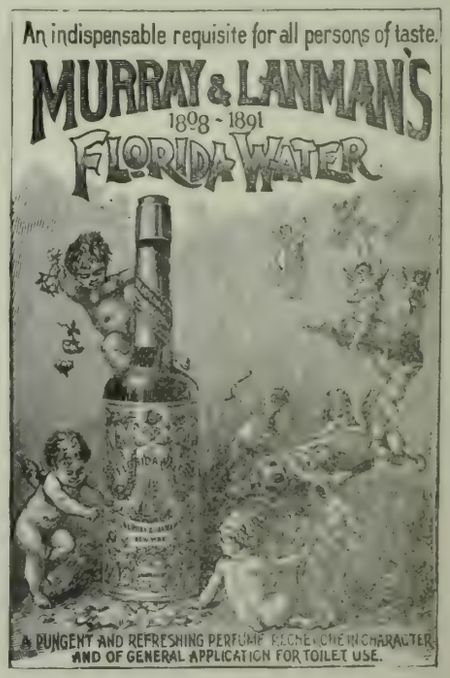
The autumn days are with us,
The summer days are done,
And families are returning
To spoil the old men's fun.

—*Town Topics.*



MASKS AND FACES

The domestic felicity which Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew undoubtedly enjoy should console theatre goers for the imperfections of Lydia Languish. It is charming to realize there are couples in stageland as devoted as Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, that these gifted exponents of dramatic matrimonial happiness have not a monopoly of so unique a role. Still, perhaps, I am taking a good deal for granted. Entirely on the utter unsuitability of Mrs. Sidney Drew for the part of Sheridan's romantic heroine is my assumption of domesticity based. I am persuaded this is apparent enough for even a mummer to recognize, and of its individual shortcomings the profession takes rarest cognizance. Here, then, is my syllogism:—Physically and mentally the wife of Sidney Drew is the antithesis of Lydia Languish. Her inefficiency must be apparent to her husband. There are a score of available actresses more capable of the role—yet she plays it. For the preference there must be some better reason than mere histrionic competence—love and affection indubitably. The conclusion is irresistible.

To realize one is assisting at the elevation of the stage must surely alleviate the pangs of the impersonation. Think, too, how its very defects are foils for the perfect art of Mrs. Malaprop. Time fades not the perennial charm of this wonderful old lady whose sprightliness and grace increase with the passage of years.

"THE SOUDAN."

Although the fiery and wildly Oriental promises extended by the posters of "The Soudan" are only redeemed in the third act, the show until then is of such an exciting nature that the audience can hardly follow the quick succession of remarkable events.

No time is lost with exposition, no lengthy psychological dissertation of possibilities! "Soudan" "don't need that!" Right from the start the hero, an English officer on half pay, a loving blonde husband and his highly strung wife, the heroine, implicitly trust their avowed worst enemies, two men and a lady, who proceed to mix matters to their hearts' content.

At this stage of the proceedings a theatre party from the interior of the State took possession of their seats in the second row of the dress circle. Healthy, brown, full of genuine determination to enjoy the show, they opened all the pores of their unbiased receptiveness and at it they went. Two stout gentlemen, in fierce disgust with all that is mean in the world, while they delight in showing their love for fair play, accompanied by two boys and a young lady of sweet seventeen, formed a combination of play-goers that seldom graces the metropolitan play-houses, and was as refreshing to watch as woodland scenery after a long spell of city life.

The principal villain, as the fitting antithesis of the English soldier, true and loyal, is a profligate Frenchman! Notwithstanding the obvious displeasure of most of the audience and the whole gallery, this Frenchman compromises the innocent young wife so badly that she finds herself, at the end of the first few scenes, friendless and separated from her husband, who cannot listen to her explanatory remarks, being suddenly called into active service in the East African war!

The plot deepens. There are intricacies I should need paragraphs to unravel—wild crimes of dire wickedness, the stealing of the heroine's son and his incarceration in a baby farm. There is where Master Walter Lewis comes in. How a lad of his age—he cannot be older than twelve—can enter into the very innermost being of his conception, may only be explained by the possession of phenomenal talent. From his first appearance upon the stage to the scene where he dies, starved, beaten, neglected, sick at heart, his valiant spirit broken, his little frame shaken to pieces by fever, his tottering steps swaying him this and that way, the trembling hands fluttering and grasping with jerky unsteadiness the empty air, the wide open eyes riveted upon the phantasmagorical pictures flashed across the disintegrating brain, the rattle in his throat, until the tortured waif is strained to death's arms—voice, face, movement, the requisites of ripe understanding, the logical gradation to the climax—all were there; nothing exaggerated.

At last, to the unspeakable delight of my friends, the fourth act discloses the British forces sleeping peacefully in the deserts of Soudan. All was prepared to go home, when the philanthropical motive, the liberation of some white prisoners, urges them to fight a little longer. This known trait, which underlies all British conquests, leads most naturally to slaughter. They storm the Desert City—the boys fairly raised out of their seats—such killing, shooting, knocking on the head, spearing and thrusting. Alas! the bad Frenchman escapes. Not satisfied with cheating everybody in Europe, he goes and renegades in the Soudan; but, caught in the Desert City, he escapes, badly wounded, very much put out, and altogether getting his deserts right on the spot. Here the true and good British Captain and the now fugitive, bedraggled and profligate villain, who is crazed with thirst, meet at last. How he did crawl, that Frenchman! He rolled all over the desert, tried every square foot of the stage without finding a convenient spot or ease of mind to expire. Up he gets again and again, until finally he reveals the plot of his deceit and gives up his ghost at the same time. Of course, there is nothing left *now* for the Captain but to return to England and be supremely happy.

Before the general satisfactory conclusions were reached a short tableau showed a piece of Trafalgar Square, in London, and the coming home of the soldiers. The greater part of the audience, from the gallery, was transferred to the stage as "people of London." Amid deafening cheers and frantic waving of all hats and other wearing apparel, this exciting scene concluded—as usual the British hero being in the far ascendant. S. W.

With what exquisite naturalness does she outrage the language. Verily, she has merged her individuality into the character; its very eccentricities become her like her gowns. How subtle it all is; how admirable the shading, the balance! It is a bit of dramatic portraiture one would not willingly forget. The rare gift of identifying himself with certain parts belongs to McKee Rankin. He is Sir Anthony Absolute—the strong, obstinate, choleric, old English gentleman, as completely as though he had been born in a 'Shire and had fagged at Eton But the dash and impetuosity of "Me Beverley"—where are they? A fair impersonation he gives, but beside the perfection of Mrs. Drew's acting, and the naturalness of Mr. Rankin, he is stiff and formal. With Bob Acres the tendency to identify Mr. Jefferson is irresistible. His personality seemed to have infused a certain fineness into the cowardly young Squire—a touch of nobility that redeemed his vulgarity. There was a broader humor in it—that of contrast—which Mr. Drew does not convey. He has subordinated his own conception of the part to that of Mr. Jefferson, it seems to me. It is a clever and a worthy piece of acting, but it has the impression of a copy rather than the mark of an original. Artistic, undoubtedly, and far truer to the Bob Acres of Sheridan, Mr. Drew might dare a little more originality, be oftener himself. As for Sir Lucius, in Mr. Venner he lives again—a little less dashing and dangerous, perhaps, but a very brave fellow. C.

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SOLO PIANISTS—Misses Hilda Newman and Grace Harrison of the Abbey Cheney Conservatory will make their first public appearance since their brilliant success at the World's Fair, Chicago.
ACCOMPANISTS—Mrs. Dr. H. R. Brown and Mr. Henry Strauss.
Single Reserved Seat, $1.00. General Admission, 50c.
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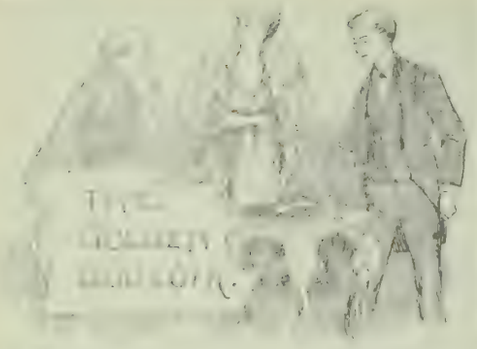

"HA, HA! So you are surprised that I have an own daughter old enough to marry. Why, old man, I am very nearly your age. I suppose it is my clean-shaven face that gives me so boyish a look.

"This extreme youthfulness of my appearance once rescued me from a most embarrassing position, thanks to the quick wit of a beautiful woman. I'd like to tell you about it, if you have time.

"It was just ten years ago last March. You can readily imagine that I was considerably younger-looking then than now. In those days I was as slim and straight as a college boy, though I had then been married several years, and was the father of two small children.

"Of course, there is a woman in this story. Who ever has heard of a good or bad tale that was not about a woman, from the first fairy story in which Mother Eve was the heroine, to the latest bit of club gossip?

"How vividly I remember the first time I saw her. It was in London, at Irving's performance of 'Faust.' They were in a box, Eloise and another woman. The other woman was a great, magnificent creature, a brunette of the most pronounced type, and with a superb figure. Eloise looked slim beside her, and she was a fine woman herself. At the first glance that other entirely eclipsed Eloise, but later the rare charm of the fairer and finer woman magnetized me. The brunette's expression never changed. She was merely beautiful. But Eloise! Words are powerless to express the loveliness of her intense personality. Her radiant smiles and sweet seriousness; the dimples that chased each other round her full, luscious, passionate mouth; her pearly, even teeth, and *retroussé* nose; and, above all, her wonderful eyes. Have you seen opals that sparkle at times with vivid green flashes? They are like her eyes: large and deep, and fringed with long lashes—lashes not innocent of the blackened pencil, I must confess. Her brows, too, were perfect arches. She told me, in confidence, when I became well acquainted with her, that her hair-dresser assisted in making them so utterly symmetrical. Her complexion also was rather suggestive of the rouge jar and powder-puff, but what is a trifle like that to a fascinating woman? A mere bedevilment of natural beauty in my estimation.

"She was a widow when I first succeeded in obtaining an introduction to her, and we became great chums. I fancy she thought me a boy, and I did not take the trouble to enlighten her as to my age. Our friendship was too pleasant to spoil, and I was abroad on a holiday trip, and meant to make the most of my temporary freedom.

"But the best of friends must part, you know, and the old rule came true in our case, for my holiday came to an end all too quickly, like most pleasant things, and I returned to New York and the ordinary affairs of every-day humdrum existence, and came near forgetting completely the glinting green eyes of Eloise.

"By the way, did I tell you that she had a son at school? I never was able to discover her age, nor the boy's. She was not a devoted mother, and I do not believe that she set eyes on the boy from one year's end to another. Her first husband had been an Englishman, whose father had asked permission to adopt the youngster, and I doubt not the request was readily granted.

"Well, two years after this happy summer in London, I was strolling up Broadway one day, possessed by a feeling of intense *ennui*, and longing for excitement, when a brougham dashed up to the curb, and Eloise's sweet face looked laughingly out at me from beneath a great sunshade of crimson silk and lace. She always affected a rather *bizarre* style of costume.

"You may well believe I accepted with alacrity her invitation to get in beside her, and as we bowled through the park, she confided to me how she had married again, and how her husband was out of town on business. 'If he were not away, you may be sure you would not be here,' she said, laughingly. 'He is terribly in love with me, and frightfully jealous. Oh!' and she shrugged her shapely shoulders expressively, 'how uncomfortable he would make it for us if he saw us now.'

"'Why did you marry him?' I inquired.

"'Ah, he is rich, my dear fellow, and he can indulge my little fads. And rather expensive at times they are, I assure you. At present I have a fancy for a golden boudoir. How would you like to be favored with a peep at that fairy corner? I really have a mind to take you home for fun. It is so wearily long since I have had any,' and she laughed wickedly, while the green lights in her eyes sparkled dangerously from beneath her half-closed lids.

"Needless to say I was ready for a frolic with so clever and charming a woman, so we drove down to Gramercy Park, where she had leased a house for the season.

"'You are so delightfully young, you know,' she said, 'that the servants will not be at all scandalized.'

"Well, we lunched together in her tiny morning room, with its background of flowering palms, and its crystal globes of gold fish and gilded cages of sweet-throated canaries The luncheon was perfection in every detail of service and cuisine. Eloise always was something of an epicure. Then she consented to indulge in a scented cigarette, after dismissing the sedate old butler. By that time we were in high spirits, and Eloise laughingly bade me follow her, saying she would lead me to the casket of gold that lay at the foot of rainbows.

"I fairly gasped with pleasure at my first glimpse into that sacred apartment. It was the most beautiful room I have ever beheld. The floor was tinted a pale gold color, and strewn with soft, white rugs. All of the furnishings were gilded, and exquisitely painted with great clusters of creamy roses. In an arched recess stood a couch fit for a fairy queen, in its quaint golden carvings and filigree intricacies, spread with a gold-colored silken coverlet, and piled high with downy pillows of cream and gold. But the *chef d'œuvre* of this wondrous jewel-box was the dressing-table, on a raised dais in a lighted nook, like a *prie-dieu*. This golden marvel was inlaid with mother-of-pearl and draped with costly lace, while strewn over its surface were two score of solid gold toilet articles, of which I do not even know the names. Powder boxes set with uncut gems. Brushes encrusted with pearls and turquoises. Such a lavishness of luxury as is seldom attained even in a favorite's apartment of an Eastern harem. I was so amazed at the barbaric splendor of the outlay, and Eloise was so childishly pleased at my admiration of her new toys, that we neither of us heard a sound until the gold-wrought tapestry *portières* were torn violently aside, and a short, heavily-built, Jewish-looking man strode hastily towards us, fairly choking with rage, and his eyes blazing wrathfully.

"I thought my time had come, for I instinctively recognized the extremely jealous husband.

"Eloise, however, after a scarcely perceptible start, glided swiftly forward, and, flinging her arms about his neck, cried in joyous, infantile tones: 'My darling, I am so happy. I was telling Don that I was awfully sorry you were away. He can only stay another hour. He is passing through New York on his way to the great, wild west. But now you can at least meet one another; the two beings I love best on earth—my darling husband, and (turning to me) my beloved son.'

"I was absolutely speechless, and, I presume, looked extremely awkward and boyish as I stood blushing before that man. He was very foolish and repentant-looking. 'But, my dear,' he expostulated, 'it does not seem possible that this big boy is your son. I had always supposed him to be a mere child. This fine-looking fellow is quite a young man.'

"Eloise hung her head blushingly. 'I could not bear that you should know what an old woman I am,' she answered. He gave her a beaming glance, and kissed her gladly. We had a pleasant hour together, and when I left, Eloise coaxed her husband to refrain from accompanying me to the train, on the pretext of an important matter which she desired to discuss with him.

"I discreetly left town on a southern trip the next day, and did not return until Eloise and her husband were safely out of the country.

"I have never heard a word from either of them since. Sometimes I think of fair Eloise, and wish I could hear from her. It was absurd for anyone to believe I was her son.

"Have another cigar."

* * * * * * *

"No, thank you. I must not smoke too much. Getting too old, you know; it affects my digestion.

"Awfully clever story that. It was most interestingly told. I have heard it before, however. I am acquainted with Eloise, and it was she who told me to look you up on my visit to New York. She said she wanted her real son and the sham one to become acquainted, as I am the man you impersonated for an hour. Sorry to destroy your illusion, but Eloise was a grandmother at the time you first met her. Wonderful woman, that. No, no, you must allow me to pay for the drinks this time.

"Here's to our mother."—*The Clubman.*

The celebrated Del Monte Orchestra has returned to the city, and its services may be secured by addressing Mr. Valentine Huber, care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

How very extraordinary the freaks of fashion are as we come nearer the end of the century! Fantastic as were the styles that heralded the approach of this blessed era, in spite of the progress in other ways, we seem to have remained stationary to a great extent as regards the utility of our clothes. There are dress reformers who contend that their styles offer the perfection of grace as well as of sense. But have you ever looked twice at their creations? Could you consider seriously the wearing of them?

Once, for a time, I adopted the divided or bifurcated petticoat, and, though I wore it shorter than my ordinary skirt, I could never carry anything upstairs, because I was constantly tumbling. How absolutely hideous the thing was! yet it came from headquarters, from the inventor's own establishment. The dresses, too, to my eyes, at least, were absolutely without individuality or style, exceptionally ugly and awkward looking, making a pretty figure ugly and an ugly one unbearably hideous, and painful to even an unprejudiced observer.

I hear that ringlets are to be the order of the day, so woe to the poor girl whom an unkind and uncharitable Nature has not given curly hair! What tortures she will endure, especially in this moist climate, where one must curl one's locks at least five times a day. Have you never noticed what frightful looking objects Mercy and Charity Pecksniff are in our illustrated Dickens? I never think of beringletted women without picturing these two. Do you remember a story that appeared in Harper's in the early eighties, called "For the Major," where the Major's wife was a wee figure in a white gown and long, unconfined curling locks?

Do you know, in the next century girls will have to make their own frocks, so as to be quite independent of the aid of dressmakers? Violet, who I never dreamt could hold a needle, (and who, in fact, never did sew) has already developed quite a talent. Leila made all her summer frocks, while Kitty turns out real tailor-made gowns, fits herself beautifully, and no one but a connoisseur would ever dream that other than Mansfield was the creator of her confections. Such gorgeous fits, too—she seems to fit the gown, not the gown the girl.

Have you bought your new autumn wrap yet? Capes are still well in the foreground, and those trimmed with satin are absolutely fascinating. You may exhume your mother's ermine-lined cloak now, and have your jacket trimmed with the fur; I hope it has not shared the fate of Auntie's sable, which became a prey to the moths, and made me wish for the treasures of heaven, where the moth does not destroy nor the thief break in and steal.

Kate writes me from Chicago that you can get the loveliest Turkish crepe embroidered shawls for a song, and the most bewitching Irish lace. I have written beseeching her to procure some for me; she says she has not found things nearly so expensive as she was led to expect, and is indulging in various extravagances. Chicago is still exceedingly warm, so much so that it is impossible to be out in the middle of the day.

All the girls are anxious for the Olympic Club to get its salt water baths. I can assure you they will then be well patronized, for nothing is so exhilarating and strengthening as salt water bathing, where one does not overdo it, as we girls are apt to do. The plan is to organize a swimming club, and of course we expect to do great things next year.

Did you notice how Ellen Terry walked? She hardly bent her knees and never rested on her heel—that is one of the secrets of her gracefulness. How very few women know how to enter a room; I only know one girl here who does so properly. Ada Rehan understood the art perfectly and always came in slowly and glidingly; usually, if possible, from the side. Do you notice, too, how little we respect our elders? I saw some girls the other day who, when an old gentleman entered a parlor, remained seated while he shook hands with them. I prefer to take the other extreme where one rises always and remains standing till the new-comer has found a seat, as the Ladies of the Sacred Heart teach their pupils to do. It is infinitely more courteous, and if the last comer is an elderly lady or gentleman, infinitely more becoming.

Now that we have returned to the city a word, if I may, about the indiscriminate tippling indulged in in some of our most exclusive country resorts by the young girls. It is really astonishing; nice girls, sweet, charming, lady-like girls, drinking indiscriminately milk punches, shandy gaffs, gin fizzes, sherry cobblers, and what not? I do not think anyone objects to a girl taking a little wine at dinner, but between meals, during the evening, before retiring, is it not rather too much? Besides, one lays one's self open to such cruel slanders. If a girl be known to tipple at all, she has but to feel gloomy and her enemies say, "Too much wine yesterday." Let her be gay—"Champagne, I suppose." Ere she knows it she has the name of being a drinker.

The great millinery opening of the season occurs to-day at The Maze, the Messrs. Hamburger having secured the services of Mme. Audreé, an artist of rare merit from Paris. The Madame will receive all visitors in person and her views can be obtained as to what style of hat would be the best suited. The manager informed me that there would be on display 150 pattern hats, each and every one being of separate style. From this great number it should be an easy matter to make a choice. The millinery department is considered one of the most important in the great general department stores of the large Eastern cities.

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DE KONTSKI CONCERT.

Since Fraulein Aus der Ohe last propounded classicalities to our public, no virtuosi have poured upon us the dew of their inspiration; therefore the attendance at the performance given by the Chevalier de Kontski was fair in numbers and loud in applause. Pianistic power attracts, like other talents, in direct ratio to its infrequent hearing. Given sufficient advertisement and a comparatively modest endowment of ability, will be curiously sought for. Art in piano-playing is still regarded by the public as made up of facility and physical force, and to the possessors a generous dole of plaudit is rendered. Pure fine art is much more rare in recreative expression than is generally believed, hence the reputation made by genuine tone painters, Paderewski, the shining example, having won a fame beyond any. Technique has and always will fascinate audiences; successful grasp over any medium deserves a welcome for its own sake, but mistaking it in place of psychological *finesse*, the public detests to be reminded of the limit, and that this control is not the end, but the means only.

Performers of the Chevalier de Kontski's reputation come before us but seldom, and generally when declined in skill and power. This pianist evidently retains his powers of endurance, however, and does not spare physical effort. As a composer, no amateur of gymnastic ambition is ignorant of his pieces and their merits as mechanical equations guiltless of æsthetic subtleties. Having glutted the appetite for paste brilliants in the shape of scale and *arpeggio* ornaments, the composer, perhaps, wins recognition on that score. All the programme numbers from the pen of the concert-giver, made up on rhythmic plans of the inevitable middle-class type, exhibit a desire to please listeners of the same order. Reminiscences of gentle morning serenades by tamed lions rang out ceaselessly, intermixed with fine mimicries of loud and lingering roars from the kingly beast.

The Chevalier de Kontski is eminently a pianist. Scale *arpeggio* and finger work proclaim it sharply, and physical force in the war of chord and octave, re-echo the hard fact. Those planes of tone made with the fine feeling of the artist, where muscle and hammer melt together, eliding impact, are not hinted at. The play of sound, liquid as water and heavy or light as a fluid, which the artists make to flow in response to the evanescent sweep of emotion, are driven out of mind by the style native to this performer. Hammer stroke does duty for the art of touch, and the open and damped pedals for variety of dynamic. Recognizing the dexterity of finger and culture gone to the acquirement thereof, as well as the reserve power and musical training which go to make this presentable, the playing was to be classed outside the regions of art which is for artists. Winning enthusiasm from a delighted public, the Chevalier strengthened the impression by a dignified and attractive bearing. Messrs. Thrower and Orr, Misses Goodman and Lewin, and talented Meta Asher assisted in an undistinguished programme.

For its First Concert of the present season the Philharmonic Society had a carefully chosen programme and sufficiently within its powers. The good work which has been done by this body of amateurs, whose interest in music means more than a passing inquiry would fully evoke, is continued in the spirit which has made it popular under the devoted leadership of Mr. Hermann Brandt. Keeping its standard fairly, there is grown an improvement in the general intonation of strings. Numbers like the Hochzeitsmusik and Oberon Overture, familiar to the band, are given acceptably. Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan's appearance added a particular interest to the occasion. His career as a professional vocalist is still young, and the friends who welcomed him bore in mind the short interval since his debut as a talented and gifted amateur. Mr. O'Sullivan's voice has developed in compass, his style in reserve, and his manner in quietness, and a hearty sympathy and enthusiasm crowned his efforts.

Kelly Martin

The many friends and admirers of Miss Elizabeth W. Putnam will be glad to learn of her early return to San Francisco. She has completed a course of study in vocal music with Madame Marchesi, of Paris, and during the summer placed herself under the tuition of Signor Vannini, of Florence. She expects to begin her teaching here about October 1st.

Every lady and gentleman of society will find it to their advantage to visit Sanborn & Vail's at 741-743 Market Street, and there inspect the great display of fine stationery. Note and letter paper and envelopes, in all the latest styles, shades, and sizes, are shown in very neat packages at astonishingly low prices. They also carry an elegant line of writing materials and desk decorations.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The theatrical prospects of next week are interesting. At the Baldwin "The Rivals" gives way to Holcraft's comedy, "The Road to Ruin." It will be notable as the first appearance of Mrs. John Drew as Widow Warren. The play has never been given here, and I feel sure it will have a brilliant reception. The following week Rosina Vokes and her Company.

At the California "The Soudan" has another week of it, and I have no doubt but that it will continue to attract large audiences. At the Tivoli "Ship Ahoy" still keeps the boards and draws crowded houses. It is certainly the success of several seasons. New songs, new gags, and new music this last week.

Another week of "Urania" at Stockwell's and then "The Countersign," a new military drama. In Miss Burress, Mr. Kent, Miss Bates, and Mr. Stockwell the company has considerable drawing power, and I am persuaded it will have a successful winter.

September the "r" month has come,
And succulent oysters are here,
But their advent is nothing to me:
I live on the free lunch and beer.
—*Town Topics.*

Rock-a-bye warranted never to crock,
When the wind blows you can see the silk clock,
When the rubber band breaks the garter will fall,
And down will come stocking, clocking and all.

Harry—They are great friends now, I believe.
Howard—Yes; they were jilted by the same girl.—*Truth.*

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LIBRARY NOTES

When the Literary Moses who is to make commandments out of the conflicting dicta of criticism arises, surely he will begin his dispensation with "Thou shalt not go to Samoa." Deeper than the Atlantic and wider than from Denver to *Tutuila* is the chasm between "David Balfour" and "Kidnapped." Notable among novels of adventure for the virility of its narrative and the excitement of its incident, the latter is to-day our nearest approach to "The Three Guardsmen." As a work of art, it was too graceful, too perfectly proportioned for the mere purposes of a substructure. In its sequel there is little to suggest its strength, to compel its remembrance even.

As there is little in "The Beach at Falesa" or "The Bottle Imp" to suggest the charm of the Stevenson individuality, so, too, is his personality strangely absent in "David Balfour." The book is colorless. There is manner enough, but little spirit; excellent draughtsmanship, but a suggestion of mechanical construction. From the hero one gathers a certain sense of physical entity, but the Alan Breck who reappears is a lay figure. Catriona Magregor and Miss Grant are blithesome and brave. It is the former, indeed, her fine courage and independence, her loyalty and devotion, that redeem the book, though one would not care to miss the gay raillery of the Advocate's sister, or the fine passages between David and Prestongrange. There is a touch of the old power in that scene in Inverary, where the defenders of James Stewart discuss the evidence of the new witness. In the dialogue there is genius. If rather protracted, there are admirable scenes in the Antwerp chapters—scenes that reveal the tender, self-sacrificing, trusting love of the girl who has yielded herself wholly, and the stupid yet highly honorable pride of her adorer. For these, for isolated paragraphs whose style has the fineness and purity of a beautiful gem, the book will be read, but one must not think of it beside "Kidnapped."

Lew Wallace is admittedly unfortunate in the beginnings of his books. Who does not sadly remember those three camels in "Ben Hur?" When once safely passed, reading became possible, even interesting, but before it was dreary as the desert they traveled. So it is in "The Prince of India"—if the first of it could be had by intuition pleasure might be possible. Some of the characters are not weakly drawn, and the religious teachings are not immoral. Many of the sermons are such as one hears on so-called feast days, but the Wandering Jew's conception of the similarity of religions is not half bad. The introduction of the Wandering Jew is always interesting, especially if one cares to compare the different National ideas on the subject. To my mind the French of Eugéne Sue has always borne the "palm alone," and I do not think Lew Wallace's American conception bids fair to rival the old favorite. There are too many falls in the book—he evidently believes whatever goes up must come down—and abruptly according to his version. The language is often poor and the expressions are commonplace in the extreme. The Princess Irené appears but a weak imitation of Kingsley's Hypatia, with the beautiful death omitted. The Monk Sergius is a common character, and the daughter of the Wandering Jew is enough a Hebrew to make one expect her to act like Jessica. The most exciting part is the abduction of this uninteresting girl, but, as usual in such books, the rescuers arrive just as the villain is making his interesting proposition. There is a vast amount of "God is God and Mohammed is his Prophet" and ceremonies without number. There is only one bit of humor, and that is unintentional. The Wandering Jew says to a new friend: "I have known your family for years." He does not mention how many generations, however.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"David Balfour," by Robert Louis Stevenson. Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers. For sale Wm. Doxey.

"The Prince of India," by General Lew Wallace. Harper & Bros., publishers. For sale Wm. Doxey.

"Ideala," by Sarah Grand. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale Wm. Doxey.

"Made in France," by H. C. Bunner. Keppler & Schwartzmann, publishers. For sale Wm. Doxey.

HAPPY IDEAS.

He—If you give me your promise, darling, I want you to keep it.
She—How can I keep it and give it too?

Maud—They say he has awfully loose habits.
Ethel—Why, I've always heard them spoken of as awfully fast.

Minister—Do you love the truth?
Scapegrace—Yes, if it isn't told about *me*.—*The Hotel.*

She—Don't you think women are sympathetic?
He—Oh, yes; but they always choose themselves as subjects.

"I hear that Chicago girl, Miss Northshore, took Europe by storm."
"Windstorm, I'll bet."—*Figaro.*

Van Arndt—He still worships at her shrine, doesn't he?
Maud Muller—No; he married her.—*Figaro.*

Maud—Happily married? Why, he spends most of his time at the club.
Lena—Yes; but she married him to get rid of him.—*Truth.*

"She married to spite somebody, I believe."
"Whom; do you know?"
"I don't know, but it looks as if it was her husband."—*The Hotel.*

"Well, do you think that your father will forgive you for running away and will receive your husband?"
"Oh, he'll have to. Jack knows so much about papa, you know."—*The Hotel.*

He—Ah, there's Maud Muller! What a freshness there is about her beauty.
She—H'm, I think it's what a beauty there is about her freshness.—*Figaro.*

First Fair Bather—There's a man with a kodak. Let's jump into the water.
Second Fair Bather—Wait a minute. Perhaps he belongs to a cigarette house.—*Town Topics.*

Marley—So Dixon was arrested in Chicago?
Darley—Yes; tried to get out of town with ten dollars in his pocket, but was captured just as he was escaping.—*Town Topics.*

Fitzpappy—I say, old chappie, what the dayvil is a milk shake, dontcherknow?
De Caustique—Something you have yet to experience, my boy—getting weaned!—*Town Topics.*

Mrs. Lacks (over the salad)—How do you like your dressing made, Mrs. Pinks?
Mrs. Pinks—Oh, I always leave the choice of all my maids to my husband!—*Town Topics.*

Chappie—Summah guhls ah not what they used to be.
Cholly—Of course not. They used to be children. Haw! Haw!—*Town Topics.*

Mr. Heavyman (in front of the Coleman House)—This financial depression is hard on us artists.
Mr. Bluejowls—I should say so! Some saloons have fallen strangely in the quality of their free lunch.—*Town Topics.*

I met her first at two P. M.,
We were engaged at four,
Next morning I returned to town,
To meet her never more.

Little Brother—Grown folks don't know as much as they think they do.
Little Sister—Why?
Little Brother—Mamma whipped me [illegible], and said she guessed that 'ud teach me a lesson; and to-day I missed every lesson just the same as before.—*Good News.*

GOOD NIGHT

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

Good-night, pretty sleepers of mine,
I never shall see you again;
Ah, never in shadow or shine;
Ah, never in dew or in rain!

In your small, dreaming dresses of white,
With the wild flower you gathered to-day
In your quiet, shut hands, from the light
And the dark you will wander away.

Though no graves in the bee-haunted grass,
And no love in the beautiful sky
Shall take you as yet, you will pass,
With this kiss, through these teardrops. Good-bye!

With less gold and more gloom in the hair,
When the buds near have faded to flowers,
Three faces may wake here as fair—
But older than yours are by hours!

Good-night, then, lost darlings of mine,
I never shall see you again;
Ah, never in shadow or shine;
Ah, never in dew or in rain!

—*Springfield Republican.*

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CONSTANTINE HUTSCH, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of said Estate, at his office No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Constantine Hutsch, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

Estate of ROBERT BOLTCHER, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of said Estate at his office, No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Robert Boltcher, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

Estate of DAVID C. LEE, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at No. 310 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of David C. Lee, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. [illegible] J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

KNOWLEDGE

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THE SUICIDE.

BY CHARLES F. HOWELL.

I.

In a dingy garret whose sloping eaves grudgingly of such violent commotion, brushing, as he passed, the thirsty geranium that drooped in its dormer-window box, spurning with his foot his constant dog that sought to lick his outstretched hand, high up above the world that had cursed him with neglect, friendless and hopeless, the Poet strode intent on self-destruction.

In a moment of bitterness he stopped before his table and smote it fiercely with clenched fist. The rickety desk shook beneath the blow, and a statuette of Goethe, that was standing near the edge, tottered a moment, then fell to the floor shattering into fragments. The frail ornament was only of plaster of Paris.

The crash of the breaking pieces distracted the walker from his reverie, and, sinking into a chair, he regarded the shapeless litter with eyes that were dimmed with despair.

He said, speaking harshly and hissing the words: "An iconoclast at last!" And a moment later: "I am glad I did it! Fool! Can a man endure his eternal grinning, his everlasting smirking, his cursed complacency! What if he did achieve the success for which I have desperately striven — is it on that account he taunts me with his smiles that seem to say, 'Compare us! Do! You, the miserable failure, with me, the great immortal!'

"And yet, after all, he was right. In this bitter hour I will be just. I shall strive no more. Goethe, mighty master! hear me in this moment of contrition when the iron is sinking into my soul! I freely grant it all. You are the laurel-crowned, the king of men; while I — I am that pitiable thing which you have said — a failure. How eagerly have I toiled, how hoped against hope, how stayed my soul with the inspiration that your white image afforded!

"Goethe, I have not been a coward! I have worked, and even starved, like a man. You have seen me as I labored over my poems, more often in tears than not, when my pen failed so completely to utter the exquisite vagaries that haunted my brain.

"You must have known it was sapping my life-blood to have these creations of mine forever rejected by dispassionate publishers who saw too readily the blemishes I was not clever enough to conceal.

"But the end has come. My last friend here, this deadly draught, will finish the comedy. In the supreme hour, then—and it is near—I am to play the coward's part! But not now. To-night, perhaps; at midnight, say. At the foot of your great statue in the Park. I will drink the poison then. But not now! No, not now!"

And alone in the gathering dusk, with a raging tumult in his soul, the suicide waited for midnight.

II.

A summer night! Ah, how its quiet serenity sinks into the soul. A flood of silver moonlight is a balm for every hurt; drink of it, bathe in it—and the spirit rises exalted, chastened, purified. It is a broad highway to the King.

The light fragrance of lilacs and honeysuckles floats in from a distance, wavers, drifts by. We feel the presence of a great, calm joy, and breathe deep of the serene gladness. The smallest twigs of the shrubbery stand out bravely in a suddenly developed personality all their own. The dew is not dew at all, but a profusion of diamonds.

We are at peace, at last; with our spirits steeped in the quivering glory that inundates both copse and meadow, dances when the water of the river is troubled, streams like silver mist through the trees.

With grave regularity the frogs call to each other in sharp, metallic notes, and the light singing of a distant bird brings thoughts of dreams and thrills with a full and vibrant joy.

Out there, by the side of the Goethe statue, a white, drawn face is turned toward Heaven. There is reckless stamped on it—but the moonbeams, nothing fearful, bathe it gently. The eyes are hot and bloodshot—but the silver radiance cools them. The belated man is moved by the night's tenderness. He throws out an arm impetuously toward the moon. He says: "Is there such another thing so beautiful as night? So persuasive, so kind in its teachings! The sweetness of this hour is sad in its intensity. There is a sense of pain, almost, as though we are to remember that we are children of the earth and should not be too happy. The sound of the frogs is as delicious as the snapping of twigs under one's feet as he walks in the woods, or the plashing of water over pebbles. The whisperings of a summer night are asking for my past and hurrying away when I confess it. They seem to be glad that I wish to be shriven, and rejoice when the task is over—soothing, ah so wisely, with that gentleness of theirs that cannot be rewarded, that ecstasy of theirs that flies if we seize it too rudely."

The watcher's face is turned to the heroic figure that towers in its bronze dignity above him. The white light seemed almost to warm it into feeling. The Master-Poet's attitude is breathing strength and courage. The features are honest, manly, and gentle, and speak hope to the life-weary watcher below.

"Courage, my child," they were saying, "courage, a little longer. Let no man win your crown."

The watcher read the message. "Fear not, Master," he whispered peacefully back. "I could not be a poet and raise my hand against my life in such a presence and on such a night."

And the moonbeams hearing his answer leaped joyfully about him as he turned resolutely toward his garret; and the distant bird thrilled a rapturous measure from over the shimmering river.

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Liebes Building

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Instruction in harmony and instrumentation given by special arrangement.

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CAPITAL PAID UP, - - -	$ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS, - - - - - -	21,584,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, -	8,980,251.00

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City Office. 501 Montgomery St. General Office. 401 Montgomery

FIRE

LION FIRE INS. CO., of London.
Assets, $4,712,747. Commenced in Cal. 1879
IMPERIAL INS. CO., of London
Assets, $10,190,349. Commenced in Cal. 1859

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PACIFIC DEPARTMENT

Guardian Assurance Co.		Sun Insurance Office	
Of London		Of London	
Established A. D. 1821		Established A. D. 1710	
Paid-up Capital -	$ 5,000,000	Cash Assets - -	$10,117,045
Cash Assets - -	$23,194,249	Assets in America	$2,510,368

WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal

AACHEN AND MUNICH Fire Insurance Company

OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY
ESTABLISHED 1825

Capital, $2,250,000.00 Total Assets, $6,854,653.65

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT:
312 PINE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., - - - GENERAL MANAGERS

WILLIAM MACDONALD, Manager D. E. MILES, Ass't Manager
PACIFIC DEPARTMENT

London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.

OF LIVERPOOL

Capital	$10,637,500
Net Surplus over all liabilities	3,116,305

315 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

SIEBE, RASCHEN & CO.

GENERAL INSURANCE

TELEPHONE 272 — 210 SANSOME ST.

CITY AGENTS FOR:—New York Underwriters Agency; Sun Fire Office, of London; United Firemen's Insurance Co., of Philadelphia; Spring Garden Insurance Co., of Philadelphia; Farragut Fire Insurance Co., of New York; Hanover Fire Insurance Co.

THE CLUB HOUSE —AT— HAYWARDS PARK

Will be Thrown Open to the Patrons of the

Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1893

The well-known Caterer, Jas. Vance, will have charge of the beautifully appointed Dining Hall.

Electric Cars connecting with each Broad and Narrow Gauge Local from San Francisco, run direct to the Park.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES

The Executive Committee has disposed of the order of the Pacific Insurance Union with regard to rates in the San Joaquin Valley. An order has been issued enforcing the three-fourths clause on all policies, and also adding, first, twenty-five cents to the basis rates, and then ten per cent to the total rate so obtained. This, of course, does not apply to the city of Fresno, which has already been cared for in the form of a fifty per cent increase in rates and the enforcement of the three-fourths less clause. The new order is effective in Tulare, Madera, Kern, King, and Fresno counties, and becomes effective from September 13th on all policies written on and after that date.

The people of Fresno have taken their medicine very well. They received Frank H. Porter, of the Fire Underwriters' Inspection Bureau, very courteously. His many suggestions were carefully noted, and will be strictly followed out. It is understood that as soon as the fire and police departments have been put upon a sound and serviceable footing, relief from the fifty per cent increase is to be granted.

While the San Joaquin has been causing so much trouble it is remarkable how free from losses Southern California has been. Los Angeles seems to be on the eve of a fresh and vigorous start. Mr. Guy Francis, Special Agent of the Aachen-Munich, has just returned from that country and says it is surprising how business is reviving in that city. He believes that the town is going ahead very rapidly. So few fires have occurred recently that a little blaze, he thinks, might stimulate the policy-holders to carry more insurance. This is, of course, not intended as a friendly hint to the predatory incendiary, and THE WAVE will not stand behind him or acknowledge that it intended giving him, or her for that matter, any encouragement to blaze away.

The dissolution of the New York Underwriters' Association is announced to go into effect on January 1, 1894. The two companies, the Hanover and the Citizens, have for some time been represented on this Coast by Cesar Bertheau, and the business done here has been very good indeed. The cause of retirement is heavy losses and unprofitable business in the East. Mr. Bertheau is too good an underwriter to go abegging for a job.

John M. Crane, of the American Casualty, is still here, and so is Mr. Sloane, of the Union of St. Louis. The latter gentleman is looking for agents. He is the new General Agent for the Pacific Coast. His company is a small concern with a capital of $200,000, and is supposed to have a surplus of $100,000.

An interesting case is announced from New York in the suit commenced in the Court of Common Pleas of New York by Mrs. Bandman, of San Francisco, to recover $5000 on a policy held by her husband in the Equitable Life. There is no question as to the willingness of the insurance company to pay the $5000—the only question is, Whom is the money to be paid to? I. and S. Wormser, the bankers, claim to hold an assignment of the policy signed by both Mr. and Mrs. Bandman before William G. McCrea, a notary public. Bandman died in April last in Mexico. Now Mrs. Bandman denies ever having signed the assignment, and without the written consent of the wife the assignment is, of course, valueless. The law is that a policy taken out by a husband for the benefit of a wife cannot be assigned except by the written consent of the latter.

To an insurance man the honorable position of Commander of the Naval Reserve Battalion has fallen. Captain Nathaniel T. James, manager of the Alliance, has succeeded Captain Charles Minor Goodall. The choice is unquestionably a good one.

The Pacific Insurance Union is wrestling with the compulsory clearing house proposition for persistent rebaters. The medicine proposed by Hugh Craig is in the interests of reform and is meeting with considerable opposition in certain quarters.

There is a noticeable improvement in business. The action of the banks in refusing to lend on wheat in warehouses is causing the shipment of grain, the clearing out of warehouses, and the movement of money. This is making things ease up a little.

Small fires in the interior are still far too frequent to please the underwriter. LOCAL.

Huber's Orchestra, known as the Hungarian Orchestra, furnishes excellent music for receptions, weddings, and all other entertainments. Address: Mr. Valentine Huber, care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

First Cannibal—I can't leave. I've got too much at stake.

Second Cannibal—How much?

First Cannibal—A missionary and a trained nurse.—*Truth.*

SAN JOSE NOTES.

Much of San Jose's Society has gone to Chicago. Those that are left are yet agitated over the possible results of Daniel Webster's trial.

The jury practically said, "Not guilty this time, Daniel, but don't do it again." Every one feels sorry for Mrs. Burchard, and a few point their fingers at Dan. He is what the political lights here call a Purifier, and even they sometimes ask, "Where are we at?" It is a good thing for San Jose that it is not always necessary for practice to square with precept. If it were, our pulpits, I fear, would be empty. In this particular case, though, I understand the end has not yet come. Maud S——, so her attorney says, intends to appeal to a higher tribunal, and if she is as speedy as her name would indicate, Daniel can hardly trot in her class. Besides this, I understand his conferrees in the club insist that the trial was hardly a proper test, and for the honor of Sainte Clairdom a new trial is to be had in the star chamber of the club.

Barney Murphy is to be Judge, and all the legal talent of the membership is to be arrayed upon one side or the other. The boys have records, they say, which must be sustained, and the giddy Lothario has not kept his end up. We look for an amusing sequel.

The only other theme that is talked of now is George Bragg's giddy night with the heir to the Yoell name and the Yoell fortunes. It is a little old, but, like a pleasant dream, it lingers long in the memory. It appears that Johnny wished to have a quiet little celebration among his friends upon his good fortune, and with this in view he invited a few, just a few, to join him. They joined, of course, and Johnny departed. George came in about the time the hilarity ceased, and heard with wonder and amazement Mr. Yoell's open-hearted hospitality. The effort to believe was too severe, and as he recovered under the administrations of an eminent physician, he could only gasp, "Yoell's baby, Yoell's baby".

Dr. McDougal has gone East and many damsels are disconsolate as the Doctor had the happy faculty of making himself agreeable to both patricians and plebeians. He will visit all the principal hospitals before he returns. BESSIE.

—THE—

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The Largest Dry Goods Store in the City

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Latest Novelties — Most Beautiful Model

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The White House carries the greatest variety and handsomest stock of Dress Goods in town at extreme moderate prices.

SILKS

This department has now in stock all its Fall Importation, both in color and black, plain and fancy. The assortment is most complete and in design, special to The White House.

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Excellent Fitters, Prompt Delivery, Prices Very Low.

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From 30 to 120 Inches Wide
MONUMENTAL AND IMPERIAL OUNCE DUCKS

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM SEPTEMBER 7, 1893.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis	7 15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
‡10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	‡6 15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*6.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose.....	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge.)

‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz.....	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.45 p m
‡7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations.....	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
‡9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.06 p m
12 05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	‡7.26 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.
§ Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays only.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers will sail from Broadway wharf, San Francisco, as follows:

Loring, Wrangle, Sitka, Juneau, etc. (Alaska) at 9 A. M., August 18th, 28th, September 12th, 27th; October 12th, 27th.

For Victoria and Vancouver (B. C.), Port Angeles, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes, Fairhaven and New Whatcom (Wash.), 9 A. M., August 18th and every fifth day thereafter, connecting at Vancouver with the C. P. R. R., at Tacoma with the N. P. R. R., at Seattle with Gr. Nor. Ry. Line, at Port Townsend with Alaskan steamers.

For Eureka, Arcata and Field's Landing (Humboldt Bay), str. Pomona every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro, East San Pedro (Los Angeles), and Newport, 8 A. M., Aug. 21st, 25th, 30th; Sept. 3d, 8th, 12th, 17th, 21st, 26th, 30th.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles (Santa Monica), Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, 11 A. M., Aug. 18th, 23d, 27th; Sept. 1st, 5th, 10th, 14th, 19th, 23d, 28th.

For San Jose del Cabo, Magdalena Bay, Ensenada, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), str. Newbern 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

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Through Line to New York via Panama.

Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon)—S. S. "City of Sydney," Sept. 23d; S. S. "San Juan," October 3d; S. S. "Colima," October 13th; S. S. "San Jose," October 23d.

NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be despatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, etc.

Sailings (at 3 p. m.)—S. S. "Peru," Sept. 30th; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro", October 19th; S. S. "City of New York," October 26th; S. S. "City of Peking," Nov. 9th.

Round trip tickets at reduced rates.

For Freight and Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

The various commercial banks are again making loans on collateral securities, thereby helping to put money in circulation. The savings banks have not as yet begun to put out coin freely on mortgages, nor will the banks as yet loan on stored wheat or warehouse receipts. This is hard on the farmer who wishes to hold on to his wheat for a better price, for at present figures there is little profit to the raiser. This withholding of loans has enabled McNear (backed by an English syndicate) to get all the wheat wanted to load his many chartered vessels, and means a profit of hundreds of thousands of dollars. At the Produce Exchange spot wheat is about $1.07½, and December options $1.15½ per cental, a decline of two cents from last week.

So far, the silver advocates in the United States Senate have not weakened, and are fighting for every inch of ground. It looks as though some sort of compromise will be made before the Sherman Bill is repealed. In fact, the prospect for silver mining is brightening, and, with the increase in the value of lead, several of the larger mines of Idaho are enabled to reopen.

It is a noteworthy fact that, notwithstanding the depression in silver, the Broken Hill properties of Australia are in full operation. For the half year, ending May 31, 1893, over 230,460 tons of ore were milled, producing nearly 6,000,000 ounces of silver and 22,000 tons of lead. Since 1885 these mines have paid $30,000,000, in dividends. The ore is stoped out by individual contracts.

As yet the wage question is unsettled on the Comstock. Last Saturday the Virginia City miners voted not to accept a reduction to $3.50 per day, but the Gold Hill branch Tuesday voted to accede. The ultimate result of the refusal of the Virginia miners to accept a reduction will be the closing down of the smaller mines and gradual dismissal of a majority of the men now employed. A reduction must come, and though the higher priced officials can stand more paring, the miner must also come down if the mines are to be successfully carried on. It is a well-known fact that there are large quantities of low grade that will pay under reduced expenses.

At the Stock Exchange the close of last week was signalized by the heavy purchases made by White and Fitch of shares of the North End Mines. By the advance and firmness shown, it was thought that this would be a lively week, but when, on Monday, the action of the miners was announced, the whole market receded, and all life was knocked out of it. However, it should soon respond, for there are several places both at Gold Hill and the North End, Ophir, Con. Virginia, and Sierra Nevada, where the prospects are more than encouraging.

It is a noteworthy fact that many of the mining camps in this State are entering into a period of activity, but there is such a thing as overdoing. This is the case in several localities, more particular in Grass Valley, Nevada County, where the miners have been flocking. Now there are four and five men to a job. No doubt, in the near future, when hydraulicing is in full operation, thousands of additional men will be wanted. Indeed, there is some talk that the North Bloomfield Gravel Mine, in Nevada County, will soon resume works. For the ten years preceding its closing down by the Courts, the output was $6,000,000, and from 150 to 200 men were employed.

The annual convention of the Miners' Association will be held in this city, October 9th. The principal motive will be to urge on Congress the justice of an appropriation of $500,000, so that the conditional $250,000 for the construction of restraining dams made by the State may be utilized.

At the Bunker Hill Mine, Amador County, they have 200 tons of fair grade milling ore on the dump, taken from the 350 foot level. There are two ledges in sight, one of 14 feet in width, the other 6, the latter assaying the best.

With a hand-mortar, Wm. England, during the last month, rounded out over $3000 in gold from his claim near Oroville, Butte County.

At the Good Hope Mine, Nevada County, the shaft is down 100 feet, and the ledge holds good. The four-stamp mill is crushing ore that yields plentifully. Indeed, some rock is being sorted out to send to the Selby Smelting Works, that will pay $200 per ton. A company of men at the Yuba River are working the gravel diggings; a rich channel was struck at a depth of 15 feet that pays $10 to the pan.

All the levels of the Moore quartz mine, near Auburn, Placer County, are showing up richer than ever. The rock is of a high grade for milling. On Saturday forenoon a rich body of ore was encountered, and $1000 was taken out before lunch hour.

A payment of $10,000 was made last week on the Quartz Hill Mine, Shasta, the balance of the price—$36,000—to be paid in nine months. It was bought by a company in Chicago. The Quartz Hill is an immense body of milling ore, with high-grade streaks.

The miners are now at work on the bedrock of the American Bar Mine, Klamath River, Siskiyou County. It is now paying $225 per week—enough for expenses; but rich pay is expected when the bed of the channel is reached, where the gold abounds. SURETY.

THE POET'S LYRE.

The poet's song is sad: his cithern strings
Are woven of the tresses of the dead.
This gold once fell upon a Dream's wide wings;
And this was coiled upon Ideal's head;
And this fell languidly round Passion's throat,
Down, down unto her billowy bosom-snow;
While that string lisping out so sad a note
Made childhood beautiful an age ago.

Here are the locks of an unanswered Prayer,
Hopeless and hungerful the words it saith;
And here a strand woven of Autumn's hair;
While this belonged to a languished Faith.
But listen how that string can plead and plain
So the pale stars grow pitiful above.
Its strands are woven of a tress which Pain
Kept from the coffin of a mother's Love.

GRANITE DUST. R. C. MACFIC.

HOW SHE GOT RID OF HIM.

She was so tired! The hour was late,
And still he chose to stay.
What could she do but wait and wait
For him to go away?

She talked. And then she did not talk,
But answered "Yes" and "No."
She wanted him to take a walk.
Alas! He would not go.

She played. He asked for more and more;
She ached in every joint.
She spoke about "The Open Door"
He did not see the point.

Until, her mind in fixed despair,
She said, her patience spent:
"I'll tell you all about the Fair,"
And then the fellow went!

—*Tom Masson, in Vogue.*

FOR THE LONG VOYAGE.

"Were I a captain bold," I said,
And gently clasped her hand,
"Wouldst sail with me, by Fancy led,
To every foreign strand?

"Wouldst help me furl my silver sail,
And be my trusty crew?
Wouldst stand by in the midnight gale,
My pilot, tried and true?"

"Well, no," she answered, blushing red;
"Such heavy work I hate,
But—" listen what the maiden said:
"I would be your first mate."

—*Tom Hall, in Vogue.*

"Something has come between us,"
Cried the lover in dismay.
"What else can you expect?" she asked,
"When you sit so far away."

—*Town Topics.*

"If I have one and then add one
And then to this add three,
Abstracting four and then one more,
How many will that be?"

She thought awhile with puzzled face,
This most demure of misses.
And then she said, "Why, dearest, we
Will each be in ten kisses."

—*Vogue.*

Fair as Diana was the maid, and I
Had thought that such a melodious tongue
Could utter but fine thoughts in language pure—
But you should hear the horrid slang she slung.

—*Town Topics.*

"Why did you jump into the water?" they demanded of the woman, excitedly.

"For form's sake," she answered, as she glanced at her clinging garments.—*Town Topics.*

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the center of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and earthquake proof. Has nine elevators. Every room is large, light and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way and tropical plants are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure rooms in advance by telegraphing.

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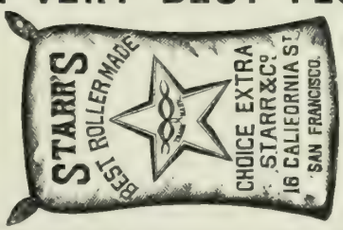

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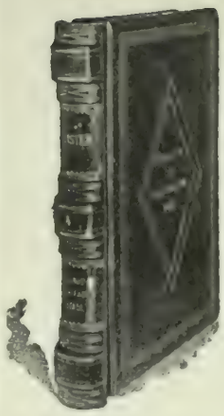

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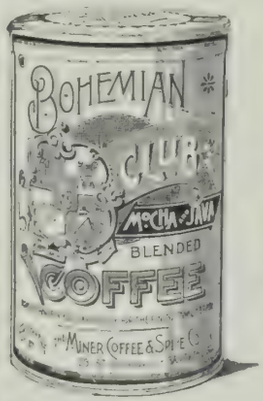

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THE WAVE

Vol. XI. No. 39. San Francisco, September 30, 1893. 10 Cents.

The Wave

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES

I SHALL publish next week a story from the pen of Mrs. Atherton. In my opinion a remarkably strong piece of literary work, its manner and morals are liable to impress even the casual reader. It deals with a debatable problem in a style that is distinctly dramatic. Indeed, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it as notable a bit of fiction as I have come across this year.

* * *

It is only by imaginative effort that the existence of Society is assumed. The *beau monde* is busy at the Fair; the belles that remain here fear to exhibit themselves, the *debutantes* are yet in the chrysalis stage yearning for November. Ed. Greenway flits for Baltimore to-night, and the *oi polloi* talks nothing but dynamite or the West case. When there is dancing and much giving in marriage one may, in the exuberance of recording festivities, forget the existence in the mere male of appetite and instinct. At intervals, however, one must take cognizance of his being, and in this issue I may be forgiven devoting some space to the discussion of a few personages whose names I cannot find in the Blue Book.

* * *

BACK FROM the flaccid East have come President Al Gerberding, of Bohemia, and Chas. Foster, Esq., of Sausalito *et al.* Bubbling with reminiscences of their tour, either breaks into narrative at a question. They will even describe architecture at Chicago and enthuse over the display at Jackson Park. Considering that half the community has been to the Fair, what excuse can both offer for such superfluity? In New York the Lambs' Club greeted them rapturously and provided for their entertainment a "night." I believe the *cognoscenti* pronounce it one of the best the Lambs have ever given. Some of the features were suffused with no minor degree of uniqueness, and the exiles enjoyed it.

* * *

I cannot believe all the strange stories which Foster has circulated about his traveling companion. That Gerberding should be a little verdant considering he had never before been out of California, is quite possible, but that his friend should be kept busy rescuing him from bunco steerers and monte men is inconceivable. Just as though a bank commissioner would not be able to recognize dangerous characters east as well as west. They are very seductive, these confidence operators, Mr. Foster alleges in explanation. I am persuaded, though, there is something wrong somewhere.

* * *

To the long list of intelligent verdicts an Amador jury has just made a notable addition. The story is told by Sam Shortridge who brings it down from Jackson. An aged colored man, somewhat of a town character, was caught stealing a pair of shoes belonging to a very respectable citizen. To punish the old fellow there was no especial desire, but there was no escaping the evidence. After a prolonged period of rumination the Twelve returned with the following:

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty and recommend that he return the shoes."

* * *

BETWEEN teams of the University and the Bohemian Clubs will the annual charity baseball game be played. From the Pacific-Union camp there has come no evidence of even minor interest in the event, so to the younger organization has fallen the distinction of competing with Bohemia. At the thought of meeting on the diamond the followers of the Owl, there is jubilance on Sutter Street. Has it not been an ambition of 'Varsity *cognoscenti* since the victory of last year? Time and again have the vauntful boasts of the graduates that they would show these fellow how to play ball been reported in the halls of the Owl. It now remains to be seen to what extent their aspirations will be realized.

* * *

Between the two organizations there have passed challenges of some significance. From Manager Pat Grant of the 'Varsity cometh to Bohemia a note couched in terms unequivocally defiant, stating his men yearn for "gore" rather than grammar; that it is in them to "knock lungs" out of their adversaries—furthermore he adds: "If this challenge is not sufficient we will send down our big firstbaseman to personally insult each and everyone of your alleged baseball team"—all this in red ink, if you please. Of course, Manager Dimond was equal to the emergency, and to Sutter Street came back word that at the proper time and place Bohemia would be pleased to "wipe up the Haight Street ball grounds" with Pat Grant's men. This, with dire warnings of the fate of such firstbasemen as might venture personal insult, made up his missive.

* * *

The two institutions have decided to confer official notice on the contest. A Joint Committee, with Dick Hammond as Chairman, has been appointed to make arrangements to purchase a one hundred dollar trophy. November 4th is the date selected, and all that remains now is for the teams to gird up their loins. Not alone for "Sweet Charity" will the contest be, but for blood.

* * *

CELEBRITY like fashion insists on affecting certain neighborhoods. There is the flat on the corner of Leavenworth and Clay Streets noted for its association with the mummies of the Jere Lynch *menage*. He having vacated the region for the remoter glories of Sausalito, James V. Coleman has taken possession. A staff of decorators is busy adorning walls and ceilings in accordance with the classic taste of the millionaire, and I am sure the result will be something to look at. During the winter Mr. Coleman will undoubtedly entertain there, eclipsing the memories of Egyptian dinners by *recherché* repasts under the direction of Dan O'Connell.

* * *

In the meantime Coleman, like Lynch, is ensconsed at Sausalito. His headquarters are at the Frenchman's, whose dinners are certainly well worth the eating, and for which

one can get up an elaborate appetite with a bit of boating and fishing around the bay.

* * *

QUITE OUT of the *fin de siècle* creed is the dictum "Love thine enemies." I cannot but think of the manner in which a certain Versatile Personage repaid the impertinent opposition of an eminent musical light, whose fortunate career was largely based on his warm patronage. The controversy arose over a division of receipts. The Eminent Musician accused the Versatile Personage of trying to "hog" things—whatever that may mean—and the split created consternation in clubdom. On either side the luminaries of Bohemia ranged themselves, and into willing repertorial ears long tales of wrong were poured. In the sensation that ensued the musician had rather the best of it—a consideration that saddened painfully the Versatile Personage.

* * *

In order to protect the community against further depredations by musical emigrants, he inaugurated an investigation of the pretensions of the Eminent Musician. To the home of the gent he sent for particulars and discovered things weird enough to make him happy. Before the search lights of the Versatile Personage's detective bureau, the rosy colors the Eminent Musician had decked his career in failed and faded. His university days, of which he prated so loudly, had been enjoyed through the medium of his imagination; the titles he bedecked his name with were revealed as aspirations rather than attainments. In a word, the fine feathers were stripped off one by one, and beneath all the gay plumage a very ordinary type of sparrow was revealed. Nowadays the titles are left to the memory of the Eminent Musician's admirers.

* * *

THE BICYCLE contest, from which I anticipated so much amusement, is a thing of the past. It seems both Dr. Neumann and Bert Hecht are inclined to be modest about displaying their proficiency in public, and in consequence determined to decide the question of their relative superiority in secret. So, on Thursday morning last both repaired to the Park, and without any further formalities than obtaining a fair start, they headed for the beach. A fine turn of speed was developed until they came within a hundred yards of the goal; there was hardly the breadth of a tire between them. Alas! at the critical moment a jack-rabbit fled past Mr. Hecht's wheel. The sad result of the interruption was a header.

* * *

The loss of a little skin and some bruises Bert sustains philosophically enough, but the victory of his opponent is hard to bear. However, Dr. Neumann is happy over his success, though as soon as the course of lunches at Marchand's is finished they will doubtless meet again. Very positively the vanquished insists on his superiority.

* * *

IF ONLY from a matrimonial point of view October will be eventful. Apparently Hymen is to have his hands full, and it will be quite out of the question in visiting Del Monte, Coronado, or any other resort, to avoid colliding with perambulating honeymooners. The first wedding of the month will be that of Miss Brandenstein and Mr. Greenebaum, on Tuesday evening. That is to be a large affair—flowers in profusion, princely presents, much music, dancing, and a supper to wind up with. Speeches, of course—Dr. Voorsanger officiating. Later on occurreth the wedding of Ben Arnhold and Miss Bertha Wangenheim. The scene of that will be the Maple Room of the Palace, and a reception, a dance, and an elaborate supper are to follow the ceremony.

* * *

Cards are out for the wedding of Henry F. Martinez and Miss Lewina Wethered. They are to be married on the afternoon of Tuesday October 10th, at New Jerusalem Church. After the honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Martinez are to reside at 2109 Pacific Avenue and will receive on Fridays in November. Invitations are out also for the nuptials of Miss Irene Masten and Phillip K. Gordon. They are to be married at the Masten residence, 2218 Clay Street, next Thursday evening.

* * *

Among the social happenings of a singularly uneventful week was the reception given by Mrs. J. H. Jewett on Monday last. Her pretty home, on the corner of Bush and Jones Streets, was handsomely fixed up for the occasion and she was kept busy all the afternoon receiving callers—some two hundred in number.

* * *

To nearly a score of her girl friends Miss Meyerstein gave a lunch Monday last. Her home at 611 Van Ness Avenue was decorated with flowers and foliage. An excellent *menu* was partaken of.

* * *

Young Mr. and Mrs. Morrow set forth on an extension of their wedding tour on Tuesday evening last. The Fair is their destination and they are to be absent a month or so. It seems the redoubtable R. F., who sustains the responsibility of parent to the newly-made Benedict, distinctly disapproved of the match. But then he had not seen the beauteous bride. The trio met; Papa Bob immediately succumbed, patted his son on the shoulder, and acknowledged he would have done the same thing under similar provocation himself. The Morrow residence, on Leavenworth Street, will henceforth be the home of the twain.

* * *

An interesting engagement is that of Miss Sarah Samuels and Michael Stein, President of the Omnibus Cable Company. Miss Samuels is an exceptionally bright and interesting girl, a daughter of Mr. J. Samuels. Mr. Stein is an able young man, whose rapid rise to prominence exhibits the value of trained mechanical ability in commercial enterprise. He is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University and was one of the factors in promoting the approaching consolidation of the cable railway interests of the city.

* * *

Several entertainments have recently been given for Mrs. Eva Towne Shaw, whose marriage to Mr. Clinton Worden comes off in the near future. On Tuesday last Mrs. Frank Foster gave a lunch in her honor at the Bella Vista. About a dozen ladies were at table.

* * *

Still engaged in recovering from its summer sleep, the Concordia Club just begins to exhibit an incipient vitality. It is true the Bowling Clubs are busily trundling several nights a week, and the foundations of future betrothals are being laid with commendable foresight. However, it will not be until some entertainment of moment is mooted that the Van Ness Avenue institution will really waken to a sense of its social responsibilities, and then one may expect a variegated succession of lively and interesting events. I believe there is not to be any opening ball this year.

* * *

There is no suggestion of financial stringency about the interior decorations of the new Calliopian Club. Its home at 1620 California Street is being put in order rapidly, and on Saturday night will be the scene of an informal gathering of the members. The opening is not yet, however. I am told the committee in charge has left nothing unbought or undone that could add to the luxury of the new quarters. The furniture is very swell, the frescoing is in high artistic style, and when the world is let in there will be ample grounds for expressing admiration. Ludwig has undertaken the control of the *café*, which, of course, insures an admirable *cuisine*.

* * *

Some time must elapse before Duncan Hayne regains his erstwhile facility of movement. His accident was a serious one whose consequences are not to be eluded in a week or so. At last he is able to be out on crutches, and his return to town from San Mateo is set for next week.

* * *

The Schwabacher family has returned from Europe after touring in the old world some thirty months or so—quite a prolonged trip. They bring with them all sorts and conditions of curios, *objets d'art*, and quantities of very swell gowns. The existence of some twenty-three trunks full of confections from Doucet and Worth is mysteriously hinted at by the intimates admitted to explore. For the time being the family will reside at the Richelieu.

* * *

Any number of dinners have been given Harry Gillig and Frank Unger since their arrival here and I am sure there will be a notable crowd at the Mail dock to bid them *au revoir* this afternoon. They are off for Japan and the East in general on the "Peru." Clay Green and Mr. and Mrs. John Gillig accompany the party. Among the most agreeable of the festivities in their honor was a

dinner given at Marchand's by Raphael Weill. The *menu* was an admirable one.

* * *

POOR LITTLE Festetics! What a degree of notoriety he has acquired for himself in this strange, wild country! By these lawsuits and another interesting event his voyage of exploration is delayed, and it may be Winter ere this somewhat eccentric scion of Austro-Parisian nobility starts for the southern seas. Strongly against the wishes of his relatives was this Mr. Nevin suit defended. They thought it better to give the navigation teacher what he demanded rather than be deluged in journalese. That view of the case did not prefer itself favorably to the Court, whose obstinacy is a very fixed quantity. He determined to fight and he has been at it ever since.

* * *

So far, the evidence does not reveal in the little Count those gracious traits of character that win the love of dependents. It is impossible for him to live harmoniously with his seamen who complain bitterly of undue parsimony. The *cuisine* is described as detestable. Besides, it seems one travels with the small aristocrat at the risk of one's life. To his own innocence of experience he is sublimely indifferent, and heaven alone knows what might happen in case of a storm. My impression of the Festetics revelation is that more of it is to come.

* * *

NO LESS notable than the brilliancy of his season here was Henry Irving's appreciation of the courtesies shown him. What other actor ever retaliated so handsomely for favors done? How often have dinners and breakfasts been showered on dramatic high-lights, who accepted them with extreme loftiness as mere tributes due genius? To the gentlemen who interested themselves in his personal entertainment he presented costly souvenirs of his regard. To Dr. Wagner he gave an exceedingly valuable cigarette case, to W. Greer Harrison a very handsome memento. The Bohemian Club has received the latest token of his regard.

* * *

It is an illuminated card, handsomely lettered, expressing the actor's sincere appreciation of the courtesies done him, and extending to the organization the privileges of his performances not only in New York but in London. This interesting memento stands on an easel in the reading-room, and has actually attracted to that apartment quite a number of gentlemen distinctly unaddicted to literature.

* * *

Of the Eastern exodus there is yet no abatement. To-night's overland takes to Chicago an unusually large contingent of well-known people. In one party are the Chas. A. Beldens, with Miss Hillyer and Miss Cone. The Allens and the Geo. A. Moores, another. The Smedbergs, Mrs. Ellicott, and several others will also be on the train. Next week Dr. and Mrs. Brigham and Harry Babcock depart, and later the Walter Deans. Soon no one will be left but World's Fair Commissioners and newspaper men.

* * *

This evening, in the car "Iolanthe," Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and family, and S. M. Shortridge, leave for Chicago. They are to be gone several weeks and will "do" the Fair pretty thoroughly.

* * *

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury is home again and over the fact there is much rejoicing among her friends. "In the swim" it is a sad fact that clever women are few and far between. The temporary absence of one of them, therefore, confers dullness on the circle of which she is the animating principle. Mrs. Salisbury has been both missed and mourned, and consequently her welcome will be an exceedingly cordial one.

* * *

There is no lack of entertainment for Society this afternoon. At Burlinghame are hurdle races which are sure to attract the San Mateo and Menlo Park contingent. At the California lawn tennis grounds there is certain to be a large gathering for some excellent contests are promised, and there is much interest in the meeting between Taylor and Joe Daily. The Carr-Beel concert at Golden Gate Hall will certainly attract lovers of music for an admirable programme is promised, while lovers of art will find their way to the Art Students' League, where Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, *née* Elizabeth Curtis, exhibits a number of pictures and portraits done during her stay in Paris.

* * *

Among the festivities of the week were two very charming evenings given by Miss Blix Smith, whose informal receptions were so agreeable a feature of last winter's gayeties. Prior to the departure of Mrs. and Miss Chabot for the Fair quite a number of dinners and luncheons were given in their honor, and I am told that on their return Miss Chabot intends entertaining considerably. As a hostess this much envied young heiress shines. She has tact, accomplishments, and a beautiful home, yet she rarely manifests hospitality on a large scale. However, it may be that now she purposes changing all that.

* * *

Among coming events of more than minor Oakland interest must be noted the marriage of Harry Haight and Miss Bailey. Rumors of postponement to the contrary, it is to take place next month — a home wedding with intimate friends alone as guests. Becoming agreeably popular are these quiet ceremonials nowadays. Afterwards a trip—possibly to the Fair — then the happy twain settle down to housekeeping in the cottage on Market Street where Mr. and Mrs. Seaton spent their honeymoon.

* * *

Thimble parties are quite in vogue across the bay. The first, given by Miss Mollie Knowles, was a success, and that of Mrs. Clay, *née* Nannie Prather, went off charmingly. Some twenty maidens and young wives gathered with needles and thimbles and dainty fancy work — not to sew, however. There are occupations more enticing than that in the world. They talked from two at least until five, and then there came music, refreshments, and other interesting details.

* * *

A matrimonial event long anticipated was the marriage of Miss Gertrude Perrine and Dr. Phillip Collisschown. For years the residences of the two families confronted each other on Jackson Street, and it was pretty thoroughly understood when he commenced his course as a medical student that matrimony and Miss Gertrude were the goals of his efforts. The young Doctor has had more than the ordinary degree of success for he has already built up a comfortable practice and in Miss Perrine he wins a decidedly handsome young woman with a superb carriage and an interesting face. The happy event was celebrated on Monday last at the bride's home. Though a family affair, the friends and relatives of the twain made quite an extensive gathering.

* * *

An engagement which has been the subject of much comment is that of Miss Mary Borland, eldest daughter of Mrs. Archibald Borland, and Mr. G. A. Von Adelung, the son of Professor Von Adelung, the violinist. Miss Borland is a handsome blonde and a very accomplished girl—herself a talented musician. The late Archie Borland left a large estate, and the family is prominent among the residents of Vernon Heights. Mr. Von Adelung is an interesting young gentleman, with considerable talent for teaching the piano and violin. The prospective bride is at present in Chicago, so the date of the wedding has yet to be announced.

* * *

The opening of the Oakland season and the performance of "Mycale" on the evening of the 16th may be considered contemporaneous events. It is to be a swell affair, that amateur opera— full dress, of course, so the Macdonough should blossom like the rose, and the belles look their best. Of course, the *oi polloi* is strictly excluded. Admittance is obtained by application to a committee of five ladies, who pass thereon. If worthy, the credential is presented at the box office and reserved seats thus secured. The boxes are already disposed of—to the Valentines, F. M. Smiths, Goodfellows, and Popes. The Wheaton party has a dozen seats in the front row of the parquette. There are some rather catchy melodies in the opera.

* * *

MY INABILITY to appreciate the statesmanship of Senator Stephen M. White is undoubtedly a misfortune. However, it is one I share with certain other intelligent people who are not convinced this Californian has shown either especial ability or particular

character since his arrival in Washington. That he has brains and oratorical ability must be admitted, but I fear there will be little return for either if he does not alter his course. It cannot be said he exhibited even an ordinary degree of discretion by the delivery of that silver speech, considering, indeed, that he had promised Carlisle to support the repeal of the Sherman Act.

* * *

That his attitude towards the Administration will increase his popularity on the Coast is not true. The comments of the country press on the *Examiner's* denunciation prove the adhesion of the party here to the President. Besides, he should have realized by this time how dead the Chinese issue is here. It is a political scare cry, that is all. Tending to reduce even further our great man's position at the Capitol is the fact that, in several instances, he has disregarded the pledge of the Caucus and has endeavored to advance the cause of friends of his own rather than that of the men the delegation selected. As in most political centres, there is great estimation put on the verbal honor of men, and in the departments one hears sarcastic criticisms passed on Senator White. I fear we have exaggerated his greatness out here.

* * *

The silver speech which the local press made so much of, was written before White left Los Angeles, and neither its manner nor its matter made it a worthy addition to the literature of the subject. Someone should undertake the management of the man.

* * *

IF THE Supreme Court, in answer to the prayer of Judge Tyler, reverses itself and orders him reinstated in its good graces, I shall regard the event as a distinct triumph of mind over matter. Judge Tyler will be the mind and the Supreme Court will be the matter. If I recall the circumstance accurately—and I trust I shall be corrected if I do not—Judge Tyler was disbarred for refusing to let go of some money belonging to a client which, unfortunately, fell into his hands. The Supreme Court, having listened to the evidence, directed the Judge to release his iron grasp upon the money, which aggregated some $3000; but the Judge either could or would not do so. He claimed it as a fee, and with characteristic stubbornness said, "The Supreme Court be d——." Naturally, the Court took advantage of its privileges under the Code and dealt the Judge a body blow. The Judge retired to Spokane Falls where he has since exercised his Bessemer steel jaw upon the Washington bar.

* * *

Nearly ten years have slipped away since the Judge departed, and he now returns to ask a rehearing from a reorganized court. There are at present but two Justices upon the Supreme Bench who participated in the disbarment proceedings. Judge Tyler's organ of calculation has figured out that even if the two still cherish their prejudices, he has an even chance to make the remaining four believe him to be a persecuted innocent. But the Judge is counting his chickens before they are hatched. Although he is personally unknown to the four new Justices, I can assure him (on the authority of a pointer from the inside) that his reputation has preceded him. Under ordinary conditions the Supreme Court does not object to the addition of an additional jaw to the bar of this city, but Judge Tyler's jaw—that is really too much to expect of the Supreme Court. The Justices are all elderly men, and in the natural order of events none of them anticipate living forever. But when Judge Tyler calls upon them to deliberately reinstate him—really, there is such a thing as asking what cannot possibly be granted. A court of orang-outangs would draw the line at Judge Tyler's jaw.

* * *

Speaking of the Judge, however, reminds me of a story. In the old days one of his favorite amphitheatres for practice was the Police Court. Everywhere and on all occasions the Judge's system consisted in browbeating and intimidating witnesses. He was especially coarse and insulting when affairs looked bad for his clients. One day in the Police Court he had the late Captain White, of the Underwriter's Fire Patrol, upon the stand. White was a cool, implacable fellow, and he soon had Tyler in a towering rage. At last, by a series of insinuating questions, the Judge began an attack on White's veracity.

"Where did you lose that finger?" he finally asked, pointing to White's right hand, upon which the index was absent.

"I didn't lose it where you lost the middle one on *your* right hand," coolly replied the Captain, indicating Tyler's crippled member.

This set the Judge on fire. He grew livid with passion and shouted, "What do you know about that finger?"

"Oh! everybody knows how you lost that finger," said White, still more coolly.

Tyler, now fairly beside himself with anger, demanded that the witness should apologize for his innuendo or make a specific charge. Turning to the Court, White remarked, with a merry twinkle in his eye:

"Your Honor, everybody knows that Judge Tyler lost that finger snatching sleepers from a faro table."

The Court officials were compelled to carry the Judge home on a litter. For once he was knocked out.

* * *

FURTHER ADDITIONS to the literature of Sam Davis may smack of superfluity like new histories by Bancroft. Over the latter this story has one advantage—it is not half bad. There was a convention at Santa Barbara—a Woman's Press Convention or something of that ilk, and in the Davis heart arose a longing to attend. When one is married and edits the Carson *Appeal*, however, there occurs at times a hiatus between mere desire and actual departure. In order to account for so unwonted an excursion Sam, who was at the moment in San Francisco, repaired to Fourth and Townsend Streets to consult W. H. Mills. The situation explained and the necessity for an excuse presented, the head of the newspaper bureau sympathetically dictated an imperative demand for the presence of the humorist at the Convention.

* * *

An hour later the mandate was on its way to Carson City accompanied by an undecipherable scrawl from Sam, wherein extreme regret for the painful necessity struggled valorously with the advantages that must accrue the firm from the trip. The next train saw him embarked for Santa Barbara. Alas, for the best laid schemes. Grasping the possibilities of a comic situation, Mills sent on to Mrs. Davis a copy of the missive he had just dictated for Sam; with it the note:

"Enclosed please find letter given S. Davis at his personal solicitation. Can imagine no reason for his attendance at Convention."

* * *

The Carson Humorist was the hero of the gathering. It was Mr. Davis here and Sam Davis there. Groups of admiring females hung on his utterances, and he was persuaded at last to deliver an essay on the influence of the female intellect on journalism. The theme gave scope to his imaginative powers and Sam, standing there on the platform, was ready for the effort of his career. "Ladies," he began, lustily. His eyes roved lazily over the charming and attentive audience. Suddenly the Davis jaw dropped; an expression of resigned surprise developed itself at the corners of his mouth.

Only two rows from the front, her eyes gazing directly into his, sat Mrs. Sam Davis just arrived from Carson.

* * *

ACCORDING to the reports of the trial of Harry Thorn for the murder of our late esteemed fellow citizen Frank T. Northey (I believe that Governor Waterman's pardon restored Mr. Northey to citizenship, and that in referring to him as a fellow citizen I am speaking by the card) I observe that Hon. John W. Wilcox, one of the witnesses, was reading a paper in Frank Garcia's saloon when the slaughter took place. To my certain knowledge, within the past decade the honorable John has been an important witness to no less than half a dozen fracases—happening in different portions of the commonwealth—and on every occasion he was absorbed in a newspaper at the critical moment. From this I gather that Mr. Wilcox is of a literary turn, and that he must expend a great deal of his surplus energies in digesting the contents of the daily press. If on six separate occasions, for example, when exciting events have occurred in his vicinity, John has been found reading a newspaper, it can, I think, be demonstrated mathematically that in all human probability, calculating the ratio of chance, he spends three-quarters of his time at that pleasing diversion.

* * *

Now that my memory is being stirred up, as it were, I believe I have seen Mr. Wilcox

reading a newspaper myself. Let me recall the circumstance if possible. It was in a refectory at Sacramento, kept by that esteemed citizen of the capital city, Mr. Frank Rhoads. The day was hot, and John was in his shirt sleeves. I did not count them, but I will state that, to the best of my belief (ten years now having elapsed), there were twelve other men in the saloon at the time. I will also state that, to the best of my recollection, Mr. Wilcox read the paper and silently chewed gum for an hour before he moved a muscle. Then suddenly, without a word of warning, and to the utter amazement of the assembled gentlemen, he arose from his seat, slammed the paper upon the floor, and ejaculated:

"Boys, all hands come up and take a drink with me."

There was some demurrage to this—not because John never asks anybody to take a drink, but because of the sensational manner in which he purposed incurring a bill of one dollar and three-quarters. One of the boys asked him what was the matter?

"Nothing," said John, giving the paper a kick, "but I always take a drink when I read about an editor being shot."

* * *

I remember that I took a very inferior julep at John's expense—Frank Rhoads never had a barkeeper that could make a julep fit for a horse to drink—but all the time I regarded the old gentleman with marked interest. Finally I asked one of the boys what had caused the sudden burst of sentiment? "Oh, he's down on editors," was the reply. "One of 'em done him up, I guess." But this was not satisfactory. The fact that some editor had "done" John up did not make his conduct seem reasonable to me. Finally I sidled up to him and asked in plain phrase, "Mr. Wilcox, why do you rejoice so uproariously when you read about an editor being shot? As an abstract cause for merriment, I am not prepared to deny that you are right in rejoicing at such events, but it occurs to me that you must have some special kick."

"That I have," replied Mr. Wilcox, with great emphasis. "Boys, have another, and I'll tell yous the story."

* * *

Of course we had another, and then John said impressively: "Boys, to begin with, I'm an old man, yous fellers are young. Take my advice—never have nothin' to do with editors. Copper 'em. Avoid 'em as you would the cholera morbus."

Somebody interposed to say that this was good advice.

"That's what it air," continued John, "my own case shows it. Boys, I am a blacksmith. They used to call me the Mariposa Blacksmith when I was elected to the Legislatur. In '75 I was doin' fine in politics. I wasn't no great shakes in political economy, but I could make a good speech and hold my own in the Assembly. One day a pesky editor named Fred Somers abused me in the *Chronicle*. I was young then and hot-headed. So I dug that feller up where he was sittin' at his desk in the Senate, and pasted him over the head with a stick. Boys, that ended me. For a whole year them editors broiled me. They wasn't satisfied when I was well done. They broiled me to a crisp. In a word, boys, they knocked me out. So, whenever I read about one of 'em being shot I take a drink."

But this does not explain why John is always reading a newspaper. If he is so eternally down on editors why does he read what they write? I suppose, however, he is anxious to know the exact progress of mortality among them.

* * *

JUST WHY San Francisco, as a body corporate and aggregate, loiters listlessly behind the rest of the world, is not difficult of discernment. One day this week the Board of Supervisors, which in theory is, and in practice ought to be, the paternal guide of the town, gave a practical demonstration of the disease from which we suffer. Many months ago the statesmen who preceded the present choice collection of City Fathers, passed a resolution closing and vacating a number of streets in what is known as the Mission Bay lands. These lands belong, with the exception of one small lot, to the Southern Pacific Company. That corporation owns sixty acres of land in their vicinity, and upon that property it is proposed, within a few years, to locate the shops, depots and car houses of the western end of the Southern Pacific's system. As soon as the Monterey line is connected with the main road at San Luis Obispo, the work of improving this land will begin, and before it is completed there will be expended upon it three millions of dollars. This money will be distributed among the artisans and material dealers of San Francisco.

* * *

The last Board of Supervisors closed the streets for two reasons: (1) because the corporation owning all the land in the district asked that it should be done; (2) because such action would contribute to permanently locate the terminus of the transcontinental railroad in this city. No sooner had the present Board come into power, however, than it proposed to reopen the streets—not because anybody asked it to do so, nor because such a proceeding would be either necessary or equitable, but simply because by so doing it might make trouble for the railroad "monster." At the meeting last Monday the resolution, after having been pronounced invalid by the City and County Attorney, came forward for action. As though to wipe away all misunderstanding, the whole matter was again explained on exactly the lines I have followed above. Then the vote was taken and five Supervisors voted to pass it. Their names are Stanton, Ryan, Dundon, Hinton, and Denman. It is almost beyond belief that five men of the intelligence of these could be found in San Francisco, willing to solemnly put themselves on record against the location of the overland railroad depot and shops on the Mission Bay lands. But such appears to be the fact. Is it any wonder that in a city where Silurianism has gone as mad as this, the business interests languish and the people are becoming Mexicanized?

* * *

THE KNOWLEDGE that a mouse has just come in violent contact with the back of your neck, is even rapidly glancing adown your spinal column, is not pleasant; far from it; therefore, nocturnal prowlers whose road lieth out O'Farrell Street will do well to put up their umbrellas while passing the Columbus Hotel after 11:30 P. M. I have it on the best authority that the deadly Plaisted mouse-trap is again in full blast, and that the victims are many. The component parts of the Plaisted mouse-trap may be summed up as follows: One nicely-furnished suite of rooms at the Columbus, one Plaisted (there is but one Plaisted!), one piano, one waste-basket containing scraps of letters from adoring Willie-boys just emerging from the vealy age, etc., and one nice piece of cheese at the bottom thereof. Also, one interested spectator, *genus homo*.

* * *

Method of operation:

Enter Miss Plaisted with *g. h.* Carefully depositing her package of canned sausages on the mantel-piece, she makes her way to the piano and proceeds to recite a grievous tale to the effect that her "Papa Wouldn't Buy Her a Bow-Wow," on hearing which the mouse, reassured, emerges from his lair, scales the side of the waste-basket, and proceeds to insinuate the cheese into his department of the interior. The eagle eye of Miss Gracie is upon him; slap goes a sheet of music over the top of the basket; the whole outfit is escorted to the front window, the sheet of music is whisked away, and in another moment the luckless mouse is "launched into O'Farrell Street." (*Prolapsus rodentium.*) In the meantime Miss Plaisted gloats over the occurrence in a few well-chosen words; the interested spectator above-mentioned ponders over the excellence and inexpensiveness of the scheme, and the mouse wonders where he is at.

Therefore, fellow-citizens, bear in mind my remarks about the umbrellas.

* * *

NOBODY has asked for my opinion, but if it were asked I should say unqualifiedly that the best thing Mr. C. R. Bennett, Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, can do is to seek out some lonely place in Golden Gate Park and hang himself. He should either do that or start a Society for the Propagation of Vice, which, on the whole, perhaps, might be a more congenial disposition for him to make of himself. I have for many years endured an agonizing acquaintance with Mr. Bennett. He has on several occasions discovered to me his plans for suppressing vice, and while listening to him it has never failed to occur to me that he was taking an unusual degree of pleasure in his occupation. Indeed, I have often thought that the Devil

himself, were he Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, would go after the wicked things of the world very much as Mr. Bennett goes after them. His gusto cannot be ascribed entirely to righteous enthusiasm.

* * *

But there is one matter in the recent revelation of Mr. Bennett's real character which, in default of a complete explanation, will ever remain to me a dark and dismal mystery. I have never seen the Oakland young lady whom he is alleged to have betrayed, but I should imagine from the portraits of her, which have appeared in the newspapers that she is not an altogether unwholesome person. However, I am willing to make every allowance for the disposition of my esteemed contemporaries to exaggerate her personal charms. I know those gentlemen are very prone to make whales out of frogs, and ravishing beauties out of red-haired, pug-nosed country maids. But conceding that Miss Gray is anything but good looking, what on earth did she ever see in that slimy, uncanny, crawling fellow Bennett to love? That is what floors *me*.

* * *

YOUNG MR. STRADLEY, whom the President appointed Immigration Commissioner, is not liable to hide the light of his intelligence behind the bushel of that office. Decidedly one of the rising, he owed his selection to the excellence and energy of his campaign eloquence. Early in the fight last year, the State Central Committee discovered itself "short" on oratory. There were speakers, but few of the kind it was safe to circulate, not because of the inadequacy of their Democracy, but on account of their ignorance of basic principles. Then this young Southerner—he has been here but two years—came forward, developed not only a vigorous delivery but a comprehension of issues that was most refreshing.

* * *

It was by a speech at Sausalito Mr. Stradley first won the attention of the leaders. Some of the unenthusiastic announced it as "clever," and the rank and file shouted eulogies. The result—the young Southerner was sent north and south by the Committee, did excellent work, accomplished results, and is in a fair way to cut a distinct figure in the Party. By profession a lawyer, and a member of an extensive firm in the Mills Building, the Immigration Commissionership was the only office he could obtain that would not interfere with his work. It seems special representations on his behalf were made to Carlisle by certain committeemen, and he obtained the place without material effort. The other candidates were Mr. Lynch, of Alameda, and Mr. Coffey, who wields the destinies of the *Mission Journal*.

* * *

AMONG THE pardonable stories of the week are a brace of saloon yarns that the *cognoscenti* give with a wealth of ornamental detail far beyond the scope of my simple narrative. Of the first, the hero is the gentleman known to a large circle as Johnny Farley, whose mission in life is that of investing the profits of "The Richelieu," his existence being otherwise justified by some capacity as a *raconteur* and a neat gift at composing a cocktail. Self-cofident as befits his success and prosperity, there is but slight tendency about him at hiding his light under bushels. A few afternoons ago there wandered into him a young gentleman familiarly known as Gus Sheehy, for whose cultured taste Mr. Farley mixed a consummate cocktail.

* * *

The connoisseur lingered over the delicately blended concoction, complimenting the artist on his achievement. At the moment there burst from Farley an indignant exclamation. Turning to his cash register he discovered in one of the compartments a token—one of those barefaced efforts at currency the size of a fifty-cent piece, and stamped with a "good for one drink."

"Smart men these bartenders. See how they get done up. Real bright, aren't they?" His tones were sarcastic. "I don't get caught this way, but I'll bet, Gus, you can pass this on any of the boys. Suppose you try it."

He slipped the coin to Sheehy, who put it in his pocket, and promised to do his best. The following afternoon he was in again with a friend and both ordered drinks, stipulating Farley should mix them himself.

"Ain't anyone in town 'in it' on a cocktail with you, Johnny," remarked Gus. "Jimmy says he knows a man who is great, but I told him he wasn't within a mile of Johnny, here. Didn't I, Jim?"

"Oh, yes, this is out of sight," reiterated the other.

* * *

Mr. Farley beamed and did it again, taking casually the coin that Sheehy pushed towards him.

"Yes, that is a pretty good cocktail," he ventured, modestly. "But what's the joke?"

Both men wore blissful smiles.

"Just look in the cash drawer, Johnny," suggested Sheehy.

There lay the token in all its effrontery of "good for one drink."

* * *

FROM THE saloon point of view the discovery of America pales into insignificance beside the invention of the cash register. Yet Time, the avenger, seems bent on demonstrating how slight the protection it offers against mere bartending dexterity. Among celebrated drinking institutions the Grand Hotel bar is well in front rank. Its destinies, swayed by Ned Fay, are intelligently directed, and with the difference between receipts and expenditures he has no difficulty in picking up occasional bargains in real estate. To a dollar he knows how much the register should show each day, and he never neglects to investigate a decline. For a week past Mr. Fay has been kept busy realizing that one or other of his artists was stealing—which he hardly dared guess. Some days he found himself behind as much as fifteen or twenty dollars—a condition aggravated by his utter inability to catch the thief.

* * *

A resourceful personage is Ned Fay. The other morning he set the piano at zero and informed the dextrous manipulator in duck and diamonds that he would be absent down town half an hour or so. Into the hotel he went, gave ten dollars to a bell-boy, and ordered him purchase four pint bottles of champagne. With the wine the youth returned a moment or so later. Very casually Mr. Fay strolled back again and was genially saluted by the bartender.

"Been doin' business since you left, sir," he said. "Just sold a couple of pints of wine."

"A couple?" interrogated the proprietor, noticing the five dollars in the register.

"Yes, sir."

"You rascal, turn me over the rest of that or I'll—I'll——" The exact nature of the threat need not be specified. It was somewhat violent, however, for the unfortunate disgorged, and then said, apologetically:

"I suppose I've got to go now?"

"No, sir; you stay here all day, and every man who comes in I propose to tell how I caught you doing me up."

By the end of the day Fay had told the story a score of times, and the unfortunate thief was ready to die of mortification. Whenever one of the fellow's customers came in for a cocktail the episode would be told as a great joke on the unfortunate, whose blushes were redder than the new roof of the Lick House. Senator Fair, by the way, had it painted that way about the time his son returned from the East.

* * *

IF EVER there were three gentlemen entitled to the commiseration of the people of this town they are the three doctors who call themselves "Insanity Commissioners." These professors of political physic, by name Lilienthal, Windele, and Bellinge, for a long time have been sending people to the asylums without warrant of law or evidence. They receive from the city five dollars for every person examined on a charge of insanity, and this appears to have made them unnecessarily anxious to work. The records indicate that out of every ten cases investigated five are dismissed, and for a long time it has been believed by persons well informed, that some one in the background was booming insanity for the purpose of augmenting the fees of the Commissioners. Perhaps things might have proceeded indefinitely in this groove, however, had not one of the doctors flouted a newspaper reporter. This is nearly always fatal, but especially fatal to an official whose tenure reposes upon the shadowy law used to sustain the "Insanity Commission."

* * *

This Commission, as a matter of fact, never had any reality. It has grown out of the practice of the Judges who are required to hold insanity examinations before expert

medical witnesses. By degrees the careless jurists have conferred on the doctors selected by them to act as experts all the powers of themselves. For years these doctors have practically usurped the functions of the Chancery Court. But the whole thing came to an end on the day Dr. Belinge took a paper relating to an insanity commitment away from an inquisitive reporter. To write the "Insanity Commission" up was, of course, to explode it; the reporter knew this and he immediately set to work. His rivals on the "detail" did not care to be left on such a matter, and within one week after the fatal blunder of Belinge the entire press of the city was pitching into the institution. I think Doctors Lilienthal, Windele, and Belinge, however, are entitled to sympathy—as I remarked at the beginning of this paragraph—not because they have lost a rather soft thing, but because their arrogance has suffered such a fall. No one but a conceited doctor would ever think of snatching a paper out of the hand of a newspaper reporter.

* * *

FOR A LONG time it has been apparent to the reading public that a Brain was concealed somewhere in the office of my esteemed contemporary, the *Argonaut*. Indeed, I have never heard that fact disputed, although exactly where the Brain was located has often been a subject for debate. Some of the readers of my esteemed contemporary, with several of whom I enjoy a passing acquaintance, have told me they were of the opinion that the Brain was certainly in the editorial department; others have contended that Mr. Pixley carried it away with him when he retired from the active management, and others still have suggested as a strong probability that the Scissors Editor had it. For myself I have always believed it would eventually be discovered in the advertising department. However, that matter is now settled. The location of the Brain can no longer be kept secret. It appeared in the last issue of the *Argonaut* under the designation of "Olla Podrida," and, I am informed upon authority which I am loath to question, that the furtive gray matter is owned by Mr. Jerome Hart.

* * *

It is quite certain, however, that the Brain has no connection with the *Argonaut* other than to produce an occasional luminous article. In the issue to which I refer as "Olla Podrida" it dealt with the sensational press. It denounced with fine indignation the proprietors of the local papers who, for a week, had been rolling the Addie Gilmour horror about in their reeking maws as a choice morsel. It railed at them as debauchers of the public, printers of quack advertisements, mongers of scandal, and accursed of God. It charged them with blackmail, cowardice, selfishness, eavesdropping, etc., etc. In short, this Brain literally flayed the journals and journalists of the town alive. The article was so vivid and proceeded so plainly from the inner works of a virtuous and upright editor that it challenged my admiration. Oh! thought I, here at last is a journal that is not being published for vulgar money. I will read it. I did read it. On the very next page following "Olla Podrida" I found a coarse sketch translated from the French. Alongside there was an equally demoralizing description of the personal characteristics of some noted turf gamblers, while, horrors of horrors, on another page I encountered a weird, wild story of an amateur man midwife. Apparently the era of inconsistency in the *Agonaut* of vice has not departed with the passing of Frank Pixley.

* * *

ON SEVERAL occasions heretofore I have condoled with Mr. Flimm, of the *Weekly Gasp*, upon the rapid degenerative tendency of his intellect. As I have previously remarked, there was a time when Mr. Flimm showed signs of developing into a journalist. Unfortunately, however, he severed his connection with the daily press, in which vigorous school the naturally vulgar bent of his mind might have been checked by education, and struck out for himself in the *Weekly Gasp*. The publication of that journal by Mr. Flimm has demonstrated three things beyond a doubt: First, it has demonstrated that every newspaper, whether big or little, daily or weekly, is bound to reflect the mental character of its owner; second, it has demonstrated that Mr. Flimm's intellectual attainments are of the Tar Flat order; third, it has demonstrated that nature will, under the most adverse conditions, finally assert herself. Mr. Flimm's mind has at last converted the *Gasp* into the mirror of its own vulgarity.

* * *

The last issue fairly teemed with vulgarities. Both pictures and letter press, the former nasty and badly executed as usual, were redolent of the slimes of the slums. Had we an Anthony Comstock in this town the issue would certainly have been suppressed. If this copy of the *Gasp* represents Mr. Flimm's ideal of a family journal—and I am told he was unusally proud of his unhandiwork—then I am of the opinion he is too far gone even for rescue by the Salvation Army, to which organization I was about to commend his case.

* * *

Miss Nellie B. Drum, Miss Mabel F. Wiley, and Miss Sister Jennings, left on Thursday for Chicago, where they will be the guests of Mrs. and Miss Etta Drum. Miss Etta Drum is spending her vacation in Chicago, and will return to Monticello Seminary about the end of this month.

* * *

UNSAINTLINESS has long figured as the leading characteristic of this Pacific metropolis. It is the "wickedest city" for Sam Jones, the abiding place of the "Scarlet Woman of the Revelations" according to the Salvationists. The Supervisors, however, aided and abetted by an undiscriminating press, are busy robbing San Francisco of its invaluable reputation. Between them we will soon have as little distinction as Dubuque or Detroit, wherein respectability broods and breeds materials for future Dunciads. Though the Y. M. C. A. building groweth higher daily, and new churches split with aggressive steeples the matitutinal fog, still left are the French restaurants.

* * *

In the greed for goodness that possesses our City Fathers, what unutterable reform may they not yet attempt? I should advise the most eminent discretion among *garçons* and pre-eminent silence in the ranks of the patrons. The recurrence of an episode like this might, in the present temper of the community, affect the institution. It occurred at a certain Gallic *rotisserie* not a million miles from the Bohemian Club. A violent ringing at the telephone is responded to by a waiter. Dialogue runs thus:

Female Voice—Is Mr. So-and-so (insurance person) there?

Waiter (guardedly)—Yes, Miss, I think so.

Female Voice—Ah! has he been there long? (solicitously.)

Waiter (off his guard)—Yes, Miss, he's been waiting for two girls. If you're one of them, you'd better come down at once.

Female Voice (angrily)—Yes, I'll be down directly. I'm his wife. Tableau!

The Witness.

"Monogram" and "Old Saratoga" Rye Whiskies are imported by Sherwood & Sherwood.

Miss J.—I have had one hundred and two offers fifty in America and fifty-two in England.

Mr. K. (viciously)—I am glad to learn we have two fools less in America.—*Vogue.*

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

· THE · WAVE ·

A · SOCIETY · LITERARY · AND · POLITICAL · JOURNAL.

THE war upon the Administration is in full motion. The army of personal opposition to the President is mobilized. It is officered by the conspirators of 1892, who tried covertly to beat and cheat the people of California out of their choice, and who were compelled to cringe at Fresno and go as the muffled minority of a delegation pledged to support Mr. Cleveland. These men get some recruits by abuse of Mr. Cleveland on the Chinese question, and are so emboldened that they seriously propose the next State Convention shall be anti-Administration in body, purpose, platform and ticket.

Mr. Geary is gaily riding at the head of the column, and through the Republican who represents the *Examiner* in Washington, daily proclaims the bruises inflicted upon Cleveland, Carlisle and Olney by his mighty hand.

Men who make war upon a party that has fed and fostered them, precede their open treachery by pretexts. Mr. Geary's is that his Chinese Deportation Act, which he calls a Democratic measure, was not enforced in its entirety by the President immediately after May 5th.

Mr. Geary's law seems to be copied from a Russian ukase or a firman of the Sublime Porte. It certainly was not based upon the Constitution and governmental scheme of the United States, for it provided that all Chinese found unregistered on May 5, 1893, should first be imprisoned in a penitentiary for one year, by the Executive, and then be deported.

The courts of this country have decided that offenses punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary are "infamous offenses." The Fifth Amendment to the Constitution provides that "No person shall be held to answer for an infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment by a Grand Jury."

The Sixth Amendment provides that "In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed."

Now, Mr. Geary's law makes non-registration a crime, and makes it infamous by punishment in the penitentiary, and provides that the non-registered shall be imprisoned by Executive decree, without resort to the courts or the privilege of a jury!

The Fourth Amendment to the Federal Constitution also provides that "No warrants (as of arrest) shall issue but upon reasonable cause, * * and particularly describing the person to be seized." Under Mr. Geary's law warrants have been issued without such description and directed against John Doe and Richard Roe.

If the theory of this Act had been carried out, its enforcement would have skipped the courts entirely. It far outran the Alien and Sedition laws of the elder Adams, which roused the protest in whose thunders the Democratic party was born. It made of the President just the tyrant its proponents now falsely accuse him of being. Under the theory on which it was based Mr. Cleveland could have deported Mr. Geary himself as a non-registered Chinese, because when the courts are skipped no man can prove that he is a white man, if the President choose to say he is a Chinese. He can make such proof only by resort to the courts through a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Under no Democratic theory of the Constitution can the Geary Act, in the form in which it was baptized with the illustrious name of its author, be justified. Indeed, it would be refused a cradle and a sucking bottle if left upon the door step of the latitudinarians of the Federal, Whig, and Republican parties, and would be sure of a foundling's shelter only under the declaration of the late Thaddeus Stevens, "if the Constitution stands in our way, so much the worse for the Constitution."

True, this blunderbuss was to be fired at Chinese, who are disliked, and it was to get them out of the country, which we all regard as desirable, but Mr. Geary seems to have trusted the desirability of his purpose to excuse methods repugnant to the Constitution and to justify a statute which undermined every principle of human rights. To add to this record of inexpertness and lack of foresight and efficiency, the Treasury was left with a few thousand dollars to execute a law which will require millions to enforce, and now the Democracy of California is trumpeted into line against the President for not violating three articles of the Constitution which he has sworn to support, and for not starting 100,000 Chinese on a Geary excursion home, at the expense of a Treasury that is hollow as the pretense of Democracy in Mr. Cleveland's critics.

The California Democrats will not fall in against the Administration, for they believe in it. Mr. Geary's new recruits seem numerous, but if the test were made the thoughtful people of this State, who are tired of demagogy, impatient under the representation of impudent charlatans, and nauseated with sour mash statesmanship, would give the President a support that would turn his plurality of 1892 into a majority over all.

* * *

IT is belittling a very serious crisis to represent the issue made against the President as personally rancorous in its origin. It is a war of ideas which have faced each other in rivalry within the Democratic party for a score of years. These ideas were destined to grapple in a struggle for mastery no matter what the result of the election in 1892. The confusion in our system of currency, that has existed since the war, has fostered each of these ideas. The school which believes that a simple and sound currency is the best for the fortunes of all the people, has tried to promote a reform which would reduce our seven or eight kinds of currency to three only, gold and silver maintained at a parity and one form of paper currency kept at par with metal. The first condition of this sound system is the scientific adjustment of gold and silver to keep them at a parity. The experience of the world proves that this can be done only by maintaining the single unit of value. France reached this twenty years ago, and has sternly prohibited free coinage of silver ever since. England reached it ninety years ago, and the progress of her commerce and enhanced prosperity of her people canonize against a return to the financiering of her Stuart Kings.

The Democratic party, last year in its National platform, declared for the single unit of value, for a currency measured by that unit and worth 100 cents on the dollar in the markets of the world. The President stands by that declaration, and therefore represents the sound money idea of the party.

I intend no discourtesy and do not desire to import into the discussion anything that smacks of personal rancor, when I say that the free silver Representatives and Senators represent the unsound financial idea. As far as California is concerned our Democratic Senator and all of our Representatives represent the idea of reaction against the Chicago platform and against the often expressed purpose of the party. They stand, indeed, for the Populist platform, and the effect of their position is logically to force a junction between the Democracy and the Populists, or failing in that, the impetus of their antagonism to the President must carry them personally to the leadership of General Weaver and Mrs. Lease. It is best to face the logic of the situation at once. It is best now to refuse further compromise. Senator White, mistakenly, as I think, reads the Chicago platform to favor a double standard of value and unqualified free coinage of silver, and denounces the President for repudiating, evading, and jeering at the platform on which he was elected.

I do not stop to discuss this attack on Mr. Cleveland in any other light than as a manifestation of the war of ideas to which I have referred. As a criticism, its style and reason must be studied only as a necessary feature in a programme of reaction and revolution to which the Senator deliberately commits himself. In choosing his political war-path he must be permitted to choose his weapons of warfare. He speaks for the double standard of value which has no place in the Democratic platform, for unqualified free coinage of silver, which is equally outlawed by that instrument. His construction of platform and principles is that of the Populists, and his criticism of the President is a Populist echo, like all echoes repeating only a few less words than were in the reflected sentence. The Democratic party of California will not follow members of Congress into the Populist ranks. Individuals may go, but there will be here a Democracy that stands for the statement of principles made by Mr. Cleveland, the statement upon which our victories have been won and our dominion established.

The century began with such a party victorious. The shibboleth of this present attack upon Mr. Cleveland is borrowed from the assault made upon Jefferson and Madison for the Louisiana purchase and the embargo. It was used later against Jackson. A coalition against him, led in the Senate by Calhoun, Clay, Webster, and Silas Wright, denounced him as a tyrant and usurper, Calhoun calling him "a common pilferer of the Treasury," and by such criticism a resolution of personal censure passed the Senate.

The student of history is surprised to discover that all this intemperance of denunciation was directed against Jackson's policy of an independent Treasury and a specie basis for our currency. Any statesman of to-day would be laughed out of sight should he propose to abandon the independent Treasury which Jackson founded, and only the Populists and their allies who are trying to destroy the Democratic party before deserting it, are found to cry out against a specie basis.

Clay, Webster, and Calhoun threw themselves in vain against the invincible entrenchment of Jackson in the popular heart. Senators raw and recent, and some who are overripe, with togas glazed and shiny that reflect decayed ambitions, may take to heart the lesson.

JOHN P. IRISH.

THE REASON WHY.

BY SOLLY WALTER.

Why should the harmless desire on the part of clever amateurs to amuse themselves and others call forth the antagonistic denunciations of the "Press?"

Why is it that the Bohemian Club jinks, where a few bright spirits freely use their talents for the general enjoyment, cause the newspapers to vent their criticism from a standpoint at once severe, serious, and entirely out of proportion to *dilettantistic* efforts?

Ignorant of cause and effect, the "outsider," without taking the trouble to think even, anathematizes against "personal," "prying Journalism," and, with supreme pharisaical self-content, "posts" the sum of his mental calculation to the "debit" of that never balanced account: "The Damned Reporter." He, the D. R., is at the root of all evil. He is the ogre feasting upon juvenile innocence! He is responsible for the "*Spanish*" in our intellectual daily *bill of fare!* He is to blame if we *must* have the sauce of mental Worcestershire mixed with our food! "Out upon him and his impertinent curiosity," cries worthy *Paterfamilias*. joined by the indignant *Materfamilias*, who missed her name among the "present" at the last *Première*.

That is the reason why! The demand of the public to see an account of its own life in print, that asks the "paper" to be a flattering mirror of its delightful existence, wants the glass smashed into pieces as soon as the beloved "I" is dimmed by comparison! It makes no difference if family is circumscribed by the ties of relationship, or the by-laws of the club, or the Constitution of the Nation!

And now look at the concrete case in question. Those members of the Bohemian Club who get up the spontaneous evening fun, or the prepared dinner-entertainment, or the elaborate jinks, who give their time, thoughts, energies, and gifts with unstinting generosity for the general amusement, should have the fullest recognition. They have made this Club's entertainments features of such remarkable character, delightful and original, that there is nothing like them in the world, that if once seen they cannot be forgotten, and stand without comparison in their unique excellence. Most naturally the actor who gives so much pleasure of the highest order expects his due in proportion to his exertion. Without the applause, without the recognition from the audience, nobody would care to spend the best of his mental possessions for the satisfaction of mere altruistic promptings!

But only the Press can give that full and general acknowledgment worked for by the different talents, and while the Press gladly yields to the present all pervading ambition, stringent rules are enacted excluding the Press from scenes which in all other respects partake of the widest publicity. The cry against any kind of journalistic interferences, taken up by those mostly who have never added an iota to the general amusement, who stand in other instances opposed to any generous measure, call forth a protest from the men who honestly acknowledge their satisfaction at being duly rewarded for their exertions. This protest takes the form of indirectly furnishing the Press with the "items," and that clandestinely. Instead of impartial criticism, one-sided personal influence directs communications to the different journals. Constant clashing with the enemies of publication is the result. An animosity against newspapers results, unnatural because the brightest contingent of the Club consists of newspaper men; most ludicrous in view of the fact that the men who *write* the accounts witness the hypocritical attacks of some of those members against the Press.

The anomaly of such a situation is apparent. The men who amuse, the men who give the club its *raison d'être* and add to its name and famous reputation, are either newspapermen, or artists, or a few true Bohemians from other callings in life, all more or less dependent upon public attention and recognition and in harmony with the Press.

But the other club element demands from them that they hide their affinities, and join in the hue and cry against the "Reporter." Some indeed are weak enough to yield to the pressure and are forced to assume a hostile position against that very power they in other instances desire to conciliate.

And what is the result? The papers attack the Club, with all its fair name, though it is reunion of all that is bright and clever in this town. Notwithstanding its intellectual power reaching so far and wide, the Club is bound to suffer in the long run, be it only through the engendered timidity of those who heretofore were the mainstay of all entertainments. Nobody cares, for the sake of an amateur entertainment, to suffer the lash of ridicule, promiscuously laid on by an hostile press.

The Club cannot but recognize that its universal fame is due to accounts given in magazines and other press publications from the pens of visitors and members in this country and abroad, and should, dear as its good name and standing must be to every member, take a broad general position which will assure it the power in the intellectual life of San Francisco which its natural wealth of mentality ought so easily to command.

TENDENCY OF SAN FRANCISCO ARCHITECTURE.

BY WILLIS POLK.

Mr. J. J. Van Alen's Tudor House at Newport, which has been subjected to so much newspaper criticism, raises a question of the propriety of adopting the style of a particular time or country for the adornment of a modern American building.

As far as Mr. Van Alen's house is concerned, it is probably made to suffer the disapprobation of the politicians because politicians quite properly choose to consider everything English as un-American.

Mr. Van Alen was probably innocent of political aspirations when he chose the charming old English type of architecture for his Newport residence; and he is certainly deserving of due credit for his consistency in keeping his English mustard in an English mustard pot, and his French mustard in a French mustard pot, all of which it seems is more than San Francisco can accomplish. The greatest achievement here seems to be a Florentine cornice on a Moorish facade decorated by a Spanish Renaissance window. That is the result that bravely stands forth on Sutter Street. But Mr. Brown retrieves himself in his design for the new Trinity Church. In this building he adopted the early English style and consistently adhered to it. The effect is dignified and impressive. Particularly *en silhouette*. The result is unfortunately cheapened by the brick facings of the wall bordering on the adjoining property. This exemplifies the popular treatment of western addition houses which have "Queen Anne" fronts with Mary Ann backs.

Seriously speaking, the trend of modern development in San Francisco is justly alarming. This city, infamous for its deluge of bay windows, flooded with its Eastlake abortions, (fortunately in perishable wood) is now entering upon an era of the Renaissance.

The old colonial poison, innoculated with the advent of the Towne house, has now permeated all parts of our municipal system.

But we're to have something new at last.

The new style will be the East Indian, Egyptian, Moorish, Mission, Assyrian, Aztec, and Conventional.

This will be superb! Dazzling! Fancy an Egyptian temple surmounted by the Great Pyramid! Then think of the proposed City Hall tower, or look at the front of the new San Francisco Savings Union building.

At the same time this town has some notable buildings. And it has some notable efforts, too.

The new Luning building, at the foot of California Street, proves that it is a commendable thing to make an effort. This building just misses being successful. But like the Crocker building its principal cornice has slipped down a couple of stories.

Its facade is brutally cut up with an excess of rustication.

The simplicity of this front has been irretrievably marred by the multiplicity of horizontal lines that cross every foot of its elevation.

Then the French roof is clearly out of place on the Italian front.

Mr. Pissis presents a scholarly treatment of mass and detail in his new Bohemian Club building.

This building, like his Hibernia Bank, will serve as a lasting model for simplicity and dignity in architecture. They are consistent. That is the reason the Huntington house on California Street maintains its superiority. This is the most valuable testimonial that San Francisco can offer as evidence of its good taste. The people actually admire the Huntington house.

They deserve to be encouraged, because the Renaissance wave should be checked and put under proper control. The Renaissance offers the only solution to the creation of an American style.

The only notable architecture of all western countries is based on the classic. The only exception is the Gothic.

This latter style has never adapted itself to domestic or commercial buildings.

But San Francisco architects must intelligently study the style and create its modifications. They must cease imitating.

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MASKS AND FACES

"THE ROAD TO RUIN."

Involving a mizmaze of events set with grinning impossibilities, the revived Holcroft comedy makes fine acting material. Gored and stitched for players of specific talent, this descriptive jaunt to the land's end of bald loss is sewn with a will at least. The well-seasoned rich widow ambling skittishly with her following of beaux all gathered randomly from that source of puzzles, stage human nature, has frank rudeness enough in the drawing to be pointed. Old comedy sketchers had riotous health penned up in their brains ready to deluge every motive with. Holcroft built ably-made fools gorged on strong meats of nonsense. The kind of shams character playing mummers of talent joyously galvanize into unreal reality. Widow Warren, Goldfinch, and Silky tempt Providence as often as many excellent modern creatures, but excuse themselves with open veins steaming vainglory. Harry Dornton has the benediction of past and present play-goers for all spurts upon the ruinous road. An actual dropsy in the way of virtue possessed by his father warranted protest in any form. Causing mere financial ruin was a slight and humorous retaliation for the protracted possibilities of boring exhibited by this parent.

Presumably comedy writers are troubled with the same species of half yield which troubles novelists and musicians. Their characters won't jell so to speak. Mr. Sulky in the first act of this piece promises lavishly to be a face value villain. It is, however, true he had a queerish brogue explanatory on the boards of vile and varied evils. In the *finale* he borrows enough virtue of Mr. Dornton to have bankrupted any respectable man, and renounces all his wicked works world without end. Mr. Dornton, too, gives vent to the usual pitch and toss utterances destructive of consistency.

Expressed by an artist of Mrs. John Drew's gift, Widow Warren becomes delightful. The widow is a conscious fool who has sense enough to appreciate and be tickled by the fact. She might commit sensible things if there was any fun in the doing. The ripe humor, polished, warm, and delicately balanced, is as fresh in this new creation as in any of this marvelous old lady's characters. In her, the rare plant of feminine humor has grown instead of decreased with age. Many women might barter numerous talents for the possession of this acute sense of artistic silliness. Her playing makes flat the work of assisting players by comparison.

Mr. Sidney Drew has the humorous personality belonging to the *menage*. His acting is of a kind less distinctive; training and work may bring him up to the family standard. Mrs. Sidney Drew's abilities show more luminously than in the Lydia Languish effort, and her reading of the part was in good taste and unaffectedly offered. Young Mr. Dornton was hardly in the spirit of the comedy, but as a sample of what twenty-four hours' study will do promises well for Mr. Clarence Holt, not hitherto accused of coruscating gifts. The difficulty of re-creating the aroma of a past age is a task only fit for imaginative artists. Ordinary players lose themselves in the lines and create beings one remove from the hybrid. Irish-American accents hardly tally with the "vows" and "protests" of gentlefolk of a century since. Mrs. Drew's art omits nothing which will lend realism Her portraits are true to their period, and consequently make articulate the modern sketches presented by the company. However, it is something to have witnessed one finished comedy picture, and this Widow Warren once seen promises to live long in memory.

L. M.

Following "The Soudan" at the California will come Katie Emmett in her new Irish play, "Killarney". Miss Emmett is a clever and talented actress. As Willie Rufus, the newsboy in "The Waifs of New York," she made an enviable reputation in this city, and her coming in a new play ought to be hailed with satisfaction by our theatre-goers.——

The Tivoli puts on "Fatanitza" on Monday evening. For the opera I hardly anticipate so brilliant a success as "Ship Ahoy" has enjoyed. That was unique. However, the cast is a strong one; the principals are in good voice, there are lots of tuneful melodies, and I am persuaded the opera will, at least, go off with plenty of verve and dash.——

The last performances of the "Urania" spectacles will be given at Stockwell's Theatre this evening. Commencing to-morrow, Sunday night, "The Countersign," a new and original military drama, will be presented by the Stockwell company of players. This will open the winter season of the home company. It is to be followed by a grand revival of "Damon and Pythias."——

Rosina Vokes begins a four weeks' season at the Baldwin on Monday night. I anticipate the usual gathering of first-nighters, for the Circus Rider enjoys no little popularity out here, and most of us treasure agreeable recollections of her support. It is true, she has not Felix Morris, nor Courtney Thorpe, nor the beautiful Mrs. Bell with her this time. I am told, though, that Mons. C. D. Marius compensates one for the absence of the persistently exacting Morris, and that Miss Ffolliott Paget will blot from our memories recollections of the several young women who supported Rosina before.

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LIBRARY NOTES

"The Heavenly Twins" has won for itself a world-wide reputation—perhaps no other book has been so much commended by all sorts and sects of people. In it the religious seem to find fit expression of their devotion; for the otherwise inclined is there not fitting pabulum? Mothers are interested in the naughtiness of the twins; lovers, haters—all strike answering chords in the infinitude of context. Under the circumstances it is unnecessary to be surprised at its rapidly increasing popularity, for is not the woman question well in the lead? Indeed, the only subjects slighted are the peace of Europe and the stringency in the money market. Given a fair chance and a little more time it is fair to assume that Madame Sarah Grand will reach and settle these minor matters—they will solemnly fall into line behind the long and silent procession of the subjects already vanquished.

In the meantime the lady still writes of the tribulations of married women—the unfortunate creatures who have mated for passion not for soul. In "Ideala, a Study From Life," there are few departures from the terrific truths dealt out in The Twins—the book seems but a side light thrown on the larger canvas. There is missing in it, however, much of the vitality which characterized and broadened the first production. The pitch is not so high; the chords are not so full. Harmonious it is always, but without richness. Ideala as a woman is well drawn; contradictory enough to be remarkable—interesting she is, yet "something more is always expected of her." In the end she discovers she has a mission in life (women's women always do) beyond the love affairs and chiffons of the ordinary mortal. In dress she is, indeed, a reformer, decided enough to delight the heart of a man without sisters. One's imagination is given but little exertion by the authoress. There are ample particulars about the "mission." She decides not to remain as a missionary in China because femininity at home have more need of her services. She says:

"Certainly the women of the day in China bind their feet. When a girl is seven or eight years old her mother binds them for her and everybody approves. If the mother did otherwise the girl herself would be the first to reproach her when she grew up. It is wonderful how they endure the torture, but public opinion has sanctioned the custom for centuries and made it as much of a duty for a Chinese woman to have small feet as it is for us to wear clothes. And yet they do a wonderful thing, when they are taught how wrong the practice is and how it weakens them and renders them unfit for their work in the world, they take off their bandages. Think of that and remember that they are timid and sensitive in a womanly way to a degree that is painful. When I learnt that and when I remembered that my country women bind every organ in their bodies, though they know the harm of it, and public opinion is against it, I did not feel that I had time to stay and teach the heathen. It seemed to me that there was work enough yet left to do at home."

Ideala's views on all subjects are decided but always in opposition to the accepted state of things.

On the writers of our day she is a bit hard. "Modern literature stimulates, it does not nourish. It makes you feel like a giant for a moment, but leaves you crushed-like a worm, without faith, without love, without hope."

To criticise the book from the standpoint of fiction art might be unfair. It is a treatise, a biography rather than a novel. In it, incident plays no part at all; the episodes confuse by the monotony of their reiteration. The telling is inimitably uncouth, yet this formlessness seems to harmonize with the soul of the heroine. In depicting moods and phases, in defining the *sturm und drang* period of the modern female, Madame Grand is without a a rival. The superlative inconsistency of her creations is her chiefest achievement. May one dare call her the apostle of mental flux.

What an infinite relief, though, the uncertainty of "Ideala" after the smug positiveness of the infallible Evadne. Among the bores of fiction this young woman towers a monument of exasperating exactness. However ready one may be to pardon her point of view, it would be impossible to forgive the exuberance of her explanations. The final verdict, I fear, will reverse all the theories of both the heroine and her authoress. Between them they have developed their villain, a very commonplace army man, into a fit companion for the Christian martyrs. The canonization of Colonel Colquohoun would almost reconcile me to Catholicity.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Ideala," by Sarah Grand. D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Nameless City," by Stephen Grail. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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The making of picture frames is an important industry in this community, and the largest and most complete factory on the Coast is that of Sanborn, Vail & Co. They have an artist who gives his time to designing new and attractive ideas, thus insuring the best styles and enabling them to sell at the most reasonable rates.

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I AM not a professional story-teller; only a chronicler of facts in the plainest, simplest way. I affirm, then, that the wheels of Lord Fergus' carriage broke precisely in front of the inn door and just as a storm of the most threatening character was beginning to roar through the mountain gorges.

Lord Fergus was not, you may think, exactly the style of a hero of romance when I further affirm that it was hard to determine at the first glance you gave him whether he were young or old, handsome or ugly, good or wicked. One thing, however, is certain—he had a pair of eyes, dark, brilliant, and flaming as twin fireplaces, and a regard so intense and magnetic and that so disturbed women. Fergus, who wished to owe nothing to physiological juggling and to be loved for himself alone, often took the precaution to don green glasses.

At all events, whether a suitable hero of romance or not, Fergus, after the aforesaid breakdown of his vehicle, sat dreamily resting himself in the hall of the inn, when suddenly, outside, the roll of carriage wheels and the crack of a whip came to rouse him from his abstraction. He sprang to his feet and ran to the door, and there saw descending from a four-horse berlin a young woman who appeared to him, even at this distance, to be of the most marvelous beauty. It was the young Princess Gelsemina Cordilleone, a lineal descendant of the Ferrara Doges. At the same moment a frightful crash of thunder broke, making the glasses rattle and the building shake. Pale and shuddering the Princess threw herself with clasped hands towards Fergus, crying frantically:

"For heaven's sake, milord, close the doors and windows and do not leave me!"

For two hours, in the midst of a deafening fracas, they remained shut up thus. Every time Lord Fergus attempted to open his mouth or the windows, the Princess, with a gesture of fright, besought him to close them. But, in default of voice their eyes were eloquent, and when the last thunder-bolt had finished clashing, their destinies were as indissolubly entangled as if ten years had been spent cultivating a mutual affection.

"Milord," murmured the Princess gratefully, "you have done me a great service. Now, if you will call my servant and bid him hurry the carriage, my gratitude will know no bounds."

Lord Fergus obeyed and instantly returned to say that the carriage was hurried. The Princess gave him an enchanting smile and Fergus, with a profound bow, moved aside to let her pass. Instead she stopped short, an expression of pain veiled her beautiful eyes, she clapped her hand hurriedly to her left cheek and dropped into a convenient chair murmuring tearfully:

"Oh, how I suffer!"

* * * * * * *

It was with a perfectly easy mind then that, in response to the lady's plaint, Lord Fergus drew close to her, contemplated her with his burning gaze and said, softly:

"Do you suffer much, Princess?" his gaze adding (his green glasses, happily, at that time, were in his pocket), "and do you think that I will allow you to go on suffering thus?"

She turned her eyes upon him, her eyes full of confidence and all the more beautiful because of the tears of pain that sparkled in them like diamonds.

"Yes," said she, "my dreadful toothache! If only some one could cure me of it!"

Fergus started. Cure this charming Princess?

"Madame," said he, briefly, "I can do that; lift your head and look at me here."

And with the tip of his index finger he indicated a spot just between his eyes. Ah, that wonderful irradiation of projected sympathy! Instantly, without the slightest hesitancy or embarrassment, the Princess obeyed, held up her head and permitted the operator to lay his fingers on her temples and lightly draw them along her snowy brow.

But to abridge particulars, suffice it that Fergus' whole soul seemed to pass into his finger tips and boil and tingle there as they moved from the Princess' brow to the Princess' temples, from the Princess' temples to the Princess' cheeks, making the delicate skin thrill and redden as under the touch of an exhilarating breeze. Fergus' face grew as the face of one inspired; his heart beat heavily and then suddenly, with the air of Pygmalion animating his statue, he cried out triumphantly:

"Princess, you are cured!"

Gelsemina sat erect, shook her head lightly, shook it again, still felt no pain, and in that marvelously sweet voice of hers sighed:

"It is true, milord; thanks!"

Then she arose, bowed and moved to the staircase, Fergus following her without a word. The carriage was waiting, the postilion in his saddle. Fergus helped her to her seat. She gave him her hand. He took it, pressed it and said, as the wheels began to grind upon the sandy road:

"One word more, Princess, before we part. Never—and the oath of a McForfar is never broken—never shall the hand honored by touching you touch anything more upon this earth!"

Before she could reply the whip cracked again and the Princess was gone in a cloud of dust.

* * * * * * *

One morning, perhaps a week later, as the Princess Gelsemina found herself in a little lost village of the upper Tyrol, a man suddenly arrived, riding on the gallop, like a mail-carrier from Berne, and asking to speak with her. Dismounting, he leaped up the staircase, rapped, drew from a sort of game bag a small box of white wood and laid it in the Princess' hand.

"From Lord Fergus McForfar," said he, and was gone, four steps at a time, before the Princess could collect herself sufficiently to ask him a single question. The box, by the Princess' order, was opened by the footman and a bundle appeared.

"I will open that," declared Gelsemina, dismissing the servant with a wave of the hand.

Left alone with the bundle, she cut the string and drew out something wrapped in a piece of white batiste. The batiste unrolled disclosed a sachet of gold-embroidered satin, within the purple folds of which something hard and angular was felt—a little coffer of exquisitely chased silver in the form of a miniature sarcophagus, with a tiny gold key swinging by a ribbon from one of its feet. The Princess seized it, slid it in the lock, threw back the lid, and on a velvet cushion edged with a row of magnificent pearls, rested—a human hand, a broad gold band set with a superb bezoard shining upon its little finger.

That hand and ring were the hand and ring of Lord Fergus McForfar!

The Princess uttered a cry and swooned away.

To paint the state of fright into which this curious surgical token plunged the unhappy Princess Cordilleone would be simply impossible. Men in scores had demanded her hand, but only this man had cut off his hand and offered it to her on a cushion edged with a fortune of pearls.

Three months rolled by, the Princess meanwhile more and more tormented by regret, reproaching herself with every sin in the calendar. Then, hoping to calm her remorse, she began to have masses said for the repose of the hand, and to herself do monthly neuvaines, in all the chapels in all the cities she visited, for those restless fingers. Briefly, she lost her head completely, and though all the police of Europe and America were called to assist her, she was unable to discover the place of Lord Fergus' retreat.

But leaving the Princess to her useless search, what had Fergus McForfar really been about? In two words—corrupting all the servants of his adored one and all the employés of all the hotels at which she chanced to put up. Never a single instant during all this while had he failed to be close at hand, resorting even to concealment in the chimneys of the rooms in which the Princess Cordilleone delivered herself to the sweets of slumber. Here, in these subterranean and sooty observatories, he had carefully and critically followed the disorders that he had thrown into the lady's heart, till that happy hour—believing the right moment come—he had emerged from his hiding place during the temporary absence of his cherished one.

When she came in again and they told her a stranger awaited her in the salon, she knew—instinct told her—that it was he. She ran to it, threw back the door, and Fergus—holding out to her his left hand, his right sleeve floating empty—stood before her.

The Princess opened her arms.

But, as Fergus, with a leap of love easy to understand, was about to throw himself into them, she thrust him from her with a cry of horror.

"I cannot! I cannot!" said she. "I shall never be able to!"

Then seeing his amazement she explained to him, as well as she could for her sobs, that she had for him the most touching gratitude, that she had passed days and nights of despair for having been the cause of his mutilation, that ever since that fatal night she had lived in the torture of the lost, that she loved him, loved him devotedly, but his mutilation inspired in her an unconquerable horror; love for him might kill her, but she could never be his!

Fergus listened bewildered; then more understandingly.

"You love me, Princess," said he, "because I cut off my hand, and you would not have loved me had I not cut it off, you say?"

The Princess made a sign that signified yes.

"And though you love me for cutting it off, and would not have loved me had I not cut it off," stubbornly persisted Fergus, his eyes burning upon Gelsemina's face, "you now, because I have cut off my hand, refuse to be mine?"

Again, sobbing, she bent her head in assent.

"You swear this?"

"I swear it!"

"On the hand that I cut off for your sake?"

"On the hand that you cut off for my sake."

"Eh bien, then, dearest," said Lord Fergus, calmly, "dry your tears and be happy, my Princess. Behold a miracle!"

And throwing out his arms like a swimmer making a stroke, he thrust from the empty coat sleeve a hand full of strength and vigor.

* * * * * * *

Two days later they were floating idly on the placid bosom of a little Swiss lake, fanned by a breeze perfumed with violets and orange blooms, while Fergus, with delicious fatuity, related to Gelsemina how he had purchased "the hand" for two francs ten centimes from an honest invalid of the Berne Hospital; how a skillful pharmacist of the same city had put it in shape for him, and—but the rest we know. Nibbling his nails and smiling brilliantly as he told of his depravity with intense enjoyment, Fergus was, there is no denying it, a charming fellow. The Princess thought so, at least, and regarded him as he talked with frank admiration and a smile on her lips that may or may not have had a trifle of mockery in it.

"Fergus, dear," said she, presently, "I must tell you a little detail of our love that has entirely escaped your attention."

"Eh?" said Fergus, thunderstruck; "a detail—of our love—escaped my attention?"

"Exactly; that you are a goose." Gelsemina spread wide open her beautiful mouth so that he saw without hindrance two and thirty glistening little teeth, white as almond kernels and perfect as two and thirty pearls. "A goose, my dear," repeated she, "for the reason that a goose could have believed that I, with teeth like these, could possibly have had, in all my life, a moment's toothache."

Which proves, as the great Schopenhauer says, that it is always the woman that makes the advances.—*Translated from the French of Mouton, by E. C. Waggener.*

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Penelope—What sort of a fellow is he?

Perdita—Oh, as good as the average.

Penelope—Humph! If he were only as bad as the average he might be interesting.—*Truth.*

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As Lady Gay was breezing through the park her spanking bay,
"Oh! what a handsome creature that!" she heard a lordling say;
And her heart felt quite elated, till the thought struck her, perforce,
"Did his lordship mean the lady, or his lordship mean the horse?" —*Vogue.*

THE CLASS OF FASHION

Such a wealth of beautiful gowns were displayed at the teas last week. One I noticed particularly was in brown cloth trimmed, or rather edged, with sable. The shade was that golden hue which harmonizes so prettily with the soft tones of the sable. The coat was long, and between the tabs, which were edged with the fur, were panels of white satin embroidered in gold braid. The collar and reveres were of the embroidered satin. It was really very much admired. Another girl wore a black satin gown made to give that long straight effect which makes a well-developed figure so attractive; her hat was black with ostrich plumes, and she looked positively superb.

It is really almost fashionable to be in half mourning this winter, so many black and white, and violet and purples are to be worn. I saw some of the most exquisite silks to-day in O'Connor, Moffatt's, in our grandmothers' shades; you remember that purple with a little figure, which you have seen in the chests, belonging to your grandmother. Those quaint old gowns! I can almost perceive the soft, sweet scent they used, which still clings to these remnants of former grandeur. Do you not wish we'd go back to the pompadour styles, with the white wigs and patches? Nearly everyone looks aristocratic in a white wig—it positively redeems the plainest face.

The latest jackets are half length, and fit tightly to the figure in the back, but fall straight in front for the most part, though some fit tightly. Quite a number are turned back from the throat in reveres, more or less sharply pointed. When the jacket is tight it often ends in a triple basque, which is very becoming to a slim figure as it makes the hips larger and more in proportion. You, I dare say, would like to know how they are made.

Talking of the use and abuse of chaperones, is it not funny how Ethel will go to the theatre or anywhere alone with Dick, Tom, or Harry, whereas if Hilda, Florence, or Juliet happens to go once there, or even to a symphony concert with her most intimate male friend, she is immediately engaged to him? Can you explain why? Is it because, though Ethel has been in Society so many years, no "story" of any description has been told of her?

Is it not curious that though one out of every ten girls has a fairly good complexion, all wear unbecoming veils? Infinitely few are the young women who look well in a white veil, especially those thick, lacy ones, yet I have noticed those who affect them are the girls to whom they are the least becoming. A veil, too, though rarely viewed by women in that light, is quite an index to character. If you notice, the woman who wears horrible combinations of color is sure to have a loud, striking veil in some dreadful shade. If it be black it is so vulgar in pattern that it reminds one of the young men whose garments are said to "speak." The prettiest and most becoming veils are the very thin ones with infrequent dots, as these hide the imperfections of the skin and soften its tones. Long, flowing veils, I hear, are again to be worn, and will doubtless be very popular, as the shifting movements of the filmy, gauzy stuff have a most fascinating effect. Some girls who have just returned from abroad are wearing the very short veil which just touches the end of the nose. This is ugly and unbecoming; besides, few girls dare expose to the glaring sun and chapping winds the lower portion of their faces.

Every day I become more positively convinced of the necessity for a school where manners may be taught. Really, the lack of them, especially among those who should know better, is positively appalling. A case in point: Clare is my particular friend; every one is aware of the fact, and whether I am lacking in discrimination in choosing her or she in selecting me is our own affair, or at least we think so, and should expect our mutual friends who may not share our opinion, to at least respect our preference and treat the fact with the courtesy it demands. Is such the case? *Au contraire.* One is obliged not only to bear their friend's infirmities, but absolutely to go armed at every point in order to be able to sustain attacks thereon. If the friend in question be a man, so much the worse. To take up the cudgels is to be accused of having a penchant for the individual in question, whereas, if one remains silent, the poor fellow is judged accordingly, for his contemners will immediately say, "Of course, it is all true, for she, who is so great a friend of his, has not a word to say, and evidently cannot contradict it." To me it seems the quintessence of rudeness and absolute, unquestionable vulgarity for anyone to abuse a friend to the person whose friend one is, as it puts one in a very disagreeable and uncomfortable position, and often causes everlasting emnity.

The designs in millinery seen at The Maze are quite noticeable, they being of the extreme Parisian novelties, and are far ahead of the productions of the ordinary local talent. The continental styles have the call, and I am informed that Madame Aubreé is receiving patterns and designs from her former employers in Paris.

This department of The Maze is now patronized by the polite set of the city, and this class of buyers must have the best.

THE REFLECTOR.

Photographer—Wouldn't Mr. Blank take those pictures of his wife?

Assistant—No, sir; I assured him they were a speaking likeness of her; and he said that was just the kind he didn't want.—*Vogue.*

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of CONSTANTINE HUESCH, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of said Estate, at his office No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Constantine Hensch Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

Estate of ROBERT BOTTCHER, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of said Estate at his office No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Robert Bottcher, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

Estate of DAVID C. LEE, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at No. 319 Pine Street San Francisco, California the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of David C. Lee, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

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SYMPHONY CONCERT.

At the end of the summer season, and at a time when music is deep in the thoughts only of the few, our public showed its devotion unsparingly in a full attendance for the orchestral performance at the Tivoli. Labor of teachers, outside travel, and native taste are developing a quick and ready audience, by turns sympathetic and censorious. Enthusiasm runs neither inebriate nor slugglish; a particular liking for things and personalities musical with local color of its own takes form. Admiring principally at physical vigor neatness receives an award. In composition the vibrant note of Wagner has fastened clearest upon the mental retina and compelled a wider enthusiasm; in a lighter style Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite had as stimulating an effect. Of performers, the forceful people are best suited in stringed instruments; the true ear and wide feeling do not count against brilliant control and quantity of tone. In piano playing and vocalism, the same holds good. That unknown quantity "a beautiful voice," rules the roast even if the singing is handed down into English like "*Awi lawrve thae ohwnlach*," being Englished "I love thee only."

Last Friday's concert wanted nothing in interest, musical or personal. A Tragic Symphony by Asger Hammerik and numbers from "I Pagliacci," given the first public hearing, commanded great interest. Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan and Mr. G. Minetti's appearance as soloists likewise evidently raised expectations. The Symphony deserved its name only in the first two movements, the opening one being strong in the best modern sense. Creative artists among the greatest in all branches lose the mastery of their own inspirations, and are themselves confounded in the labyrinths of consciousness. After rearing one dignified portion and following it with a broad plane of feeling, a drop into rhythmic tra las, warranted in light opera, destroyed the possibilities of the first conception. Leoncavallo's numbers carried out the reports of brilliant color and fervor of feeling as well as bright dramatic form.

Better work has been done by the orchestra in clearness of tone and precision, though as to volume there was general improvement. The violin concerto was better held together as a performance than any which has yet been given.

Mr. O'Sullivan's singing from the "Pagliacci" score was enthusiastically received, and in quality was an advance upon his other public appearance. As a violinist of the technical school, Mr. Minetti ranks with our best known. His technique steadily develops, and the diablerie of style he owns is a welcome quality. The concerto was agreeably effervescent in itself, and done to match.

The Wilkie Ballad Concert had attractions which should have drawn a more crowded house; the names of Mr. Wilkie, Mrs. Sedgley Reynolds, Misses Hilda Newmans, Grace Harrison, Susie Hert, Miss Gladis Worden, and Mr. Victor Carrol might have been expected to interest as well as any now seen upon our concert programmes. With one exception these musicians belong to the younger generation, and presumably their efforts are destined to fill a large place in present and future musical life. Both singers and players represented talent educated in California, and comparisons would distinctly favor the home work. Technical training is to be had here equal if not superior to the very best of the East and Europe. For musical experience and general culture it is, of course, necessary to cross the Continent and ocean. Raw students make a mistake in trusting themselves to the drudge teachers whom they patronize in foreign cities under the disadvantages of foreignness.

Space precludes detailed criticism. The solo numbers were superior to the quartettes. The opening, Brahm's "Liebeslieder," was ill delivered and finally ruined by a pianoforte deluge. Mr. Wilkie's number, "Famo," by Mattei, and the encore showed no diminution in power of sustaining vanishing tone. "The Sleeping Tide" and the encore sung in a pure style, gave Miss Hert prominence as a vocalist who will succeed in genuine musical work. Mrs. Sedgley Reynolds has done herself better justice on other occasions. The works of Misses Hilda Newman and Grace Harrison, pianistes with finest of methods, will make them in every way desirable and from a fine art point of view when their talent is unaffected by the strain of public performance. Mr. Victor Carroll is rapidly developing power, and after the training which he intends to pursue abroad has a good future apparently before him. A male quartette made up of Messrs. Bremner, Stadtfeldt, Howland, and Nielsen, strengthened the programme. Miss Worden has a resounding organ unmodified by artistic principle and not above suspicion in pitching above and below the correct quantum of vibration.

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AMATEUR SPORT

Simultaneously with the close of the racing season on the great Eastern tracks comes the news of the sale of a number of Mr. MacDonough's horses, in and out of training, and of his reported intention to quit the turf for the present, at least, and to devote himself entirely to the breeding of thoroughbreds.

As a whole, the season now drawing to a close has, so far as Californian interests are concerned, been far from successful. With the exception of the Williams stable and of Baldwin's group, there remains nothing of note to bear the coast emblems. The retirement of Follansbee, Fair, MacDonough, and McCarty, is by no means a brilliant termination of a season which opened so auspiciously. None of the stables which left here in the spring with flying colors won a single victory of real prominence or produced a horse that is remembered at the close.

As to the financial results of the campaign it would be kindly to maintain a discreet silence on that score. We can only bid farewell to the year's racing with the sincerely uttered hope that next season a fairer share of good fortune will attend our representatives, and a parting prayer that horse flesh of a little higher order may be selected to carry the colors of California in the future.

While Mr. MacDonough's retirement is regrettable—for there are not over many gentlemen sportsmen of such genuine enthusiasm and true and disinterested devotion to the cause as he has proven himself to be—I am inclined to the belief that his determination to devote himself exclusively to breeding will, in the end, be for the greater benefit of California. Starting as he does with the most renowned of sires and with such a splendid collection of dams, I feel confident that in the superb surroundings which will be provided in San Mateo County we shall find the only other requisite to a long line of winners of California breeding.

* * *

What will probably be the closing event of importance in the tennis world, at least until the prospective midwinter meetings, will take place this afternoon at the California grounds on Scott Street. A capital programme has been arranged, and I am quite sincere in advising all admirers of the game to patronize the meeting. The purpose is to secure funds to help discharge the indebtedness of the club, and a large gathering of tennis enthusiasts and Society people generally is already assured. The chief feature will be a game between ex-champion Taylor and Dailey, the professional instructor of the club. This should prove at least a most interesting match, despite the fact that Taylor is in no sense a match for the swift professional. The champion Hardy brothers will appear for the first time since their brilliant San Rafael victory, and will be pitted against the best double that can be secured on the day of the games. As a further attraction the new champion in the ladies game, Miss Bee Hooper, will appear against some maiden to be selected later on. Altogether the programme is one that is deserving of much patronage, for not only is the object a worthy one, but the sport promises to be the best we have had in many a day.

* * *

"Sweety charity" seems to be a genuinely good impetus to speedy bicycling, for the meet of Saturday last for the benefit of orphans and invalids turned out some surprisingly fast riding on the part of several of the competitors. The whole affair was a most creditable success in every way, and quite the prettiest bicycling show I have seen in California. There was a plentiful supply of pretty girls and an abundance of enthusiasm. Ziegler's half in 1:7⅘ was a capital bit of work, which showed the San Jose man capable of better things. His defeat in the quarter in :32⅖ was in no way to his discredit. Terrill was much the faster man, but he won by the bare margin of a wheel. The balance of the riding was spirited, and a number of close finishes made up for the tardiness shown on the faces of the watchers.

* * *

My proposition for a congress of all the athletic clubs for the purpose of arranging the Midwinter Fair tournament has met with a good deal of genuine enthusiasm in various quarters. It has been suggested to me that it would be a wise plan to make an application to the proper committee for grounds in or near the exhibition enclosure, and of sufficient size to include a third of a mile track for athletics and bicycling, the necessary ground of jumping and weight putting, and as a special feature, a grass and an asphalt tennis court. The grass court would be of great value to California players as it would enable them to learn the features of the game as practiced by the eastern players. Finally, a central field within the third of a mile track for the use of the football players as well as the baseball and lacrosse men who will undoubtedly visit the fair. The suggestion meets with my hearty approval and I cheerfully submit it.

* * *

To-day will be a gala day among the gentlemen sportsmen down at Burlinghame. The first of a series of race meetings over the sticks and on the flat will be inaugurated. The Club members are very hopeful that the success and popularity of the project will warrant them in continuing these meetings until well into the late autumn. To-day's races will be limited to Club members but I am informed that later in the season a number of events open to gentlemen riders will be put upon the cards. The Burlinghame Club boasts of a number of men who are not only enthusiasts but very clever riders as well, and the sport this afternoon promises to be quite sharp enough to satisfy the most hardy jockey who ever donned silk. The course is in capital shape just now, and the horses and ponies are in fine fettle, so a number of hot finishes can safely be predicted. Just how well the ponies will show up as jumpers it is hard to say. I shall be able to give you some interesting details in next week's columns.

The opening race is scheduled for 2:30 P. M., which will give those from town ample time to be on hand without jeopardizing the digestion of their luncheons. Five races, three on the flat and two over the hurdles, will be run during the afternoon. The distances have very wisely been made short, although it seems to me that in the race for thoroughbreds it would have been as well to extend the run into six or seven furlongs. In the first race of three-eighths of a mile on the flat, for polo ponies, there are four entries. The next race is a half-mile over six hurdles, for horses, and five gentlemen will weigh in. A 300-yard flat race for polo ponies is the third on the card and has four entries. In the fourth race, half a mile, the ponies will have a chance to show their merit as jumpers. Four thoroughbreds are entered for the fifth and last race of the day, which, as I said above, will be half a mile on the flat.

Among the gentlemen who will ride are Messrs. Joseph Tobin, Simpkins, Brewer, Thomas, Ryder, Wheeler, and Howard. For my part I hope sincerely that this initial meeting will prove an unqualified success, and that I shall be able to chronicle a number of other coming events of a similar kind.

* * *

The victory of the Alameda cricketers over the ambitious San Franciscans was about as I predicted. The game was a pretty one, although the absence of Gadsden from the San Francisco team was a disappointment as well as a sorry loss to his side. The Pacifics won a good game from the Californias, and hope of future victories springs anew in the breasts beneath the crimson and black.

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Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
BreakfastCocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS 22 inch in all numbers, Medium, Soft and Hard
—ALSO—
HEAVY NAUGHT DUCKS, WAGON AND DRAPER DUCKS
From 30 to 120 Inches Wide
MONUMENTAL AND IMPERIAL OUNCE DUCKS
MANUFACTURED BY
MOUNT VERNON COMPANY
BALTIMORE
Murphy, Grant & Co.,
Sole Agents Pacific Coast

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists, in 50c. and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well-informed you will not accept any substitute if offered.

EAGLESON'S

Fine Fancy Shirts
Negligee Shirts
Summer Underwear

POPULAR PRICES

748 and 750 Market St.

Bet. Kearny St. and Grant Ave.

WELLS FARGO & CO'S BANK

N. E. Cor. Sansome and Sutter Streets, San Francisco

Cash Capital and Surplus, - - - $6,250,000

John J. Valentine, President | Homer S. King, Manager
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DIRECTORS:

Lloyd Tevis Leland Stanford Oliver Eldridge James C. Fargo
Geo. E. Gray Charles F. Crocker W. F. Goad
Dudley Evans John J. Valentine

SHE KNEW HER BUSINESS.

It was near the close of the season at the summer resort. In a few days the last departing guest would vanish, the huge piles of trunks would melt away, and the hotel would be closed. Down behind a towering rock near the beach two maidens sat talking of their season. Both were beautiful; both had been the reigning belles all summer long at the great hotel—indeed, the honors were equally divided—and, strange to say, both were warm friends.

"You remember Charlie Warrington, who came in July," said Clara. "The first night I met him he held my hand, and the second night the fellow actually had the audacity to put his arm around my waist."

"Yes," replied Maud, "he tried to do the same thing to me."

"Then there was that dear little creature, Harry Smart," continued Clara; "such a dancer he was! But, really, I was afraid of the boy, he was so persistent. Do you know in three dsys' time the snip kissed me. I remember that night so well! We were on the piazza at the time, and it was done almost before I knew it."

"Yes," said Maud, "he tried to do the same thing to me."

"Then there was young Calloway," went on Clara, absorbed in her own reflections. "The dear! He was such an adorable fellow; and do you know, dear, the first night I met him I really thought he was bashful. But I didn't think so the next night, when we sat in the little room just off from the dancing-hall, and I felt his arm steal around my waist, and then his lips pressed to my cheek, really, dear, before I knew it."

"Yes," dreamily responded Maud, "he tried to do the same thing to me."

"But wasn't Percy Willowsnap the greatest boy you ever saw?" mused Clara. "Do you know, I had the most desperate flirtation with that fellow. I don't think you noticed it, for you were busy elsewhere but it was great sport. He was so indifferent at first, and I thought I would never bring him around. But the third night after we met he asked me to dance and I refused him and danced with another fellow. He was furious, but it was just what he needed. The next night we took a walk and he quoted that passionate thing of Browning's—you know—something about the moth's kiss first."

"Yes, I remember," said Maud.

"And he was so handsome, standing there in the moonlight, that I am afraid it was wrong in me, but I let him kiss me on the lips once, twice—"

"Yes, dear," interrupted Maud, "it was very wrong of you, and you should have held out. He tried to do the same thing to me."

"And do you mean to say," burst out Clara "that you wouldn't let him, or any of them?"

"Yes, dear," gently responded Maud, drawing the other girl to her, "that is what I mean. I know it is hard," she continued, "but if one is firm, there is a great reward in store. Tell me, dear, have you gained anything beyond a few pleasant memories this summer?"

"Why, no," wonderingly queried Clara, "what do you mean? I never heard you talk that way before. You make me tired. I would like to know what your reward has been."

"Then, dear, I will tell you," replied Maud, "and you will see that it pays not to get rattled too soon, but rather that we should restrain ourselves and abide in peace until the iron is hot."

And she held up a brown little left hand to view.

And on the third finger were four new and sparkling engagement rings.—*Truth.*

The Swedish Medical Institute, of 219 Geary Street, is conducted on a system which for more than a century has met the approval of the best scientists and physicians of Europe. There is no "massage" as commonly practiced, but the entire exercises may be practiced in gymnastic costume. This system has already helped many of our people, and will doubtless gain in popularity.

Miss Millicent (aged forty, exultingly)—Do you know what Mr. Tutter said last night? He said he was making a careful study of me.

Miriam (who has an eye on Tutter for herself)—He always had a mathematical mind!

Miss Millicent—What do you mean?

Miriam (scornfully surveying her rival's outline)—He takes a scientific interest in angles.—*Vogue.*

STARVED TO DEATH

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, unnecessary, yet we hear of it often. Infants thrive physically and mentally when properly fed. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food obtainable. Grocers and Druggists.

IMMENSE IMPORTATIONS

—OF—

NEW FALL GOODS

The Latest, The Handsomest
and The Most Exclusive
Styles and Novelties

—IN—

DRY GOODS AND CLOAKS

NOW ON EXHIBITION

Our Well-Known Low Prices Prevail

J. J. O'Brien & Co.

Murphy Building, - Cor. Market and Jones Sts.

HOTEL RAFAEL

San Rafael, Marin County, Cal.

Now Open For Guests

FOR ACCOMMODATIONS

—APPLY TO—

CHAS. PETERSON, 124 Sansome St., S. F.

—OR—

O. M. BRENNAN, Manager Hotel Rafael

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

No. 526 California Street, San Francisco

Guarantee Capital and Reserve Fund, - - - $1,765,000.00
Deposits, July 1, 1893, - - - - - $1,428,984.37

OFFICERS:

President, - - - - - - L. Gottig
Vice-President, - - - - - - Edw. Kruse
Second Vice-President, - - - - Geo. H. Eggers
Cashier, - - - - - - A. H. R. Schmidt
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MR. NOAH BRANDT
Has Opened a Studio of Music.
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1027 O'FARRELL STREET

He is prepared to receive pupils for Violin Instruction from the rudiments to the higher order of solo and ensemble playing.
Instruction in Harmony and Instrumentation given by special arrangement.

ZISKA INSTITUTE
1604-1606 VAN NESS AVE., SAN FRANCISCO

French, German and English Day and Boarding School for Young Ladies and Children.

Twenty-Seventh Year begins August 3, 1893
MME. B. ZISKA, A. M., Principal

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VOCAL CONSERVATORY
1429 BUSH STREET, - - BELOW VAN NESS AVE.

MR. LESLEY MARTIN
Pianist.
Has resumed Instruction,
1604 Van Ness Ave.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OF LONDON
Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

CAPITAL PAID UP, - - - $ 3,446,100.00
ASSETS, - - - - - - 21,584,413.00
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS, - 8,980,251.00

Robert Dickson, Manager, San Francisco.
City Office, 501 Montgomery St. General Office, 401 Montgomery

FIRE
LION FIRE INS. CO., of London.
Assets, $4,712,747. Commenced in Cal. 1879
IMPERIAL INS. CO., of London
Assets, $10,190,349. Commenced in Cal. 1859
WM. SEXTON, Manager R. C. MEDCRAFT, Sub-Manager
Pacific Department, 214 SANSOME ST., S. F.

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT

Guardian Assurance Co.
Of London
Established A. D. 1821
Paid-up Capital - $ 5,000,000
Cash Assets - - $23,194,249

Sun Insurance Office
Of London
Established A. D. 1710
Cash Assets - - $10,117,045
Assets in America $2,510,368

WM. J. LANDERS, Gen'l Agent, 205 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

AACHEN AND MUNICH
Fire : Insurance : Company
OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, GERMANY
ESTABLISHED 1825
Capital, $2,250,000.00 Total Assets, $6,854,653.65
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT:
312 PINE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., - - - GENERAL MANAGERS

WILLIAM MACDONALD, Manager D. E. MILES, Ass't Manager
PACIFIC DEPARTMENT
London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.
OF LIVERPOOL
Capital.....$10,637,500
Net Surplus over all liabilities.....3,116,305

315 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

SIEBE, RASCHEN & CO.
GENERAL INSURANCE
TELEPHONE 272 210 SANSOME ST.

CITY AGENTS FOR:—New York Underwriters Agency; Sun Fire Office, of London; United Firemen's Insurance Co., of Philadelphia; Spring Garden Insurance Co., of Philadelphia; Farragut Fire Insurance Co., of New York; Hanover Fire Insurance Co.

THE CLUB HOUSE —AT— HAYWARDS PARK Will be Thrown Open to the Patrons of the
Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway
ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1893

The well-known Caterer, Jas. Vance, will have charge of the beautifully appointed Dining Hall.
Electric Cars connecting with each Broad and Narrow Gauge Local from San Francisco, run direct to the Park.

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES

The Pacific Insurance Union has ostensibly commenced to lay siege to the business of companies outside its ranks. Yesterday week the Union passed resolutions by which any of its members can go out after business written by non-union companies, and under cut them to any extent to secure the business from them. When the business has been secured it is to be reported to the Union, and all the companies will jointly assume the risk, thus dividing it among fifty odd companies. The avowed intention of this is to get after certain big outside Oregon companies, though it is an open secret that some companies apparently on the inside are to be disciplined for cutting rates.

F. G. Voss, of Conrad & Voss, left for the World's Fair and the East on Wednesday evening.

The Union is having trouble in Colorado, and may have to adopt tactics there similar to those so recently enforced in the fiery San Joaquin Valley.

The American Casualty Insurance Company, so recently resigned by Maxwell and Berry, has been placed with Bolger and Burling; policy-holders will hope that with the change the head office in New York will inaugurate a more speedy payment of loss claims than has obtained since January 1st of this year. The dilatory method of settlement has been subject of some talk. Mr. Bolger was adjuster under Maxwell and Berry, and Mr. Burling was individual accident solicitor. Simultaneously with this news comes the information that Beecher, Schenck & Co., the New York agents of the Company, will retire from the representation, and that the Company is to be reorganized. The best form of reorganization would be a good round assessment of the stockholders, and the putting of the Company on a much stronger financial basis than it is. Bolger and Burling are to have offices in the basement of the Fireman's Fund building.

The Anglo-Nevada Assurance corporation is winding up, settling all claims, paying off all credits, and going out of business in name as well as fact. The meeting to affect the dissolution was held yesterday.

Maxwell & Berry have been appointed city agents of the Union Casualty of St. Louis.

The Buyer & Reich investigation of charges made by them against Fire Marshal Towe, and of his charges against them, remain unsettled. The company should urge speedy settlement, as the longer investigation is delayed the more mysterious that turpentine saturated excelsior, which the fire marshal claims to have found, becomes.

A surprise for California Street accident insurance men is promised.

The Life Annuity Association affairs are being stirred up, and, like an old dung heap, the more that is uncovered the greater the stench and rottenness. Miss Mary Kruger has brought suit in the hope of making the directors who have fattened on the association disgorge some of the plunder. She wants the $2000 which are due her and which, according to the promises of the endowment fake, she is entitled to. There are 300 members in good standing and many suits are promised.

Suit has been brought against the New York Life Insurance Company by Joseph Michalitschke to recover $569, paid as premium on a $10,000 policy, and by Austin Michalitschke to recover $683. In the complaint it is alleged that the company's agent made false and fraudulent representations to the plaintiffs as to the value of the policy at the expiration of fifteen years. LOCAL.

ENDORSED BY MEDICOS.

To the remarkable purity and efficacy of Camelline there is expert evidence in abundance. From the most noted analysts in the country have come testimonials endorsing the prepration and eulogizing its freedom from the noxious drugs invariably the basis of complexion nostrums. Great actresses, Mary Anderson, Lillian Russell, and others whose study in life is the preservation of smoothness and softness of skin, have on several occasions announced how valuable Camelline has been to them. Endorsed by the medical profession, it has certainly obtained a remarkable vogue, and that it is to be found on the dressing-tables of the finest ladies in America is not surprising, considering all these testimonials. Camelline is prepared by Wakelee & Co, whose stock of perfumery and toilet goods is the choicest on the Coast.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist,
Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10.
Entrance, 806 Market Street.

"Chasem's a pretty good fellow, isn't he?"
"H'm! He may be pretty, but he isn't good."—*Figaro.*

SAN JOSE NOTES.

Out of the thirty euchre and whist clubs that were organized last year in the Garden City only two have survived. These have been in constant jeopardy, as lady after lady has withdrawn and has not hesitated to give as a reason that she could not conscientiously listen to the scandals retailed and the fair names and fame of others assailed. The thirteen that compose one of these functions meet in the afternoon, when the matron who is the luckiest at cards carries off the prize, but she who can retail the latest bit of scandal is the prime favorite. The second club is made up of nearly the same ladies, but as they meet from eight until eleven o'clock in the evening, of course their husbands are included. The presence of the gentlemen, however, in no way makes the conversation more elevating or intellectual than at the afternoon gathering, and now when a piece of scandal is related it can invariably be traced to the last meeting of either of the Whist Clubs.

Aside from the Fair there is little or nothing of Society interest this week, so many are away. The World's Fair has been a terrible drain, and the few that are left worry less about social matters than they do over the prospect of meeting and greeting the returning hordes. Hardly an elegant way of expressing it, but we feel so toward our more fortunate sisters.

Mrs. J. M. Dawson is already at home. Her trip extended clear to the Atlantic seaboard, and with her come many interesting reminiscences; not least among them is her interview with the famous Dr. McGlynn. This gentleman, priest, ex-priest and priest again, almost converted Mrs. Dawson to the faith of his Fathers, and religious circles here have been stirred to their very foundation.

Dan Burns, your Dan, our Dan, and Markham's owner, has been here during the week attending the races. He is a jovial, genial fellow, and has apparently changed his camping ground. We used to see him with the Purifiers, but now he and Colonel Brownell are trotting in the thoroughbred class.

BESSIE.

First *Fiancée* (superiorly)—My *fiancé* has written a book on the races of man.

Second *Fiancée* (supremely)—That's nothing! My *fiancé* has made a book on the races of horses.—*Vogue.*

$1250 REWARD!

I am authorized by Hon. H. H. Markham, Governor of California, to offer a reward of $1000 for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who placed the dynamite in front of No. 334 Main Street, this city, morning of 24th inst., thereby causing the death of George Holmes, James (Brick) McGuiness, William Thomas McKenzie, Edward Murphy, and dangerously injuring Charles (Owen) Bernard and John Curtin, Jr.

Any information which may lead to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons engaged in the above outrage, which if wished as confidential, will be so considered. In addition to the $1000, I will pay $250 on same terms.

The above reward does not apply to the persons now under arrest—nor to the police.

P. CROWLEY,
Chief of Police.

San Francisco, Sept. 26, 1893.

Taber
REMOVED TO
121 POST STREET
Between Kearny Street and Grant Avenue

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE	FROM SEPTEMBER 7, 1893.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis.....	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
‡10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	†6 15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*6 15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento.....	10.15 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose.....	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge.)

‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz.....	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.45 p m
‡7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations.....	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
‡9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	‡7.26 p m

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.
§ Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays only.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers will sail from Broadway wharf, San Francisco, as follows:

Loring, Wrangle, Sitka, Juneau, etc. (Alaska) at 9 A. M., August 18th, 28th; September 12th, 27th; October 12th, 27th.

For Victoria and Vancouver (B. C.), Port Angeles, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes, Fairhaven and New Whatcom (Wash.), 9 A. M., August 18th and every fifth day thereafter, connecting at Vancouver with the C. P. R. R., at Tacoma with the N. P. R. R., at Seattle with Gr. Nor. Ry. Line, at Port Townsend with Alaskan steamers.

For Eureka, Arcata, and Field's Landing (Humboldt Bay), str. Pomona every Wednesday at 9 A. M.

For Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro, East San Pedro (Los Angeles), and Newport, 8 A. M., Aug. 21st, 25th, 30th; Sept. 3d, 8th, 12th, 17th, 21st, 26th, 30th.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles (Santa Monica), Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, 11 A. M., Aug. 18th, 23d, 27th; Sept. 1st, 5th, 10th, 14th, 19th, 23d, 28th.

For San Jose del Cabo, Magdalena Bay, Ensenada, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), str. Newbern 10 A. M., 25th of each month.

Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO,
General Agents,
10 Market Street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York via Panama.

Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.
Sailings (at noon)—S. S. "San Juan," October 3d; S. S. "Colima," October 13th; S. S. "San Jose," October 23d; S. S. "Acapulco," Nov. 3d.

NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be despatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, etc.
Sailings (at 3 p. m.)—S. S. "Peru," Sept. 30th; S. S. "City of Rio de Janeiro", October 19th; S. S. "City of New York," October 26th; S. S. "City of Peking," Nov. 9th.

Round trip tickets at reduced rates.

For Freight and Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

MINING AND FINANCIAL.

In commercial circles it is noted that trade is beginning to resume its normal condition; but it will be some time yet before affairs settle in their old groove. It must be noted that on account of reductions of wages in several large corporations the same amount of money is not available for the wage-earner to spend, thereby lessening business to that extent.

Another reason why new enterprises have been abandoned or not entered into is on account of the lack of monetary accommodation—not the fault of the banks, but of the people who, in the late scare, drew hundreds of thousands of dollars from the banks and placed it in safe deposit vaults, where it remains, doing no good and earning nothing. With the replacing of this money a revival must soon follow.

In the country at large it is felt that if Congress does not tinker too much on the silver question, or adjust the tariff too deeply, the manufacturing centres will again be busy hives, and mining districts actively at work. Already the effect of not having the repeal of the Sherman Bill rushed through the Senate is restoring confidence to the silver mine owner.

On Thursday news came of from 1200 to 1500 miners resuming work at Leadville, and in the last 10 days over 3500 men have gone on at Cripple Creek, Creede, and other districts of Colorado; in other words, enough mines have started up to produce about 20,000 ounces of silver a day. The increase in lead from $10 to $12 in conjunction with the requirements of the smelters of Denver and Pueblo, which, having run out of their reserve of ore, have concluded that instead of closing down as was first intended, to make a fresh start. By working the higher grade of ore mines, they can be conducted on a paying basis. The miners who have resumed their labors have been subjected to a reduction of 50 cents per day.

While mining is brightening in Idaho and Colorado, the same can not be said to be the case on the Comstock; here the question of reducing wages is still being fought over, and during the week balloting is again in progress. Whether they accept or reject the proposition of a reduction from $4 to $3.50 per day at this time, it is a well-known fact that it must come, and come shortly. There is no disguising the fact that no matter how extravagantly in the past the mines have been conducted, at present no single mine on the Comstock is on a paying basis. As all other interests involved in the conducting of the mines—wood, water, milling transportation of ore superintendents, and other officials—have made reductions, so must the miner follow suit, and with all these reductions in sight, a new lease of life may be given the Comstock, by working much of the low grade ore to help meet expenses, so that the quest for new bodies of ore may be continued and carried on. Just now the outlook is dismal. Both brokers and clients are becoming discouraged and disheartened; the sessions are short and very little stock changes hands. Notwithstanding prevailing dullness, it is noted that for certain stocks, namely Ophir, Mexican, Con. Virginia at ruling rates, there is a steady demand. Now, while this may in itself mean nothing, still it will do the speculator no harm to watch their movements, and for the readers of THE WAVE the same watchfulness would be judicious. Should it appear that the insiders have been quietly absorbing these shares, for there is no doubt that during the last three months much of the floating stock has left the street, in the near future a deal may be sprung on the public, as has so often occurred in the past.

There is very little news from the front this week. From the Superintendent's letter of the Con. Virginia, I learn that the largest shipment of ore to the Morgan Mill in some time was that of last week, 513 tons.

Nothing new from the Ophir. In the Mexican, on the 1565 level, some quartz prospects yield low assays. The Sierra Nevada, Union, and other North End mines report no changes. In the Middle Mines the Potosi extracted and sent to the mill during the week 206 tons of ore. Nothing new to report from either the Potosi or Chollar. The Hale & Norcross extracted 17 cars of ore. At the Gold Hill End the Belcher, Crown Point, and Yellow Jacket are progressing slowly. In the three less than twenty men are at work.

Silver has been steady, ruling at about 74 cents per ounce. A special meeting has been called by the Hale & Norcross to see what disposition shall be made of the 28,000 shares bought in by the company. The Kentuck sent to the office $3230 in gold.

During the week the Ophir held a sale at which 2500 shares were sold for non-payment of its assessment. At the Chollar sale 2000 shares were sold. This is a good showing, being less than 1/50 of the mine.

Here in California there is at the present more interest and general activity being displayed in the different mining camps than might be expected, considering how all avocations and industries are at a standstill. Already the output of gold is larger this year than for the ten years past. The average monthly production has been $1,250,000 or $15,000,000 for 1893. In 1892 it was $12,570,000, that being the average for several years back.

There is no doubt this coming year will be still more productive, and the Selby Refining Works, which has increased its capacities for the handling of the gold, will be kept busy.

The Bolitho Mine, near Angels, Calaveras County, is now in the front rank as a quartz mine. Three tunnels are being worked, one of which is in 165 feet, and taps the mine at a depth of 200 feet. At this point the vein is 40 feet wide; a milling test went $4 per ton. Several smaller veins pan out well and contain sulphurets of a high grade. At the Jones mine the mill is continually at work crushing ore from the lower levels. Twenty more stamps are being put in indicating good prospects. The Black Bart Mine, of Mariposa County, owned by Hope & Sample, struck a pocket that yielded $3000.

The Spanish Mine at Nevada City, which was sold to Colgate & Co. for $55,000, has been put in charge of A. L. Beggie, an experienced miner. It is rumored that new machinery will be erected and the mine worked on a large scale.

The Mobile Mine is said to have developed a fine ledge which shows gold freely. Fifteen hundred dollars was offered for a half interest.

Quite an excitement was created at Mojave, when Reed, who has a placer claim at Red Rock Cañon, brought in a nugget of gold of five pounds worth $1000, a second nugget of two pounds was found six weeks ago. It is claimed the district will pan out richly.

SURETY.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

I had a true-love, none so dear,
And a friend both leal and tried.
I had a cask of good old beer,
And a gallant horse to ride.

A little while did Fortune smile
On him and her and me.
We sang along the road of life
Like birds upon a tree.

My lady fell to shame and hell,
And with her took my friend.
My cask ran sour, my horse went lame,
So alone in the cold I end.

—*Lord de Tablay.*

First Westerner—Things are going the wrong way with us just now.

Second Westerner—Yes—silver down, and banks up.—*Vogue.*

WITH PIPE AND BOOK.

With Pipe and Book at close of day,
O! what is sweeter, mortal, say?
It matters not what book on knee,
Old Izaak or the Odyssey,
It matters not meerschaum or clay.

And though one's eyes will dream astray,
And lips forget to sue or sway,
It is "enough to merely Be,"
With Pipe and Book.

What though our modern skies be gray
As bards aver, I will not pray
For "soothing Death" to succor me,
But ask thus much, O, Fate, of thee,
A little longer yet to stay
With Pipe and Book.

—*R. La Gallienne.*

AN OLD "NOOK."

(A Leave-taking In Doggerel.)

Dear little room so small and square,
Dear little room so cold and bare,
Dear little room with but one chair,
'Tis very hard to leave you.

For 'twas not always thus, you know,
With smiling books and fire aglow,
And lamp so softly beaming—Oh!
'Tis very hard to leave you.

How can my thought recall those hours
When hopes first blossomed into flowers
And life grew conscious of its power
And not feel sad to leave you?

—*R. La Gallienne.*

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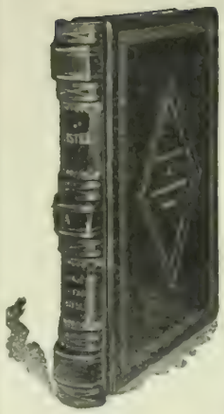

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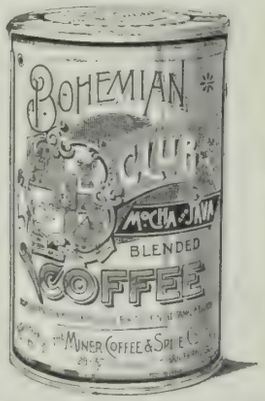

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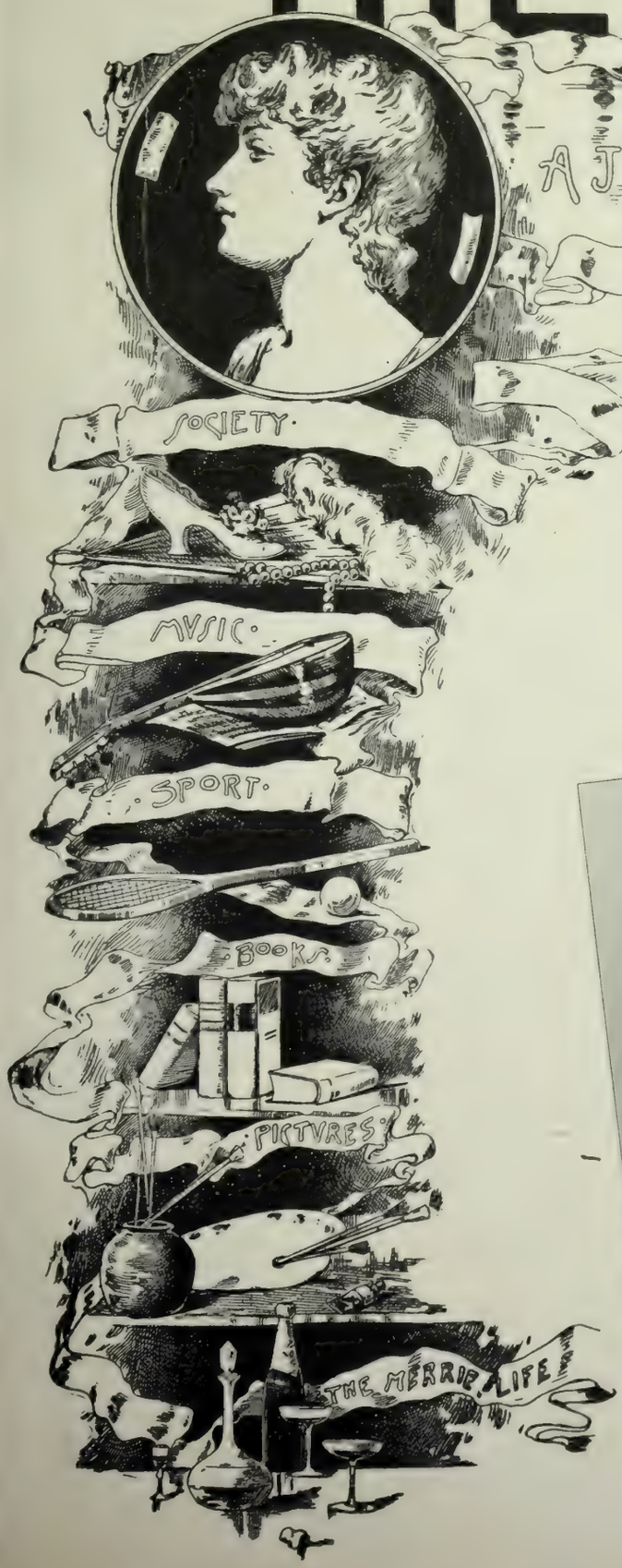

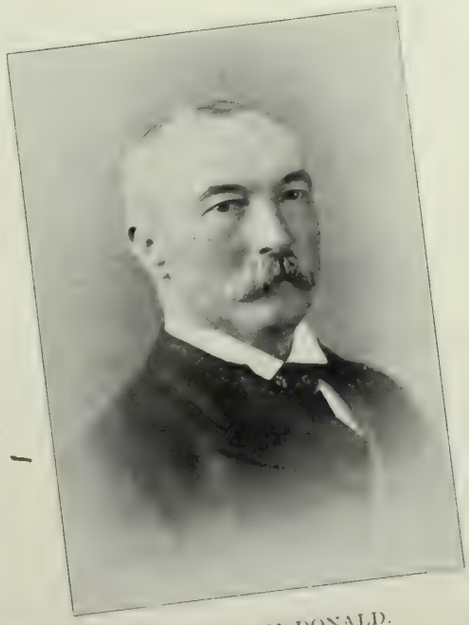

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 7, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES

IF ONLY half true the old allegation accusing people of making a place, how like San Francisco Chicago must appear at the moment. The *beau monde* has gone there in a body. To the departed throng vast additions were made this week. Each Overland conveyed Eastward bevies of belles and citizens. And in the absence of our representative rounders how the clubs and the restaurants languish. It is possible to walk up Kearny Street with one's head in the air. Hardly is there a soul left to bow to. Only one consolation is there for the Remnant. So huge is the exodus it will be a distinction to have stayed at home. Besides, eating in Chicago is quite out of the question.

* * *

What glowing appetites the returned bring Westward and what tales of privations endured and restaurants of rare unworth. I prophesy a brilliant business for the *Riche* and its rivals these late October days and I have no doubt of the appreciation to be accorded their *plats*.

* * *

STRANGE as it may seem one hears in Bohemia unpleasant echoes of the Irving banquet. Notwithstanding its success from the decorative and the oratorical points of view, a certain *coterie* has criticised the general result as unworthy the reputation of the institution. Pressed for particulars, and there are vague murmurings about the men who performed insinuations, that the committee had not selected the highest lights but rather those of friendliest beam. In no unmistakable way is the inference conveyed that there was mismanagement, and I may be forgiven the conclusion that the root of it lies in the minor parts assigned the critics.

* * *

A jealous clique it is that essays the running of Bohemia. Unless constantly *en evidence* it is energetic in protestation. Against the stars of all constellations but its own it exclaims vehemently; their magnitude is inevitably inferior. But mere jealousy does not explain the dimensions of this latest discontent. Behind it is an episode the details of which even the initiated but half comprehend. It seems a certain champagne person, learning the intention of the great actor to retaliate for Bohemian and journalistic hospitalities through the medium of a sumptuous supper, begged to be allowed to supply the wine at card rates per case. He insinuated as a backing for the proposition his admiration for the talent of the mummer and his willingness to assist vocally at the entertainment of the guests.

* * *

A very excellent brand the fellow purveys and no one denies the melody of his voice, but the great man did not fancy the proposition and treated the chappie to a somewhat peremptory refusal. Since then his clique have been vigorous in explaining the inadequacy of the "Irving" jinks. The dearest friends of the snubbed one are anxious to know—"What is the use of entertaining these blooming Englishmen, anyway?" What use, indeed?

* * *

The disadvantages of an undue indulgence in matrimony are beginning to be appreciated across the bay. To the arrows of Cupid and the torch of Hymen the leaders of both Cotillion and Assembly Clubs have fallen victims. In the membership, too, there has been so superlative an amount of pairing that both organizations are *in extremis*, and the hope of their recrudescence is mere optimism. Of course, there are still bachelors and no lack of presentable maids, but the high lights have gone in for domesticity and regard their dancing days as done with. It is in periods of hopelessness, however, that leaders are developed, and who knows but that the crisis may bring forth a Greenway.

* * *

In spite of the dangerous theories of Mme. Sarah Grand, it is not unfair to assume the end and aim of most maidens is matrimony. If the consummation or the proposal so devoutly to be wished shows no prospect of development in one quarter, change of scene quite often precipitates it. Without straining either one's memory or one's imagination, it would be quite easy to recall the names of a number of very interesting San Franciscennes who found husbands in other States than ours. To the list must now be added Miss Barber, of San Rafael, whose engagement to a wealthy Englishman at St. Paul, Minn., has recently been announced. Miss Barber is the guest of her friend, Miss Arthur, who will be remembered as a sojourner here last winter. She has been equally fortunate.

* * *

The engagement of Lieutenant Knowlin and Miss Kimball, of Chicago, is an announcement of considerable interest for social and army circles. Hardly a favorite with maidens in general, the Lieutenant had a few particular friends who defended his attractiveness against the aspersions of the unfascinated. A thoroughly good-natured fellow, however, he will undoubtedly be the recipient of hearty congratulation. Miss Kimball is an heiress. She is the daughter of a very wealthy Chicago man and was one of Mrs. Pullman-Carolan's bridesmaids. She will be remembered as having attended several cotillions last winter as that lady's guest.

* * *

Another interesting engagement is that of Miss Ada Trezevant and Joseph Jules Gemsoul, of the Navy Pay Office. Miss Trezevant is without question one of the prettiest girls in town, and her *fiancé* ought to be the subject of much envy and more congratulations. She is the niece of Mrs. Lieutenant Turner and Mrs. Rudolph Spence, of San Jose.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Maude Morrow and Lieutenant A. F. Fechteler, U. S. A., is set for the sixteenth. They are to be married at noon in the San Rafael Church, and after the ceremony there will follow a reception at the Morrow residence. Miss Morrow's bridesmaids are to be Miss Ruger, Miss Belle McKenna, and Miss May Hoffman, all very pretty girls. Lieutenant Fechtler arrived from the Arctic on Saturday last, and his brother, who is to be best man, came in on the

Overland the same day. On Monday last a very charming lunch was given in honor of the bride elect by Miss Ruger.

* * *

DURING the past week the Press Club has been greatly agitated over rumors affecting its honor. It seems that a number of enterprising advertising solicitors, who are trading upon the public sentiment that is sustaining the Midwinter Fair, have recently been representing to business men that the Press Club is interested in various "souvenir" schemes. The yarn they spread is that out of these phantom "souvenirs" the Club is to derive some substantial financial benefit. Of course, this is the rankest kind of a falsehood, and the officers of the Club, at a meeting this week, resolved to ascertain the names of the men who are thus taking its name in vain and make them the subject of a half column "roast" in one of the big dailies. The Press Club is more fortunately situated than most social organizations. Having the entrée to the inner circles of the Third Estate, it need not stand a swindle of this kind unless its good nature impels it to do so.

* * *

Speaking of the Press Club reminds me that the financial stringency has been felt within its sacred precincts as well as elsewhere. The Club has not given a jinks for several months, and the newspaper fraternity naturally regards itself as somewhat overdue on one of those events. Finances, I am told, have forbidden the expenditure of any money upon such affairs. It will not be long, however, ere the new Board of Managers, from whom so much is expected, will favor the members with an Idea. Among other things the usual Christmas and New Year festivities are on the tapis, and an entertainment, for which the Club is justly celebrated, is being planned for sometime in January.

* * *

QUITE a number of the friends and admirers of Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, *née* Elizabeth Curtis, gathered at the rooms of the Art Students' League last Saturday. The occasion was an exhibition of the paintings and drawings which this talented young lady has done since her departure from San Francisco. They make an interesting collection—portraits for the most part, done with no uncertain touches, clever likenesses. Besides, there are some excellent bits of interiors, firmly painted. The most ambitious canvas is a large portrait of Miss Rodda. In the handling and pose there is evinced much skill, and certainly the work gives promise of much more notable achievement in the future.

* * *

Capital pictures of Miss O'Sullivan and Mr. O'Sullivan attracted my attention, also a large canvas of Miss Hecht. I believe Mrs. O'Sullivan has no intention of permitting matrimony interfere with her artistic career. She intends to utilize her time abroad studying and working, and I have no doubt she will make a reputation. During the afternoon Mr. O'Sullivan gave several ballads in fine style and Miss Newman sang artistically a pretty *morceau*.

* * *

Miss Eva Withrow is to have an exhibition of her latest drawings and paintings at Vickery's very soon. She has some clever canvases that I believe will attract considerable attention. Mr. Peixotto's exhibition was a financial as well as an artistic success. He has disposed of most of the pastels and drawings, and but a few of the more expensive canvases are left. The best bit in the collection, and to my mind the cleverest thing Peixotto has done—the Chinatown at Monterey—is still unsold. He leaves for Paris and hard work next week.

* * *

The dinner to President Al. Gerberding at the Bohemian Club Wednesday night was everything that it ought to have been, and even more. The viands were almost as plentiful as the compliments which flowed almost as freely as the wine. As a matter of fact there is nothing quite as interesting as a veritable love feast unless it be another, and I am sure Mr. Gerberding's need fear no competition. There were speeches, of course—several; singing—much, and throughout the affair Rosner's Hungarian orchestra rendered strains that blended most harmoniously with the *plats*.

* * *

THE BRANDENSTEIN-GREENEBUAM nuptials made a social event of some moment. Celebrated with notable *eclat* in the very imposing Brandenstein mansion on the corner of California and Gough Streets, the details had all been carefully arranged. Very sumptuously the parlors and reception-rooms were decorated. In the ballroom, where Dr. Voorsanger performed the ceremony, there were quantities of sweet-pea blossoms charmingly arranged. Palms, and roses, and foliage of the ornamental kind adorned the halls. Miss Agnes Brandenstein was maid of honor; the bridesmaids were three little Misses, Frances, Rena, and Edith Jacobi, who were gowned in white silk.

* * *

In her gown of cream white satin the bride looked very happy. It seems the important costume was delayed *en route* by a washout, and she feared that a confection of less celebrated fashioning would have to serve the purpose. But, in the nick of time, it came to hand. There were some 300 people in attendance, and after the ceremony followed congratulations, and very hearty ones. Then came dancing, and later a very sumptuous supper served in Ludwig's best style. The newly wedded pair left for Chicago and the East generally, last night, and are to be gone a month. Returning they will live at the family mansion on California Street. The presents were extraordinarily handsome—*bric-a-brac* of all kinds, silverware, beautiful jewelry. Among the richest presents was a huge oaken case of table silver, given by the brothers of the bride. Another interesting contribution was a bronze statuette, sent by the members of the Friday Night Bowling Club.

* * *

THERE was quite a large gathering at the Masten residence on Clay Street, Thursday evening last, to witness the ceremony that united Phillip Gordon and Miss Irene Masten. Rev. Floyd Mynard officiated; Miss Georgiana Masten, who is to be married on the thirty-first to Mr. Perkins, was maid of honor, and looked charming; the bridesmaids were Misses Mamie and Alice Masten. In her wedding gown of white satin the dark beauty of the bride appeared to the best advantage. After the ceremony came a reception, then supper, at which the health of the happy pair was toasted very felicitously. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon are to visit the Yellowstone and the World's Fair before returning to San Francisco. They will be absent a month.

* * *

The reception given by Mrs. W. G. Lowry, *née* Mulford, at her home on Haight Street, was a charming affair. It was the first opportunity her friends have had to congratulate her since returning from her honeymoon tour. Certainly the Hawaiian atmosphere seems to have agreed with this very pretty bride, for she looks handsomer than ever.

* * *

The Pacific Yacht Club's last hop went off with plenty of swing, though there have been larger crowds at previous functions. The music was good and the weather charming. Indeed, the best part of the entertainment, without doubt, was the trip home on the tug. In the clear moonlight the bay looked superbly beautiful. It was a night to dream about.

* * *

Better from the point of view of play than that of attendance was the California Club's tennis tournament last Saturday. Between Burlinghame, Chicago, the concert, and the art reception it fell grievously to the ground. Even the devotees failed in their allegiance, for there were hardly a hundred men and girls in the audience. That th efinancial results of the performance will relieve materially the debts of the organization I cannot believe. However, there may be had better luck next time, or at least fewer competitive attractions. In "Amateur Sport," the Scorer devotes some attention to the players and descants critically on their form and play.

* * *

THE LATE Mrs. Goodrich was a very charming, a very clever, and at one time a distinctly beautiful woman. The episodes that make the story of her life it is unnecessary to rehearse; there were complications, disappointments, but those most concerned have had least to say about them. In all these years there has come nothing from Frank Johnson on a subject that must have caused him great pain. By the death of the mother his little son becomes heir to an immense fortune. The will of the late General Williams provided for the division of the estate among his four children, also that in the event of their being without issue, their interests

should revert to the survivors. At the time of her death Mrs. Goodrich stood possessed of a half interest in the property, the other half belonging to her brother Tom.

* * *

The property must now be worth at least $3,000,000. It consists of 60,000 acres in San Joaquin County, 40,000 in the Sacramento Valley, that block of buildings bounded by Sansome and Battery, Sacramento and California Streets, besides property all over the city. All this now stands in the name of Tom Williams and his nephew, Frank Johnson's son. In the event of the millionaire sporting man dying without issue, and he is still unmarried, the vast property will then revert to the boy.

* * *

The races at Burlinghame last Saturday passed off very pleasantly and successfully. They took place on the private track of Mr. Corbett's stud farm, and there was a great deal of enthusiasm evinced over the various events. The attendance was not very large, being made up for the most part of members of the Club and residents in the vicinity. The results are given at length in "Amateur Sport." Some of the riding was exceedingly clever, and the gentlemen jockeys covered themselves with glory.

* * *

Among the week's departures for the World's Fair are Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, Miss Alice Ames, the Griffiths, and Pomeroys in one party. Cary Friedlander and Alec Hamilton have also winged their way Eastward, and a dozen more are packing their traps in preparation for departure this coming week. Colonel Trumbo and General Clarkson left for a short visit.

* * *

On Monday evening last the guests of the Oliver House, at Pine and Mason, were treated to a phonograph rehearsal by Mr. Simms. The programme included solos, songs, dances, and speeches, all of which issued from the throat of the marvelous instrument.

* * *

A STRIKING fact in the social life of San Francisco is the weak impression made upon it by the large number of army and navy officers who are quartered here, and who rarely or never appear in Society. These educated and cultivated gentlemen, noted the world over for their social accomplishments—ravishing dancers every one of them—are in this region a dead social force. The reason cannot be that the majority of them are married. In Washington, where the army and navy circle comprises the *creme de la creme* of the "swim," marriage does not retire from the world either men or women. It has long seemed to me that there is no valid reason for the social inertia of the men of war in this far-away land.

* * *

Let me suggest that a series of hops at the Presidio, into which the sons of Mars might interject some of the *verve* which makes their social events everywhere distinctly characteristic, would add much life to the tedium of "taps" and the drill. I have not the least doubt that if the naval officers at Mare Island followed such a suggestion their lives would be lengthened and their wives rendered most happy. A naval ball is now such a rarity.

* * *

The latest in dinner giving, it is not generally known, is the collaboration of the *M. le Chef* and the leader of the orchestra. Music as a digestive influence is being widely prescribed nowadays by the specialists.

* * *

Somewhat sporadic in character has festivity been in Oakland this week—decidedly limited, too. There was a hop at the Encinal Boat Club Friday evening last. Capital place for a dance that boat house, admirable floor, spacious, cool, abounding in wide verandas full of dark recesses far from the madding crowd and the watchful chaperone. The affair was distinctly a success—good music, an interesting supper, and plenty of partners. Otherwise the affair was notable for the profusion of married belles.

* * *

The wedding last week in Oakland was that of Mr. Melvin House and Miss Helen Parker. The bride is a niece of Mr. Frank Sessions at whose residence the nuptials were celebrated.

* * *

Miss Sophie Newland and Miss Beatrice Priest, of Oakland, two songstresses who have been studying vocalization in foreign parts, have returned home. Miss Newland has spent the past two years in Paris, and Miss Priest has attended to her voice in New York.

* * *

Journalism has little enough to do with Society, but that did not prevent the nuptials of John Connors and Miss Stella Standeford being interesting from another than the literary point of view. He is on the *Tribune* and writes for the *Chronicle* does Mr. Connors, and much of what he produces is very good "stuff." The bride is a very charming girl and both possess the degree of intelligence that will confer much enjoyment on their life together. They were married on Wednesday night last in the pretty Eastlake house Mr. Connors has just built, which, indeed, is to be their future home. Only the intimate relatives were present. The following evening the happy pair set out for Chicago and the World's Fair.

* * *

Among the most interesting of this season's *debutantes* is Miss Ethel Cohen, whose beautiful home in Alameda is one of the show places of the suburb. She is tall, slim, dark, graceful, swims admirably, and is interesting withal to talk to. She has entertained recently at Fernside a number of city girls in a very charming way. Last week Miss Julia Crocker was her guest and a very sumptuous *menu* was consumed by a flock of maidens in her honor. Miss Cohen has gone to Miss Collier, at Lakeport, for a trip.

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There were some handsome autumn costumes besides no little disappointment at the football game played at Piedmont last Saturday. It seems the fair wearers of said costumes, together with many others more plainly clad, had anticipated the presence of the mighty Heffelfinger. For a variety of reasons he did not appear. Still the game and the wind were spirited enough, and socially the affair was a success. Football is to be fashionable this season, there is no doubt, and the giant coach is to be made more of by the elect than even McClung. Mrs. Morgan is to take him under her wing and has promised her fair flock an early introduction. She had quite a party of maidens, including Miss McNutt and Miss Belle Hutchison, with her on Saturday.

* * *

Most good Oaklanders are going East. The tide of departure flows energetically outwards. This week Miss Nellie McKee and Miss Daisy Ainsworth, chaperoned by Mrs. Orestes Pierce, departed. By the way, the Ainsworth family is furious over the portrait of their daughter which appeared in a morning paper in connection with the christening of the "Oregon." They are trying, I believe, to discover who furnished the photograph. Edson Adams, W. W. Foote, Will Powning and his father, Gus. McDonald, and the Holts, also took flight on different days. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert L. Curtiss and Miss Hazel Curtiss, of East Oakland, bade their friends *au revoir*. I am told that Miss Phillips has written home that she is going to stay all winter. The McNear boys left some time ago. Altogether, the streets are quite deserted.

* * *

Highly commendable the effort at intellectuality that is made across the bay. The winter promises a plethora of lectures and readings under fashionable countenance, and if the current belle escapes into Lent with no additions to her collection of literary scraps, it will be due to defects in memory rather than to deficiency of opportunity. Among the women who devote time and thought in this direction is the very capable and energetic Mrs. Charles Webb Howard. Last week Miss Horwick gave two readings, one at the Unitarian Church, the second at Berkeley under the Athenæum's patronage. The attendance at both was satisfactory and the selections were quite interesting. The Ebell Society has a number of lectures on its programme. I hope an unlimited degree of success for them.

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THE WAR which threatened at one time to involve Senator White and the new Superintendent of the Mint, John Dagg old fashioned California political hai contest, has, I am told, been securel up. Mr. White began the battle w

high sounding pretensions of political virtue. He opposed the appointment of ex-Governor Daggett to any Federal office, not because his executive abilities unfitted him for the discharge of its duties, but because he was not a Democrat in the accepted sand lot sense. That is, during the revolutionary period of the Democracy (sometime about 1883), when it was emerging from the sand lot worm into the beautiful Democratic butterfly, Daggett refused to join with Mr. White in "fighting the railroad." But, notwithstanding the protests of White, Maguire, and the other reactionaries who were swept into Congress by the Democratic tidal wave last year, President Cleveland appointed Daggett to the Mint.

* * *

Mr. White thereupon declared that he would oppose confirmation by the Senate—still upon the high and lofty ground that no man who did not "fight the railroad" as he did in 1883-84 is fitted to occupy the exalted station of Superintendent of the Mint. But it now appears that all of the Senator's virtuous manifestations were mere buncombe. What he really wanted all the time was a dab of the patronage. A gentleman lately from the scene of conflict at Washington informs me that the delay of the Senate in confirming Daggett's appointment recently caused Secretary Carlisle to send for the chairman of the committee before which it was pending. His inquiry as to what was causing the blockade elicited the information that Senator White had taken his stand firmly upon the impregnable "senatorial courtesy." Carlisle wanted to know what was the matter. "It is a matter of patronage," was the answer. "Mr. Daggett declines to recognize Senator White's claims to consideration." This interview was followed by a letter, so my informant states, from Carlisle to Daggett, and soon after Dr. Mathews of Tehama, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the last Assembly—a mutual friend of all parties—proceeded to Washington.

* * *

Dr. Mathews promptly arranged a basis of permanent peace between White and Daggett, the principal ingredient in which is that the former shall have something to say about the distribution of Mint patronage. The protocol has not yet been signed, but Dr. Mathews has returned home, and there is no doubt that it soon will be. At any hour, therefore, we may hear that the Senate has confirmed Daggett's appointment. Whether the treaty includes the taking of Congressmen Maguire and Caminetti in out of the wet I do not know. Perhaps not. I do not think that Mr. White is a man who, if he chances to find a political opening for himself, will bother much about leaving the entrance ajar for those to whom he is under no obligations. The truce between White and Daggett, however, can have no political significance beyond the mere circumstance that the Secretary of the Treasury has compelled them, in the interest of the proper transaction of public business, to patch up their differences. Those two men are like oil and water. They never will mix.

* * *

PERSISTENCY in a lawyer like possession by a land shark is nine points of law. A man who will not let go, no matter how desperate his cause nor how often he may have been assured by the Court that he is wrong, has necessarily some traits that it is hard to overlook. If persistency were a competitive quality, and if a belt were to be offered to the member of the San Francisco bar most distinguishable by that kind of firmness, I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Charles F. Hanlon would easily carry away the honor. Indeed, I am told that the ancient simile of a dog hanging to a root fails utterly when applied to Mr. Hanlon. There is no mental adversity which, when it overtakes him, is not regarded by him as booming success. In short, he never knows when he is knocked out.

* * *

One day, not long ago, Mr. Hanlon appeared in Judge Hebbard's Court with several other lawyers to argue a case. As a preliminary to that dreary proceeding Mr. Hanlon asked for time in which to file an answer. This was unanimously and uproariously opposed by all the other lawyers, including the Court. This would have been a discouraging circumstance to most men, but it only nerved Mr. Hanlon on. Judge Hebbard asked him why he had not already prepared his answer. Mr. Hanlon said he had been too busy. For two weeks he had been working twenty-four hours a day. "There is such a thing, your Honor, as a limit to human endurance," said Mr. Hanlon. "I began last night to prepare this answer, and it is already in the machine (typewriter). The machine is going at lightning speed, and even now it is being worked off."

"Oh, well," said Billy Foote, "if this answer is to be a mere machine answer, I don't see why we need wait. Mr. Hanlon can file a machine answer next year as well as now."

To this day Charlie does not know why the Court and lawyers laughed.

* * *

IN THE intellectual constellation of Berkeley the magnitude of Professor Howison is never questioned. So far beyond cavil, indeed, the quality of his brightness, that the circle of his worshipers insist its source is a double star. His philosophical utterances are regarded as fraught with infallibility—a point of view the great man unhesitatingly concurs in. As a matter of fact he is more able than he is modest, and no Moses ever laid down the law with greater positiveness. I am persuaded he would have serious doubts of the sanity of any ordinary person who disagreed with his conclusions. In these cynical days, however, it requires a special talent to believe in one's self, so, on the whole, Professor Howison is to be congratulated on the faith he so ardently professes.

* * *

In the heart of the great man, for all his austerity, there is one soft spot. His devotion to Socrates is unique—not to the snub nosed Athenian, but an aggressive little Scotch terrier whose dominion in the professorial *menage* is complete. A veritable tyrant, this tiny canine whose whims are as binding as were the mandates of "She-who-must-be-obeyed," he has lavished on him more tenderness and kindness than even Miss Repplier, the brilliant essayist, gives to her cat, Aggripna. Indeed, it was alleged the difficulty of transporting Socrates was the reason Howison did not go to the Fair. In the classic shades of the University, many a neat joke is turned on the excessive love of the Professor for Socrates. The one that obtained most circulation is credited to William Keith, the well known artist. He asked:

"What is the difference between Howison's dog Socrates and Howison?"

"Because one is a dogmatizer and the other a humanizer," is the answer.

The conundrum was reported to the great man who smiled slightly as he said:

"Of course I'm the humanizer."

"No, sir," was the daring answer. "Mr. Keith says it's Socrates."

* * *

A CHANGE has recently taken place in the management of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company by which C. W. Smith, General Manager, retires, and A. C. Foster, of Omaha, takes charge. Mr. Foster, I am told, is a practical man of many years' experience, and his appearance here indicates that there are to be important changes in the business of the stock yards as now conducted. Among other things a rendering factory is to be added to the Company's works at Baden. Economy is certainly necessary in order to make the affairs of the corporation prosperous. At present there are killed at the slaughter-houses in South San Francisco from sixty to one hundred head of cattle per day. Notwithstanding that every portion of the animals killed—even to the hair on their backs—is utilized in some way for profit, there is a loss, I am reliably informed, of five dollars on every one slaughtered.

* * *

The wholesale butchers of Butchertown have a boycott on the Baden concern, and under the cut rates for meat they, too, are losing money. The butchers, however, say they can stand it indefinitely, because they have little or no money invested in their business. The plant of the South San Francisco Company, with the attachment at Sixth and Townsend Streets, on the contrary, cost several millions. Necessarily before the enterprise can be said to pay, provision must be made out of the income for discharging the interest on this investment. One of Mr. Foster's first duties will be the establishment of auxiliary schemes in connection with the abattoirs, packing, and rendering houses, calculated to increase the income of the Company. I am told that he has in contemplation a tannery and leather working factory, to-

gether with a factory for turning bone into various useful appliances.

* * *

However, I am inclined to think that notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Phil Armour with sixty millions of capital is behind this enterprise, it will ultimately be abandoned. That it can ever be made to pay on the lines on which it has been planned, seems to me doubtful. The inherent trouble is that there are not a sufficient number of people in San Francisco, Oakland, and San Jose, the places within range of the enterprise, to justify its establishment. The native butchers owning large tracts of cheap land and giving their personal attention to the close and economical management of their business, are enabled to compete on more than even terms with an expensively administered corporation with its high-priced officers and heavy interest account. There is one solution of the difficulty, however—a gigantic meat trust. Mr. Foster, I understand, has already formed his plans for such a combination. Indeed, Armour is said to have sent him here for that especial purpose. If the wholesale butchers of Butchertown prove tractable, therefore, we are liable at any moment to experience a sudden rise in the price of first-class American steer.

* * *

WHATEVER may be said of Mr. Behrend Joost's other business attainments, as a builder and manager of street railways he is certainly a conspicuous failure. No man with sufficient sense to dodge a falling star—which I believe to be easier than to acquire the knowledge necessary to bait a bear trap—would have deliberately invited Mr. Joost's recent experience on Falcon Avenue. Knowing full well that he had no shadow of authority for laying the tracks of the San Mateo Electric Road on that avenue, he not only laid them there, but he made a grade to suit himself. Of course, complaint being made, the Mayor and Superintendent of Streets could not do less than take up Mr. Joost's tracks and pile them in a street where he has a right to lay them.

* * *

I imagine that Mr. Joost's methods in railroad building have been drawn from his land policy. He is the owner of large tracts of land in the outside districts, and for years he has been known as a bold and extensive real estate speculator. His plan of operations has always been very simple. Whenever he coveted an unimproved street or a desirable piece of property, he quietly moved upon it and erected a fence. By this means he forced the burdens of litigation upon those who essayed to dispute his title. He has been known to sell off town lots and then fence in the street leading to them. But this method, effective enough when applied to private individuals, failed to work when forced upon the entire city of San Francisco. Joost thought that by appropriating Falcon Avenue the most that could happen would be a law suit to dispossess him. In the usual order of events, he reasoned, he would die of old age before the issues of such a suit could be determined. But it seems that Mayor Ellert is not so cautious as Joost calculated he would be. He has promptly carted Joost's rails off Falcon Avenue. Thus Joost is left to do the suing himself.

* * *

THE ENTERPRISE of the *Examiner* in securing in advance of all of its contemporaries an account of the inventory of the Stanford estate, soon to be filed in the Probate Court, was a distinct journalistic feat. Only those who know how difficult it is to obtain such information prior to its presentation to the Court, can thoroughly appreciate the work. But why the "Monarch" should mar its "scoop" by tacking to its nether end a bit of asinine logic, I cannot understand. I refer to the insinuation that the language of the inventory charges Mr. C. P. Huntington with suppressing information concerning certain property of the late Senator Stanford in his hands. The brain that could discover in the legal verbiage of the inventory such an idea was intended by the Almighty for greater things than writing "space" on a morning newspaper. Compared with such an imagination the myriad mind of Shakespeare was a mere phantom. It is doubtful, however, whether the *Examiner* gained any thing in the esteem of its readers by giving currency to such an idea, especially since it was compelled the very next day to declare its absurdity. There are things that are too utterly asinine to be swallowed even by the Marines, and this, I am free to say, was one of them.

* * *

THE MANY friends of Father Scanlan, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church of this city, will rejoice to be informed that Pope Leo has appointed him Bishop of the Southern California diocese. This diocese is now in charge of Father Francis Mora, but it seems that his health has recently failed, necessitating the selection of a successor. The appointment of Father Scanlan from among the many worthy priests who aspired to the place, is a very flattering recognition of his services to the church. I understand that the controlling reason for his success was his commanding business and financial abilities. For ten years prior to his acceptance of the pastorate of St. Joseph's in this city Father Scanlan had charge of the Sacramento parish.

* * *

In that city he is remembered more as a genial, whole-souled citizen, than as a priest. Everybody knew him, and by all he was venerated and beloved. In fact, while he looked after the affairs of the church in the Capital City the reverend gentleman took a lively interest in all public matters. There were few enterprises calculated to advance the city's welfare that he was not interested in. I understand the same conditions have prevailed during his administration of the affairs of St. Joseph's in this city. Upon the sterile surface of that parish he has cultivated a rather prosperous parochial school and temple of worship. If the Southern California diocese does not prosper under his hand it will be a wonder. In the business world Father Scanlan would be called a hustler.

* * *

THE DECREE of partition soon to be entered by Judge Hebbard in the ancient suit of Emeric *vs.* Alvarado, involving title to the celebrated San Pablo Rancho in Alameda and Contra Costa Counties, will add materially to the wealth of Assemblyman Henry F. Emeric, son and heir of the original plaintiff. Mr. Emeric, I believe, now holds possession of only about one-third of the land which will fall to him by the decree, and with his present holding he is rated as a millionaire. No one, I think, will envy Mr. Emeric the good fortune that comes to him through the final adjustment of this hoary litigation. He is a jolly fellow, and makes excellent use of whatever money falls into his hands. I mean by this that he quickly spends it.

* * *

Mr. Emeric is a gentleman farmer, somewhat devoted to fads. Upon his ranch near Martinez he has a preserve dedicated to the propagation of game birds, in the proper selection of which he has literally ransacked the world. For the purpose, mainly, of devising means to protect these feathered treasures from the shot gun vandals who scour the Contra Costa hills, Mr. Emeric ran for and was elected to the last Assembly. Into that body his first act, after withdrawing the name of his friend Billy Foote from the Senatorial contest, was to introduce an English game law bill. The sportsmen set up an awful howl throughout the State, but Emeric had won the Assembly with his wine suppers, fragrant Havanas and genial nature, and its members triumphantly passed his bill. The Senate, not having felt the magnetism of his social exterior, was not so tractable, and the bill was amended unmercifully. But the author managed to save a clause or two calculated to protect his game birds, and the measure became a law. To all of those Assemblymen who stood by him in his hour of trial, Emeric presented a golden button representing a spear of wheat. Afterward they were known in the lobby as the "wheat combine."

* * *

SO MUCH has been said and written of the beginnings of the Bohemian Club that one requires audacity or a special privilege to add details. I cannot recall ever reading the reasons for the retirement therefrom of Abrose Bierce, whose name, I think, stands first upon the charter roll. The story has more value than pertains to the mere "scrap of history," seeming characteristic, if not a little prophetic. In the brain of a festive and rather active Tommy Newcombe the organization took definite shape, advisabilities having been discussed by the talented concomitants. To Bierce, at the time on the verge of a vacation, the project was presented and acquiesced in to the extent of ten dollars and an encouraging "Count me in, Tommy," without, however, a strenuous degree of confidence in ultimate re-

sults. Organizing is so many degrees easier than creating.

* * *

Circumstances conspired to forward the undertaking. By being against it the proprietary journalists made membership a species of martyrdom and an opportunity for displaying independence—two poses dear to the Bohemian mind. Like several young bay trees the institution flourished, until, on Bierce's return, he found himself Secretary and a balance in the treasury—an interesting condition of affairs that did not continue. There arose in the Directorate a disposition for entertaining distinguished transients. Unless the touring great man was made the object of some festivity it was assumed the Club had failed in its duty. Very pleasant, brilliant, indeed, these affairs, but to Bierce they did not recommend themselves. In his objections he insinuated the profitlessness of such social enterprises.

* * *

In the course of events who should come to town but Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. The lights of Bohemia concluded he was a proper person to lavish hospitality on, and at a meeting of the managers they decided to organize a grand "jinks" in his honor. The Secretary fought the idea manfully—declared his estimation for the eminent respectability of the old gentleman but begged to know the wherefore of his entertainment in regions literary or artistic. His impediment availed not, and he realized that officially he would have to sign the Emperor's invitation. That was more than Bierce bargained for, and without further ado his resignation was written. No persuasion availed for its withdrawal, and subsequent gatherings knew not the presence of the satirist.

* * *

A GREAT many years ago—so many, in fact, that I really cannot recall the number—Mr. Ambrose Bierce wrote editorials for the *Morning Call*. I do not resurrect this fact for the purpose of besmirching the fair fame of our celebrated satirist. Indeed, I do not understand that he denies the soft impeachment himself, although he does not exactly care to have the fact referred to any oftener than is really necessary. Of course, the best of us have chapters in our lives the memory of which strikes a dissonant chord, and I suppose the recollection of the days when he composed those famous non-committal paragraphs, which, during the editorship of the late Mr. Pickering made the *Call* distinctively the cleverest fence-straddling journal in the world, is to him a matter that ought to be kept as dark as possible.

* * *

But I did not begin these remarks to speak of Mr. Bierce's youthful indiscretions. I started out to record a bit of history which, I believe, has never seen the light of day. Among the archives of the *Call* there is a clear and unequivocal record of Mr. Bierce's incumbency. The date of the beginning of his ministration and the exact size of his salary may be ascertained. But why or when his light went out—except that on a certain day his name no longer appears upon the cash book—are the mysteries I am about to solve. As I have obtained the story, his termination was most comical. There was a glut of silver and a consequent heavy discount in financial circles. In order to save the discount, employers everywhere paid their slaves in the depreciated metal. Mr. Bierce, then a slave, once a week visited the *Call* counting-room and had his pockets filled with silver dollars.

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He resided at San Rafael in those days, and when he embarked for home on Saturday afternoons his bulging pockets and generally overloaded appearance caused a great deal of embarrassing comment upon the boat. But Mr. Bierce said nothing. One day Mr. Pickering himself wrote an editorial voicing the universal protest among the working people against the fraud that was being practiced upon them. The editorial took the side of the oppressed in remarkably emphatic terms. In fact, Mr. Pickering advised the grand army of employés to refuse to accept silver for their labor. On the following Saturday, when Cashier White attempted to count out the usual carload of metal to Mr. Bierce, that gentleman haughtily spurned it. "Gold, gold; I want gold," he said.

Mr. White was aghast. "What's the matter with you?" he amazedly asked.

Bierce promptly produced the *Call* editorial, and after he had read it Cashier White went out, purchased the gold at a neighboring broker's office and handed it over. "I guess you won't write any more editorials for us," was his parting comment.

And, sure enough, Bierce never did.

* * *

THE PEPPERY old fellows who meet once a month at Pioneer Hall and lay the flattering unction to their souls that but for them there would be no California—no place, as it were, whereon a Californian could lay his weary head—have at last revolted against Historian Bancroft. For many years Mr. Bancroft has entertained a very poor opinion of the average pioneer. In every volume of his "history," devoted to the pioneer period, he has carefully roasted them—sometimes by individual name, but oftener by wholesale. It is a remarkable circumstance that the Society of California Pioneers never discovered the disesteem in which they are held by Mr. Bancroft until recently. Inasmuch as the pioneer portion of the "history" has been in print several years, this gives us a very pointed illustration of the ease with which the work is perused by those most interested.

* * *

But when the Pioneers discovered, as they did one day last week, that Bancroft had described those of them who participated in the Bear Flag rebellion as "vagabond settlers," their irritation knew no bounds. They promptly assembled, discussed Mr. Bancroft with positive directness and incontinently kicked him out of the society. The wonder is that these old fellows have stood this thing as long as they have. It is within the knowledge of every one of them that the "history" is wrong in all its estimates of the men who planted the foundations of the State, and that many of the events of early San Francisco have been twisted and misrepresented—not, perhaps, through malice, but through ignorance or incompetency. I do not know of a volume extant where so much real downright rot may be found as in that portion of Mr. Bancroft's compilation entitled "Popular Tribunals." In the volumes devoted to those phases of early California history he has reached an eminence of idiotcy that is positively appalling.

* * *

AT CALVARY CHURCH on Sunday evening Rev. John Hemphill re-commenced his brilliant career with a deliberate attempt to reverse the ordinances of Society. The reverend gentleman comes from a land whose hearty sons are never so happy as when they are fighting, but I imagine that in selecting the Society head for his oratorical cudgel he has (to mix the metaphor) bit off more than he can chew. In a word, the Society girl of the present has no uncertainty about herself. In her estimation she is a specimen of "Ideal Womanhood," which even Dr. Hemphill, who is a master of social ethics, is not at liberty to criticise. How can a man move by mere words creatures thus hemmed in by their own conceit?

* * *

Dr. Hemphill said to me the other day: "I had two ideals before me. First, the woman who lives, moves, and has her being amid the excitements of Society, who spends the earlier hours of the day in killing the color and life of her hair and in frescoing a naturally beautiful face, and then appears at eventide with a hirsute adornment as variegated as Joseph's piebald coat, and in costume clad, wide spreading like a peacock's tail. Second, the woman who believes that God meant her to be of some use in His world, and who resolutely gives herself to the divine task of making a miserable world happier and a bad world better." These are striking words. I did not tell the Doctor so, fearing to tickle his vanity. But I should like to ask him, Are the ladies described under the first head really worth bothering about?

* * *

CAPTAIN SWASEY, who died the other day, was one of those pioneers whose life spanned the ancient and modern world. Eighty-seven years ago, when he was born in London, steamboats, locomotives, and the electric telegraph were unknown. He lived to see all those things become an indispensable part of human nature's daily life. What a wreck the world would be to-day were they suddenly blotted out! Captain Swasey was an Englishman, and, like all men of his country who suffer themselves to be transplanted, he was a devout patriot. For many years he was selected by successive Boards of Supervisors

to serve on Fourth of July Committees in this city. As a celebrator of the Natal Day he was the most enthusiastic youth in the town.

* * *

The old gentleman used to say that the young men of the present generation did not, in his opinion, appreciate to the full measure the blessings of the liberty they have inherited from their fathers. I well remember the last speech he ever made to a Fourth of July Committee. "The young fellers of the present time," he said, "treat this Independence Day business as though it was a joke. You boys, right here now, don't know how hard it was to git this 'ere country, nor what a lively time your grandfathers had to hold on to it. If you did you wouldn't be fighting over which one of you will have the job of hiring the music or building the floats for this celebration. If you went over and lived in Roosha awhile you'd come back here and, on occasions like this, yell for the country till you were as hoarse as bull frogs."

Captain Swasey was a Pioneer. Before he died he wrote a book and got even on all his enemies.

* * *

IN MORE respects than one Sheriff McDade is the most remarkable official who has ever held the office in this town. Not long ago I called attention to the fact that he had unostentatiously overturned the time honored custom of enforcing writs of eviction against penniless householders by paying the rent himself—a fact, by the way, which was calmly appropriated by one of my esteemed contemporaries without credit. Recently I have encountered another amazing thing in the career of this amazing Sheriff. As the law exists, when an individual or corporation becomes insolvent, the Sheriff *ipso facto* becomes its receiver. At the end of thirty days the creditors may meet and elect their own assignee. The purpose of the statute is to prevent insolvents from falling into the hands of receivers hostile to their creditors, publicity and a fair deal being secured by the interposition of the Sheriff.

* * *

About two months ago the Navarro Mill and Lumber Company failed for upwards of a million dollars. While probably solvent, so far as the payment of its creditors is concerned, it was forced to the wall by an inability to obtain money. Of course McDade became its receiver. But here comes in the amazing part of it. At the end of thirty days the creditors met and unanimously elected him their assignee. Considering the fact that Sheriffs are usually regarded by the public as highwaymen, and considering that the creditors of the Navarro Company include such institutions as the Bank of California, the election of McDade becomes even more amazing than it would appear under ordinary circumstances. Moreover, I am told that the first thing McDade did after receiving his appointment was to sell a lot of lumber, despite the protests of some of the wealthy creditors, and pay the wages of several hungry lumbermen up in Humboldt County. McDade is not likely soon to be a candidate for anything in Humboldt County, but if he ever should be, there are a number of stout fellows up there waiting to get a chance to vote for him.

* * *

THERE IS something exceedingly thrifty bout the discoveries of Dr. McQuesten, Professor of Bacteria and ex-member of the Board of Health. A few days ago he made some startling disclosures in one of the public prints with reference to condensed milk. As the result of an analysis, he announced that three well-known brands of that sterilized material abound with bacilli. Bacilli, I may interject for the benefit of my unscientific readers, are small animals which wiggle in everything that man uses to maintain existence. They are found in spring water, in the bread he eats, in the air he breathes. They are even in the beer which the Doctor himself quaffs whenever he visits St. Ann's Rest of an evening.

* * *

To say that they abound in milk, therefore, is very much like remarking that the air abounds with oxygen. There is no evidence that they do not aid digestion and contribute nutriment to the gastric juices. But Dr. McQuesten did not wait for the effect of his startling announcements to wear off from the public mind. In just exactly three days after the publication of the account of his analyses his name appeared to an advertisement certifying that a certain other brand of sterilized milk (which he had *not* denounced) was pure and bacilliless! Dr. McQuesten is undoubtedly a very clever obfuscator of the public. The use to which he has put the germ theory—the latest fad of his profession—demonstrates that. As a humbugger, however, I regard him as still rather raw and callow. But he may improve with age.

* * *

FOR sometime past, I understand, there has been a prospect that the litigation over the estate of millionaire Blythe would soon terminate. Negotiations by Mr. Bishop, of the great law firm which backs Mrs. Florence Blythe Hinckley in the contest, with the legal representatives of the numerous descendants of the deceased, had, until recently, nearly reached a successful conclusion. But now, it seems, everything is again at outs. The contest before the Supreme Court will be resumed shortly, and an end of the litigation is still a long way ahead of the present generation. Blythe died in 1883. It is now 1893 and we do not yet know who are his legal heirs or next of kin. I am told the slice demanded by the Williamses, who were declared by Judge Coffey to be Blythe's only genuine relatives, was too large for calm consideration.

* * *

DURING the examination of jurors in the Daley murder trial, which occupied the attention of one of the Superior Courts not long ago, District Attorney Barnes took extreme care to ascertain the views of the talesmen as to capital punishment. To every man who appeared in the box he addressed the question, "What, sir, are your views upon the subject of inflicting the death penalty?" One day he came to a sombre-looking old fellow who said that he had decided prejudices with reference to executing murderers, which probably unfitted him for discharging the duties of juror in murder cases.

"What is your opinion?" asked Mr. Barnes. "Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

"No, sir; I am not."

A sudden idea seemed to strike Mr. Barnes.

"By the way, what is your business?"

"I am an undertaker."

The Witness.

A wholesome and agreeable stimulant is found in that Keystone Monogram Whisky.

TOO MANY

To print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Grocers and Druggists.

OF INTEREST TO LADIES.

Of late years a great number of articles for the adornment of the complexion have been placed upon the markets of the country, but none have given more satisfaction than our own production, Camelline.

An article of unrivaled world-wide reputation, noted for its purity and efficacy, and one endorsed and recommended by all reputable physicians, should be the choice of those who use face preparations. Such is Camelline, discovered and manufactured by Wakelee & Co., of Montgomery and Bush Streets, and Polk and Sutter Streets, this city.

FINE STATIONERY.

As the holidays are fast approaching, Sanborn, Vail & Co. have made an inventory of their big stock of stationery, and are now offering this line at revised prices. Here can be found everything now before the public in the way of plain and fancy writing papers, as well as desk decorations.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAVE
A SOCIETY LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

A CURRENCY FOR THE PEOPLE.

The suggestion of Mr. Thomas A. Edison that a sensible solution of the difficulty of keeping a gold and silver currency at parity, would be to make a dollar by compressing into a small compass a dollar's worth of wheat, meets my unanimous approval. Not only would a currency made out of wheat represent a staple product of the country and aid to consume that product when there happened to be a glut in the market; it would do more. Whenever a hungry man fell into the possession of a wheat dollar, all he need do in order to appease his appetite would be to soak the dollar in warm water and devour it. This might, in times of depression, cause some stringency in the money markets of the country, but it would have the compensatory effect of requiring a large number of mints and an army of government employés to supply the demand for filthy lucre.

There is an additional suggestion, however, that I should like to submit to the inventive mind of Mr. Edison. He thinks it would be entirely practicable to manufacture a dollar out of wheat. Why would it not be possible to manufacture a fifty cent piece out of lager beer? If it is possible to boil down a bushel of wheat, why not a schooner of beer? At the ruling rates, every half dollar would contain ten beers, and, of course, such a currency, in order to be reliable, would necessarily have the quality of the fluid stamped upon it. Naturally, a half dollar that in solution would yield but ten steam beers could not compete in any market with a half that might be resolved into ten glasses of imported beer. The advantage of a currency based on two such national staples as wheat and beer is apparent. The convenience of having in your pockets at all times the food and beer necessary to sustain life, instead of being compelled to visit restaurants and saloons for the purpose of exchanging your hard coin for them, is an idea that will, I think, at once commend itself to rich and poor alike.

MR. HOBART AND EVOLUTION.

The protest of Rev. C. H. Hobart, the Baptist clergyman of Oakland, against the further dissemination of the scientific theories of Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the Berkeley University, carries me back to the ancient days of ecclesiastical bigotry. If Dr. Hobart only knew it, his attack upon the Professors of the University who teach physics, geology, and zoology as they find those sciences set forth by the masters in the books, has done more downright harm to the cause of religion than he can repair in a dozen devout sermons. The time was when an attack upon the theory of evolution, even by so young a preacher as Dr. Hobart, would have made a strong impression. But that time has long since passed away. To launch such a fusillade now merely calls attention to the restricted mental horizon of the churchmen. In short, it brings prominently into view the glaring and incontestable fact that the world, in its march of progress, has left the churches far behind.

I do not anticipate that the breach, moreover, will ever be narrowed. The *a priori* method of reasoning, which is essentially the system upon which the theological mind is developed, can never restore to the church its ancient intellectual leadership. The churchmen must abandon their prejudices and adopt a progressive and enlightened method of reaching the human heart, or they are certain in the march of time to be left still further straggling in the rear. So far their history has been one unending resistance to research, discovery, enlightenment, and invention. Perhaps Dr. Hobart does his duty in objecting to the propagation of the doctrine of evolution in the State University, and perhaps he would achieve a great triumph if he could induce the Regents to order John and Joseph Le Conte burned at the stake; but the world is too old for that now. The reverend gentleman had better recognize the accepted facts of science, and show us wherein evolution and agnosticism are false and fraudulent. What we want now-a-days is pure reason, not empty protests against everything that looks like intellectual progress.

NO WONDER THERE IS JOBBERY.

The fact that Walker C. Graves, son-in-law of Supervisor James, Chairman of the Finance Committee, has suddenly become the attorney for a large number of persons who are suing the city for goods sold and delivered (which is published by my esteemed contemporary the *Chronicle* with so many dark insinuations) I do not regard as a very startling or lamentable circumstance. It is easy to understand that Mr. Graves may sustain the relations of son-in-law to Mr. James, and attorney for the people whose bills the former refuses to pay, and not be guilty of either collusion or corruption. As I understand it, Mr. Graves sues for the claims assigned to him, and the City Attorney, by instructions of the Supervisors, confesses judgment. This is all open and above board, and if the transactions are sanctioned by Mayor Ellert and Auditor Broderick they are probably all right.

But the matter which interests me—and I marvel that the *Chronicle* has lost sight of it—is the set of circumstances which gave rise to the spectacle it so much reprehends. Does my esteemed contemporary know that at the beginning of the present fiscal year the Board of Supervisors repudiated $400,000 worth of honest claims against the city? Does it know that these bills were for labor honestly performed and supplies honestly furnished, and that when confronted with them in court the Supervisors abjectly confess judgment? If my esteemed contemporary knows these things, and it should if it reads the newspapers, then I would like to ask what difference there is between repudiation of this sort and an act of insolvency? And, moreover, if it is not more disgraceful for a great city like San Francisco, which is not amenable to the bankruptcy laws, to repudiate its honest debts than for a private individual, who, mayhap, cannot do otherwise, then my head is a Milpitas cabbage.

I do not call my contemporary's attention to these things through any desire to befoul the reputation of this city. On the contrary, I think the citizens are perfectly willing to be taxed sufficiently to carry on the government, and that repudiation is usually the work of incompetent politicians. But, nevertheless, the facts are as I state them. The creditors of the municipality are now compelled to sue to get their money, and probably some of them will never get it even by suing. And yet, I believe, the public expects that all traders, merchants, and contractors will supply goods to the city equally as good and on the same terms as to private persons. With such financiering no wonder the town is robbed.

A QUESTION OF COMMON SENSE.

The idea that when the local political conventions meet and pledge their candidates for Supervisors to do certain things, they know the exact remedy for every municipal ill, is excellent in theory, but in practice productive of a great deal of mischief. It would be idle, perhaps, to deny that specific pledges, when the subject upon which the pledge is formulated is well understood, are a convenient method of curbing the universal desire of the politicians to loot the Treasury. But why the dictum of a lot of place seekers in municipal convention, intent on making a bid that will induce the people to vote their ticket, should be accepted in lieu of the deliberate judgment of elected officials under bonds and sworn to do their duty, I never could exactly comprehend. Perhaps, however, my powers of penetration have been blunted by some recent personal knowledge.

I refer to the difficulty which now besets the Street Light Committee of the Board of Supervisors. That Committee consists of Messrs. Reis, Hinton, Forman, Rogers and Stanton—all good men. The platform upon which they were elected pledges them to reduce the rates for which gas shall be sold by the corporations which supply that illuminant to the people of this city. It is a well-known fact that with the competition forced upon them by the electric corporations, neither the Pacific nor the San Francisco companies are growing wealthy upon the business they transact. Indeed, I am credibly informed that neither one is able, at the present time, to stand any reduction in its rates.

But the Democratic platform requires a reduction, and the Committee on Street Lights feels impelled to make it. The other day, officers of the two corporations, including the representatives of several electric light concerns, were summoned to show cause. It is a matter of record that they showed ample cause for a policy of non-interference. Three facts alone tell the whole story. In Boston the gas rate is $1.30 per thousand feet, and in

New York $1.25. Here it is $2. In both those cities the price of coal—the principal ingredient from which gas is manufactured—averages from $1 to $1.75 per ton. Here it ranges from $5.50 to $6. It is thus apparent that that illuminant is cheaper here than in either New York or Boston.

But, nevertheless, the Street Light Committee is required to observe the Democratic platform and inflict upon two corporations a rank injury. There can be but one result to such a proceeding. If the price of gas to consumers is lowered, the companies will be compelled, in order to continue business, to reduce the wages of their employés or supply a poorer quality of illuminant. I do not imagine that any member of the Street Light Committee would contemplate either of these contingencies with pleasure. Certainly no sensible man, with an eye to the public good, would aid in conferring a doubtful benefit upon a large number of people who have not petitioned for it, in order to keep a pledge which sounds well but was intended to mean nothing. It is my opinion that the Street Light Committee should resolve this matter in favor of justice and common sense. The stockholders of the gas companies, who number among them many persons who cannot afford to have the value of their property impaired, have some rights which the Supervisors are bound to respect.

REV. DR. DUNCAN'S CASE.

The recent experiences of Rev. Kenneth J. Duncan, of the Howard Presbyterian Church, presents a case of Christian charity which I am loath to pass over in silence. A few weeks ago the reverend gentleman suddenly absented himself from his clerical duties. When he reappeared it was with a dilapidated air of suffering and penitence. An inquiry instituted by the Sessions elicited from Dr. Duncan the humiliating confession that he had sinned grievously. He declared, with the frankness of a conscience-stricken man, that he had resorted to the haunts of vice for material with which to fight Satan in his pulpit, and that the Malign Being, taking advantage of the presence of the clergyman on his own ground, had thrown him with great violence.

Instead of reporting Dr. Duncan's fault to the Presbytery and recommending that body to dismiss him from the church, the Sessions of the parish freely forgave him. Not only that. They advised the Presbytery to overlook his sin, and as an earnest of the sincerity of their conduct they again received him into their good graces. And, I may add, the pathos of this bit of worldliness is not at all marred by the fact that Dr. Duncan promptly accepted the tender and is again pastor of the Howard Presbyterian Church.

There is something about this entire affair that savors so much of the unadulterated teachings of the Master that I am persuaded there must be several true Christians connected with Dr. Duncan's church. What Christian purpose could have been subserved by finding this erring man guilty of the offenses to which he so promptly confessed and stamping him forever with an ineffaceable mark of disgrace? And yet was not that exactly what the public expected when it first heard of the charges against Dr. Duncan? It was certainly what I expected. Whether Pastor Duncan's method of fighting Satan in his own paddock is a good or bad system, I am not prepared to say. Perhaps, as a general rule, it would not be productive of many results for clergymen to adopt it. But there is no doubt about one thing. The method employed by the Howard Presbyterian Church for reclaiming the erring cannot, on true Christian principles, be questioned. That congregation must have some great souls in it.

THE OAKLAND MOB.

Mayor Pardee, of Oakland, and the unruly citizens who have aided him in tearing down the fences of the railroad company at the foot of Castro Street instead of promoting the real interests of the Athens are trailing its good name in the mire. Heretofore Oakland has enjoyed a fair reputation for peace and good order, but, under the lawless direction of the mob-inciting officials at present in power, it is rapidly losing it. As I understand the matter, the Oakland Water Front Company claims title to a strip of land across the end of Castro Street. Mayor Pardee and his mob disputes the claim. In law-abiding communities the usual resort in such cases is a Court of Justice. The settlement there may not be in accordance with everybody's ideas of equity, but any settlement is better than a settlement by mob violence.

Mayor Pardee and his followers, however, take the other view. They declare that the Oakland Water Front Company has no rights which they are bound to respect, and even if it had they would decline to respect them. In this they do Oakland an irreparable injury, for such rule can, in the nature of things, result in nothing. Next year the terms of Mayor Pardee and his councilmen will expire. The term of the Oakland Water Front Company will never expire. Within a few years the Mayor and his followers will be gathered to their fathers. A century hence the Oakland Water Front Company may still exist to claim its property. Hence how absurd the attempt to deraign its title by mobbing a barbed wire fence. The only corporation that can suffer by such a proceeding is the corporation of Oakland.

My esteemed contemporary the *Examiner*, I am persuaded, when it pauses to reflect, will not prosecute its efforts to choke off smoking in the departments at the City Hall. What does the "Monarch" think our municipal taxeaters are going to do? They are in most cases too old to chew bonbons, and cigars serve to enhance internal revenue taxes and pass away the time.

* * *

Notwithstanding that George Sontag, the train robber, has confessed, we are as far as ever from knowing the truth concerning the "hold ups" in which he, his brother, and Evans were concerned. In all this dreary waste of lying, however, I have discovered one indisputable grain of truth. Chris Evans says he is not an angel. There is no doubt about that.

* * *

There is a gentleman living at Gilroy, Santa Clara County, who evidently does not known when fortune beams upon him. His name is W. L. Cripe. Three months ago his business partner eloped with Mrs. Cripe and her four children, and ever since Mr. Cripe has been roaming about the State looking for the recreant pair. At last accounts he had spent all his money and had begun to work out his pilgrimage. Someone ought to aid Mr. Cripe in reaching a proper appreciation of his situation.

* * *

The election of George T. Bohen and John W. McDonald by the Board of Supervisors as Fire Commissioners to succeed Schmitt and Ames, indicates that the recent declarations of Chief Sullivan that he is anxious to take the Department out of politics are probably genuine. If it was not the purpose to improve the character of the service, two such men would not have been elected. I say this, because it is well known that Bohen and McDonald were the avowed candidates of the Fire Department. They are a distinct improvement upon their predecessors in more respects than one.

* * *

There is a gentleman somewhere in Southern California with whom I should like to strike up an acquaintance. His name is Parker and he is a coyote hunter. He has recently been engaged in the lucrative occupation of killing coyotes in Lower California and sending their scalps over to San Diego to be redeemed by the State at five dollars each. And this is not all. He has invented a method of so splitting a coyote scalp as to make two coyotes exist where but one existed before, thus causing each animal killed to produce ten dollars. If Mr. Parker will send me his address I think I can profitably place him up here. A man of his talents wastes himself in Lower California.

ADAM'S TUTTI FRUTTI
PEPSIN CHEWING GUM
CHEWED FOR HALF AN HOUR
AFTER EVERY MEAL
A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION

"Heaven, but a vision of fulfilled desire
And hell, the shadow of a soul on fire."

THE perfumed air which he had thought delicious made the room stuffy at this early hour. He rose noiselessly, slipped on a gown and went into the little drawing-room beyond. The window was open. He leaned over the sill and inhaled deep draughts of the morning air. The woman slept on, undisturbed.

He looked down, with a certain meditative restlessness, on the great city to which he had been a stranger these past three days—secluded high up in a New York apartment house. He had felt like an eagle in his eyrie on some lofty crag, alone with its mate. This morning he did not feel so poetical. The romance was three days old. Moreover, the vast modern city below him was not conducive to imaginative flights, still though it was and wrapped in the gray light of the remote dawn. From his great height the streets looked like the dry beds of canals with wet patches here and there, the result of the night's shower, an occasional globe of electric light, like a fallen star. The ugly wilderness of roofs, stretching miles to the front, to the right and left, dull gray, light red, jutted with short chimneys, erupted with sky-lights and water tanks, now and again a clothes-line with inert apparel suspended, telegraph poles with bright green, would hardly have piqued the curiosity of Asmodens himself. Here and there a church spire shot upward with a calm, supercilious expression, a flag-pole, the clumsy chimney of an engine house, or a huge wall reared itself with glaring advertisement in letters of white. Occasionally the unsightly track of the elevated railway could be seen.

Only on the horizon was there a suggestion of beauty. Through the dense morning mist, which seemed to be banked in the lower end of the city, the colossal business buildings loomed vaguely, their unsymmetrical, practical outlines blurred into semblance of crag and battlement—an odd mirage effect unsuspected to the New Yorker who has never looked from his window at four in the morning.

The man caught at the contrast gratefully. With the egoism of mankind he applied it to his personal experiences.

Until three days ago his life had been like the ugly, commonplace tract which lay between his window and the picturesque horizon. His story had been, with but the slight variations growing out of his personality, that of other "millions in superfluous herds." A man of fine mental gifts and aspirations, Circumstance had placed him at a mercantile desk two years before his graduation should have taken place. Shortly after, he had fallen in love with a remarkably pretty little creature and married her. She had made him a most dutiful wife and borne him several well-behaved children. He did not recall, as he stood there, a bad dinner, a rent in his underclothing, a dusty corner in his house: his wife, young as she was when he married her, had quickly developed into a very pattern of all the domestic virtues. Neither did he recall a single moment of companionship, of mental sympathy, of happiness. And in her quiet, positive way—she was a woman of character if not of brain—she had suppressed his periodical revolt, his occasionally unpenned talent, and sent him back to his office: "He had a wife and children to support." Once he had half written a play. Not a succession of soap bubbles, plaintively clamoring to be pricked, which might possibly have enjoyed a run, but a drama drawn on large lines which a great man, whom he had known since boyhood, had pronounced full of light and fire and originality. He recalled the midnight when his wife had quietly opened the door of his small library and stood at the corner of his desk. She wore, he remembered, a dark dressing-gown of a striped serviceable material. Her beauty had faded long ago. Her small face was of resolute mould. The little mouth was so firm that on such occasions as the present the pink lips he had once admired looked like a coral bar.

She had laid her hand on the rapidly written sheets and said, in her even tones: "Have you thought what this means? If you have not, I have. It is a well-known fact that when a man lets the literary fever take possession of him that is the end of his practical life. If you could write popular plays and had standing orders I should make no objection, for popular plays are profitable. But *that man*," the emphasis was almost vicious, "who is supposed to be infallible, says that your work will never be popular, that you may win the admiration of the few, but that you will make no money. And you are becoming infatuated, I can see that plainly. For two weeks you have sat up nearly all night and gone to your office two hours later than usual. That means but one thing in the end—poverty. Now, I insist upon your recognition of my rights and of those of my children. Your first duty is to us. You deliberately made yourself responsible for us. You have no right to make us suffer for your own selfish pleasure. I have devoted myself wholly to you for the past fifteen years. I have sacrificed myself in every possible way. Now I demand my reward—my rights. I demand that you destroy this stuff and devote yourself to my comfort and to that of my children."

"You would have me destroy this—this——" he had faltered, aghast at her complacent egoism, well as he knew her.

"I would have you burn it now—this instant."

"I will not," he had exclaimed, angrily, yet with a sinking sense of helplessness.

"I was not made to lead the life of a potato," he had continued, with deep resentment.

"You selected your patch and planted yourself in it. I suppose you are not like *him*—to leave your family and live like a hermit that you can write undisturbed."

"He supports his family——"

"Yes; but you could not. He, at least, has had the practical experience of many years and can make money if he is great. You could not—nor did I marry you to be deserted for a thing like this."

And in the end she had won. He had burned the manuscript. That sort of woman has a more tenacious, more irresistible power over the husband she has lived with for a number of years than siren or genius. Her husband and her children are her property, her sole interests. She applies herself to them, lives in them. Undistracted by beauty, or social ambitions, or waywardness of temperament, her concentrative face becomes appalling. The man with his weaker nature, his diffuser interests, succumbs inevitably to her control until he is in the embrace of the devil-fish, a sucker at every vein.

That was five years ago. He had returned to his business. It had prospered. But he was not a rich man and it would be ten years yet before he could retire. He admitted with savage satisfaction that his business abilities were only second-rate. He had buried his ambitions five fathoms deep, his leisure hours in books. To this pastime his wife could make no practical argument, as he rose betimes, although she had the impatient contempt of her kind for intellectual pursuits. His friend he had avoided, knowing how the scornfully independent nature of the greater man would despise his weakness.

Then suddenly, one week ago, he had met another woman, a woman who had possessed herself of all that heaved restlessly and suppressed in the deeps of his mind as fully as if she had lived in them these twenty wasted years. With the intuitive genius of her own large brain she had recognized his abilities, divined his ambitions, and alternately railed at him with scorn and bewitched him with sympathy. She was a beautiful woman, with the beauty of an intense and original personality rather than of conventional line. Her temperament was warm, wayward, emotional, her mind independent, her knowledge of man deep and wide. He had not met her twice before he was as madly in love with her as such men are at least once in their lives. As it so happened he, in his narrow routine and avoidance of Society, had met no woman before who had more than lightly touched his fancy. The passion was therefore the more overwhelming. A more or less bitter advocate of the great law of Circumstance, he believed that this woman had been designed for him and that their meeting and union was in the natural and inevitable order of things. Their very meeting was one of those apparent accidents which to the analytical mind is but one of the links in the chain of Circumstance, sequential and relistlessly evolved. He had met on the street a college friend whom he had not seen for years, a successful artist, and out of pure indolence had accepted an invitation to his studio for the following evening. There he had met Her. In a corner of the big shadowy room they had talked the night away heedless of the unconventional gathering. The sympathy between them had vibrated magnetically in the first moment. The sparks so long diverging had met at last and struck.

She lived alone. For the last three days he had been in these rooms, recklessly oblivious of the city below and all it contained. For three days he had known that deep satisfaction which is so much more than the vegetable, content, something less than the ideal and never-attained condition technically known as happiness—a condition only made known by flashes of insight, when the soul is in extremest agony. Mentally he had unburied the past twenty years and lived them. As a man, he had known the delight which only love and such a woman could teach him. He had literally forgotten his wife, forgotten her as wholly as if he had been winged to another planet and left memory behind on earth.

But this morning he remembered. The chill, disillusionizing dawn, the relentless

hand of satiety, the prosaic city below—the city which was identified with almost every hour of his life—brutally dispelled his dream. He stood staring down upon the roofs, conscious that he was face to face with a problem.

His wife or this woman? It seemed to him that there could and should be but one issue. He had given twenty years of his life to the woman who had yielded nothing but what he could have hired ten thousand times over. What right had she to ask more? Had a man no duty to himself? To his intellect? To his spiritual demands? He could make her and her children comfortable. Why had nature given him brain and soul and passion if he was to lead the life of a vegetable? The two things were incongruous. He could not imagine his love for this woman grown cool, that companionship ceasing to satisfy and inspire. Life with her meant not only delight but a future, his remaining years filled with the intoxication of mental labor, the stimulus of an appreciative and loving mind. It is true that his wife would suffer in her small way. She had an inordinate amount of that order of selfishness commonly known as pride. Good a mother as she was she would unquestionably lay one of her children in its coffin with unfaltering hands rather than bend her shame-red face before the pitying scorn of her little world. Of the love of woman to man she had but the most stereotyped conception. Wounds in such meagre natures are soon healed. She would concentrate on her children, readjust her life, fill it in with a multitude of new petty interests.

And this woman? A great temperament had been developed in every avenue. She had suffered, and lived, and thought. To him finally she had given the superb perfection that Circumstance in all its variety had builded. She loved him. If he left her he might as well tear her heart from her body.

He glanced behind him, through the parted curtains, into the room where she still slept. Even in sleep, that mighty test, she was beautiful despite her pallor. Her brown hair, soft, and fine, and rich, curled warmly about her delicate face with its strong lines and fine brow. The dark lashes rested on cheeks thin of contour, but white of skin. The parted lips were full and red. One bare arm, perfect in its modelling, was crooked that the hand might support the head. The throat under its laces was full and pulsing. The room was a thing of silk and lace, pink as the heart of a shell. That in which he stood illustrated another phase of the woman. It was lined from floor to ceiling with books. Magazines and books littered the floor. A large antique table was covered with manuscript, her own and his.

His eyes wandered back to the city out of which white wreaths of smoke were beginning to drift skyward. His eyes were arrested by a church spire. They had passed it unheeded before. Now they recognized it and the man shuddered. Directly below that spire was his wife. Sleeping like the woman behind him? Or listening for his step, watching from the window in a fever of angry terror? He made no doubt that detectives were on his track at the moment—amateur ones, in the shape of mutual friends, at least. It had not even occurred to him to send her a subterfuge. For that he condemned himself roundly. It would have been easy to send her a telegram saying that he had been called to Chicago. But then he would have been obliged to think of her. And he realized that to have forgotten her had been no insignificant part of his happiness.

His eyes grew to the spire. It seemed to curve its long shadow toward him and draw him down to the house at its base—and into the last twenty years. Those twenty years seemed to rise and assert their terrible power—the power of habit. The woman down there in her silence was having her cause espoused in a manner she little looked for. The present faded. He saw himself, felt himself again in that daily round—the long arduous days, the short solitary evenings, the dull meal-times, the heavy nights. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, to nigh unto a quarter of a century. He had ceased to rebel—a week ago. The future had stretched, hopeless; the monotony of the present had him fast. His greatest excitement had been a new book; until the last five years an occasional visit to the man who held genius of more account than family ties. He knew that if he chose the path which the law and possibly his own conscience might condemn, he should have the hearty approval of this man. He could have the deep pleasure of his society again. He could take her to live near the man who scorned the world and respected himself.

But those accursed twenty years seemed to rise and press about him. His body was in the little room high above the city, but his disassociated spirit was in the presence of his wife. He felt, shuddering again, the insidious power of that small concentrated personality. He had never admitted before that he feared her. He admitted it now when two miles of roof tops spread between them. For twenty years he had permitted her to control him. He knew that did he not see her for twenty more he would still feel those suckers at his veins. In that moment he hated her with a vicious depth which was only paralleled by his love for another woman. Yet she drew him irresistibly. It was as if he had dreamed a dreary dream for twenty years, then through the sudden assertion of his subjective brain, had forced it out to live his natural life, then sunk again into its embrace when the mental tension, consequent upon such an effort, snapped.

He went into an adjoining room and dressed himself hurriedly. He scribbled a few words, the usual disjointed futilities, passed into the bedroom and bent over the sleeping woman. He dared not kiss her. He went rapidly to the door, paused a moment and looked back. Her eyes were open. She was one of those who awaken instantly and fully, as if a flash of lightning had been projected into the brain. She understood, and her eyes were expanded with terror. If she had been a worse woman she would have reserved her self-control and summoned her arts. But, as it was, she did not move or speak.

"I am going," he said, mechanically. "You understand. It had to be."

Her mind framed only commonplace phrases. Under the sudden shock she was no longer an individual but a type, the elemental woman. "You love me no longer—how can you leave me? Are you tired?"

"I love you and I am going back to a woman I hate."

"The wife has a terrible power! A terrible power!"

He stared at her. He could not go. And yet the cold spell of his wife was on him. He knew that if he did not go now he should later. And in the slight chill which had inevitably followed those three days he knew that it would be easier to go than when the tide had risen again.

She sat up and pressed her arms convulsively about her knees. "I am nothing," she said, pride routing love for the moment. "A side issue. A momentary diversion. The woman who has wearied you for twenty years has you fast. I, who have loved you to completeness and who have given you only happiness, weigh as nothing in the balance. Neither that nor my own wretchedness. You seemed to me the strongest man I had ever known. It is strange you should not be strong enough to stay with me—for I do not believe that it is strength that takes you away."

"No, it is weakness. That woman has gripped my very marrow. I should feel her calm, determined rein in every hour I passed with you—and I should go in the end. My weakness is contemptible, but I confess it."

"I could never have influenced you like that," she said, with one of her swift intuitions.

"No, for I love you. A man never fears his wife when he loves her. His guilty sense of remorse makes him yield, by way of compromise, to her control. Then, later, when he would shake off the harness, he finds that it has grown fast."

The woman did not speak for a moment. "Shall I not see you again?" she asked finally.

"No, I shall go back and become a potato. Do you go on and become famous. I shall watch you—from my patch—and love you. If you suffer—well, it is said that one cannot become really great until one has suffered."

"God knows I have suffered enough."

"But not in this way."

"No, or I should not suffer now. The heart breaks only once. When it is patched up it may crack like an old wall, some day it will crumble, but it convulses no more."

"I am glad you are still able to make epigrams."

Then the woman in her asserted itself. She sprang out of bed and flung herself upon him. "You shall not go," she cried imperiously; "I have my rights and I demand them. You have no right, *no right* to make me love you—for three days. You are mine and I demand you. Your duty is no less to me than to her—more, for I can suffer more, and she has had you for twenty years." And then she fell to crying and begging him not to leave her. He held her closely and kissed her many times. He cast aside his hat and remained with her. But in the end he went.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

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TRADES UNIONISM AND VIOLENCE.

BY JOHN P. IRISH.

The murder of non-union sailors by dynamite is merely the logical outcome of the creed of those organizations which begin by denying to our native youth the right of apprenticeship to learn a trade, and continue by the use of force and violence directed against property and person to compel all handicraftsmen to join them under penalty of being starved to death or beaten to death for refusal.

In no other country has the trade union idea gone to the extremes which have been tolerated here. The system has grown in an atmosphere of sympathy for labor which is the natural sentiment of a free people, until it is destructive of the very freedom in which it has flourished. Taking the Sailors' Union in this city as an example: It is controlled by immigrants, by men alien born and trained to the sea off their native shores. Their life is on the water, and their experiences on land are confined to the boarding-houses and the shipping office. They have no chance to acquire a knowledge of our form of government, and certainly none to gain any respect for it. To them Government is represented by the water front policeman, who remotely stands for local politics, which in turn stands for the ambitions of local politicians. The voting immigrant soon learns that he can run the country, because politicians make laws and enforce them, and in turn depend on the ballot-box.

So these sea-faring aliens adopt a simple creed, to the effect that no one shall become an able seaman without their consent, and that no able seaman shall be permitted to ship unless he joins their union. The union stands in denial of any man's right to earn his bread as a sailor except by its consent. This denial is without legal force. It is a violation of law and of natural right. Being outlawed and without legal means of enforcement, the means used are illegal. They are in the form of cowardly attempts to destroy property and assaults upon the person. The waterfront of San Francisco has been for years the scene of outrages by members of the Sailor's Union. More than one murder has been committed before these lost by dynamite, and there have been maimings and beatings without number. All these have been incited by the creed of the organization. They have been tolerated by cowards in office and palliated by the cringing press, until it has come to be a sort of understanding by general assent that a union has a right to maim or murder a man who tries to earn his bread without its consent!

Let us apply this to any other organization. Suppose the churches should combine to mob every man and deny him the right to live by his profession or vocation unless he joined some church! How long would it be tolerated? It would be just as reasonable and as lawful as the denial of apprenticeship and using duress against non-union labor which are in the permanent creed and the daily practice of the unions.

Suppose, again, that the Democratic party, being in the majority in this city, should meet and resolve that no man shall be employed here unless he join that party, and should enlist its committees with satchels of dynamite to destroy every outstander against its decree! How long would such a plan stand? Yet it would be just as legal and as right as the claim which, in the creed of the Sailor's Union, has for years kept the waterfront in a condition of warfare and has ripened in the attempt at indiscriminate murder of men and women.

At the Receiving Hospital lies a native born American sailor, burned and scarred, with bones broken and flesh roasted. He is blind and deaf. His eyeballs were blown out of their sockets and his ear drums bursted in his head by dynamite. To find a punishment equal in its ghastly cruelty we must seek the customs of the tribes of the Congo basin and the practice of human torture by his Majesty of Dahomey. Why was this American sailor so cruelly bereft of two of the capital senses? It was because, being born in a free country, he asserted his right to earn a living without the consent of the union; and the union creed, enforced in the only way in which it is enforceable, blew him up with dynamite. According to this union creed he was guilty of two crimes—one, being born an American, and the other claiming the free privilege of his birthright to earn his bread without asking permission of a union controlled by immigrants and aliens.

No one is deceived by the union's offer of a reward for detection of the wretches who maimed this American and murdered two of his mates. The murderers are simply the logical and necessary agents of the union. Its organization is powerless and its creed a mere pudding of phrases without violence and murder to carry them out. As they cannot achieve the smallest of their professed purposes lawfully, they must of necessity do so lawlessly, and if their existence at all be proper, then the murder and crime which alone make that existence possible, must be proper also.

Just how long American communities will submit to the criminalizing of native boys and the murder of native men by these immigrant combinations is a problem left to the patience and long suffering of a demagogue-ridden people.

* * *

In view of the success so far attained in outlawing us in our own land and crowding us out of our nest, that recent Russian immigrant seems to have been justified in crying out to the mob of his countrymen in New York: "Let us get arms and we can easily put down these Americans."

* * *

The Attorney General answered an inquiry of the House last week, with a statement of the action of the Administration in regard to the Geary law.

From the record transmitted it appears that the President properly leaves the law to the courts and their instruments for judicial enforcement. When it is judicially determined that a Chinese is to be deported he will go. The Treasury officers, who are instruments and agents of the Executive branch of the Government, are directed to provide means for deportation only, and are properly forbidden to interfere with the custody of Chinese who are in the keeping of the courts. The Administration also orders that no executive officer shall deport a Chinese whose case is on appeal or under consideration in *habeas corpus* proceedings.

By the record, then, it is shown that up to the limit of the insufficient means on hand, the President will faithfully execute the law as fast as the courts consider the cases brought before them. There is no evidence in the record of any other intention at any time than the enforcement of the law decently and in order. Mr. Geary's theory of the law, so often expounded by his excited interviews in the *Examiner* and sustained so laboriously by that paper, has been already wrecked by Judge Ross' decision, and the issue is left where the Federal Constitution places all questions affecting person, property, and freedom, with the courts, for judicial determination.

It is a sample of the methods of journalism and the motives that are behind the criticisms of the President, that General Olney's report to the House, when published in this city, was headed by the *Examiner* and other papers: "Nullification confessed" or "The law defied by the President," or some other equally false and misleading lines.

The *Examiner* especially began to deliberately misrepresent the Administration, weeks ago, on this question, in order to mislead its readers and get them in a temper to endorse the attacks on the President since made on the floor or in the roll call by all of our members of Congress.

* * *

The silver debate in the Senate, if it add nothing valuable to the literature of finance, is useful in exposing certain forgeries and falsehoods which have been used for years as premises by the advocates of "a more and a fittener currency." The first of these is "the midnight crime" of 1873, by which name the passage of the coinage Act of that year has been called by Senator Stewart. Senator Sherman shows by the Congressional Record that the Act was debated so copiously as to fill 186 pages of the Record and that Stewart spoke in its favor and voted for it.

The next forgery was the paragraph from the *Bankers Magazine* charging that $500,000 gold was raised in England to bribe Congress to pass the Act of 1873, and that the bribing was done by Mr. Seyd in person.

This forgery was incautiously used by Senator White, who, upon its exposure by Sherman, manfully erased it from his speech, though it removed much foundation from that effort.

The third forgery was an interpolation of the words, "who is now here," in Hooper's speech made in the House on the Act of 1873, following the name of Seyd. As a matter of fact Seyd was not in America after 1856, but to carry out the bribery charge forged from the *Bankers Magazine* it was necessary to put a second forgery into Hooper's speech. This crime seems to have been committed by an editor in Peoria, Ill., and when it was exposed Teller and other silver Senators promptly came to the defense of the criminal.

The exposure of these three forgeries and falsehoods takes most of the howl power out of a silver speech.

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"But he married a short time ago."

"Yes; but he married a widow.—*Life.*

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

I had anticipated, alas, how fondly! to have given you full and glowing particulars of the success of our Midwinter's Fair project. I regret to say, though, that so many of our ladies prove themselves sluggards in the interests of the city's good, and, like the cricket in the fable, play all summer long and expect to participate in the fruits of the labor of their industrious cousins, the ants, when winter comes. San Francisco's women lack enterprise and ambition, and you will hardly credit the difficulty our Nominating Committee has met with in trying to gather together a dozen energetic spirits to form an Executive Committee. It is so disheartening to those of us who wish to make our exhibit in any degree worthy of the city, to find so little co-operation and assistance among our own sex. Here, too, where the average woman has so very few duties outside her home. We have not in San Francisco, as in New York and Chicago, those endless societies, clubs, sewing circles, and what not, which fill up completely the leisure hours. No; here a woman belongs perhaps to one club, and outside of that attends to her few social duties; so far as the rest of the world is concerned her footprints leave not the faintest trace upon the sands of Time, and instead of being up and doing she sits calmly and very often even refuses to contribute a widow's mite for the benefit of her city.

Things social are in abeyance; we trust, though, that someone will soon set the ball arolling. That reduction in the membership of the Cotillion Club has created talk. The assumption is, therefore, that it will be more exclusive. Are we, then, to emulate New York and have merely the 150? Next year, perhaps, the committee may go a step further and become 75. That would indeed be bliss. Fancy the joy of the elect whose claims to social distinction would be such that they would descend to posterity as a species of "They who must be obeyed." Why they would almost rival the Light Brigade. I daresay in some respects, especially as regards conversational ability, they might. As for conversation, however, it has become absolutely impossible. If you are playfully imaginative, one is called untruthful; if you are reminiscent, it is old history; does one discuss serious subjects, it is prosy you are; as for originality, it is more dangerous than singularity. Feeble persiflage and frivolous gossip form the main staple of our present conversational matter. People no longer love and hate as of yore; friendships are modified by prudence or more often are simply used to further social ambitions, while hatred has lost the redeeming quality of courage. Mediocrity reigns supreme with that intolerance which only mediocrity dare assume.

Lest you should imagine that my comments are the results of a disordered mind, let me tell you that I have been sewing. Sewing is prosaic. There is no doubt of that. But where should we be without the prosaic? A tooth brush is prosaic; but without it no human being would be poetic. A kitchen range is decidedly matter of fact; but where, lacking it, would be our socialities, our matrimonies, our hospitalities? Kindly accept my defence and listen while I describe to you where and into what my stitches have been set. Firstly a dinner dress: A fullish round skirt of solferino satin covered with white dots and trimmed with a wide, not very full, flounce of black tulle, headed with a band of sable fur; a second band of sable a little higher up. The body is low, full black velvet entirely covered with thick rich yellow guipure. A black belt of jetted tulle, the jet put on lightly in rows around the waist. Epaulettes of sable, and short puffed sleeves of the solferino satin with a flounce of single black tulle scarcely veiling it, and from the low neck to the throat, which was encircled with bands of fur, bands of drawn black tulle showing intervals of neck between. Don't you think I might say or do anything after having assisted in the creation of so gorgeous a confection—a veritable harmony in black and rich red?

You know purple, or éminence as the initiated call it, is the new color this year, and here is a dress I saw the other day trimmed with this royal, though trying shade. It is of brown mouse colored plush, a plain skirt with gathers at the back. There was a wide purple satin belt; the plush body had a tight jacket of the purple edged with fur, a collar of fur, and epaulettes of the satin edged with fur hung over the full sleeves. A dream on a tall, dark woman whose auburn or ruddy brown coloring will harmonize with it, but the sallow woman had better eschew this color unless she desires to look old, haggard, and yellow as a guinea.

You have discovered, I dare say, how difficult it is to find a graceful ornament for the centre of a dinner table. Let me tell you of one I saw recently: Tall columns in cut glass and arches springing from them, connected by drooping chains, also in glass. Small vases are hung here and there upon the arches, which would look lovely with smilax twined round them and the chains. Have you seen the new amethyst glass? It is exquisite and lights up uncommonly well.

There is a new kind of velvet called "Bias Velutina." It is cut on the cross in widths varying from a little over an inch to three inches, and suitable for dress trimmings as well as bindings for skirts, in lengths of eighteen yards wound on the reels in a continuous strip. The colors are beautiful, including all the new fashionable tints, such as sea blue, écru, mulberry, leaf green, rosine (a glorious pink) Maryland (a splendid forest brown) serpent green, etc. It is also sold in dress lengths, and the pale tones would be lovely for dinner gowns.

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MASKS AND FACES

They are as round, as mobile as ever, those Vokes eyes. Whoever saw orbs like them? Or a nose so suggestive, or a mouth that said so much in so few words? Not a whit less expressive the Vokes face—round like her eyes and her head with its shock of blonde curls. With features so facile, so flexible, why speak a word, Rosina? Is it not taking an unfair advantage of those others whose dialogue is a matter of phrases? Are there not sentences in the slightest movement of that curly head? Cannot her eyes deliver the most eloquent passages in a single glance? What interesting, amusing, ludicrous things she says with the dimples at the corners of that marvelous mouth. It is not too small, that mouth of Rosina's. I doubt, indeed, if those dimples have ever seen one another. Poor dimples.

But Cecil Clay saw them. From his coign of vantage in that second tier stage box, how earnestly he watched the twinkling of Rosina's lips. When her eyes described ellipses in their sockets, he leant over in an ecstasy of enjoyment. His head nodded with hers; at the dear, old jokes we all know so well, he laughed ever so heartily. I am sure he enjoyed "The Circus Rider" more than myself, and he laughed oftener at the good lines in the "Rehearsal." But she is fascinating, this dear Rosina. Does she not still enrapture her husband? It must be years since I saw, for the first time, the heavy dragoon, the little Baron, the irritable amateur playwright, and all the other Vokes personages, and Cecil Clay, who has lived with all these personages these many years, how amused he was. Actually, I saw him lead the applause.

It is an individuality this Vokes has—such nice people she takes around with her—sweet girls with soft, rich, English voices, and men who wear monocles and whose manners suggest Eton and Oxford. Unaffected enough in their way these young people—forming a properly subdued background for the star to shine against. How their reposefulness relieves the charm of her mobility. Carefully wrought out compositions these companies of hers. Shuffle their components, the types are as fixed as a foundation. She will come to us a year hence, and though the old set drops out here and there, East and West, the components are ever the same, and without a careful scanning of programmes who can tell the difference?

"THE COUNTERSIGN."

If the military drama produced at Stockwell's this week were properly named, instead of being called "The Countersign" it would be designated as a "Comedy of Interruptions." Whenever a male and female player, in their tedious work of unraveling the not very exciting or intricate plot, essay to make love—and that is what the amorous authors compel them to do at almost every stage of the proceedings—some other male and female player, and in many cases the entire company, break in upon them. Some of these interruptions are more embarrassing to the audience than to the actors. For example, Mr. Stockwell, without whom "The Countersign" would be like a dead sea apple which has neither flavor nor substance, frequently makes love to a widow named Montford. But he is always interrupted. After three acts the spectators begin to feel that the authors have put up a job on the genial comedian and purpose never letting him explain matters to the widow. Fortunately, in the end they permit him to get to the point. Had they not done so, I imagine that the audiences at Stockwell's this week would have revolted.

But, seriously, "The Countersign" has few of the elements of a successful drama. The plot is based on the attempted rescue of several thousand Confederate prisoners confined on Sandusky Bay, Ohio. But the audience is given only a brief glimpse of the bay and hears nothing about the prisoners except what comes out in the dialogue. The interest, owing to the lack of realism and absence of action, flags from the very start. Of the players nothing need be said. Mr. Frawley cannot portray the young lieutenant, and Mr. Kent has little conception of the ancient fisherman. The Misses Foltz, I am persuaded, are both destined to become actresses.

"KILLARNEY."

Katie Emmett, the Irish comedienne, and Andrew Mack, the Irish singer and story-teller, are a team about which little can be said except in praise. To those who delight in the representation upon the stage of the pathetic scenes of Irish life, the California this week has been a haven of rest. The play does not belong to the highest type of the drama, but it is refreshing, witty, and full of lively Irish lyrics.

NOTES.

"The Countersign," at Stockwell's, will be succeeded on Monday evening by the romantic drama, "Damon and Pythias." This is a new departure for the company, and some curiosity will be felt to witness the representation.——

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin re-open the Alcazar with a new dramatization of "Oliver Twist." Among the company Mr. Rankin includes Phyllis Rankin, Mrs. F. M. Bates, Miss Blanche Bates, and Mr. Clement Scott. The Alcazar has been refitted and refurnished, and now promises a prosperous season. The sale of seats at the old prices indicates that Mr. Rankin's magnetic qualities as a star show no signs of abatement.——

On Monday evening Miss Vokes will present a new bill at the Baldwin, consisting of "That Lawyer's Fee" and "Maid Marian."——

On Monday evening a new company at the California will present the "Span of Life," a drama which comes to us from the Grand Opera House of New York, where it has had a successful run.

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AMATEUR SPORT

The first of the series of races at Burlinghame, which occurred on Saturday last, proved a distinct success. A good-sized contingent of city folks went down on the morning train, and when the first race was called at 2:30 P. M., the stand was well filled with fashionable women dressed in their best bib and tucker, and accompanied by smart men. The grounds were in splendid shape and the day an ideal one for out door sport of any kind.

With creditable punctuality Mr. Crockett, who was selected to hold the flag, called the ponies to the post for the opening race, a three-eighths of a mile dash on the flat for polo ponies. Four very proper-looking gentlemen, resplendent in their silk, cantered past the audience in parade and then lined up with quite professional *sang froid* at the starting post. Mr. Ricketts assisted Mr. Crockett and between them the ponies were gotten off in first-class shape. The race was capitally ridden from start to finish and was won handily by Mr. Wheeler with a bit to spare.

The next race was a half mile over hurdles for horses, and four gentlemen qualified at the scales. There were no doubt quite a good many in the audience who had never seen a hurdle race, and the beautiful and exciting sport interested everybody. The ladies made wagers of bonbons and gloves on their favorites, and the men about the clubhouse and in the saddling paddock gave and took odds with all the spirit of professional pencilers. The race was a capital exhibition of pluck and good riding on the part of every one and proved a triumph for Mr. Joseph Tobin who turned out to be the hero of the day, winning as he did three out of the five races on the card. No better bit of hurdle riding has been seen in a long time than Mr. Tobin's performance in this race.

The third race was a sprint of 300 yards on the flat for ponies. It was a brilliant if brief dash and was captured in splendid style by Mr. Simpkins. The fourth race was interesting as an exhibition of the jumping qualities of the ponies. The distance was a half mile, and six obstructions were in position. But the game little ponies had had too many hard knocks in the polo field to mind facing a hurdle even at full speed, and they went at the bars in a way that would have done credit to Trouble in his prime. Again, Mr. Tobin proved himself a capital rider. He handled his pony with rare good judgment, bringing him up to his jumps with a firm hand and riding with a splendid seat.

The final event on the card was the most exciting of the day. A better race is seldom seen on any race course. The distance was half a mile on the flat and the entries supposedly thoroughbreds. The horses were dispatched to a capital start and went at it with a vim worthy of old campaigners. A hundred yards from home the race looked to be a gift for Mr. Tobin who rode a horse belonging to Mr. Hobart. Mr. Simpkins, on an inferior mount, made a splendid driving finish, however, and in the last few strides closed upon the leader. It was hammer and tongs to the judge's box which was occupied by Major Rathbone. Mr. Tobin rallied his mount in good shape and landed the race by a neck. The audience enjoyed the sport thoroughly and pronounced the meeting a huge success.

Mr. Casserly had the misfortune of losing one of his favorite horses. The animal died of heart disease while going to the post.

* * *

It is a question whether the California Lawn Tennis Club gathered in a sufficient amount of coins at its exhibition tournament of Saturday last to make any material reduction in the amount of the Club's debt. Something in the neighborhood of three score of spectators assembled at the Scott Street grounds. The excellence of the programme certainly warranted a larger gathering, but the Burlinghame Park races, no doubt, acted as a counter attraction to a considerable degree.

From the standpoint of brilliant tennis, I am forced to admit that the exhibition was not a particularly satisfying one. There were a number of spirited games it is true, but on the whole the playing was slow, and none of the contestants, with the possible exception of Stetson and De Long, were at their best. The event in which interest chiefly centered was the match between Taylor, the ex-champion, and Joseph Daily, the Club instructor. Taylor has not been seen on the courts this season, and everybody was curious to know how well he would acquit himself after his long inactivity. It was to be expected that he would succumb to the professionals driving game, but it was likewise fondly hoped by his admirers that Taylor would play well enough to force Daily to extend himself a bit. As it was, the instructor had it all his own way from the outset and won as he pleased.

Champion Driscoll appeared with Bates, of Oakland, in the opening doubles against Hubbard and "Joe" Daily, the latter being substituted for Joseph Tobin, who, at the last moment, decided to ride over hurdles at Burlinghame in preference to playing tennis. The champion was in second rate form and Hubbard, while showing some of his old time power and neat play, was by no means dangerous. With the assistance of Daily, however, he managed to put the match to the credit of his side by a score of 6-3.

The old time rivalry between Stetson and De Long and the champion Hardy Brothers, was re-opened in the second match and the Californians carried off the laurels with much credit to themselves. Stetson in particular played very good tennis, but as the "boys" were in very poor form, the victory has but little significance. Besides, the Californians had the advantage of playing on their own courts and of a single set match. The score was 6-4 in their favor.

Following this came the event of the day, the match between Daily and Taylor. In the opening games of the first set Taylor made no showing whatever, his opponent scoring eleven points before a single one was credited to the ex-champion. Later on Taylor displayed some of his rare judgment and improved slightly in his work, but it was plain to all that he was at the mercy of the professional throughout. Daily played with perfect confidence and good nature, doing little to make his shots difficult of return. The first set went to his credit by a score of 6-3.

In the second set Taylor rallied a little and made a number of strokes that won him applause, but it was plain to the close observer that he was out of practice and quite untrained, for he tired easily. The second set was a repetition of the first, although Taylor managed to add one more game to his credit. Score, 6-4 in favor of Daily.

In the final match of the day Miss Bates, of Oakland, appeared with her brother against Miss Lord, "the pride of the Army," and Mr. Hubbard. I was quite confident early in the season that Miss Bates was a very promising candidate for the ladies' championship and correspondingly disappointed at her easy defeat at San Rafael. She played on Saturday, though, in a manner which was deserving of much credit. Miss Lord excelled in the service, but as she was quite poorly supported by Mr. Hubbard, the Oakland pair won in straight sets with comparative ease, 6-3, 6-4.

* * *

The football fever is raging fiercely all over the Coast. The arrival of Hefflefinger, the Yale expert, has revived the drooping spirits of the U. C. men, and unless all signs fail the games will be the best we have ever had in California. Bliss is hard at work at Palo Alto, and has succeeded in making friends with his men who, as a result, are confident that the tricks they have learned will lead them on to victory over the other "'Varsity" team and the "Cits" as well. The Olympics, yclept "Cits" because they are town men I suppose, are doing some sincere practice work and promise to put up a game that will make the collegians "hustle" to win against.

* * *

The baseball game between the University and the Bohemian Clubs has been set for November 4th and will be played at the Haight Street grounds. The Bohemian team is being managed by Major R. P. Hammond while Mr. Grant is looking after the ball tossers of the 'Varsity team.

The following is the make up of the University nine: Ricketts, first base; Chetwood, second base; J. Tobin, shortstop; Grant, third base; Howard, center field; C. Tobin, right field; Smedburg, left field, and Gilbert Tompkins, pitcher. Owen, of the Oakland team, who is coaching the nine will play behind the bat.

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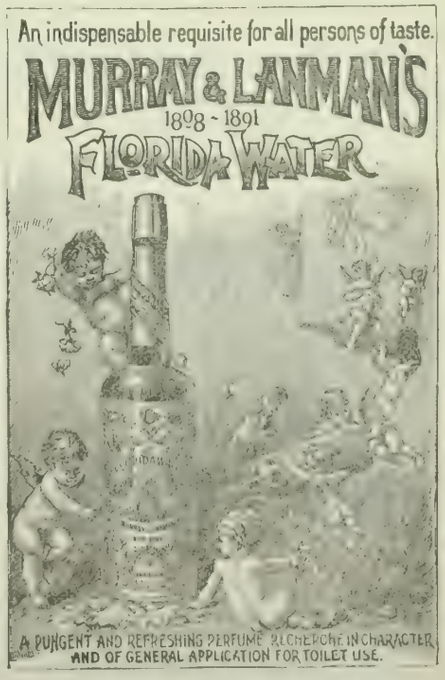

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SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

That music is growing to be more and more generally appreciated among the intelligent responsible classes is being proved with the advance of each season. True art programmes, carried out as faithfully as can be, attract the best audiences in point of numbers and discrimination. A few years since the opposite case ruled, and San Francisco was an unconcertable city. Opera in any form always has been popular with the interest of a few second rate stars thrown in, but the concert suffered a long period of probation before the present state of general suffrage came round.

Among the most successful concerts, speaking widely, ever given here, no series has continued to draw as consistently as these Saturday Popular Concerts, and quite a large share of the present broader interest in music took its rise in the existence of these performances. To the energy, enterprise, and ability of Mrs. Carmichael Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel, and the services of Mr. Louis Heine, our musical life owes a debt of gratitude, not that they alone have continuously given their efforts to propagating a sincere artistic faith, but because the work has been done with interest and vitality enough to keep the public so stimulated that the need for fine works grew comparatively articulate. Outside the steady and voluminous labor these performances have undoubtedly been attached to, this increasing maintenance of a generous standard of things musical has had much to do with the popularity of these concerts. The personality of each of these players has become impressed fixedly upon the concert-going mind, and Mr. Beel and Mrs. Carr have won a recognized position, which, of its kind, is unique here. A good influence is to be expected from the recognition of these performers, as it tends to show that a steady endeavor for the best attainable and a dignified attitude towards the public is appreciated and capable of growing into something like a power-spreading influence.

Musical and mechanical gifts of the very highest intensity are not to be expected in any local performers; the environment does not give enough scope for the exercise of such a supposed dowry of talents, and our public finds itself very content with the conscientious efforts of carefully educated people of good abilities. However, the standard gradually rises and our musicians do not themselves stand still, notably so the instrumentalists of the Saturday Popular Concerts.

For a programme the choice was of the kind which has been maintained throughout the series. A quartette from Schumann and piano Trio by Raff were given in the usual place. Mr. Beel's appearance as soloist and Mrs. Carr's performance in the Trio were the signal for a demonstration of warmth. The violin solo, a work by Mozzkowski, exhibited Mr. Beel's technique to advantage and proved interesting hearing. Mr. Victor Carroll, the vocalist of the afternoon, was happy in his selections, proving the possession of a voice of excellent capacities. The performances in general held the same standard as has won the public regard. Though an agreeable chamber enough, and fittingly appointed, the Golden Gate Hall is not without flaw as a concert hall; an echo of a perceptible kind lends nothing to the playing or singing.

Kelsey Martin

Comic operas, of the second class, live their short spell entirely by favor. Witness the vanishing of local productions—longevity is the only means by which comparisons of merit may be instituted. "Fatanitza" is rising into the first class and promises to hold a stronger sway than of yore upon public taste. Light operas, having won success, are easily reproduced, but to retain their grasp the service of singers with more or less captivating personalities is a necessity. Once let a singer capture any title role by virtue of a special talent, and the opera, in some sense, is lost without that personation; hence Jessie Bartlett Davies is identified by the public above all others with the role of "Fatanitza." The Tivoli management produces its operas without particular regard for public predilections, however, and evidently relies more upon the popularity which its all-round performance wins than exceptional merit in its singers. At present the principals generally are in favor with the audiences gathering at the house. With Gracie Plaistead at their head the company has, by length of service, become thoroughly local, and Miss Tillie Salinger's reappearance next week will complete the cast, which is probably the most popular the theatre has ever possessed.

In "Fatanitza" an overplus of "business," not of a particularly humorous kind dragged on the performance; excepting this, there was no deviation from the standard usually arrived at. Miss Fanny Liddiard, shapely, animated, and playing a good role cleverly, did some of her best work. Miss Carrie Roma improves steadily, and the fresh quality of her singing is a strong attraction. Next week "Rip Van Winkle," Planquette's opera, clever and bright enough to rival the "Bells of Corneville," no little of a distinction in itself, is to be given, and Miss Tillie Salinger has exceptional chances to celebrate her reappearance in.——

Alfred Wilkie's Ballard Concert at Golden Gate Hall, announced for Tuesday afternoon, October 10th, has been postponed to Thursday, November 9th. The next concert will take place on Thursday evening, October 26th.——

The following is the programme for the next Carr-Beel Concert on Saturday afternoon the 14th inst: String Quartette, Beethoven; Carnaval for Piano, Schumann, Mr. Otto Bendix; 'Cello solo, Mr. Heine; Sonata for Piano and Violin, Bach, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel.

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LIBRARY NOTES

To write appropriately of Henry James one must have a style as subtle. Of literary artists the most exquisite, the most dextrous, he suggests rather than states; it is only by inference he affirms. Admirably void of positiveness is his manner, yet how even, how lucid his effect. The delicacy, the flexibility of his phrases, how cameo-like, how clear. Yet each blends into the paragraph like the hues in an opal. But for the twilight episodes he loves so to depict, those vague shadows of events which make his happenings, he needs an instrument of supreme delicacy. Alone of novelists he has the art of painting the very tinge of a mood.

In reading the six stories that make up his latest literary output, one is reminded of a finished pianist performing for an audience of artists. It is all so superlatively dextrous; there is no passion, yet a refined enthusiasm which seems to come from fiber rather than fingers. Not a tone out, the most inimitable gradations, the finest shading imaginable, such certainty of touch. Yet are they not the very ghosts of harmonies, these dainty melodies that this supreme executant evokes? Even the finish of the phrasing does not compensate the absence of an occasional *fortissimo*. It is so perfect, too perfect; so even, too even.

What eminently interesting people one meets in "The Private Life." Lord Mellifont, for instance, who is as much a man of the world as the head waiter and speaks almost as many languages; who analyzes occasions into costumes, into delicate harmonies of necktie and subtle informalities of shirt. Imagine an individual the mere sound of whose name, the air of his person, the general expectation he created, were somehow too exalted to be verified. He sits among the distinguished company pervading it, embellishing it, coloring it, controlling it. He *was* a style. "If there was any defect in his manner it was that he had a little more art than any conjunction—even the most complicated—could require." And Blanche Adney, the finished comedienne, who is beautiful without beauty, and complete with a dozen deficiencies. Her husband, too, who sustains, with such remarkable simplicity and taste, the position of husband of a great exponent of comedy. Yet, I must confess an intense desire to shake Lord Beaupré. Does not the delicacy of the creature verge on stupidity? Why did he not marry Miss Gosselin, this remarkable young man? It is almost as hard to forgive him as to pardon Maurice Glanvils for failing to fall in love with Fanny Knocker in "The Wheel of Time." If he could only have known how beautiful she would be. Could anyone but this inimitable Henry James have written "Collaboration" with its artistic enthusiasms, its literary self sacrifice?

They are very charming, these stories, inimitable in their way, full of the cleverest phrases, the most suggestive characterizations. To those of us lovers of style and art, they are delightful—even if there are no *crescendos*, no *fortissimos*.

"The Nameless City, A Romany Romance," by Stephen Grail, affords no excuse for perusal beyond the ordinary one of the reader's morbid curiosity. The first few pages happen to be odd enough to make one wonder what is to follow, and being in a bit more, the natural inclination is to the finish. But the book is not worth the exclamation points so liberally scattered over it. The pictures of gypsy life are absurd and decidedly unpicturesque. Peacefully settled in their sleeping village, the nomads of the world seem to have not even the ghost of a desire to wander. The love of their queen for the colorless Englishman was, to say the least, expected from the very first, but he was too pure, too constant to his absent *romi* not to provoke the criticism of being decidedly overdrawn. Many daggers flying about, numerous crossings of all palms with silver, and lengthy explanations of gypsy jargon fill deserts of dreary pages. No one says anything, no one even does anything; they only try to kill one another, and with each successive failure the reader regrets lost opportunities. That such an atrocity should be printed is indeed a commentary—that it should be read is almost a calamity.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Stories of Italy," by F. Hopkinson Smith, T. R. Sullivan, John J. A'Becket, and Grace Ellery Channing. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York. For sale by William Doxey.

"The Nameless City," a novel, by Stephen Grail. Harper & Bros., publishers, New York. For sale by William Doxey.

"The Private Life," "Lord Beaupré," and "The Visits," by Henry James. Harper & Bros., publishers, New York. For sale by William Doxey.

"The Wheel of Time," "Collaboration," and "Owen Wingrave," by Henry James. Harper & Bros., publishers, New York. For sale by William Doxey.

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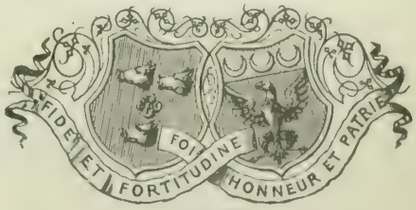

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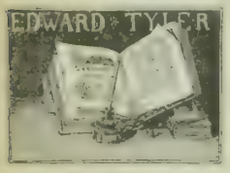

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SAN JOSE NOTES.

Society this week in the Garden City is as dull as ever. In fact, the only event, even semi-social in character, was the drill at the track on Monday. Of course, the club had asked that the soldiers come, and, the higher powers having consented, we entertained them as only San Joseans can. The officers had the freedom of the "Sainte Claire," and this included the city, the county, and everything in both, so the boys had a royal good time.

At the drill, which was really enjoyable even to the civilian, nearly all the 400 turned out *en complimente*, and the smiles of the ladies were never sweeter, nor their faces more fair, than when gazing on the brass-buttoned soldiers of Uncle Sam.

The other and inner strata of the Social System here—that represented by the benevolent societies—is enjoying a season of activity because so gossipy. The poor, whom we have always with us, are beginning to wonder if the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, which for the past few years has prided itself on its great and universal charities (?), has deserted them in this season of dire necessity. During the first years of the existence of this society it grew to be quite a social feature, and the balls during the winter season were always looked forward to as the most enjoyable of gatherings, and were always attended by the best people. In the past two years, however, both from a charitable and a social standpoint, this organization has been deteriorating, until now it is scarcely spoken of. Internal dissentions, backbiting, and gossip have been the cause of keeping many of the members away, and these things being made public, the society naturally lost the respect and confidence of the charitably disposed, whose purses are ever open to assist any good cause. Rumor says that even the President, Mrs. Bernard Murphy, has become so disgusted with the wrangling and bickering that she has lost all interest, and, of course, as soon as her hand was withdrawn from the helm, the frail charity craft was wrecked.

BESSIE.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of CONSTANTINE HUESCH, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of said Estate, at his office No 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Constantine Heusch, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

Estate of ROBERT BOTTCHER, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the uudersigned, administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four mon hs after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of said Estate at his office, No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Robert Bottcher, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

Estate of DAVID C. LEE, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of David C. Lee, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

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4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
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8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6.20 p m
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10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	4.15 p m
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*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
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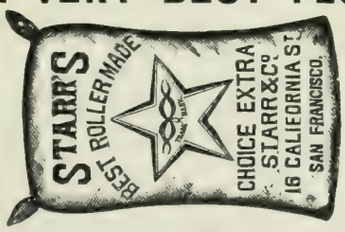

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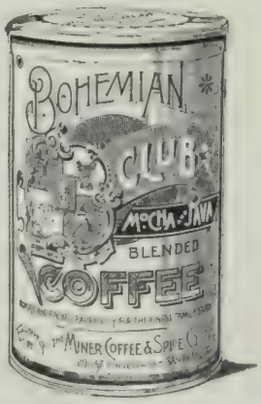

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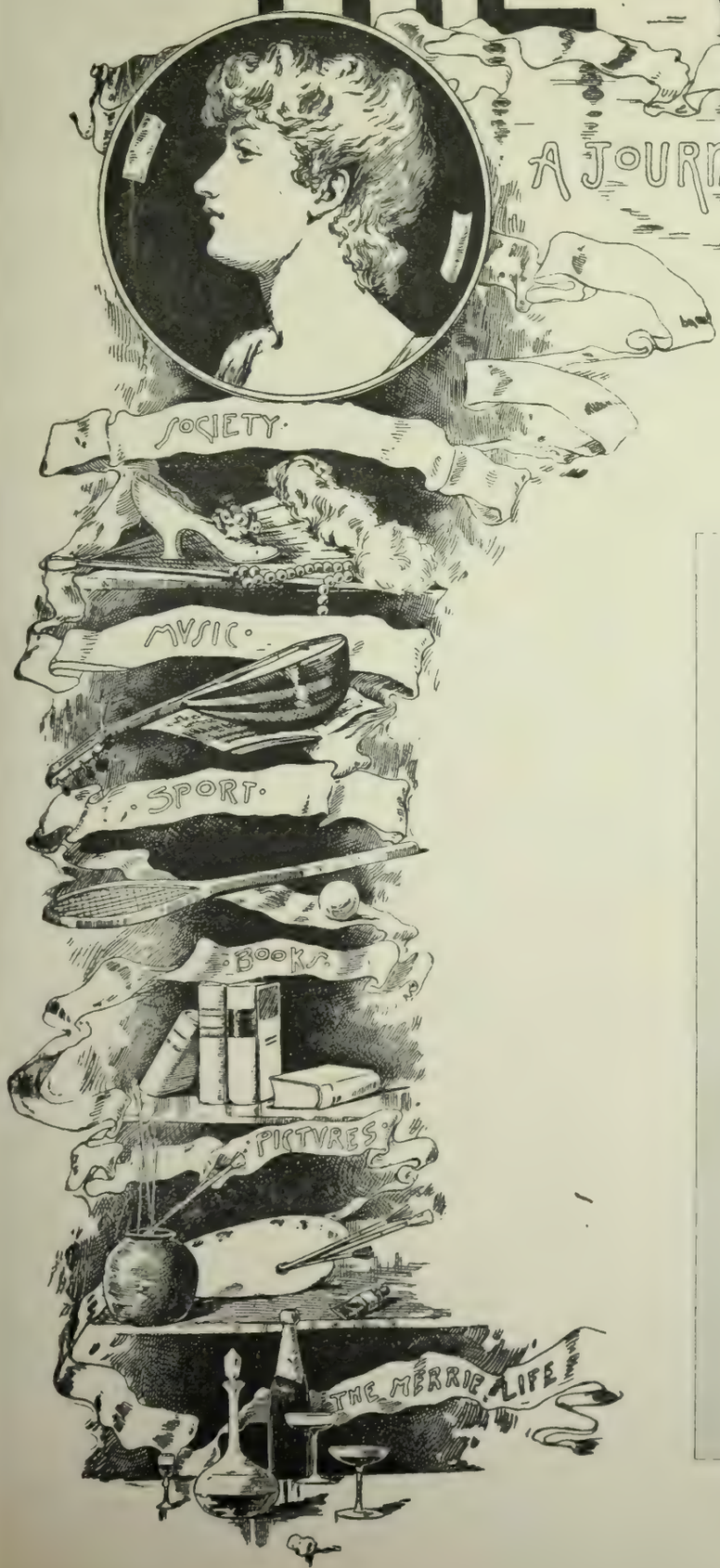

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THE WAVE

Vol. XI. No. 41. San Francisco, October 14, 1893. 10 Cents.

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal,

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 14, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES

RATHER A REFLECTION on the intelligence of Society is the controversy precipitated by Dr. Hemphill. Eminently unnecessary is the flutter in Western Addition dove-cotes over his strictures. His critics, totally misunderstanding the points of his discourse, have concluded that his condemnation of a phase meant that of the institution. They assume him a censor of cotillions, a caustic scrutinizer of receptions and weddings, possessed with a Puritan detestation of dancing and theatre-going. Yet, not a sentence of the famous sermon is susceptible of so fatuous a construction. I am persuaded the Doctor has more intimates in the 400 than out of it; and he is too intelligent to accuse such a collection of respectabilities of aught so positive as immorality.

* * *

It is curiously indicative of the provincialism of San Francisco that the term Society is assumed to apply solely to the community. It means the "Friday Night Club," not similar organizations in New York, in Philadelphia, or even in Oakland. It's specific, not general, and the defenders, in their arguments, speak of Dr. Hemphill's abstract strictures as having a concrete local application. In return he is assured by a leader in fashionable festivity that there are no scandals in our Society, that the girl who does not keep herself "straight" accepts the penalty of scorn and banishment. A second finds it instructive and ameliorating, and assures the misguided divine that our girls are not addicted to liquor, or to theatre-going unchaperoned. Another admits that there may be immoral women in Mr. Greenway's flock, but that Society acts as a check on them. A fourth finds it essentially elevating in its tendencies; and so on.

* * *

Had Dr. Hemphill desired to score especially the characteristics of our "swim," I am persuaded he would have handled the subject in no general terms. There are special features that would form excellent texts for him. Could he not confound the scandal-mongers, the poker-players, the parvenues? Could he not comment caustically on skeleton closets? Let him but draw back the curtain of the last few years, and what material for discourses on origins! Could he not wax eloquent on a social condition that represents little but dollars, wherein intelligence is unregarded and prominence is push? Until he does so, however, it is unnecessary to enter into a defense; it is quite superfluous to assure him our girls are not addicted to liquor, nor to contempt of chaperonage. It is interesting to know from an eminent authority that we have had no scandals in Society; but one may be pardoned for reminding the lady that Dr. Hemphill never insinuated even a suggestion of immorality.

* * *

I am not engaged in the defense of the clever divine whose sermon seems to have created so much of a sensation. The fact is, there is too little activity in the set that is called Society to produce the hardening consequences he so vividly depicts. Even when the season is at its height festivity is limited to a ball, a reception, a dinner or so per week. To live for fashion is out of the question, because of the long periods in which Society is latent. Take September and the two weeks of October that have passed—for Society they meant little more than an isolated tennis gathering, a concert or two, and a batch of marriages. I know of girls driven to sewing, spiritualism, even to study, by the tedium of these interminable dull months. Let us talk of worldliness in December.

* * *

IF I AM not thoroughly alive to the value of domestic changes it is doubtless due to a defective education. Still, one must not withhold one's approval of the policy of being off with an old love ere one is on with a new. It is necessary to recognize the cravings of a versatile nature, only it is not too hard a condition to demand that separations be fully accomplished before engagements are announced. Society has had some material for gossip over a brace of divorce suits filed recently. In one instance there was no especial surprise as the institution of proceedings had been preceded by pronounced infelicity and separate *menages*. In the other the existence of discontent was hardly suspected by the most intimate friends. On his side it was assumed, indeed, that special reasons for fidelity would preserve the connection even after the sentiment that occasioned it had waned. Certain the announcement of their divorce created more talk in the circle they frequented than the death of both could have excited.

* * *

Now comes a story that the first is to marry a Marysville belle as soon after the decree as the *convenances* permit. Between the two exists a positive degree of devotion—an ardent flame that nothing less than perpetual union may quench. To the other, rumor ascribes matrimonial designs on an interesting, handsome, and highly-accomplished widow whose connections are as admirable as her manners. Of course, between Court and altar there are slips, but in both instances if fate intervenes not, matrimony will form a climax. And Society will comment entertainingly and go to the weddings.

* * *

THE CLEVERNESS of Mr. Redding excites in me a degree of admiration akin to reverence. Not content with the celebrity he has attained in the world of art and music he desires to cap the climax of his achievement with a book. He was the author of that very remarkable drama entitled "A Sacrifice in the Forest," which made the *pièce de resistance* of the Midsummer Jinks. Much of it, at the author's dictation, the *Examiner* gave to the world, and in the memories of those who took part the rest surely lingers vividly. Still, it must be admitted, that is rather a fragmentary way of presenting one's literary claims to the critics, so I am not surprised at the announcement of the "Sacrifice" in volume form. The extreme difficulty some of us who write experience in discovering a printer amenable to our ambitions Mr. Redding escapes, however. He has actually persuaded the Bohemian Club to stand sponsor

to his effort. It seems by the mere force of his individuality the Board of Directors is converted into a publishing firm for his personal benefit. There is where one exhibits capacity.

* * *

Why the Bohemian Club should engage itself pulling chestnuts out of the fire for Mr. Redding is a question members whose dramas and poems have never been published seem anxious to have explained. They actually allege there is little literary merit in the "Sacrifice" save what is obviously presented without inverted commas. Some have gone so far as to ask if the musical lawyer yearns so to add that of author to his array of poses, why he does not do so at his own expense? Even if the papers of Ed Hamilton, Greer Harrison, and Howard McSherry are included in the "Souvenir Edition," the honor and glory of it must still belong to Joseph D. Redding. This phase of the contention seems to me to betray a complete innocence of the masterly thrift of our friend. The opportunities that fortune or fate have afforded him of turning a dollar he has never neglected. Indeed, there is no disputing the extreme smartness of certain business achievements of his.

* * *

Even the dissatisfied, however, must join in my admiration for the degree of diplomatic talent that twists Gerberding *et al.* into a publishing organization devoted to the glorification of a single individual. Undoubtedly there will be a demand for the "Souvenir" at $2.50 per volume, and it is to be hoped the marginal etchings and illustrations by Stanton, Joullin, and Solly Walter may reveal those beauties of the text that might possibly escape the attention of the critics.

* * *

ONLY ONE wedding of importance this week—that of Miss Lewina Wethered and G. H. Martinez at four P. M. last Tuesday. It was celebrated in the New Jerusalem Church on O'Farrell Street according to the Swedenborgian form by Rev. J. Worcester. There were quite a large number of people in attendance. In a gown of creamy white brocaded satin, the material of which had composed her mother's wedding dress, the bride looked as charming as most brides do. She was attended by her sister, Miss Molly Wethered, as maid of honor, Woodworth Wethered acting as best man for the groom. The ushers were Emil T. Kruse, J. W. Twiggs, W. Rabe, and F. T. Hudardt. Owing to the circular arrangement of the church the bridal party entered by one door and up one aisle, returning a different way. This made a variation to the invariable wedding routine, and enabled the entire audience to see the bride.

* * *

Afterwards there was a gathering of intimate friends at the Wethered residence on Pacific Avenue, where a dinner was served, at which, of course, the health of bride and groom was drunk. Later on there followed a reception and the usual congratulations. The wedding presents, consisting of bric-a-brac, beautiful china and silverware, were very handsome.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Maud Morrow and Lieutenant Fechteler will certainly attract a crowd of people to San Rafael on Monday next. The ceremony will be celebrated at St. Paul's Episcopal Church at 12:30. On Wednesday evening Benjamin Arnhold and Miss Wangenheim will be married by Dr. Voorsanger in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. A number of invitations have been sent out, and the affair will by no means lack witnesses.

* * *

Among other departures for Chicago last week were Mrs. Phœbe Hearst and W. R. Hearst. In the last few months the "Monarch's" editor has become the most indefatigable of workers. He has spent most of his time at the new editorial rooms on Mission Street and gave personal attention to every department, not thinking of retiring until the paper had gone to press. Indeed, he was by far the most hard-working man in his establishment. The "Monarch" has been completely reorganized recently, and is now run on as close a business system as that prevailing in any paper in the country.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Alvina M. Heuer and Mr. F. Eaton Wilson, a civil engineer connected with the S. P. Company, is announced. Miss Heuer is the well-known vocalist, whose voice has so often been heard both in amateur opera and on the concert stage. They are to be married in November.

* * *

The reorganization of the Entre Nous Club has been effected, and its managers have engaged the Maple Room of the Palace for a series of seven cotillions. The first will take place on the evening of October 27th. This Club gave a similar series of parties last season, and there is every prospect that as great a measure of success will attend its gatherings this winter. The membership consists of about forty-five couples—all enthusiastic dancers. Mr. Sanford G. Lewald will be leader.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Barnes are comfortably installed for the winter in a charming flat No. 1523 Sacramento Street. Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Donnell have taken the Sam Mayer house at 839 California Street for the season.

* * *

Herman Hillyer, one of the German Fair Commissioners, gave a banquet in the Maple Room at the Palace on Thursday night. Covers were set for sixteen.

* * *

Quite a series of dinners and other entertainments have been given for Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan these last weeks. On Thursday night there was a farewell reception at the O'Sullivan residence on Bush Street, at which there was quite a gathering of their friends. Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan have thoroughly enjoyed their visit to San Francisco, and if it were not for the necessities of study would undoubtedly remain here. Both have interesting careers before them, and it is quite impossible for either to get any further in this country. They leave for the East and Europe next week.

* * *

Clinton Worden gave an entertainment to the students and graduates of the College of Pharmacy at the college building on Fulton Street. It was a very pleasant affair, music, an entertainment, and an excellent supper.

* * *

The Friday Night Dancing Class met for the first time at Lunt's Hall on the evening of the sixth. There must have been fifty young people in attendance. Indeed, the prospects are for a very interesting series of parties throughout the winter. The organizer, Miss Bessie Cole, is to be congratulated on having gathered what promises to be a very congenial crowd. Some of the members talk of giving dances at their own homes between the monthly meetings of the Club.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Maldonado celebrated the first anniversary of their marriage on Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Acosta at 1710 Bush Street. Most of the friends who had offered their congratulations after the ceremony were present to offer renewed felicitations to the happy pair. Miss Acosta, Mrs. Maldonado's sister, is now a resident of this city. She is of the Spanish type, and without any question one of the most beautiful girls in San Francisco.

* * *

It is definitely settled that Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington will come here early next month. It was the intention of the President of the Southern Pacific to be here in September or even earlier, but the financial excitement compelled his presence in the East. The Huntington mansion on California Street has been refurnished and redecorated in conformity with directions given by Mrs. Huntington before her departure.

* * *

George Adam, who arranged and directed the programme of the Olympic Club Circus Maximus, has returned from Sacramento, where he had the management of a similar enterprise during the State Fair. I hear that from every point of view it was a great success, a seating capacity of four thousand being insufficient to accommodate the spectators. Mr. Adam has in preparation a Roman spectacular drama, some of the features of which are said to be very stunning.

* * *

A TRIP to Chicago, unlike virtue, is not necessarily its own reward. Matrimony has been the consequence of several expeditions I've been told of, and who knows but that the late exodus may not result in many interesting complications. Proximity is a more potent factor in precipitating proposals than predestination. There is in Jackson Park an ample gathering of eligible men and lovely

women—to leave heiresses out of consideration—and why not assume Cupid active and Hymen in the background. A recent engagement is that of Miss Lillie Eggers and Mr. Stephany—one of the Commissioners from Germany. They met at Jackson Park, and in the most natural way possible proceeded to fall in love with one another. I believe but a single week elapsed between introduction and engagement.

* * *

Miss Eggers is the daughter of George H. Eggers, who is Vice-President of the German Savings Bank, and decidedly a millionaire. He speaks German with the facility of a native. Mr. Stephany is a man of considerable standing and prosperity. I believe he is to come here in charge of the German exhibit at the Midwinter Fair. The happy pair are to be married very soon.

* * *

THE CONSENSUS of opinion at the Sainte Claire Club, of San Jose, is positive in approval of Harry Edward's method of expending the $1200 awarded him in the far-famed libel suit. He invited a party of his intimate friends to a clam-bake at Alviso. They gathered there on Saturday afternoon, partook of clams in all sorts of forms, as chowder, fritters, stews—all to the accompaniment of an excellent brand of *Delbeck*. The festivities continued until the following day, when the party varied the clam entertainment with a little shooting on the marshes. Quite the achievement of the trip, beside the consumption of clams, was a shot made by Jim Rucker. A venturesome diver appeared above the surface some three hundred yards off and was instantly popped at by the shootist.

* * *

The bird never dived again. It was hit neatly in the eye, the shot passing through one optic and exiting at the other, leaving the body and plumage absolutely intact. It will make an admirable specimen, as divers killed that way are as few and far between as instances of such markmanship. The best of it is Mr. Rucker discards the accident theory entirely.

* * *

AMATEUR opera is cutting quite a dash in Oakland. The composer is jubilant and the hearts of the performers are going thumpity-thump in anticipation of the moment when they will fill the vaulting arches of the Macdonough Theatre with their penetrating notes. The singers of the leading roles, I am told, have all been decided upon. The first soprano is to be Miss Mary Sullivan, and the contralto Lucie Sedgley Reynolds. Alfred Wilkie, in spite of his years and *embonpoint*, is to be the tender young hero. How touching will be his appearance, to be sure, in a flowing toga. Fred Urban is to manage the stage. I am told that at a recent rehearsal Fred took the part, temporarily, of the bandit captain. It was a portion of his business to spring upon the stage and shout, "Hold! flee to the mountains! the maiden has escaped!" At the critical moment Fred forgot the lines. Instead he yelled, "Hold, get into the mountains! The girl has got away." Restoratives were promptly applied to the composer and the rehearsal continued.

* * *

The engagement is announced of Miss Daisy L. Kidd and Woodbury Bunnell, the second son of George Woodbury Bunnell, ex-professor of Greek in the University of California. Miss Kidd is well known in East Oakland, where she resides, and the Bunnell family is an old one in Oakland. The date for the wedding is not yet determined.

* * *

There is sure to be a large attendance at the First Congregational Church Thursday evening next for the Horace A. Redfield concert. The programme is a capital one and distinctly worth going across the bay to hear rendered. Can one say more than that?

* * *

Socially the East Oaklander is far ahead of Oakland. Already several clubs have been formed for the coming winter, one in particular, a whist club, with such bright and leading stars as Harry Melvin and wife, Miss Effie Brown, Miss Blix Smith, Miss Kenna, Will Melvin, Mr. and Mrs. Dewey, and some of San Francisco's *jeunesse doré* for beaux.

* * *

Arrivals and departures alone vary the monotony of life across the bay. Last week Miss Alice Grimes and Miss Mamie Griffen set out for the Fair. So did Miss Mary Dunham and Miss Mattie Knowles. Among arrivals the most notable were visitants to the home of Jim Breck, the ex-leader of the Assembly Club—in the shape of twins. It is a sad but positive fact that Mr. Breck has not yet ventured out of the environment of his domicile. The prospects of treats are perfectly appalling.

* * *

AT BERKELEY, these days, there is a good deal going on. Several of the professors have recently been entertaining. Last week there was a luncheon given in honor of Miss Head before her departure eastward. Last Saturday was Field Day. The whole town turned out and adorned the bleachers in new autumn frocks. The sport was fairly interesting—shapely young men clad in tights always are. Only one record was broken and that by a mild-looking young Freshman who did not look at all destructive.

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Of course, the star of the occasion was Heffelfinger. Perhaps it would be better to say the moon, for there is a good deal of him. This new coach is a giant, but he carries his seventy-six inches of height and his 230 pounds of bone and muscle so easily that he does not appear elephantine at all. He is strong, shapely, and good looking, and already popular socially. The profession of football coach is a remunerative one. Giant "Heff" receives $800 and expenses for his two months of work here—or rather play.

* * *

Just at present Heffelfinger divides the attention of the public eye with Oliver B. Henshaw, a young Harvard graduate and Boston Society man. Mr. Henshaw is Professor Howison's assistant, and conducts his philosophy recitations in white duck trousers. Of course, there is nothing in the college code which forbids the juxtaposition of philosophy and white duck, but just at first the combination was a trifling startling. It has been some time since Gayley wore his tennis flannels to recitation and Professors Brown and Lange appeared in natty yachting suits. Verily, Berkeley is progressing. Even the "little white mouse," as the students have appropriately named the President, may appear in a lavender suit when the flowers bloom in the spring.

* * *

After the Fall Field Day an interesting football game was played in which the crack participated. All the players were told to report for duty, and all responded—except one. He found it impossible to tear himself away from the languishing presence of a blonde co-ed. The "coach" was finally compelled to drag him upon the field to the great joy of several other youths who were anxiously waiting for his seat. But "Our Joe" looked sulky throughout the game.

* * *

Mr. Tolmie had no reason to complain of a lack of attendance at his concert at Berkeley last Friday night. The cultured of the classic town turned out to hear him and testified appreciation by their applause. The programme was an excellent one, if a trifle heavy, but then think of offering light and airy music to the exalted souls of that environment. Mr. Tolmie knows his audience too well for that.

* * *

The social tranquility of Alameda is absolutely disquieting. There is a positive dearth of incident—a distinct absence of events. The sole happening of note was the return from their bridal tour of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Hazlitt. They have been to the Fair and have done the East generally, and are now to reside with Mrs. Kruger, whom I am sure will, for Mr. Hazlitt, have none of the characteristics of the traditional mother-in-law. Anent the nuptials of this happy pair, in Christ Church, a bit of gossip reaches me. It seems prior to the ceremony a breeze of some kind arose and disturbed the equanimity of the two families. As a consequence, the groom's sister did not act as bridesmaid. However, the trouble seemed to ruffle but very slightly the horizon of the twain most concerned. As pretty Miss Kruger advanced up the aisle the radiance of Mr. Hazlitt's face would have illuminated a dark place.

* * *

A GREAT DEAL of curiosity has been felt among people who take an interest in the efforts that are periodically made to improve the sanitary condition of the city to know the real reason why the Board of Supervisors recently abolished the Sewerage Commission. As is well known, that Commission was

originally established to accomplish a great work, namely, the complete rejuvenation of the sewer system of the peninsula. Colonel George H. Mendell, Professor George Davidson, and Irving M. Scott, three men whose fame is world wide, were chosen for the duty of managing the affair. They selected Marsden Manson and C. E. Grunsky, two practical engineers of reputation, to carry out the plans they had agreed upon. But no sooner had the present Board of Supervisors entered office than they dismissed Scott, Mendell, and Davidson. The reason given was that the Commission, as planned, was too expensive. At the end of the first year, and when their work had been only about half finished, the Board dismissed Manson and Grunsky, again pleading that economy required a closer administration of the public money.

* * *

The real reason, however, for the dismissal of all these skillful men has now come out. It was not economy, as alleged, but politics, and to my utter amazement I have learned that Supervisor Denman, the venerable and high-minded member from the Twelfth Ward, is up to his ears in the job. It must be remembered that the political work of the present Board of Supervisors is done through what the members call a "caucus"—that is, a secret meeting of the members of the Board acting together. Mr. Denman is chairman of this caucus. For the past six months, at different times, the Supervisors have been sending their henchmen to Manson and Grunsky for work. As those engineers had employment for competent men only, none of the "rounders" bearing notes from the Supervisors were accommodated. Finally, one day Mr. Dundon brought the matter before the "caucus." He said a great deal of public money was being expended by the Sewerage Commission upon persons of doubtful politics, and he moved that a committee be appointed to inquire into the matter. The motion was adopted, and himself and Mr. Denman were chosen. The committee was directed to ascertain the politics of all persons employed by Manson and Grunsky, and report.

* * *

On the very next day the two Supervisors waited on Manson and Grunsky. "We have been appointed," said Mr. Dundon, in his rich South of Market Street accents, "to ascertain the politics of the men employed in this department. The Board of Supervisors desires to know whether they are Republicans or Democrats."

"To tell you the truth," said Mr. Manson, "I do not know the politics of a single man employed in this office. We have selected them for their qualifications, not for their politics. For myself, I am a Republican. Grunsky, I believe, is a Democrat."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Dundon, "that you hire men here without ascertaining their politics?"

"Yes, sir; that is what we do."

"Well," said Dundon, with a gasp, "I am really astonished. Never heard of such a thing. I wonder what the County Committee will say to *this?*"

At the next meeting of the "caucus," Mr. Dundon reported the facts, and an order was passed to abolish the Commission at once. Subsequently, Manson was sent for by two of the Supervisors and asked if, in the event the Commission were rehabilitated, he would consent to employ only Democrats selected by the Supervisors. He said emphatically, "No". And so the matter stands. As a political move, however, I am inclined to think the abolition of this Commission will prove rather costly—that is, if any of these Supervisors entertain future political hopes.

* * *

GENERAL MONTGOMERY, Colonel Sonntag, and Captain Neff, three military gentlemen whose renown extends beyond the confines (I am assured) of the Palace Hotel, where they meet frequently to discuss their campaigns, were arguing the other night upon the comparative intelligence of the races. General Montgomery had told a story illustrative of the mental acumen of the colored population of the Fourth Ward, and the others had laughed as they stirred their ice-water round and round. Ice-water did I say? I did not mean that. I meant that they smiled as they lit their cigars. The General's story revolved upon the ready wit of the colored race. A negro with whom he was once acquainted was caught with a ham under his coat, just as he was emerging from the General's smoke-house. "Bress my soul!" exclaimed the sable pilferer, "how in the name ob de Lawd did that yer ham git under my coat?" This was what the General called an instance of intellectual adroitness seldom excelled.

* * *

"Oh, that's nothing to one I know about a Chinaman," said Colonel Sonntag. "He lives over at San Rafael. One day he visited the house of a friend of mine, and, pausing in front of a large pile of wood, asked for the job of sawing and splitting it. My friend inquired the prices at which he sold his labor. 'Dolla hap a cord,' replied the Mongol.

"'Then you will saw him, split him, and pile him up good for a dollar and a half a cord, eh?' said my friend.

"'Yep,' was the reply.

"'Well, how much will you charge to saw him and split him, but no pile him up?'

"'Dolla two bit.'

"'How much to saw him, but no split him and no pile him up?'

"'One dolla.'

"'Well, how much to no saw him, no split him, and no pile him up?'

"John paused an instant, as though making a lightning mental calculation, and then answered:

"'Six bittee."

"In the domain of mathematics, I contend," concluded the Colonel, "that the Chinese are ahead of any other race."

"That is what I should call," remarked Captain Neff, "a case of Mongolian mathematics."

"Yes," said General Montgomery, "a case of Chinese calculation, as it were."

And then all three smiled again.

* * *

A YOUNG surgeon's first surgical operation is like a callow maiden's first love adventure—something that does not easily fade from the memory, and the like of which is never experienced again. At present the newspaper reporters who frequent the newsy purlieus of the City Receiving Hospital, a place where, notwithstanding the gruesomeness of the surroundings, it is the custom to retail a great deal of entertaining gossip, are telling about the first operation ever performed by Dr. George B. Somers, the surgeon in charge. Dr. Somers is still a young man, and, although he denies emphatically that there is a single grain of truth in the story, it has such an air of probability that I do not feel at liberty to doubt it. I am constrained to believe that the Doctor's youth has something to do with the denial. When he gets older he will be proud of the experience. I do not know where Dr. Somers was graduated, but as the story goes he was an ambitious country boy and took his first lessons in the curative art from Dame Nature, than whom there is no more engaging and thorough teacher.

* * *

After securing his diploma, the Doctor returned for awhile to his ancestral home, which, I believe, is a ranch in Napa or some other valley—just where is immaterial. One day his father came in and said: "George, that old yaller hen with brown ear lobes and a watery eye got her leg broke this morning. She was fooling round the stable and the brindle cow stepped on her. Now, ez you air a doctor, you'd better get to work on that leg."

Dr. Somers immediately repaired to the stable and examined the patient. The bird had suffered a compound comminuted fracture of the right foot and amputation was necessary. The operation was quickly performed, the wound dressed, and the old hen set at liberty. Within a week the joint had healed and the ancient bird was hobbling about the barn-yard, and laying an occasional egg. One day the old man remarked, "George, that old hen makes me tired hobbling around the barn-yard. Can't you make her a foot? You're a doctor, you know."

So Dr. Somers made a foot out of wire, attached it to a wooden stump, and fastened it to the ancient bird's amputated leg. Soon after this—so soon, in fact, that he did not have an opportunity to ascertain how the new foot worked—Dr. Somers left the ancestral ranch. When next he heard from home, the intelligence was brought that Mr. Somers, Senior, had chopped the old yellow hen's head off. Her presence had become intolerable.

With her wire foot she had scratched up the garden faster than the old man could plant it.

* * *

PERHAPS SOME people who bear the name will dispute my right to say so, but I am of the opinion that in changing his cognomen from George W. Walthew to George C. Williams, the Secretary of the Manufacturers' Association demonstrated the possession of very poor taste. I can understand how a man named Smith, or Brown, or Jones, or Robinson, in a case of necessity such as evidently overtook Mr. Walthew-Williams when he came to California, might change his name to Walthew, but how anybody could call themselves Williams with any hope of concealing their identity is more than I wish to understand. As a matter of fact, Mr. Williams-Walthew never did conceal his identity. Who he was, where he came from, and why he fled from Detroit, as recently detailed in the columns of my daily contemporaries, has been known to a certain circle here ever since he became Secretary of the Manufacturers' Association. The Council of Federated Trades, I am told, employed a detective early last year to compile his Michigan record, but owing to the fact that no occasion has arisen to use it its publication has always been withheld.

* * *

Mr. Walthew-Williams came here about three years ago. For a time he was employed as a reporter on the *Call*. His specialty was what is known around the newspaper offices as the "labor detail," that is, the detail which covers the meetings of the Labor Unions. At this work Williams-Walthew so distinguished himself that he was soon engaged to perform the same work upon the *Daily Report*. From that paper he went to the Manufacturers' Association, first as assistant and then as Secretary. It is said that the idea upon which the Manufacturers' Association is based was originated by Mr. Walthew-Williams, and that it was upon data furnished by him that that organization was effected. In the course of his duties as labor reporter for the *Daily Report*, a newspaper at the time recognized as the organ of the Unions, Mr. W.-W. ascertained the weak points of all the Unions, saw where they could be attacked, and gathered the necessary information upon which to proceed against them. The readiness with which the Manufacturers' Association, soon after its organization, bowled down the Labor Unions, shows that Mr. W.-W. has some ability as a tactician.

* * *

The truth concerning Mr. Walthew-Williams' career in Michigan is simply that there, as here, he played for the main chance. He was elected to the Legislature by the laboring classes as a recognition of his services to various lodges of Knights of Labor. In the Legislature he proved an apt pupil of the lobby, and concluded his meteoric career by getting mixed up with a crowd of lobbyists who were trying to fasten a voting machine upon the State. To escape prosecution Mr. W.-W. fled to California. I am told that he does not deny all this. In fact, he freely admits it, but adds as a saving clause that he was the victim of the voting machine lobby instead of being its leader. There is one thing in connection with Mr. Williams-Walthew's career in this city, however, which puzzles me—that is, if what I hear be true. Some time ago, during an investigation before the Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, who by law is authorized to administer oaths, Mr. Walthew-Williams was asked point blank if his real name was Williams, and he answered with equal point blankness that it was. A delegate from a Michigan lodge of Knights of Labor, then in the city, declared that Mr. W.-W. was slightly mistaken in swearing so positively that his real name was Williams. "For," said this man, "I can bring a large number of persons from Detroit who will swear that his name is Matthews."

* * *

EVERYBODY KNOWS the "Colonel." In fact, he is so well known that I do not consider it necessary to give his name. He is noted for his free and easy manners, his genial, ruddy face, and his love for a superior quality of lager beer. Although popularly believed to be in receipt of a quarterly dividend from the estate of a noble ancestor in Europe, the Colonel never has any money. This fact, however, does not deter him from indulging his propensities for beer, and in every saloon in town he is known as a gentleman of large heart and generous impulses, who *would* pay if he could. His cheery remark, "Well, chalk this down, old man; my remittance will be here in a few days now," usually serves to stand off the expectant barkeepers with whom he comes in contact, and the fact that he claims to be of noble birth usually saves him from a sound kicking when he takes advantage of an inexperienced cocktail artist and gets the beer down before his identity is thoroughly established.

* * *

The other day the Colonel had an inspiration. He took a friend into his confidence, and together they stormed the citadel of the Crystal Palace. "We may as well begin on the big ones first," he remarked. To Mr. Hacquette the Colonel said, in his most fascinating tone, "Two Budweisers, please." Hacquette smiled and set them up, not, however, without some misgivings.

"Will that foam settle?" asked the Colonel, pointing to the appetizing film that capped the amber fluid beneath.

"Of course," replied Mr. Hacquette.

The Colonel and his friend quickly put the beer underneath their waistcoats and turned to leave.

"Hold on, Colonel," said Mr. Hacquette, soothingly, "you've forgotten something, haven't you?"

"No, I think not. What?"

"Ain't you going to pay for the beer?"

"Why, Mr. Hacquette, I am really astonished. Didn't you just say that the foam would settle?"

Before Mr. Hacquette had recovered, the Colonel and his friend had departed. That night the Colonel retired early. He would have remained up longer, but there are times, you know, when a man gets so topheavy that it is no longer possible to perambulate the streets with safety. During the entire day, the Colonel says, he failed to find a barkeeper who recovered from the pun in time to capture him.

* * *

I VIOLATE no confidence when I say that Mr. McGrath, who has always been a consistent and irrepressible calumniator of dogs, is now so far reconciled to the presence of canines in the world that he is actually stabling one in his woodshed at the Mission. This may be doubted by Mr. McGrath's large circle of acquaintances, but it is, notwithstanding, a cold and unrelenting fact. It all came about in this way: Mr. McGrath has two sons who do *not* inherit their father's antipathy for dogs. A few weeks ago the boys picked up in the public streets a lemon colored, mangy, friendless greyhound. He was such a disconsolate looking cur that (they allege) their hearts were touched with pity.

* * *

They took him home and attempted to introduce him to the elder McGrath. "By the holy smoke," declared that party, "if yez bring that measly baste into this house I'll brain yez wid his bony skeleton." But the boys were not disheartened. They smuggled the canine into the back yard, and for two weeks nursed him back to health. Then one day they took him down to Ocean View and entered him in a coursing race. Mr. McGrath happened to be down that way, and, being of a sporty turn anyhow, his sons induced him to leave the pleasing occupation of inspecting his real estate and attend the races. "Pop," said the elder boy, who has mastered the art of appealing to his father's family pride, "we've got a terror over here and you must back him." Mr. McGrath did back him. The mangy greyhound outran the very wind. The other dogs, paralyzed at his performances, lost heart at once. Mr. McGrath, in a word, cleaned up over $300 and went home with a jag that has not been seen anywhere since the Big Wind visited Ireland. This is how it happens that a lemon colored, mangy greyhound lodges in Mr. McGrath's woodshed and on cold nights has a feather bed in the kitchen.

* * *

AS A RULE I am content to permit my esteemed and valued contemporaries of the daily press to run their sheets to suit themselves Having no desire to reform the world, so long as they kindly refrain from instructing me as to what I shall say in these columns, I am willing to live in peace with them. But, nevertheless, I would esteem it a valuable privilege if I should be permitted to remind Editor Garrett of the *Chronicle*, Editor Millard of the *Examiner*, and Editor Hudson of the *Call*, that everything in this

life does not consist of screaming headlines. Of course, thundering "heads" that bawl at you from every page of your morning paper, are excellent things in their way. But there is such a thing as giving a man too much of them, to say nothing of scaring him to death with the noise.

* * *

For myself I like plenty of headlines. It saves me the trouble of reading a great deal of bad English at times. But I would remind these able journalists that there are large numbers of delicate ladies in the town who are disturbed by the uproar they have recently been making. Verily, all is not newspaper that screams.

* * *

THE genuine interest I take in the Midwinter Fair and its progress inclines to make me a close observer of its management; but I must confess that an acquaintance of mine put me a poser, a day or two ago, in the form of a question which I have not yet heard propounded.

"Suppose," said he, "that by an accident, or by the will of a beneficent Providence, the Fair should prove profitable, who would get the profits?"

I must admit that the echo answering "Who?" is a particularly persistent one. There is not, so far as I know, any company or corporation charged with the collection and the disbursement of the funds, nor is there anyone responsible for the debts—but those concern the contractors, not me—but the spoils, if there be any, to whom, I am again prompted to inquire, shall they belong? I sincerely hope that there may be unbounded success attending the Fair, and unlimited profits, but I honestly would like to know in advance whom it would be very wise to be particularly nice to.

* * *

PRESIDENT HYDE, of the Board of Education, is having a somewhat sultry time with his tight little Ring. Having, myself, at different periods of my uneventful career, had some experience in the management of Rings, organized for both public and private purposes, I feel that I have a right to extend my sympathy to Mr. Hyde. There is nothing so ungrateful as a Ring, and nothing, I imagine, exists on earth so hard to handle as a Ring in the Board of Education. A Supervisor is paid for the abuse that is heaped upon him, but a School Director receives nothing and gives his services into the bargain. Naturally, therefore, a Ring such as Mr. Hyde has in hand is constantly threatened with resignations. Members who see nothing ahead but vilification are always in a quitting mood. Mr. French, I am told, resigned because he was tired of President Hyde's destructive leadership. But they do say the latter was glad to accept his resignation even at the risk of disrupting the Ring. It seems that Director French has a sympathetic nature, and in the opinion of Mr. Hyde was getting altogether too popular with the school teachers to enable him to maintain a proper degree of discipline in the Department.

* * *

In the columns of none of my loathsome contemporaries have I seen an unvarnished statement of President Hyde's reasons for abolishing the Commercial Evening School, over which Dr. Decker and Mr. Dowling favored us with a delightful little scrap one evening not long ago. The truth is, Mr. Hyde's Ring wishes to get rid of Isador Leszynsky, the teacher of the Commercial School, and although the minority is not particularly interested in his retention, they feel it incumbent upon them, whenever Hyde proposes anything, to immediately antagonize it. The Ring's plan was—and it would have been carried out had not Dr. Decker and Mr. Dowling been unable to control their choler—to abolish the Commercial Evening School and establish in its place a high school. This would have effectually disposed of Mr. Leszynsky, who holds a bookkeeper's certificate, and who cannot, therefore, conduct a high school. This roundabout method of reaching results is entailed by the law. The Board of Education cannot dismiss a teacher except for cause, but it can, so the Supreme Court has decided, abolish the school in which he teaches, and re-establish another in its place, to which it is under no obligation to appoint him. This is whipping the devil around the stump, but it is Law.

* * *

But speaking of President Hyde, I understand he is going to be a candidate for re-election on January 1st. The law requires the Board to choose a President once a year, and what, under ordinary circumstances would be regarded by an unsalaried servant of the city as a source of annoyance, is welcomed by Mr. Hyde as a triumph. It will give him an opportunity to again show the public how tight his little Ring really is. I understand Mr. Hyde holds his men together with a gastronomic band, as it were. After each meeting of the Board he invites them to break bread with him at a neighboring restaurant. At first the minority Directors accepted his invitations, and for that reason the boys around the Board of Education got to calling the repasts "harmony banquets." But since the delightful little set-to between Decker and Dowling the gastronomic band has been broken. When the majority and minority Directors meet these days they merely glare at each other like black cats in a strange garret.

* * *

A very amusing story is related of Mr. Hyde. One night, not long ago, a few moments prior to his entering the tribune from which he dispenses law to the Board of Education on the second and third Wednesdays of every month, the President met an acquaintance of long standing and conversed with him.

"Hyde," said this gentleman, "for a long time I have been trying to figure out what game you are playing in this Board of Education."

"I am playing no game at all," replied Mr. Hyde.

"Oh, yes, you are. Do you mean to tell me that you are doing all this fighting merely for your health?"

"Not exactly for my health. But, my friend, if it is possible for you to bring yourself to a realization of the fact that some men owe and are willing to discharge a patriotic duty to the people, you can understand my motives in this matter."

"I can understand" was the rejoinder, "how a man might be as patriotic as that, but I never will believe a gentleman named F. A. Hyde could be."

This was greeted with a laugh by those bystanders who overheard it.

"Now, see here," said the President, returning to the charge, "I have a resolution in my hand abolishing the carpenter shop. Even *you* must admit that my purpose in that is patriotic."

"At first blush it would seem so," was the reply, "but really, before expressing an opinion I shall be compelled to make a careful and thorough investigation."

Even Mr. Hyde himself smiled at this remarkable testimonial of the esteem of his friend.

* * *

IN THE LUGGAGE of Rev. Darmaphala, the eminent Orientalist who passed through here a few days ago, the weightiest and most valuable object was an image of Buddha—one of the oldest in existence. Carved from a block of solid granite it bore inscriptions in an ancient form of Sanskrit, whose characters are but little comprehended even by the *illuminati*. Because of its tremendous age, and the circumstances of its discovery in the ruins of a temple at Benares, great sanctity attaches to the carving, and the Rev. Darmaphala is under immense bonds for its return to the custody of the Indian Government. For safe keeping he entrusted it to Mr. Oliver, who set up the idol in his private office.

* * *

The strange object attracted the attention of a Chinese servitor, who stole up and caught a glimpse of the impassive figure seated cross-legged in stone, its countenance expressing a serenity incomprehensible to us creatures of the moment.

"Him heap god," muttered the Celestial, kowtowing to the ground and carefully backing out of the illustrious presence. "Him heap god—me no go near him."

* * *

IN APRIL, when the lease of the Grand Opera given to Morosco begins to run its lengthened course, an ancient landmark in the theatrical history of San Francisco will have vanished. Under the management of Morosco not only will the capacious vault resound with the direful sounds of border warfare, but the interior will be practically transformed. He is going to cut the stage

down and re-arrange the interior. The Grand Opera House has wrecked a good many managers since it was launched by Dr. Wade and called Wade's Opera House, but there is no prospect that Morosco will follow them. He has an established business and knows what he is doing. The last man out of whom the great play-house took a fall was John Maguire. And yet he paid no more than $1000 a month, the figure at which it has now been leased. The trouble with Maguire was, I believe, that the entertainments furnished by his circuit were not as good as those with which Hayman supplies us at the Baldwin and California, and not so bad as those in which Mr. Morosco's audiences revel.

* * *

But the question I should like to ask is this: After the Grand Opera House has gone the way of all flesh what is San Francisco going to do for a dramatic temple in which Irving can fitly represent his great characters and Patti can sing her last farewell operas? The Pavilion would not do even if its acoustic properties were adapted to drama and opera, and it is not likely that another house like the Mission Street elephant will soon be built. It seems to me that the only solution of the difficulty will be the more protracted engagement of the celebrities. Two weeks at the Grand Opera House, when its nightly seating capacity is considered, represents four weeks at the Baldwin or Stockwell's. So when Madam Patti makes her next farewell tour she will have to sing more times to smaller audiences if she desires to carry away her usual load of gold and silver. The Grand Opera House, I believe, belongs to the Floods, who took it upon a mortgage foreclosure may years ago. I suppose it is "business" to turn this celebrated house over to Morosco, but if there was any sentiment among the people they would subscribe and purchase it before it is obliterated. Perhaps a theatre of the first class will never pay south of Market Street, but a great historic temple like this might be useful at times located almost any where.

* * *

THERE ARE several young people in the southern portion of the State who now believe that something is wrong with the number thirteen. In July, a tally-ho party was made up at Pasadena, consisting of thirteen young people. In the party were Miss Bessie Buford, an orphan and an heiress, who is visiting California with her guardian, and young Morton, an ex-Yale student, another tourist from the East. They were presented to each other on the tally-ho, and after a brief but blissful acquaintance of a week, the twain fled to Los Angeles, and were married. During the next fortnight the young husband looked on the wine when it is red and quarreled with his wife. She, being a young lady of spirit, ran away and the husband had her arrested. At present she has returned to her guardian and is studying for the stage.

* * *

Another member of the party, a young lady, went insane shortly after the tally-ho episode, and the other ten are now awaiting their fates with fear and trembling. Matrimony or insanity, they apprehend, stare them in the face. One of the party, who is yet sane and single, is Will D. Jewett, the boating enthusiast, who lately came into his fortune.

* * *

THERE is a good story about a certain Oakland church—a commentary on religion *a la mode*. In the congregation are thirteen widows of various degrees—short and tall, stout and lean, be-frizzled and be-switched—among them quite a choice as regards fortune and age, and each, like Barkis, being "willin'" to change her state. Alas, but one eligible widower in the church, and he a deacon with a considerable fortune. Never was man so harassed. The thirteen stood around like the twenty in "Patience." They invited him to dinner and to tea, until the unfortunate's digestion was ruined. At last, in sheer desperation, he married, on the quiet, a widow ten years younger than the most juvenile of the thirteen. Of the disappointed ones some have gone to Chicago, some are ill, and some have left the congregation. The new deaconess will not receive many calls.

* * *

To those of us with inclinations for suppers sumptuously served amid surroundings superbly swell, it will be interesting news that the Palace *Café* is again open. It has become a popular institution, this magnificent restaurant, and has had patronage of considerable value since its completion. There had to be a variety of things done, however—repairs, changes, retinting, and regilding there, but now it looks finer than ever, which, indeed, is saying a great deal.

* * *

THE LATEST railroad story has characteristic qualities that endow it with some measure of value. At the office of W. H. Mills, who is largely responsible for the nomadic possibilities of journalism, there appeared the other day a seedy person whose manner had a trace of the imperative in it. With a certain degree of familiarity he pressed the hand of the Central Pacific land agent.

"I am going East, Mr. Mills," he said, mournfully, "and I want you to give me a pass."

"You want to go East, do you, indeed," said Mills, banteringly. "To see the Fair, I suppose?" (sarcastically).

"No, sir; no Fair for me. All I want is to get out of this State—to shake the dust of California off my feet." There was a touch of spirit in the manner of the Seedy Person—a certain emphasis.

"And when do you think of returning?" inquired the disposer of transportation, in tones still more ironical.

"Never, sir. I am going for good."

* * *

"What?" queried Mills, his face lighting up. "Never coming back, eh? That is a different proposition. Mr. Perkins, please take this gentleman to the passenger department and have him provided with a ticket to Chicago—he is not coming back."

The Witness.

"OUR SOCIETY" BLUE BOOK.

The Blue Book for the season of 1893-94 is rapidly approaching completion, and will be issued in November. The publisher has been engaged for months in the compilation of this work and has spared neither time nor expense to make it a standard authority in such Society matters as are usually embraced in a production of this kind. Every portion of the data upon which the publication is grounded has been subjected to a rigorous criticism, and it is sincerely hoped that no objectionable features will be discovered that might offend the most captious. The Blue Book will be printed on delicately-tinted, gilt-edged paper and elegantly bound with an appropriate design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The residences of those included in the list of Society people will be given alphabetically and numerically by streets and avenues. "Our Society" Blue Book includes not only Society people in San Francisco, but those in the principal social centres of the State. It is the only "Blue Book" recognized by Society in California. It will be issued from the press of the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

The sweet contralto of Miss Ruth Vidaver, formerly of this city, I hear, is causing something of a flutter in the musical circles of Louisville, Kentucky, to which city she recently accompanied her father who is Rabbi of the Temple Brith Sholum. Miss Vidaver possesses a full, rich, dramatic voice which only needs cultivation to develop it. She has sung several times in public at Louisville, and on each occasion the local papers say her work has been warmly praised.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAVE
A SOCIETY-LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

San Francisco, October 14, 1893.

SILURIANISM GONE MAD.

The injunction procured by dissatisfied property-owners at North Beach against the prosecution of work upon ex-Senator Fair's Lewis Street bulkhead, presents a striking illustration of the unprogressive spirit in this community. It has been demonstrated again and again that no public work can go forward in this city without either being antagonized by the Silurians or made disreputable by mousing politicians. The time has long since passed when anything can be done with the streets, the sewers, or the public buildings without scandal and jobbery. To what particular municipal characteristic this is due I cannot imagine. But Fair's scheme is altogether a different matter. He purposes building a bulkhead along the bay at Lewis Street, reclaim a great deal of North Beach tide land and establish manufacturing industries upon it. Probably the enterprise will cost him $2,000,000 before it is finished. At any rate, for every cent that the residents of the region will be called upon to contribute toward the work, which cannot fail to greatly enhance the value of their property, Fair will have to pay a hundred. And yet they combine, and by legal process seek to prevent the improvement.

The underlying motive in all of the Silurian movements, of which this is a type, I conceive to be an envious desire to prevent the accumulation of money. If a man projects an enterprise calculated to add wealth to the common hoard, and incidentally to swell his own accumulations, that is sufficient to engender a general opposition. The popular belief appears to be that our millionaires, if unmolested, will take their property with them when they die. Resolved to its simplest form, ex-Senator Fair's project at North Beach is to expend two millions, create a vast amount of taxable property, lift a dead district into notice from real estate operators, and make a million for himself. The last, however, is enough. Rather than see Fair accumulate another million, the Silurians at North Beach will die of commercial inactivity. It would serve them right if Fair should abandon the whole thing and move to Oakland or Port Costa.

LET US HAVE GOLD MINING.

Every man who feels an abiding interest in the welfare of California will wish the Miners' Convention, which recently adjourned in this city, success in all its undertakings. A revival of gold mining in this State could not fail, at the present time, to make marked changes in our industrial life. There is no activity that so quickly sends the blood charging through the stagnant arteries of trade in a State as mining. The manifest reason is that it is production in its most substantial form. A farmer's products are eaten up or destroyed, a coal miner's labors yield nothing that continues in the world, a manufacturer merely refashions that which was already in existence. But once a lump of gold is taken out of the earth it remains with us in some shape forever. If a man expends $1,000,000 in opening a gold mine, and digs out of it only $1,000,000, while he has made nothing the world is $1,000,000 the richer. This is true of no other form of production.

But for all that, I do not regard the attempt that is being made in some quarters to revive the placer mining craze of '49 as either well advised or sensible. In the first place, nearly all the land in the foothills and mountains, and along the rivers of California capable of being prospected is now held in private ownership. Any attempt to work it by the old processes would simply result in the arrest of the prospectors. The placer mining era, therefore, is a thing of the past. Drift mining and hydraulicing are the great processes of to-day. Capital is necessary if they are to be prosecuted, and capital ought to immediately set to work upon them.

AN ABSURD CLAIM.

There is a suggestion of the fable of the fly upon the chariot wheel in the recent manifesto of the California Traffic Association. It will be remembered that as the chariot rolled along the fly remarked, "Golly, see what a terrible dust I raise!" In its manifesto the Traffic Association lays to its credit every reduction in the cost of transportation that has been accomplished this year by all the influences at work, not only upon this Coast, but throughout the United States. The reductions on local and transcontinental freight—including only such products as dried and green fruit, barley, wine, and wheat—aggregate fifty per cent. They have been brought about by a railroad war, a commercial depression, appeals, and arguments by shippers and other influences apparent to the most casual observer. The smallest of all the instruments at work upon them has been the Traffic Association; and yet it claims to have been the sole and only one. If this body had been in existence one hundred years ago, I should not be astonished to hear that it had put in a claim for the credit of discovering Drake's Bay.

In his manifesto Mr. Leeds admits that his transcontinental railroad scheme is a failure. He also hints that the Stockton and Bakersfield road cannot be constructed until money becomes more plentiful and the "people" are in a better condition to subscribe. But notwithstanding all this (I gather from his address), that if the Association continues him in his present situation at the same salary, he will next year be able to claim for it everything in sight. For my part, I cannot see wherein the work of the Traffic Association has benefited California at all. By establishing a competing line of steamers it has, it is true, succeeded in cheapening ocean freights from New York. But that has done the State no good. It has flooded the San Francisco markets with the products of cheap Eastern manufacturers, and thrown our own workingmen out of employment. In augmenting the sales of a few merchants the Association has really injured our own material interests. Cheap clothing avails a people nothing if they have no money with which to buy it.

I am of the opinion that Mr. Leeds would made an excellent politician. In campaign times, at critical periods, his ability as a "claimer" of everything would prove of great value to his party.

A NEW ZODIACAL SIGN.

A careful consideration of all the circumstances of the case has led me to the conclusion that not only is there a thirteenth sign to the California Zodiac, but that we have recently entered it with colors flying. Nor is this all. The thirteenth sign is an animal that makes a distinct addition to the Zodiacal menagerie. The signs of the ram, the goat, the lion, the bull, and the other animals utilized to represent the prevailing constellations, are in the almanacs mere figments of the astronomical mind. The thirteenth sign, on the contrary, is no figure. When a State or country in the course of nature enters it, the fact is manifested by universal braying and a decided lengthening of the public ears. The sign I refer to is the ass.

In Congress we have a delegation mentally well equipped, Democratic by a large majority, and with every incentive to forge a record that will appeal to the solid and thoughtful element of California. But instead of attempting that species of statesmanship the entire delegation is playing to the mob in the gallery. Dennis Kearney and Dr. O'Donnell are to them the chief personalities in this State, and there are no interests here that outweigh those of the sand lot. Collector Wise has gone to Washington to see that Geary does not get too many laps ahead of him for Governor in this kind of business, and the usual cool-headed Judge Ross reads something in a New York paper which he considers a reflection upon him, and roasts Attorney-General Olney.

These gentlemen all ought to reflect, it seems to me, that if Kearneyism is desired in California it will be a shorter cut to elect Dennis to Congress than to maintain there some demagogue who at best but badly represents him. If Barney Dougherty is to supply us with financial ideas—if we desire, in a word, to inform the world that in our opinion borrowed money is *not* our own—we know how to send Barnabas to Washington to plead our cause. If we want Dr. O'Donnellism we know how to elect him Governor, and we are not likely to make a half-way job of that kind of political millenniumism by choosing Wise or Geary. If we are looking for judicial sand-lottery we can, at the next election, elevate Mr. George W. Fox to the Supreme bench and get what we want. Why should we

select for Justices such lawyers as Maguire and Caminetti when the genuine article is so easily obtained?

I wonder when we will get out of the thirteenth sign of the Zodiac? The generally asinine character of things Californian, both at home and abroad, is wearing upon me.

NERVE IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

Notwithstanding the economic revelations made by the vicissitudes of commerce, both external and internal, during the past year, I observe that my esteemed contemporary, the Stockton *Independent*, is still of the opinion that the McKinley tariff law enables capitalists "to pay better wages." This is the first time I have seen that absurd idea in print since the last election. Up to the day of Harrison's defeat the Republican press lustily begged the working classes to maintain the tariff. When it was discovered that no attention had been paid to the direful warnings of disaster—the election of Cleveland showing that some of the people at least had penetrated the thin veil that covered the Protection humbug—the Republican press declared with singular freshness that it had been fooling all the time. The McKinley Act was, in fact, a free trade measure!

The inference is plain, therefore, that taking the latest Republican argument as a basis the McKinley Act was not designed to either increase or maintain the rewards of the laboring classes. But whether it was designed to do that or not, the fact is it has not done so. Throughout the country the blighting effect of the general stagnation in business has caused wages to decline, and in California, where the humbug Protection argument was used with strong effect five years ago, there has been a gradual settling of the rewards of labor in all departments of industry. I do not know of a corporation or individual in business here—except the Southern Pacific Company, the worst abused of any—that has not reduced the wages of its or his employés.

My esteemed Stockton contemporary says that the chief difference the tariff makes with the manufacture of tin plate is to enable the capitalists engaged in producing it "to pay better wages." The nerve required to launch such a remark in the face of the history that is being made at this very moment in Stockton itself, is peculiarly a product of the great San Joaquin Valley. If anything has been demonstrated recently to be a fact (which every sensible man knew before) it is that the tariff has nothing whatever to do with wages. Wages are regulated by the supply of men. If carpenters bring five dollars a day in San Francisco to-day, and a thousand artisans of that description are imported from the East to-morrow, wages will collapse at once. The tariff is a capitalistic institution entirely. It is designed to enable the manufacturers of protected articles to rob those who are silly enough to vote for its maintenance. Does my Stockton contemporary know that copper from the Lake Superior mines, with transportation added, is sold cheaper in London than within fifty miles of the place where it is produced?

WORK OF A CLEVER CONTRACTOR.

The discovery in the sub-basement of the New City Hall of a large number of foul-smelling cesspools does not surprise me in the least. For a long time the delightful odors which always permeate that magnificent edifice have aroused a suspicion in my mind that some one had taken especial pains to provide the city with a private receptacle for sewerage. The smells that for the past five years have escaped from the unwilling doors of the building have been a sort of a cross between the odors that arise from the Potrero glue factories and those that anciently emanated from Washerwomen's Bay. There has been nothing in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, nor in the waters underneath the earth, that at all resembled them.

But the discovery of the source of the smells, as I have said, has not surprised me. The thing that takes me aback is the clever method that the authors of this edifice have provided for distributing them. From the report of the architect to the New City Hall Commission it appears that the ventilating system connects with the sub-basement by a network of capacious flues. The air which it is designed to convey throughout the building is supplied by this sub-basement, now discovered to be reeking with the foulness not only of the structure itself, but, presumably, of the entire surrounding country. I have recently encountered nothing in municipal economy that has struck me as being so exquisitely clever as this. Not satisfied with laying their pipes so as to conduct the sewage of the building into the sub-basement, the contractors so built the ventilating system as to carefully distribute the odors—I presume so that no single official should get more than his fair share. Instead of "investigating" the contractor who did this, the City Hall Commissioners should erect a statue to him in the rotunda.

As a conscientious disseminator of the Gospel, if Rev. Dr. Hobart, of Oakland, thought evolution ungodly, I am free to admit it was his duty to say so. No minister should stand by and see souls lost through fear or policy. But I observe that Dr. Hobart refused, the other day, to permit Rev. Dr. Smith (colored) to baptize some sable lambs in his tank in the big church on Fourteenth Street. If it is an essential to the Baptist plan of salvation that converts shall be immersed, how does Dr. Hobart reconcile his refusal to loan his tank with the solicitude he has manifested concerning the souls of the University? Here were a lot of souls on the point of being saved, but Dr. Hobart puts the cover on his tank and sits down on it. Does the fact that these souls were black make any difference?

* * *

Recently two philanthropists at Petaluma, Mr. W. H. Pepper and Mr. Harrison Mecham, donated property to their town worth about $100,000, for the establishment of kindergarten schools and the relief of the poor. My esteemed contemporary, the *Imprint*, takes enthusiastic notice of the matter, and in the course of half a column of lurid English, abuses the remainder of the population for being close-fisted. It winds up by asking whether leeches and vampires have a hereafter. For my part, I am at a loss to understand why the editor of the *Imprint* should ask such an absurd question. Are there any leeches and vampires in Petaluma?

* * *

The Teal Club, whose members are disputing with the Cordelia Club the latter's right to shoot over the Suisun marshes, has come to the rescue of the unemployed in a substantial manner. The other day it hired a lot of pugilists to go to Teal Station and clean out the Cordelia Club's shooters. As the Cordelia Club was compelled to respond in kind there was an immediate rise in the price of plug-uglies. The saddest cases of want and destitution in this town at present exist among the pugilists. These two shooting clubs, who have set the fraternity to thumping itself in the Suisun marshes, is entitled to the thanks of the community.

* * *

The Stockton *Mail* lays the flattering unction to its soul that for a year prior to his renomination President Cleveland was a constant reader of its editorials. This clears up the mystery. The cause of the President's recent erratic conduct with reference to certain California matters is now plain. His head has been turned reading *Mail* editorials.

* * *

Speaking of the political disturbances in Oakland, the Alameda *Argus* expresses the opinion that what the Athens wants is less fight and more sense. But if it had more sense, what would the sand-lotters over there do for a living?

ADAM'S TUTTI FRUTTI
PEPSIN CHEWING GUM
CHEWED FOR HALF AN HOUR
AFTER EVERY MEAL
A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION

SILVER AND CLEVELAND.

BY JOHN P. IRISH.

The Commercial Secession-Bimetallic Convention at St. Louis is an outbreak of political atavism, a symptom of recurrence of a former type.

The male and female Jack leaders were there, with uplifted hands, frenzy reddened eyes, and voices corrugated by using the *tremolo* stop, denouncing as ter-yrants all men who deny that two pints can be crowded at once into a pint pot.

Mrs. Lease was there with her familiar "crisis greater than that of 1776," and General Weaver made his bow, and Governor Lewelling his bow-wow. Old Mexico was represented with New Mexico, and even Indiana sent a wraith, born again from her political graveyard, and not still-born either. The talk was vicious. The Governor of South Carolina did the spit-fire act and Colonel Fisk, of Denver, who advocates political union of the West with Mexico, talked himself to a point that would be treason in a man responsible for what he utters.

But above all the bathos and rant, and upon all the fuddled figures and swill-tub rhetoric there is a serious shadow. One must reflect that these singular people, these fantastic men and frantic women, have followers. The holding of a convention to advocate commercial secession is merely the forerunner of political secession, of another attempt to divide and dissolve the Union.

The inquiry is suggested—is the country too large? Here are Governors of several States, elected by at least a plurality of their people, committing themselves and their States to the declaration that our borders are too wide for sympathy between the East and West, too wide for mutuality of interest and community of patriotism. If this be true then this generation shall not pass before we see a strange flag flying on the Rocky Mountains, for it is an everlasting fact that no political bond can long outlast a partition of material interests.

Are we who deny such partition, who believe in the Federal Union, who see in a strange flag the banner of pestilence and decay—shall we leave the field to these promoters of discord, these blundering political surgeons who would carve the American Commonwealth like a carcass hacked for hounds?

Many of the speeches made in the present session of Congress help on this new secession. The most recent of the largest fortunes in the world are in the mining States. Behind free silver coinage at a ratio of sixteen to one is more concentrated capital than is invested in all the commercial trusts in the Union. The country has heretofore wondered at the barbaric display of wealth by the mining millionaires. Their divorce of the wives of their youth, grown old and plain, that they might remate with pert charms and a physical display more in keeping with their sudden riches, their open purchase of political honors, their selfish devotion to their own interests and pleasures, and in too many instances their coarse-grained vulgarity have supplied the press with ignoble themes for a score of years.

These men, not all incontinent, but all united by a common interest in a single product of their mines, have concentrated hundreds of millions behind the free silver movement which is enlarging into the secession proposed by the St. Louis Convention.

One who is in the midst of this attempt to disorder public finance for the swelling of private fortunes is impressed by the fact that it represents the greed of a greater number of rich men and the selfishness of a larger aggregation of capital than have ever stood behind a political proposition except the seccession of 1861.

The people are being taught that what all this capital seeks is for their interest. So in 1861 the non-slave-holding people were taught that it was to their interest to go to battle and die in order that the capitalists of the South might hold slaves!

After this St. Louis meeting we may expect others. The ghost dance, with the same performers, will be repeated, until a good crop, light taxes, and prosperity will grease the fiddle strings, and Mrs. Lease will go home to her husband and General Weaver will take a needed vocal vacation.

* * *

It is plain that to the end of his term President Cleveland is to be accused of non-submission to the will of mere politicians. Of course the charge will not be in that form and name. He will be held up to view as a tyrant, defying the co-ordinate branches of the Government and endangering the liberties of the people. Concurrently with these charges will be the singular spectacle of the people upholding and supporting him in every statement he makes of a public policy, and by the close of his term this will have produced such a reaction as will influence the politics of the country with a momentum which will affect all of our National policies far into the twentieth century.

When the President's acts are examined it will be found that they are not open to the charge of nullification or undue influence, either to suspend a law or to control its enactment. He has impressed his views upon the people, as is his right, and the resulting public opinion is having a hearing, but of this most wholesome influence in the direction of public affairs no one can rightly complain.

I have said in these papers heretofore that the ghosts conjured in the House and Senate by the opponents of the President have been on duty before, and for their appearance in the past there was far more justification. Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Van Buren, and Lincoln all were disturbed by the walking of these apparitions.

Jefferson did refuse, point blank, to obey the Supreme Court and ignored its decision, but it has appeared since to his countrymen that he was defending the powers of his office that they might remain unimpaired to serve the public interest.

In 1816 the Supreme Court decided the charter of the United States Bank to be constitutional. But in 1832 Jackson vetoed the same charter upon the sole and express ground that it was unconstitutional. In his veto message he said: "The Congress, the Executive, and the Court must each for itself be guided by its own opinion of the Constitution. Each officer who takes an oath to support the Constitution swears that he will support it as he understands it, not as it is understood by others." His veto practically reversed the Supreme Court, the only instance of the kind, I believe, in our history.

It will be noted that every President who has been attacked and charged with magnifying his office has held a foremost place in history. Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, and Lincoln are names that cannot be spared out of our history, and to them that of Cleveland will be added.

It appears, then, that under formidable circumstances the Presidential office serves as the guardian of interests common to all the people. When these interests are assailed and a weak man is in the Presidency no charges are heard against him. He submits to encroachments and avoids antagonizing the forces which invade popular rights when their defense is paltry. But when the invaders find there a President as strong as he is watchful they are driven back and take refuge by denouncing him as a tyrant.

* * *

It is to be regretted that gentlemen in the Senate talk of another financial compromise. Such a solution is none at all. At best a compromise is a bad job of welding incongruities. We had that policy in the slavery issue and the old form in which sectionalism cursed two generations with controversy and destroyed the flower of a third in war. The wisdom of the Missouri compromise was turned to folly within thirty years by the further compromise devised in Mr. Clay's Omnibus Bill, and the wisdom of the latter was evaporated within eleven years by forces that had never relaxed a moment's training for the final conflict during the whole forty-one years in which political tinkers were busy with resin and solder welding and patching compromises.

The country will regret the result as lame and inconclusive if it be this. There is one road to the financial supremacy of the world as a joint lordship with our primacy of production. This is the sound money road, the money of the commercial world. Without this we will go wallowing again.

* * *

It is evident that the Democrats of the country propose to follow no one in opposition to the President.

It is time now to begin stall feeding calves to furnish forth the feast when the Prodigals return, for those who have reached "the parting of the ways" in August will come back to the forks of the road after the dog star sets.

I anticipate a rush in the next California Convention for a chance to endorse the Administration, and in the line will be found many who are now airing their vulgar vocabularies against the leaders whom they will then endorse.

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THE OAKLAND WATER FRONT.

The efforts of certain politicians in Oakland, led by the Mayor and Common Council, to deprive the Oakland Water Front Company of its property, to me bear a striking resemblance to highway robbery. If this corporation has no right to the lands which it claims upon the shores of Oakland there is a reasonably speedy and a certainly orderly way to ascertain that fact. Indeed, if my memory serves me right, there is at this very moment an action pending in the United States Courts designed ultimately to settle the question of title forever. At all events, there is no excuse for the recent displays of mobbishness on the part of Mayor Pardee's followers at the foot of Castro Street and on Broadway. Not only will such displays contribute nothing toward a legal settlement of the dispute between the City of Oakland and the Water Front Company they will accomplish something a great deal more undesirable for that town. They will give it a very bad name.

It seems to me that a fair presentation of this matter to those people in Oakland who care to reason on the subject would do much to appease what Mayor Pardee calls the "public wrath." As I understand it, the "public wrath" never rises unless it has something to rise about, and if it can be shown that in this controversy it really has nothing to worry over—that if it will compose its peppery temper for awhile there is a strong probability that the Courts will settle everything according to law—then I think a certain amount of good will have been accomplished. In the history which follows I shall attempt that feat. Not that I believe my words will affect the minds of the mob that assaulted the barbed wire fence at the foot of Castro Street. I merely have hopes of some of the leaders.

To begin, then, in 1852 the Legislature passed an act incorporating the town of Oakland, and granting to it all the lands between high tide and ship's channel within its borders. The Board of Trustees elected under this act granted to Horace W. Carpentier all the tide lands of the town in consideration of the construction, by him, of two wharves and a school-house. Here, then, is the origin of the title of the Oakland Water Front Company to the tide lands of Oakland. The population of the town at that time consisted of about seventy persons, and the buildings numbered not over half a dozen. The property deeded to Carpentier could not have been sold for $5000. The bay lands, known as the Encinal of Temescal, did, as a matter of fact, sell about that time for $10,000.

Carpentier promptly went to work to fulfill his part of the contract. He built a wharf at the foot of Broadway costing $10,000, another a short distance from it costing $8,000, and a school-house costing $12,000. This was a great deal more than the lands could have been sold for ten years later.

In 1854 the Legislature incorporated the City of Oakland, with the same boundaries as the town, and shortly thereafter an action was brought against Carpentier and one of his grantees to cancel the grant on the ground of fraud. This suit went to the Supreme Court of the State, by which tribunal it was finally dismissed.

In 1867 the Oakland City Council began another action, and employed the late John B. Felton, one of the ablest lawyers who ever practiced at the California bar, to prosecute it. At about this time the overland Pacific Railroad was being constructed. There were two companies building, the Western Pacific from Sacramento *via* Niles to San Jose, and the Central Pacific from Sacramento east to Ogden. The Western Pacific, to avoid the long *détour* to San Francisco *via* San Jose, had determined to cross the bay at Ravenswood. This would have left Oakland out in the cold. An agitation immediately sprung up in Oakland looking to an amendment of the route of the Western Pacific. Meetings were held by Mr. Carpentier, the officers of the Railroad Company, city officials, and Mr. Felton. It was suggested that if the Western Pacific would cross the bay at Oakland instead of Ravenswood the city would give it all the title it claimed to the water front property. But Judge E. B. Crocker, counsel for the Railroad Company and largely interested in its stock, refused to have anything to do with Oakland unless it should first settle the title to its water front with Carpentier. It was finally agreed, however, to compromise the matter. The Railroad Company was to have 500 acres of the water front in consideration of changing its route, somewhat disadvantageously, to Oakland, the city was to have the block between Franklin and Webster Streets and the privilege of damming Lake Merritt, and all the property was to be conveyed to the Oakland Water Front Company, in trust, to be distributed according to agreement.

So an act was passed by the Legislature, at the request of the Mayor and Common Council, authorizing them to carry out the contracts. In one of these contracts a proviso was inserted to the effect that if the Railroad Company should not expend upon its 500 acres within three years at least half a million dollars, the land should revert to the city. An ordinance, pursuant to the Legislative Act, was finally passed settling forever the question of the title to the water front property. Subsequently the Western Pacific and Central Pacific Companies consolidated and, instead of spending half a million on the 500 acres within three years, over a million was expended. The Company also purchased from the city nearly half a million worth of other property upon which it has erected shops and car-houses. On Seventh Street, between Market and Oakland Point, the Railroad Company conveyed forty feet of land to the city, subject to its uses as a railroad, and twenty feet of First Street, with the exception of two blocks on each side of Broadway, was also given to the city for use as a street.

In consequence of the settlement of the title to the water front property, as above outlined, Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, and Crocker purchased the property between the centre of Franklin and Washington Streets extended, and the line of high tide and ship's channel, which embraced the wharf at the foot of Broadway, paying therefor a large sum of money. In reconstructing the wharf, gates, and buildings, and dredging the creek, they expended $50,000.

Since 1852, therefore, Carpentier and his grantees have been in possession of the water front of Oakland, so far as the same is covered by the settlement effected in 1867. Twice the title has been quieted by the Courts, once by the United States Circuit Court and once by the Superior Court of Alameda County. But notwithstanding all this the cry is raised, every little while, that the Oakland Water Front Company has no title to its property. Heretofore this cry has redounded sadly to the injury of Oakland. Some years ago the Risdon Iron Works began negotiations for the purchase of land on the Oakland shore, intending to locate its extensive iron manufactory over there, but the howl about title finally determined it to go to South San Francisco. The wheat warehouses, now located at Port Costa, were, I understand, driven away from Oakland for a similar reason.

But aside from all this, the recent action of the Mayor and Chief of Police in tearing down the fences and buildings at the foot of Broadway, and the action of certain unruly people in mobbing a barbed wire contrivance across Castro Street, seems to me to have been founded on that spirit of lawlessness which maintains that there shall be no security for property anywhere. Having taken all of Carpentier's money it could get, having induced the Central and Western Pacific Railroads to enter Oakland at great additional expense, having persuaded the former to locate its shops there, wherein there is disbursed to the people of Oakland $140,000 a month, the Mayor and his mob now wish to declare all their agreements off and retake the property. If this is not anarchy and socialism run mad, then I do not know what to call it.

J. C. H.

San Francisco, October 15, 1893.

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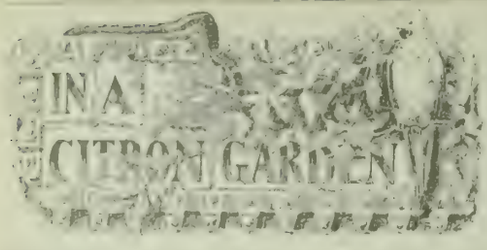

THIS is a very idle tale—only the record of five minutes in a citron garden. Not a terraced patch set like a puzzle, with toy trees such as one sees on the Riviera, but a vast scented shade, unpruned by greed of gain, where sweet limes, mandarins, and blood-oranges blended flower and fruit and leaf into one all-sufficing shelter from the sun. There are many such gardens in India, lingering round the ruined palaces or tombs of bygone kings. This particular one hid in its perfumed heart a white marble mausoleum, where the red and green parrots iniaid themselves like mosaic among the tracery. For they are decorative birds, and, being untrammelled by prejudice regarding the position of their heads, lend themselves to many a graceful, topsy-turvy pattern. Girding the garden, a wall twenty feet high, bastioned like a fort, but, despite its thickness, crumbling here and there from sheer old age; invisible, too, for all its height from within, by reason of the tall thickets of wild lemon on its inner edge. Four broad alleys, sentinelled by broken fountains, converged to the mausoleum, high above a marble reservoir where the water still lingered, hiding its stagnation beneath a carpet of lotus-leaves. From these, again, narrower paths mapping the garden into squares, each concealed by the dense foliage from the next. A maze of shadowy ways edged by little runnels of water and bordered by roses and jasmine, with here and there a huge white dræcena usurping the path. Day and night the water ran clear and cool, to flood each square in turn, till it showed a shining lake, wherein the roof of fruit and blossom lay reflected as in a mirror.

A Garden of Eden; like it, tenanted by a woman and a snake; famous, also, for its forbidden fruit.

Nowhere did shaddocks grow so regardless of possible danger to the world. The green-gold globes weighed the branches to the ground; the massina-flowers burdened the air with perfume. For all their solid, somewhat stolid look, they are fragile flowers. Gather a spray as gently as you can, and only the buds remain; the perfect flower has fallen. So, in a citron garden it is well to purge the soul from "*karma*," or desire, in order to reach the "*nirvana*" of content in which—so say the Buddhists—lies the full perfection of possession.

Naraine, the gardener's granddaughter, had different views. She stood, at the beginning of the five minutes, beneath a citron-tree. One dimpled brown hand held the branch above her, and, as she swayed her body to and fro leisurely, the flowers dropped into her stretched veil. She was not unlike a citron-blossom herself. Like them, arrayed boldly in saffron and white; like them, looking the world in the face with calm consciousness that she was worth a look in return. Finally, her world was theirs—that is to say, these few acres of scented shade. As yet Naraine knew no other, though the next day she was to leave it and her childhood in order to follow the unknown bridegroom to whom she had been married for twelve years.

The incessant throbbing of a tom-tom, the occasional blare of a horrible horn in the ruined arcade which was all that remained of a royal rest-house, proclaimed that the marriage festivities were even now going on beyond the crumbling walls. From all this Naraine being necessarily excluded, she had spent the morning in receiving the female visitors with simulated tears, in order to impress them with her admirable culture; thereinafter relapsing with them to shrill-voiced feminine chatter until the heat of noon stilled even the women's tongues. Then, driven by an odd unrest, she had slipped away to the cool alleys she knew so well; even there busying herself with preparations, since the flowers she gathered would be needed to strew the bridal bed. It was no new task. Every year an old distiller came, in blossom-time, to set up his still beside the well. Then, in the dewy dawns, she and the old grandmother beat down the blossoms, and when sunset brought respite from the heat Naraine used to watch while the flowers were crushed into the pan, and luted down with clay as if into a grave. And a grave it was to beauty. The first time she saw the yellow mash which was left after the sweetness had trickled into the odd assortment of bottles the old distiller brought with him, she had cried bitterly. But a whole bottle of orange-flower water as her very own had been consoling, and the fact that the label proclaimed her treasure to be "genuine, old, unsweetened gin" did not disturb her ignorance.

Every year afterwards the old man had given her another bottle, and as she had always chosen a fresh label, she had quite an assortment of them in the shed which served her as a play-room. And now, being nearly sixteen, she was about to leave other things beside that row of bottles labelled "Encore," "Dry Monopole," "Heidsiecker," and "Chloric Ether Bitters."

She was not alarmed. She had taken a peep at her future husband that morning and satisfied herself that he had the requisite number of eyes, legs, and arms. For the rest, men were kind to pretty girls, and she knew herself to be a very pretty girl. It is hard to convey any impression of the girl's state of mind to English ears, simply because marriage had never been presented to her as an occasion for personal choice. She had been happy hitherto; the possession of a husband ought to increase that happiness, if Fate sent her a pleasant mother-in-law. The man himself was a trifle, since men were always kind to pretty girls. That, formulated so plainly as to rob it of all offense, was Naraine's first and last argument for content.

As she stood swaying in the shadow, some one came down the alley. She recognized him at once. It was the bridegroom; and the demon of mischief, which enters into Eastern girlhood as causelessly as it does into Western, suggested that she had him at an advantage. He had not seen her since she was three years old—could not possibly recognize her. Besides, what brought him there? An intolerable curiosity, mingled with a pleasant conviction, made her stand her ground. Perhaps she knew that the spot occupied by her was the only one visible from the roof of the arcade, and drew her own conclusions. Perhaps she did not. It was true, nevertheless, and the bridegroom, having caught a glimpse of something attractive, had taken advantage of the general sleepiness to climb over the ruined wall for a closer view; for he was of those who are very kind indeed to pretty faces. He, it must be remembered, had caught no consolatory glimpse of his bride. People told him she was beautiful, but that was part of the game. Here were undoubted good looks, and, despite his wedding-day on the morrow, he slipped into the citron garden intent on a lark. No more refined word expresses his mood so clearly.

Naraine, however, neither shrieked nor giggled at the sight of a stranger. She simply drew her veil closer, and went on gathering citron-blossoms. He paused, uncertain of everything save her entrancing grace. Was she only a servant, or did he run risks in venturing closer? Naraine, meanwhile, behind her veil, gurgled with soft laughter, pleased at being able to test the value of her beauty on the man she meant to rule by it. So they stood—she in the shadow at one end of the alley, he in the shadow at the other; between them the scented path bordered by the runnels of water slipping by to bring a deluge to some portion of that little world. Some might have called it a pretty scene, instinct with the joy of youth; others might have turned their heads away, praying to be delivered from the world, the flesh, and the devil. Naraine thought of nothing save her own laughter.

The garden seemed asleep save for those two, as, with the cruelty of a chase waking in him, as in a cat stalking a mouse, the cruelty of success waking in her as in a snake charming a bird, the distance between them lessened.

Suddenly a burst of high, childish laughter, the veil full of citron-blossoms was flung in his face, and Naraine was off down the alleys, while he, with anger added to admiration, was after her.

The walls echoed to the soft thud of their flying feet—down one path, up another, round by the tomb, scaring the parrots to a screaming wheel. Confident in her superior knowledge, she paused on the topmost step, ere scudding across the causeway, to fling back a handful of flowers lingering in a fold. He set his teeth hard. If she tried short cuts, so could he; and he was round the next square so fast that she gave a little shriek and dived into the thickest part of the garden, whither the water was flowing, and where the beasts and birds and creeping things innumerable found a cool, damp refuge. His blood was up: the jade must be caught and kissed, if only in revenge. The flutter of her saffron skirt at the opposite side of a square made him try strategy. He crept into the thickest undergrowth and waited.

Something else waited, not a footfall off, but he did not see it. His eyes were on that saffron flutter, pausing, advancing, retreating, pausing again. Naraine had lost the bearings of her pursuer, and, like a child playing "I spy," was on the alert for a surprise.

Suddenly a cry as she caught sight of him, a shout as he bounded out; both lost in a yell arresting her flight and his, as if it had turned them to stone. He stood with the wide nostrils and fixed eyes of ghastly fear, clinging for support to the branch above him, whence the flowers fell pattering to the ground. On his ankle two spots of blood, bright against the brown skin. Across the path a big, black rope of a thing, curving swiftly to the roses beyond.

"Snake! snake!"

Her cry echoed his, as she ran back to him; but he struck at her with clenched hand.

"Go, woman—she-devil! Thou hast killed me. Curse thee! oh, curse thee for beguiling me! It has bitten me. Holy Gunga, I am dead! and I was the bridegroom. 'Tis thy fault. I was the bridegroom." He had sunk to the ground clasping his ankle, and rocked himself backward and forward, moaning and shuddering in impotent fear. Naraine stood by him. There was no hope: the big, black rope of a thing did its work well; yet, even so, anger was her first thought.

"It was a lie! 'Tis not my fault! Why

didst come? Why didst follow? And if thou art the bridegroom, was not I the bride?" Then something leaped to memory. She threw her hands above her head and beat them wildly in passionate despair and horror.

"He is dead! he is dead! And I am the bride."

The words rang through the garden, and pierced even his grovelling fear. As she turned to fly, he clutched at her skirts, and dragged himself to her fiercely.

"The bride, then the widow! My widow! Thou hast killed me, but thou canst not escape me. A widow! a widow! a widow!"

His face was terrible in its fear, its regret, its revenge. She fought against him desperately, but his hands held fast, shifting to her waist, till he forced her down to the dust beside him, where she crouched silent, like a young animal terrified into acquiescence.

"Thou shalt see me die—'tis thy fault—thou shalt see me die!" he muttered again and again.

So they sat side by side in the grip of death, his head on her bosom, his hands bruising her wrists, his eyes full of despair, and regret on her face.

The sun-flecks shifted over them, the citron-flowers fell upon them as the afternoon breeze stirred the branches. And even when the swift poison loosed his clasp, Naraine was still a prisoner to the dead body, lying with its face of desire and disgust hidden in her lap.

She was a widow. The citron-blossom had fallen.

That night there were weeping and wailing instead of feasting in the garden; and at dawn the women put bowls of sweetened milk into the scented thickets to propitiate the holy snake, lest, having chosen one victim, it might seek a pair. Perhaps, as far as happiness goes, it might as well have claimed Naraine also.

After a time, to be sure, life went on as before. The old distiller came, and Naraine shook the blossoms for him into her widow's shroud. The sweetness of them was no less sweet as it trickled into the old gin and champagne bottles, but Naraine got no share of it. What have widows to do with the perfumes of life?"

This is an idle tale of a five minutes' tragedy—perhaps none the less of a tragedy because it is true.—"*From the Five Rivers*," *by Mrs. F. A. Steel. Appleton & Co.*

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DR. J. D. ARNOLD

EYE, EAR, THROAT

Resumes Practice Nov. 1st

54, 55, 56, 57 CHRONICLE BUILDING

SOME EPIGRAMS.

BY AMBROSE BIERCE.

The following *facetiæ* (written some time ago and concealed in the *Wasp*) were the outcome of a discussion in which their author had contended that it was "easy to make epigrams"—a species of wit which, it will surprise many to learn, he holds, or affects to hold, in light esteem. Perhaps that is why, having proved his point, he did not think it worth while to publish his evidence.

BY A MAN.

A woman likes better the admiration of a fool than the respect of a philosopher; and the philosopher is content to have it so.

Remembering that it was a woman who lost the world, the act of cackling geese in saving Rome should be accepted as partial reparation.

If women had not inherited the habit of daubing their faces no human authority could make them do it.

There are two classes of women who may do as they please: those who are rich and those who are poor. The former can count on assent, the latter on inattention.

How can a wife respect the man who has been fool enough to marry her?

With virtues blest and vices curst,
[illegible] woman in the last.
Although He made the vices first,
He did not make the virtues *last*.

If women did the writing of the world, instead of the talking, men would be regarded as the superior sex in beauty grace, and goodness.

Love is a delightful day's journey. At the farther end kiss your companion and say farewell.

A prude is one who blushes modestly at the indelicacy of her thoughts and virtuously flies from the temptation of her desires.

The punishment of Eve was rather severe, seeing she left upon the tree enough fruit for all her daughters.

A virtuous widow is the most loyal of mortals; she is faithful to that which is neither pleased nor profited by fidelity.

Men who think they know women are at least ignorant that women do not know themselves.

A stupid woman should not marry, for the only kind of man she is likely to get is one who would make her a good husband.

A widower's happiness is a matter of disposition. The disposition which he has made of his wife will secure him the most of it.

Of her who is your wife you know too much; of her who is your lover too little; of her who is a stranger just enough.

The Duchess of Burgundy, who was declared a beauty even by St. Simon, had a goitrous neck and decayed front teeth. Marguerite de Valois, whom in her time every Frenchman of distinction loved, had loved, or was about to love, had cheeks like a monkey's, protruding, bloodshot eyes, and a thick, pendulous under-lip. Cupid is not blind—he only has a strong stomach and a hardy mendacity.

Artistically set to grace
The wall of a dissecting-place,
A woman's pericardium
Was fastened with a bit of gum,
While, simply underrunning it,
The one word, "Charity," was writ,
To show the student (and that hovered
About it what it once had covered.

That we do not fall in love with our female relatives is explained obscurely by consanguinity, lucidly by knowledge.

To the male rattlesnake the female rattlesnake is a model of beauty and a marvel of tenderness.

Woman in love is less ashamed than man. She has less to be ashamed of.

Poor Eve! If she had only known how to make "preserves"!

Women would be unobjectionable if one could fall into their arms without falling into their hands.

Virtue is not necessary to a good reputation, but a good reputation is necessary to virtue.

Women of genius usually have masculine faces, figures, and habits: in transplanting brains to a strange soil God leaves some of the original earth on the roots.

A woman's suspicions of other women are all verified by her own exposure.

Our luxuries are always masquerading as necessities. Woman is the only necessity having the boldness and address to compel recognition as a luxury.

In order to be respected a nobility must not be numerous: the attempt to establish an aristocracy of sex requires for success that the privileged class be physically strong, so as to compel a deference not willingly accorded. For Woman to occupy in life the place she occupies in letters, she will have to limit her output.

Eve probably had a habit of saying to Adam: "That's just what one might expect from a man!"

O lady fine, fear not to lead
[illegible]
[illegible]
But he can level down.

The man who has been spoiled by women had previously been spoiled by his Maker.

God looked upon all that he had made and saw that it was good, but that was before he had made a prude.

You are not permitted to kill a woman who injures you, but there is no law forbidding you to reflect that she is growing older every minute. You are avenged 1440 times a day.

BY A WOMAN.

It is unnecessary to doubt a man's sincerity if you do not make the mistake of testing it.

A humble lover makes a haughty husband.

Men are polygamous by nature and monogamous for opportunity. It is a very chaste-minded man who is willing to be watched by a half-dozen wives.

Men talk of selecting a wife; horses, of selecting a master.

In order to be entirely satisfactory to her husband a woman must be four things—virtuous, intelligent, amiable, and blind.

It is a wise "man's man" who knows what it is that he despises in a "ladies' man."

If the vices of women worshiped their creators, men would boast of the adoration they inspire.

Wives are more devout than husbands because in greater need of consolation.

A noble enthusiasm in praise of Woman is not incompatible in the masculine nature with a spirited zeal in detraction of women.

Wives do not condemn the possession of night keys—in moderation.

The most disagreeable form of masculine hypocrisy is that which finds expression in pretended remorse for impossible gallantries.

No armor was ever thick enough to turn aside the thrust of a woman's flattery.

Women say that handsome men have no brains, but he is either a fool or a philosopher who says they have said it to *him*.

Those men get on with women best who best know how to get on without them.

Adam probably regarded Eve as the woman of his choice, and exacted a certain gratitude for the distinction of his preference.

A sweetheart is a bottle of wine; a wife is a wine-bottle.

Taunts are allowable in the case of an obstinate husband: balky horses may best be made to go by laying their ears bitten.

When a man deigns to listen at the breast of a woman it is only to assure himself that her heart is not broken by not hearing it snap.

Of sacrifice, woman is the producer, man the consumer.

To "get married" is not quite the same as to marry, any more than to get taken is the same as to take. When a man says that on such a day he was married there is a vague reference to the clergyman's agency and a definite suggestion of the bride's purpose.

You can hurt your husband worse with a soggy loaf than with a broken heart. To Man indigestion is more bitter than remorse.

If empty wine-bottles are credulous they have a bad opinion of women.

CRYING BABIES.

Some people do not love them. They should use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect infant food. A million American babies have been raised to man and womanhood on the Eagle brand. Grocers and Druggists.

She—I see the Elizabeth ruff is to return. What in the world shall we do?

He (embarrassed)—Er—why can't we put the police on him?—*Puck.*

Huber's Orchestra, known as the Hungarian Orchestra, furnishes excellent music for receptions, weddings, and all other entertainments. Address: Mr. Valentine Huber, care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

"Hallo, Van, you're looking blue to-day. What's up?"

"My overcoat."—*Vogue.*

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

MASKS AND FACES

"THE SPAN OF LIFE."

"The Span of Life," which is to run another week at the California, is certainly a moving melodrama. Its incidents cover a period of ten years and ten months which, being a generation, is a span of life itself. The scene is laid by turns in England and Africa, and the chief properties are two rolls of Bank of England notes, a keg of fish oil, and three athletes who lock themselves together and make a "boneless bridge," over which the heroine escapes in the fourth act from a crowd of English-speaking Arabs armed with tin javelins.

The villain of the play outshines Mephistopheles. Compared to him the motiveless depravity of Iago is as a lucifer match to an electric arc light. From the opening of "The Span of Life" until its close this villain, whom the author has given the prosaic name of Dunstan Leech, plots incessantly. Thwarted again and again, he still comes up smiling, apparently experiencing no discouragement by his ill success. He poisons his half-brother, attempts to consign his mother to jail, enters the slave trade, shoots and kills and poisons on every hand, and finally, in the last act, when apprehended for murder, promises to return—in some other play, I suppose—and resume his malevolent machinations.

Given a lighthouse, three athletes capable of locking themselves together and falling over a ten-foot chasm, and a male and female player who can turn hand-springs and chatter like chimpanzees, and the material for making a play like "The Span of Life" is at hand. The rest is a question of scenery and stage "fixins." The excitement necessary may be produced by slow music and a systematic grouping of the characters into stage crises—the more impossible the better. If a bit of comedy is desired, and the comedian cannot be produced any other way, he may be dragged upon the stage bound and tied, or brought on bodily by a couple of Arabs. What the business the Arabs have with the low comedian in captivity need not be explained. If the said comedian chatters and makes the audience laugh the purpose is accomplished. If it is desirable to precipitate a pathetic situation of a child dying of thirst on the desert it is not even necessary to shift the scene upon which a raging cataract is represented not fifty feet away. In fact, the main idea is to appeal suddenly to the imagination, and before it has had an opportunity to weigh the probabilities or improbabilities of the situation to transport it to some new and more ridiculous scene.

"DAMON AND PYTHIAS."

Prodigious—yes, there are other terms—but that alone conveys the degree of friendliness that exists between Mr. Kent and Mr. Holt at Stockwell's this week. Heroic, this devotion of theirs. In self sacrifice they are gluttons. But suggest to them a device of magnanimity and they have taken advantage of it. To those of us not especially concerned with the whereof or the whereat of our brethren, it is embarrassing, this superlative affectionateness. One is almost persuaded they draw invidious distinctions between the strength of their love and the coldness of ours. One asks the wherefore of the philosopher's attachment and the why of the soldier's generosity—what is there about the Kent individuality that induces Holt to tear himself from the arms of Miss Burress?

It is not an Irving *mise en scene*, this of Stockwell's, nor is Damon of the blood of the great actor manager. Considering ways, means, and difficulties it is very commendable, this representation. With Mr. Kent's conception of his part I might differ somewhat, for surely he is the most melancholy and unfortunate of friends, continually precipitating by his tactlessness situations that compel the intervention of Pythias. The latter appeared to excellent advantage; there has been a distinct improvement in his art during the months of his sojourn here—a gain in moderateness, in reserve, less exuberance of utterance, though he has yet to attain a true vocal pitch. One might be forgiven commenting on the Tyrant's army—such faces, such whiskers. Despite the splendor of their trappings they appeared for all the world like a delegation of down-trodden invalids. But the most distinct figure of the *dramatis personæ* was the Senator, who wore bushy, red whiskers with his toga. There was a farce comedy in the tip-tilting of his nose.

NOTES.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, at the Alcazar, will produce for the first time in this city a melodrama by Miss Cecil Grylls. The theme of the play is taken from the life of Sophie Lyons, the noted adventuress. A feature will be a scene in the famous French prison, St. Lazare, where it is said no man is ever allowed to enter, women only being confined there. Miss Dorothy Rossmon has been added to Mr. Rankin's Company.——

A new play called "Friends," the basis of which is the lasting attachment of two men, by Edward Milton Royle, will follow "The Span of Life" at the California on October 26th.

On the thirtieth Miss Fanny Davenport will appear at the Baldwin in Sardou's great play, "Cleopatra."——

Planquette's opera of "Rip van Winkle," is having a good run at the Tivoli. Ferris Hartmann as Rip and Tillie Salinger as Gretchen make a strong musical combination.——

"One of the Bravest," a drama of the realistic school, begins a short run at Stockwell's this evening. The play is not new to our theatre-goes, but the theme is ever popular.——

LADIES ARE INTERESTED.

An article of standard reputation, noted for its purity, harmlessness, and efficacy, and endorsed and recommended by all first-class physicians, should be the choice of all ladies who use face preparations. A great many articles for the adornment of the complexion have been introduced of late years, but none, we are certain, have given more satisfaction than Camelline. This preparation was discovered and is manufactured by Wakelee & Co. of the corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets and Polk and Sutter Streets, San Francisco.

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THE SPAN OF LIFE

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IN HIS COMEDY DRAMA

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RIP · VAN · WINKLE

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2. "Carnaval," - - - - - Schumann
MR OTTO BENDIX
3. Cello Soli, - - - - - (Bargiel (Moszkowski
MR. LOUIS HEINE
4. Sonata for Piano and Violin - Paderewski
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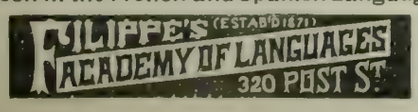
1871 
 1893

"RIP VAN WINKLE."

Demand for comic opera is strong and general enough to bring about a metamorphosis of familiar subjects heroic, romantic, or sentimental. An unwritten fiat has gone forth that the ludicrous must always be exhibited to a musical accompaniment, no matter whether music is suitable or unsuited to the theme. The service of an orchestra and of singers seems to be an indispensable part of the fun-making performances, and music, an art having little if any humorous quality itself, is forced into an atmosphere quite foreign. Farce comedies, burlesques, and the like are eked out with long interludes of singing, much of it neither music nor humor, but mostly a display of aberration. Usually librettists of comic opera provide a sentimental side quite fit for music to illustrate. Here is its proper place in the connection. But the taking off of subjects long floating in an atmosphere of romance or poetry for comic purposes is a healthy sign of want, conviction, and appreciation. Motives like "Robin Hood," "Rip van Winkle," and others of an imaginative interest, fit into comic opera form with many a hump and wrinkle. These subjects have elements crying to be illustrated seriously. "Robin Hood" as a romantic, heroic work, with a bass in the title part, no shrieking tenor as the comic-operatic mixers insist upon, and "Rip van Winkle" has need of expression in a dramatic form, colored high with a supernatural atmosphere. If the public must have comic opera at any price, why not set the finest literature into that shape, from the plays of the greatest dramatists to the Biblical stories without exception? No doubt the effect would be delightfully popularizing. Really enlightened minds find humor everywhere, even in the scientific basis of music, which, by the way, the Rev. Mr. Haweis amused himself hugely and publicly with a week or so since.

"Rip van Winkle" in its comic opera costume becomes somewhat unweildy in story, though untarnished in interest and holding the attention through four acts long and strong with the aroma of gags galore. As a companion piece to the "Chimes of Normandy," or otherwise the "Bells of Corneville," it does not match that work in simplicity of story or bright characteristic, for the latter is distinctively French in the plot and more so in the musical setting. Planquette's portion of "Rip van Winkle" is as brisk and dainty as he usually is; the numbers have a ring of happy tune made to be popular, indeed, shorn of much dialogue before and after would be extremely effective in that style. "The Legend of the Katskills" always has been popular, and is not the less so here. The composer constantly reminds of himself particularly in the concerted pieces.

Over the shoulders of singers and actors, composers and playwrights strike the public, depending principally upon the temper of these go-betweens to carry on the stroke. Mr. Ferris Hartmann, associated at the Tivoli with quips and cranks and low comedy wiles, was taxed to play the part of poor Rip, whom we have known made wonderful by a celebrity of genius. Seeing that neither singing nor pathos are in his line, the comedian turned the role into the whimsical form common to him, doing all that the audience asks in raising its risibles. Applause long and loud greeted Miss Tillie Salinger on her re-appearance and testified to the appreciation, personal and otherwise, this hard-working singer is held in. Since the short retirement both voice and style have developed, and Miss Salinger has learned the use and value of a *dimuendo*, an effect which apparently comic opera singers in general look upon as a breach of professional etiquette in the performance, as is the case with other common graces of the art of song. Another agreeable surprise in the singing was the enunciation heard from Mr. Frank Ridsdale, who made it apparent that he was consistently singing in the English language, a compliment very few tenors permit themselves to make. In general the performance is equal to the standard aimed for, and in costuming and stage settings the result is beyond the expected.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of CONSTANTINE HUESCH, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of said Estate, at his office No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Constantine Heusch, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

Estate of ROBERT BOTTCHER, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of said Estate at his office, No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Robert Bottcher, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

Estate of DAVID C. LEE, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of David C. Lee, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

Clothes should either be a powerful distraction from the ugliness of a woman, or should sustain the beauties she deigns to show and suggest others. In short, dress should be as the accompaniment to the vocalist, no more. Formerly we thought yellow ill became a blonde. It is now found to light up a fair complexion—even a dingy one. Do not buttercups and marigolds go with the pink and white blossoms of fruit trees in spring? I saw so pretty a gown the other day, made by Mansfield and worn at the Masten wedding. It was of peach pink glacé brocade, with small bouquets of marguerites and roses, mignon as they could be, with gold garlands intersecting them. The bodice was made very low in the neck and cut in a heart shape; a ruffle of wide cream lace with a greenish shade fell over the shoulder, and was caught with a butterfly effect in the centre of the back. The sleeves were immense leg-of-mutton, each containing six yards of the brocade. The skirt was plain but with a Watteau back and long train from where the Watteau joined the bodice. Under the plait were pieces of sea-foam satin ribbon, which met in front. Two long pieces of ribbon, one ending in a bow at the bottom of the skirt, formed a side panel. The dress was a darling, if one might use the expression.

Are we not having loads of weddings? I am going to tell you of the dresses worn at Miss Morrow's next week, as she, I am sure, will make a bewitching bride, and Misses Hoffman and Ruger are both very stylish-looking girls. Therefore, one may dare expect an interesting *tout ensemble.* By the bye, in having those big-sleeved dresses beware of the grotesque effect that is sometimes observable in the fashionable sleeve—that of a mushroom, the puff representing the dome, and the rest of the arm the stalk. The cause is that the lower portion is made so tight fitting that it makes the upper part almost absurd.

One of the most effective of the new autumn fabrics is in black and gold, the latter being very bright and glittering. It is called Croglin cloth, and is very soft and nice. There is also a black and red that I might recommend. Black is, as I have told you, very popular, and here is a pretty gown trimmed with scarlet. A very rough serge with a deep band of scarlet cloth round the hem, braided with black; a scarlet cloth vest, and a zouave of the black serge. A tiny black bonnet with some scarlet in it will complete the suit. The jackets bound with white pockets, collars, and cuffs are exceptionally pretty. They are also very fetching, and with the black and white hats may be called ravishing. Everyone ought to be well-dressed this year, as the fashions are so varied—long coats, short coats, basques with or without flounces, are equally popular and fashionable, whilst the girl who clings to shirt and Eton, or Bolero jacket is still in the running. Plain skirts and old-fashioned draped skirts are worn and one may have one's choice. The sleeves, though, are even larger than ever—regular baloons—and it would not be surprising to see one of the besleeved damsels floating off in the air on a windy day, as they are regular wings. Tell me, have you yet found a motive in life? All we girls have determined to give up our purposeless existence and to take up some hobby. You know how many maidens, once they reach the age of twenty-one or so, and have grown satiated with Society admiration and the frivolities of life, want a higher aim, a *raison d'être* so to speak. In England girls have the poor whom they visit, their sewing societies, etc. Here there is really nothing to do, and if a damsel do not marry, life is hardly worth living. So we girls are going to learn to cook, make our own clothes, study several languages, go on with our music, and let Society be a sort of side issue. I cannot see why the number of young women who desire to prepare themselves against adversity, or at least lay the foundation for a useful old age, is not much larger than it is.

Our ornamental stage is at its best a very short one, and after that is past we are apt to become disagreeable, disappointed, and unhappy. Girls seem to think, too, that they have no home duties. How few attempt to make home attractive to their fathers, husbands, or brothers! Many will not even dress for dinner if a guest be not expected, and as for reading aloud to papa and so saving his weary eyes, playing to mamma and giving her some little return for money expended on one's musical education, such a thing is not dreamed of. I know a girl who considers it her pleasurable duty, after breakfast and dinner, to read her father all interesting items on the topics of the times, and she not only renders a service to him, but to all with whom he comes in contact, for he is the most delightful, interesting, and liberal-minded old gentleman one would wish to meet.

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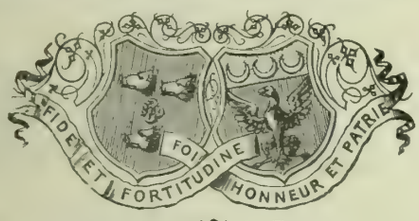

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES

An admirable move that of the Pacific Insurance Union appropriating $15,000 for the Midwinter Fair. We may have our personal opinions about the project, and some of us consider an expectation of its success to exhibit an undue optimism. There is no doubt, though, the community needs it to pull through the cold months, and the action of the underwriters is to be commended. The question has been asked why the California Street celebrities did not contribute singly instead of *en masse*. There are two explanations—the first, that the populace and the press find the alleged exactions of the organization an unfailing ground for complaint. This vote shows the Union is not so anxious to "hog" everything as has been indicated. The second is that certain agencies, by the terms of their contract with the corporations they represent, are compelled to pay out of their own pockets all extraordinary expenses. Had they contributed to the Fair fund, it would have been at their own expense. Instead, however, it is made the official act of the Union, and, of course, may be charged up as an ordinary assessment. However, as the result is eminently worthy and satisfactory, it is quite unnecessary to question the motive.

The advocacy of D. J. Staples, the wise old man of the underwriting world, undoubtedly contributed to the unanimity of the vote. He is a notable figure in insurance circles is the President of the surviving California Company. The brightest and shrewdest of the foreign managers have come to regard his opinion on any proposition of either policy or underwriting as worth its weight in gold. To the Fair fund the Fireman's Fund subscribes $1000 cash besides its share of the $15,000. Mr. Johnson should persuade President Staples to use his influence with Senator Fair to persuade him to give up some coin.

* * *

The Buyer-Reich affair is still discussed on California Street. It is generally understood that when the firm claims its money at the termination of the sixty days that the Companies will refuse payment. The most substantial men on the street regard the blaze as of incendiary origin, and the firm will have a hard fight to contravert some of the suspicious circumstances which Fire Marshal Towe sets forth. It is a little curious that the investigation which was demanded with so distinct a flourish has not yet taken place. If Buyer & Reich are as sensitive as they indicated, why don't they precipitate the inquiry and explain how it happened the huge volume of thick, black smoke rolled out of the fourth floor windows when the stock with which it was laden could only burn with a faint blue flame. It has also been ascertained that the turpentine with which the excelsior was moistened is the American article. The interests of the underwriters are in the hands of T. C. Van Ness.

* * *

Someone who is interested in dolefulness should get hold of a late edition of Brother Carpenter's letters to the head office of the Royal. They are as melancholy as Young's "Night Thoughts." In terms of eloquent sadness he deplores the depravity of competing underwriters and describes the disreputable methods and schemes to which they resort to cozen risks from his combination. In addition to his letters he is personally lachrymose, and is prone to discant lengthily on the same topic on minor provocation. The fact is, Carpenter is in a sorrowful mood and needs "straightening out"—a process that produces very beneficial results applied once every year or two. In one way he is as competent a man as the business includes but he has spells of extreme sadness, and just now he is in the midst of one of them. In addition, the losses of the Royal are quite heavy this year, and the chances seem exceedingly strong against the possibility of improvement.

The moral hazard is worse now than it has ever been. Half the losses that come in are unquestionably of incendiary bringing about. Underwriters are especially particular about risks coming from the silver States, wherein there occur fires every day. It seems the halcyon days of insurance have gone by. Nearly every big company in the country has suffered a diminution of surplus within the last two and a half years. Their loss will be nothing to that which will follow when depreciated securities are compelled to be entered at their present market value. I am certain there will be a shrinkage of at least fifteen million in the underwriting capital of the country.

LOCAL.

SAN JOSE NOTES.

The fag end of the great Fair seems to win more attention from the Society people of the Garden City than any of us expected. One reason for this, perhaps, is the fact that the earlier visitors bring back such gorgeous descriptions. The Beans, Judge Spencer, the Barkers, and some others, have already returned, and Barney Murphy, the Bowdens, and others, are just leaving.

Aside from the Fair talk the only subject of gossipy interest is found in the kindergarten schools. These seem to be in jeopardy, as the City Treasurer has refused to pay the salaries of the teachers. Many among the prominent educators here are hoping that this will lead to an investigation. They take the ground that few of the many kindergarten teachers are competent for the work. Of course, their standard is somewhat high, but they say that a teacher should at least pass a Junior Normal or a county examination before attempting school work. The teachers, however, seem to rely less upon results of examinations than upon "political pull," whatever that may be.

During the coming winter the different sets promise us some lively times at the hotel. The Alameda contingent, including the Moores, the Spencers, and the Planks, with Luis Arguello and his bride, of Santa Clara, are also threatening to get out of their trance. With splendid residences, pretty girls to grace them, and so many facilities for entertaining, they've slept too long.

Speaking of the pretty girls, both Miss Moore and Miss Amelia Plank are really more than pretty. The former comes from a family noted for its charming women, and Miss Bessie rivals them all. Besides good looks, she possesses a *naiveté* and charming originality delightful to all who know her.

Miss Plank is a girl of regal beauty. Tall as handsome women should be, with the dark eye and olive-tinted complexion peculiar to her race, she is a girl who at once attracts attention and enforces admiration. Next week I'll tell you of some more of the belles.

Mrs. Dr. Pierce is fully recovered from the effects of her accident and is able to be out again.

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A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

While it is true I have been chosen the President of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, vice M. A. DAUPHIN, deceased, I still retain the Presidency of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing Company, so that all proposals for supplies, machinery, etc., as well as all business communications on other subjects, should be addressed to me here as heretofore.

After January 1, 1894, my business will be removed to Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Central America, and will there go on as now without any break.

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A Cupid, swaying on a branch of roses, laughs as he polishes an arrow. Well he knows that on the morrow there will be kisses and a reconcili tion, with a score of sweet confessions of nothing, and on a rose petal he writes the names of the guests who shall dance at the wedding.

* * * * * * * * *

Two lovers in a rose garden and they are quarreling, too. A little difference of opinion, a little pride, a little coldness—the three ingredients have combined to make an icy wall, thin at first, and as brittle and transparent as glass, but steely in its ominous glitter. The lovers part with a long hand clasp and a despairing look, vowing to be life-long friends.

The Cupid on the bough looks sorrowfully toward them as they walk apart. His tears have sprinkled several roses with dew, and from his golden book of records he has torn the fairest page. There will be no guests and no wedding, for well he knows that the estrangement produced by judgment will last when that of feeling has broken down in smiles. Not the lovers who part in passion, but those who part in friendship most frequently part forever.

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8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.....	4.15 p m
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4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose.....	8.45 a m
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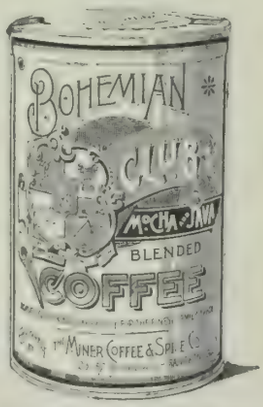

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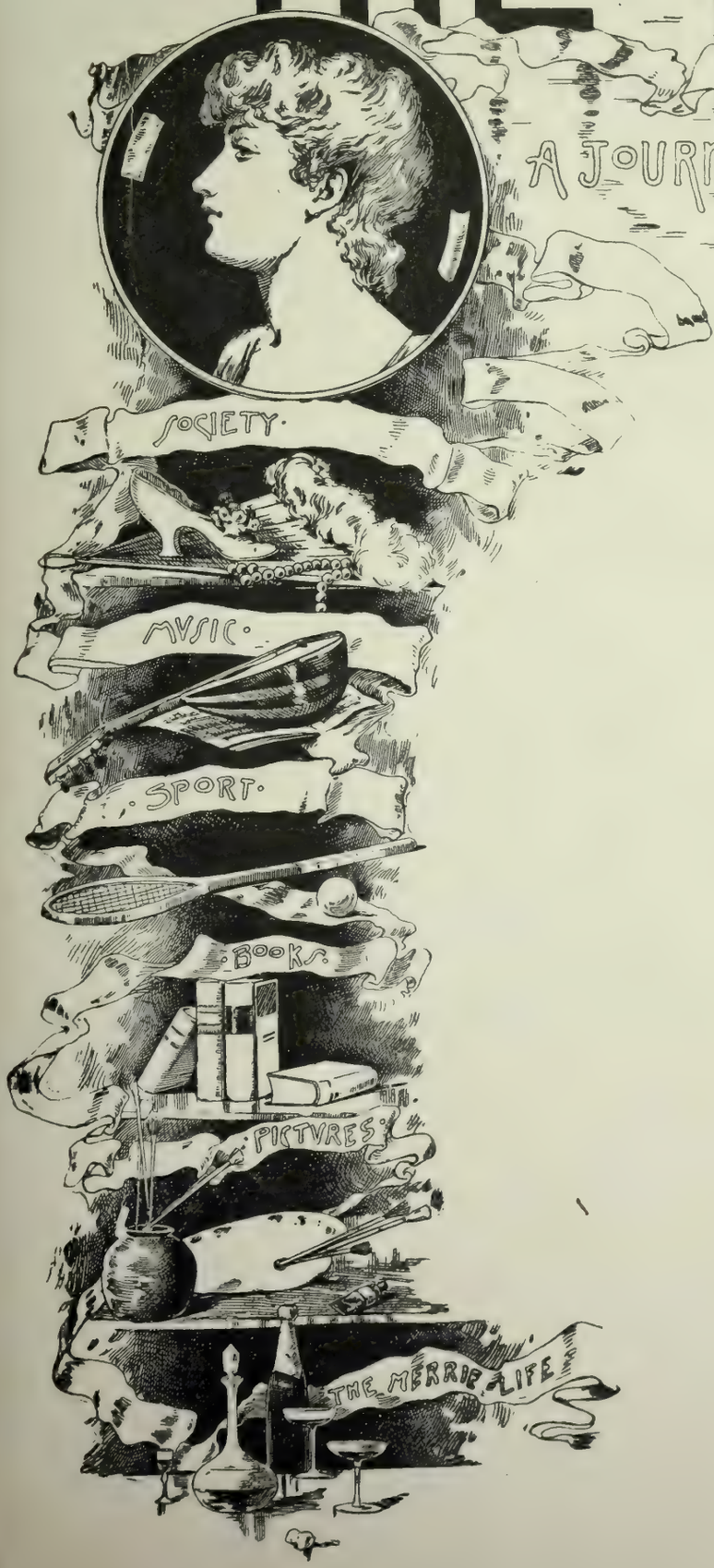

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THE WAVE

Vol. XI. No. 42. San Francisco, October 21, 1893. 10 Cents.

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal,

Is published every Saturday, by the proprietor at the CROCKER BUILDING, corner Market and Post Streets, San Francisco.

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For advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address Rooms 220–221, Crocker Building,

J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 21, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES

THE ABSENCE of a score or so families in Chicago neither explains nor excuses the social standstill. Despite the Fair there are any number of people in town, but they have all developed a quality of domesticity that, however creditable, is in no sense exhilarating. There is absolutely nothing going on. In the absence of happenings a dinner party looms up as an event, and a girl's tea as an incident. Last year the tedium of the days was relieved by an occasional reception and the nights by card gatherings or theatre parties. We have had lectures and concerts, but stars of the first magnitude have not deigned to illuminate our intellectual darkness, and the lesser lights have had little ground to congratulate themselves on their patronage.

* * *

From Chicago comes little news concerning the movements of Californians. They are swallowed up in the great mass of humanity concentrated in Jackson Park—their personalities, alas, do not attract the attention the local importance they have attained might be considered to justify. We are singularly destitute here of National figures—indeed, our brightest and best might be in Chicago a week or more without eliciting more attention than a three "stick" interview.

* * *

IN UNMISTAKABLE terms the Directors of the Bohemian Club disclaim all interest, financial or social, in the Redding Souvenir. On the bulletin board appears a manifesto from Secretary Jimmy Hamilton, explaining the intent of Manager Rathbone's circular, and demonstrating the complete unconcern of the institution in the success or failure of the book. The impression so unmistakably conveyed by the text of that document is therefore declared unauthorized, and the "Sacrifice" becomes a private enterprise in the interest of Joseph D. Redding. This statement of the Club's position in the connection cannot fail to set all contention at rest. There was something invidious in the idea of this especial drama being selected for so positive an honor.

* * *

No reasonable objection may be preferred against the blossoming out of Redding into literature, provided he does so at his personal risk. I shall look with interest for the appearance of the volume, and trust its contents may justify the expenditure of $2.50 which its possession involves.

* * *

THE PROMINENCE given the escapades of young Mr. Fair indexes forcibly the attitude of the community. A debauchee of the lowest type, irredeemably stupid and vulgar, he gains by the reflection of fifteen millions the distinction that years of intellectual effort might never win him. If, instead of marriage with a *demi-mondaine*, he had published a novel, or had achieved a financial *coup*, would he figure as the hero of a three-column story? I think not. The inheritance of his father's talents might be suggested in the course of one brief paragraph. But has there not been too much surprise exhibited over the youth's selection of a bride? The woman who has won Mr. Charles Fair is in no sense his inferior. She has character, shrewdness, strength—indeed, she may be able to cope with the inherent viciousness of her husband.

* * *

It is far better that she should have him than that he offer a temptation to some reputable woman with weird ideas of reformation or worldly yearnings for income. Would the mere fact of his depravity outweigh the attraction of his capital? Without especial strain the memory supplies instances here in San Francisco wherein beauty and virtue were wedded to gilded profligacy. Has Society ever refused the approval of its presence at such sacrifices, or abated one jot the cordiality of its congratulations? But the penalty has ever been terrible, for there is no escaping the consequences of nature disregarded. However, it was not a wife as much as a keeper young Mr. Fair required, and he has found one of resolution and readiness. Rumor has it the two were married months ago in Paris; that the sole object of the son's return here was to extract more coin from his father.

* * *

When the interesting twain left for Chicago with the ill-fated string of racers, their intimates had it they were more closely related than either cared to admit. In the Windy City, however, there came a separation after a violent quarrel of which the millionaire had decidedly the worst. His stay then became a wild debauch. With the events that have occurred since his return we are all too familiar. The ex-Senator has used every means to check the downward career of his son. Prior to the death of his mother it was possible by restricting his allowance to compel a certain degree of sobriety. The inheritance, however, settled the question of constraint. Once his own master, Charles Fair exhibited a capacity for profligacy almost unparalleled. There was nothing he would not do.

* * *

That ex-Senator Fair is worth at least eighteen millions is generally conceded by men who might be supposed to know. To the accumulation of this huge fortune he has devoted his life, his entire energy; it represents a realized ambition. Yet with all this prospective wealth his only son has put himself beyond the pale, his daughters are in New York, and he is left alone here. A great deal has been said against the old financier, justly and unjustly, but in this last affliction he has the sympathy of most well-meaning people. It is an affliction more positive than the boy's death.

* * *

DISQUIETING INTELLIGENCE is wafted me from London—the partial social eclipse of Mrs. Mackay. For years she has been a personage of the English metropolis—gathering in her mansion the cream of fashionable Society—including royalty; dukes and duchesses have jostled earls and countesses on her marble stairs. Just why she should have obtained a vogue so positive no one ever understood, but there was no discounting the fact of her acceptance in exalted

circles. It seems, however, a Society autocrat has announced *a bas les Americanes* and doors which opened wide for our countrywomen are now closed tight against them. The name of Mrs. Mackay mentioned in the presence of this imperious peeress drew her fine brows together in a frown—hence the change. It seems there is no overcoming her aversion—style, beauty, wealth being powerless. However, there is Italy to fall back upon—there the Roman Society speak of the Court of Queen Margherita as the "American one."

* * *

The absence of Americans abroad is commented on in the European papers. Their old haunts know them not at all this summer—attributable, of course, to the financial crisis and the exhibition. I am almost persuaded that the amount of coin saved the country by this suspension of the annual pilgrimage will almost balance the shrinkage in securities occasioned by the hard times. If Society is dead both here and in New York we have the consolation of knowing it is equally moribund in London. There nothing is going on; the rich are complaining of diminished incomes and reduced fortunes just as we are doing in San Francisco.

* * *

IT IS SO SELDOM an effort is made at gathering together any of the interesting men whose sphere of activity is San Francisco or its environment that the dinner given by Dr. Rosenstirn last Saturday evening is worth more than passing note. At his board seventeen men, more or less prominent in the fields of professional endeavor—lawyers, doctors, musicians, professors, and journalists—sat down and partook of an admirable *menu* served in the highest style of the culinary art. The mixture of personalities was one calculated to bring out rather good talk, and the soup had hardly succeeded the oysters ere half a dozen discussions on subjects as remote as the poles were under way, being handled in a quick and entertaining manner. With the coffee came a few little speeches. General Barnes had some words upon sundry topics, and Dr. Voorsanger followed in a similarly light strain. The host explained the occasion of the gathering, with promises of other dinners to come.

* * *

Peter Robertson, Will Barnes, and J. H. Rosewald made amusing talks, and then there was an adjournment and some excellent music from Otto Bendix and Mr. Rosewald. Altogether it was a very interesting affair, and on the part of those who were present there's a general desire that Dr. Rosenstirn carry out his threat and follow it up with another. The decorations were really charming—the centre of the table being a mass of violets, whose exquisite fragrance filled the room.

* * *

The Concordia Club Directors have had some meetings lately and rumor ascribes to them the intention of giving an entertainment on novel lines in the very near future. Of course, there is considerable interest to learn what the novel lines are, but the secret is being skillfully kept and so far refuses to leak out. In consequence curiosity is becoming almost poignant.

* * *

Not the Midwinter Fair but the Children's Hospital and the Polyclinic are to benefit by the forthcoming base-ball contest between the Bohemian and the University Club nines. A better selection could hardly be made as the two charities are well handled and really do good. There cannot fail to be a large crowd in attendance as a great deal of interest is being excited in the match, and the two teams are practicing furiously.

* * *

There is sure to be a big crowd at the ball of the Deutscher Verein at Pioneer Hall tonight. It is the annual festivity of the organization and the members are nothing if not patriotic. Something especially handsome is promised in the way of decorations and an elaborate supper.

* * *

Mrs. Liebes, of 1814 Pacific Avenue, who has been entertaining a party of friends from London at her home, gave a farewell dinner and dance in their honor on Friday evening last.

* * *

THE WEDDING of Ben Arnhold and Miss Wangenheim at the Palace Hotel, Wednesday night, is pronounced by several expert critics the most sumptuous and brilliant they have been to in years. It was really a splendid affair and was carried through with a regardlessness of expense that should set an example to all millionaires whose daughters may invoke the intercession of Hymen in the future. The ceremony was performed in the south reception-room, under a huge canopy of smilax and sweet-pea, in the presence of nearly 200 people. There was an admirable representation of the belles of both the Verein and the Concordia Clubs, looking their handsomest in the very latest ball confections from Paris and New York. The costumes were noticeably smart, and the diamonds were something to dream of. Indeed, the bride alone was distinguished by the absence of gems from her gown.

* * *

In her gown of white satin and point lace the bride looked exceedingly well. It was a very handsome costume, made with a court train and with wide sleeves. She came in leaning on the arm of her father, the groom escorting Mrs. Wangenheim. Little Misses Sadie Stern, Babette and May Newman, and Newton Stern were train-bearers. Miss Rose Newman was maid of honor. In the wedding party also were Mr. and Mrs. H. Arnhold. Rev. Dr. Voorsanger tied the nuptial knot with customary dexterity, and then everyone adjourned to the marble room which adjoins. Sets were then formed for the bridal lancers, which were gone through with great *aplomb*. After this pretty dance was finished there followed waltzes, polkas, and lancers until 11 o'clock Ballenberg playing a series of new selections for the occasion.

* * *

On the subject of who the prettiest girl was, there is the usual difference of opinion, though I believe the experts were divided between Miss Millie Greenebaum, who looked very handsome, and Miss Hilda Schweitzer, who was charming in a singularly becoming gown. Among the matrons, Mrs. Achille Roos bore off the palm. Her costume was a ruby-colored silk, trimmed with Chantilly lace, a composition of *Felix*. Supper was spread in the Maple Room, the guests being seated at small tables arranged in the form of a horseshoe. Much merriment was occasioned by the circulation of a paper called *The Weekly Wedding Fiend*, full of poems and jokes on the men and girls present. Of course, the various ballads were decidedly personal, but they were so clever and amusing withal, that they were accepted with the utmost good humor.

* * *

The gem of the collection undoubtedly was a ballad descriptive of the wooing of the groom at Lake Tahoe, which a number of Mr. Arnhold's friends sang in chorus. Another feature was a bridal song composed by William Hinz and rendered by Mr. Uhlfelder. Of course, there were the usual toasts to which Mr. Newman and Dr. Voorsanger responded with the felicity born of long practice. Later, there came a species of musical performance that proved as entertaining as the supper. Jesse Triest gave violin solos and there were songs and recitations.

* * *

Some one with an imagination is busily engaged supplying California paragraphs to *Town Topics*. A delectable yarn about an "observation book" at the Palace Hotel appeared a couple of weeks ago and was followed in a later issue by a weird tale about Mrs. Coitt, Mrs. Dr. Hitchcock and ten million dollars. Of course, there is as little foundation for the "observation" story as for its successors. It would be quite impossible, even if it were good policy, to keep up such a system of espionage as the paragraph indicates. Of course, when a Vesta Hastings obtains quarters in the establishment the protection of the *ménage* demands a supervision of her movements. It would be out of the question to demand she surrender her apartment without good reason being supplied.

* * *

The annual festival of the Woman's Exchange takes the form this season of a garden party. General Ruger has given this excellent institution the use of the military grounds at Black Point for the occasion, and I anticipate a very large gathering there. A prettier *locale* could hardly be discovered. There will be music by the Angel Island band and the Hungarian Orchestra, and refreshments *ad lib.* Whoever desires to go there by water may do so free of charge, as several tugs have been placed at the disposal of the lady managers, and trips to and fro will be made during the

afternoon. Already a number of tickets have been sold, and the chances are that this will be the most successful party the Exchange has given in years.

* * *

"FROM AMATEUR opera, good Lord, deliver us"—is an addition to the English prayer book to be suggested by the Church of the Advent. The provocation for so aggressive a prayer is the performance of "Mycale" last Monday night at the Macdonough Theatre. They are patient people the Oaklanders, habituated to the perpetrations of ambitious incapables, but there is no denying the infelicitous effect of Dr. Dodswell's effort. Not that the music is extravagantly destitute of merit or melody, but it is joined to a libretto whose absurdities are too poignant for sensible or any other kind of consideration. It is difficult to find the semblance of an excuse for such a farrago of absurdities—a task, indeed, I have no desire to essay.

* * *

Considering everything, Mr. Reynolds, Miss Sullivan, and Miss Goodsell made a very good showing. Indeed, the trio of the Three Fates and the choruses were unmistakably the best features of the performance. But the costumes—think of Alfred Wilkie in a cardinal bodice and gray tights, topped off with a bonnet, and the chorus maidens garbed as Italian peasants. Of course, ladies were in Greek gowns—the combination presenting incongruities of the most startling description. I could not but admire the manner in which the calcium light concentrated its glare on the underpinning of Mr. Wilkie. There were the gray tights standing out against a darkened stage—a most startling and original effect it must be admitted.

* * *

There is still a positive degree of curiosity to learn Mycale's exact connection with the performance. Neither solo nor business were connected with the part—it was a matter of lecture and stereoptican show. As for the climax there was nothing to show for a conclusion but the curtain, and I believe half the audience is still in doubt as to whether it did not leave too hastily. However, it was a very swell audience—all the rank and fashion of Alameda County that has not yet fled Chicagowards was in attendance. Full dress was the rule, and if had I but space and inclination some of the costumes were almost worth describing. In a mild way I sympathized with Dr. Dodswell, for there was no suggestion of calling him before the curtain, and the gathering of musicians who assumed critical airs during the evening looked so happy over the *finale*.

* * *

The Unitarian Church in Oakland is capable of seating a goodly number of people, for Mr. Wendte is a popular man and a liberal one also, but the church was taxed to its limit on Thursday evening last when Victor Carroll made his final bow. This was a real farewell, not a recurring and intermittent one like Patti's, but an *au revoir* for six years. Next day the young basso left for London, where he is to remain until he goes on the stage. If Gavin High, with his sweet but ordinary voice, made such a furor in other places, what may we not expect of a voice which the *cognoscenti* pronounce so very fine? Mr. Carroll's father, who is a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, has recently accepted a call to Oakland.

* * *

There have been a succession of children's parties in Oakland. Pansy Perkins, the Senator's youngest daughter, celebrated her eleventh birthday at the elegant Perkins home on Vernon Heights. The appointments and decorations were exceedingly dainty, neither trouble nor expense being spared. The favors were pansies, and the supper, which came at the end of an afternoon of dancing and games, was elaborate enough to tempt older palates. All the young fashionables of the Heights were there. On Saturday evening, Miss Alice Downing gave a large party to forty of her young friends on East Oakland Heights. Miss Marion Smith gave a luncheon on Saturday to a dozen little girls in the picturesque Lilac Cottage which is situated in the grounds of Arbor Villa, the Smith residence.

* * *

IN ALAMEDA, Society is an oligarchy and is under the firm and undisputed sway of a trio of families. These are the Hasletts, the Browns, and the Tisdales. There are four brothers of the Haslett ilk and they have divided the 400 between them. Each captains his retainers with exceeding neatness and dispatch. Last week the Friday Night Club created the first event of the season at Harmonic Hall. The Club, Alameda's swellest organization, is ably conducted. Of the forty members, there are eight Hasletts and five Browns, and these, with their connections, control a majority of the votes, consequently, everything runs smoothly. A show of revolution is squelched in its very incipiency. This powerful thirteen leads the german in rotation and has selected the exact shade of Mr. S. Montgomery Haslett's whiskers as the Club color.

* * *

On Friday night all was harmony in Harmonic Hall. The decorations were suitable, the music good, and the punch cheering to just the proper degree. There were a number of young and pretty girls, among whom Miss Olita Lunt was distinguished. There was also a Worth costume. At the shrine of its wearer all the girls worshiped and said: "Isn't it *chic?* Isn't it charming?" until one, not to be overcome even by a Worth, remarked that it looked for all the world like an American flag. There may be something a trifle provincial about a dancing party beginning promptly at 8:20 and ending with a snap at 11:45, in order to accord with the local trains, still, the Alameda season is auspiciously opened and everyone breathes more easily since the Hasletts and Mr. Henry Landsberger have signified their gracious intention to permit dancing to be again indulged in this winter.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Maud Morrow and Lieutenant Fechtler attracted a number of city people to San Rafael on Monday last. It was really an exceedingly pretty wedding, notable not only for the good looks of the bride, who never appeared to better advantage than in her white wedding gown, but also for the beauty of the bridesmaids, who were charmingly dressed. After the ceremony, the wedding party and the invited guests repaired to Judge Morrow's residence, where a *déjeuner* was partaken of and the usual congratulations showered on the happy pair.

* * *

FROM Europe ex-Supervisor Colin M. Boyd returned on Tuesday, somewhat thinner, but with a large supply of the health of which he went in search. During his three months' absence he "did" England, Ireland, France, Norway, and the "Hielands" of Scotland, upon which his bare-legged ancestors once held forth with sword and bagpipes. He would have returned by way of Italy, but the cholera scare caused him to make tracks for home. "The thing I noticed in Europe," said Mr. Boyd, in relating his experiences to me the other day, "was that unless you wear a stovepipe hat you are substantially nobody. In France if you are called 'general,' 'colonel' or 'major,' you can make your way without a plug, but I believe that elsewhere the rule holds good. I know that after my experiences I would no more think of entering the Bank of England without I was arrayed in a stovepipe than I would of entering Buckingham Palace without a coat on.

* * *

"The same thing is getting to be true in New York and Chicago, where they are adopting many of the customs of London and Paris. In fact, a stovepipe seems to be *en regle* everywhere. I suppose the idea is that a man who can afford to wear one must be somebody, and so strong a grip has the appearance of the article taken on the imaginations of the servants with whom you come in contact, that you are liable to be insulted if you do not wear one. Really, my advice to all globe-trotters is to wear a plug hat. The European police are suspicious of all persons who appear in derbys and slouches."

* * *

THE CABLE railway combination by which the Market Street Company practically gobbles up all the street railways on the southerly side of the city, was, I am told, an inspiration of the hard times. The principal members of the trust are the Market Street, Omnibus, and Powell Street systems. Under the Presidency of Gustav Sutro, the Omnibus Company, over two years ago, began a systematic fight against the Market Street Company. Sutro had an idea that if he could invade the territory of the latter and capture some of its busi-

ness, he would be doing all that could be reasonably expected of him. But his battle out at the Park, when for a month the two Companies wrangled over the possession of Stanyan Street, convinced the Directors that Sutro's policy was wrong. So they quickly turned from competition to combination. Some months ago, when Mr. Sutro was retired from the Presidency of the Omnibus Company, it was stated that the next we should hear of the Directorate it would be found connubiating with its great rival.

* * *

This has proved to be the fact, for no sooner was Mr. Sutro out and Mr. M. D. Stein in, than negotiations for the combine began. As a recompense for his services in promoting the fusion, I understand, the amalgamated companies are going to make Mr. Stein the General Manager of the entire system, which covers 176 miles of streets. H. H. Lynch, of the Powell Street system, is to be ultimately, so I am told, Superintendent. For the present he will manage the Powell Street system, as he has done for some time past.

* * *

The plan upon which the great combine is organized resembles that utilized for the Southern Pacific Company. By abandoning their separate organizations the three great companies will save forty per cent in supervision and management, which in these piping times of economy is not to be sneezed at. Of the 176 miles of road covered by the combine, the Omnibus system contributes 34 and the Powell Street system 21. So in apportioning the stock the Omnibus Company receives of the new issue twelve per cent, the Powell Street eight, and the Market Street eighty. This, of course, gives Mr. Huntington, Mr. Crocker, and the Southern Pacific officials, control of the combination. The aim of the new company is not to increase fares nor to restrict the transfer service, but rather to maintain the former and extend the latter. It is expected, therefore, that not only will more interlacing roads be constructed and more money be expended in improving the present rolling stock, but that the dividends, which, upon the Omnibus and Powell Street systems have lately showed signs of disappearing altogether, will become fatter and more frequent.

* * *

MY ESTEEMED fellow-citizen, Sam Rainey, having placed the Fire Department on a footing satisfactory to all his friends, went East on Sunday to visit the World's Fair. The Fair may be over when he gets there, but that will make no difference; Sam will see it anyhow. I notice, however, that he could not leave the city without some adverse comment being precipitated by my loathsome contemporaries. One of them remarked on Saturday that Sam was going over to meet Boss Buckley and plan next year's campaign. Having agreed on an equitable division of the spoils, another press interposed, the twain were to return and take charge of the Democratic party. This veracious press did not intimate that the Democratic party was in a particularly necessitous condition at present —which is a fact, by the way—it merely gave the current rumor currency.

* * *

Sam came up from Warm Springs on Saturday, and on Sunday I dropped in at the Grand to interview him. Representatives of all the other papers had called and acquainted him with the speculations in their various offices regarding the purpose of his Eastern visit. Thinking to give him a stunner, I said:

"Sam, I hear you and Buck have signed a contract to take charge of the Republican party in the next fight, and that you are going East to lay the plans. Is it so?"

"My dear boy," replied the ex-Boss, "you have a marvelous head. Let me feel of it."

He passed his brawny hand, browned with the winds of Mission San Jose and hardened with honest toil, cautiously over my bumps. "Yes," he mused, "you have it like the others. Imagination—imagination—imagination. What a wonderful lot of fellows these reporters are, to be sure. One of 'em just in here asked me if I was getting out on account of the Grand Jury. He said he had heard that the Grand Jury (which has just adjourned) had been called together again by Judge Wallace to indict me for arranging this cable railway combine."

* * *

"But, Sam, is it really a fact that you and Buck have agreed to take hold of the Republican party and manage it in the next fight?"

"Well, my boy," was the reply, "you can say that I declined to be interviewed on that point, but that from another source—a prominent Republican, if you like—you learned that such was the fact. The contract isn't signed, you know, but I am taking it East for Buck's inspection. If he agrees with me, we will take charge of the party about Christmas. Mind you, now, you didn't get this point from me. It comes from another source, see?"

Who says Sam Rainey is not a humorist?

* * *

ALTHOUGH it is none of my business, I am free to express the opinion that if the people of Sacramento do not re-elect Ben Steinman Mayor, they ought to be visited by an army of mosquitoes in buckram and eaten up. I know it is difficult for a town which has been tossing in the slough of despond since the flood of 1862 to shake off its lethargy, but if Sacramento does not do that this year she will never have another opportunity. Steinman has turned the place upside down since he went into office last spring, and if they will give him another year at it he will get the Silurians so far along that they will never think of backsliding. As it is, the capital is fairly reeking in improvements—new streets, new sewers, new sidewalks, new everything.

* * *

Steinman is really what the old town wanted—a man with sufficient nerve to shake it up. Sacramento, if it persists in its determination to go ahead, may yet become a great city. It is the centre of the finest agricultural valley in the world, and as the fruit industry of the north is developed it will naturally become a mart for transacting the business of the northern half of the State. I have said for years that the only thing the capital needed was funerals. But now that Steinman has appeared the funerals may be dispensed with. If the people up there permit the bosses to make them think there has been too much movement in their affairs of late, and if upon that pretext they defeat Steinman, they will deserve to have the capital removed by the next Legislature. With such a record they cannot fail to relapse again into degradation, dirt, and mud.

* * *

THE FEAT performed at the Baldwin Hotel one night last week by Mr. Garrett McEnerney and certain other members of the Democratic State Central Committee, will go ringing down the ages as the most extraordinary event in the history of the grand old party since Neely Johnson beat John Bigler for Governor in the fall of '55. Who would ever have dreamed that a mere fraction of the State Committee could have suppressed Andrew J. Clunie? I have witnessed State Conventions, consisting of five and six hundred Democrats from all parts, try that thing and fail; I have seen learned Judges on the bench retire from the field discomfited; I have even seen the grave and reverend Justices of the Court of Last Resort relinquish the battle and tell him to "proceed."

* * *

But here are half a dozen Democrats, led by Mr. Garrett McEnerney, who bowl Mr. Clunie down the whistling wind, and he does not even succeed in making a motion. Truly, wonders will never cease. In contemplating the immeasurable capacity of this silent and discomfited JAW, I do not know whether to congratulate Mr. McEnerney or condole with Mr. Clunie. That foul work was done, I shall affirm without fear of successful contradiction. Clunie's jaw could never have been suppressed by fair. And think of the subject that was under discussion, too! Cleveland and the Geary Act—treason, nullification, Presidential usurpation! Really, when I come to reflect, I doubt whether, after all, Andrew *was* suppressed. I shall never believe that he was until Mr. McEnerney shows me the pile driver.

* * *

THE LATEST theatrical story that has reached me by way of the overland railroad route is upon Frederick Warde, the tragedian. Mr. Warde, as is well known, is very devotedly attached to his art, and of all things he dislikes to play before uncultivated audiences. But times are hard these days in theatrics, and one night, recently, Warde found himself enacting "Virginius" to a full house at Butte, Montana. To Mr. Warde's amazement there had been a great display of native

enthusiasm, and as the curtain fell on the last act he remarked to Mr. James that considerable artistic fervor seemed to subsist in Butte. The gallery gods especially had howled themselves hoarse in applauding the tableaux and calling the actors before the curtain. At the conclusion of the play the crowd refused to disperse, but kept yelling for Warde to appear and make a speech.

* * *

The tragedian had gone to his dressing-room, but was finally dragged forth and wrapped in a sheet, toga fashion, by the other actors and thrust upon the stage. Here is what he said:

"My good friends, how can you insist upon a speech? Virginius is dead, Appius Claudius is dead, Icilius is dead, and I am dead. We are all dead."

Warde paused to catch his breath, when a shrill voice in the gallery piped: "But, I say, old man, what have you done with that other idiot?"

* * *

THE PRIDE that reposes in the breast of a certain ex-statesman and politician of Oakland had a tremendous fall this week. So heavy was the detonation that the dull thud was heard throughout the Athens. Some say the echo responded on this side, but I did not hear it myself, and so cannot speak positively. It seems that the gentleman has an abiding faith in his popularity. Already a member of a dozen secret societies, he sighed for membership in others, and not long ago had his name proposed for admission to a certain brotherhood of something. In his blissful consciousness this did the business. For him the fickle goddess of the blackball has not nor never has had any terrors.

* * *

On the evening that was to decide his fate he proceeded in triumph to the lodgeroom, and in an ante-room awaited the result. This, of course, was to be followed by an ostentatious entry into, and the magnetic subjugation of, the sacred presence. But the programme suddenly had to be altered. The Grand Outside Something or Other brought out the startling intelligence that the reckless lodge had had the hardihood to reject the application of the most popular man in Oakland. Residents of the Athens are cautioned to refrain from asking a certain ex-speaker of the Assembly when he is going to be initiated. It is dangerous.

* * *

THE GENERAL assumption that Mr. De Young's entire brain assets are devoted to the service of the Fair is not warranted by actual fact. Never before has he been so interested in the news features of his paper. With anxious eyes he scans the columns of contemporaries and he grows as enthusiastic over a "scoop" as his City Editor, Tom Garrett. For years the *Chronicle* has not been conspicuous for journalistic achievement. It has been content to cover the ground without special effort at characteristics. However, Mr. Garrett infused so much vitality into the local department that Mr. De Young is almost persuaded of the fascination of mere news, and no longer regards a "beat" with indifference. Down at the Press Club there was much gossip over the absence from the *Chronicle* of Charley Fair's matrimonial suicide.

* * *

Of course the other dallies gave full particulars, and the first assumption was that Garrett had been caught napping. The episode but instances the journalistic disadvantages of friendship. The De Youngs are intimates of the Oelrichs and were on the best of terms with the late Mrs. Fair. In consequence, the young man was saved what notoriety the *Chronicle* might have given his match, though it does not seem to me that helps materially his plight. Newspaper editing under favorable circumstances is fraught with embarrassments, but the task becomes a labor for Hercules when complicated by the possession of a large circle of acquaintances. Deacon Fitch, who claims proudly to have no friend, and Will Hearst, who very strictly keeps severely to himself and the "Monarch," understand the principle of getting out a good paper.

* * *

THE AMOUNT of coin which the Midwinter Fair is to cost may possibly interfere with a project of Dr. Voorsanger's. It is a capital idea he has—nothing less than the erection of a "People's Palace" similar to the one which Walter Besant was instrumental in creating in London. He argues very sensibly that to close up dives and side entrances before providing some other refuge and form of amusement for the men who form the *clientelle* of these places, is impractical. The assumption that virtue is enforced by closing certain avenues of vice, experience proved erroneous. The effective method is the providing of a counter attraction on better lines. According to Dr. Voorsanger, the first step should be obtaining enough coin for the erection of a building in some convenient *locale*, containing a library, a large hall, and various smaller rooms for chess, checkers, and other games.

* * *

In the hall concerts and variety performances could be given. Sometimes the management might hire an opera company; another night there would be stereoptican views—forms of amusement far more attractive and interesting than could be obtained elsewhere. Besides, refreshments of a light kind, not necessarily temperance, would add yet another attraction. Of course, the main difficulty of the project is the gathering of the $50,000 necessary to carry it out, but Dr. Voorsanger's industry and eloquence are quite equal to the task, and if he undertakes it, success will be a point of honor with him. The project has practical advantages which must commend it to practical men.

* * *

IT IS not generally known, but it is a fact nevertheless, that Thomas B. Reed, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, and known to the Democracy of the Nation as "Czar Reed," formerly lived in California. Mr. Reed came here when very young. That, I believe, is the rule with all our good immigrants. For awhile he taught school in the foothill towns and attained some fame in the mining camps as an orator. During the period in which he was instructing the young Californian idea how to shoot, Mr. Reed studied law. He intended ultimately to settle down at Stockton or some other thriving town and practice his profession, but becoming impatient, so I have been told, at the slow progress California was making toward a higher civilization, he suddenly, one day, pulled up his stakes and went back to Maine. Since he began his meteoric career in Congress, of course, his name, in the language of the campaign biographer, is a "household word."

* * *

But I started this paragraph to recount the somewhat amusing story of how Mr. Reed was admitted to the bar in this State. It seems the great statesman and politician lingered here sufficiently long to secure a certificate of good moral character and great legal learning from our Supreme Court. It was in 1863, and William T. Wallace, afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, put Reed through his preliminary examination. He had two candidates before him, Reed and Tom Bodley, a Deputy Sheriff, who also had legal aspirations. The controversy concerning the legal tender act was then raging throughout the country, and the questions involving its constitutionality were being discussed in every law office.

* * *

"Where have you studied?" said Wallace, addressing Reed.

"I have read the books while teaching school," answered the Czar.

"Well," said the Judge, "I have only one question to ask you. Do you think the legal tender act is constitutional?"

"Yes, sir; it is," promptly returned Reed.

"What do you think about it, Tom?" said Wallace, turning to Bodley.

"I think, sir, it is unquestionably unconstitutional."

"I guess we will admit you both," said Wallace. "Men who can answer off-hand a question like that ought to be allowed to practice law anywhere. Both of you certainly possess the required gall."

* * *

FOR THE CIRCULATION of this, the most embarrassing of complications, the victim is absolutely responsible. He is an underwriter of prominence who, quite recently, dismayed the jolly circle of his intimates by taking unto himself a wife. About his manner of life there had been little suggestive of St. Anthony—indeed, he had never failed to embrace the opportunities of enjoyment Fate or his especial fascination afforded him. However, he realized some months ago that it is not good to live alone, and without any undue loss of time proceeded to put the conclusion into practice. In extenuation, it may

be said, the particular provocation for the important step was irresistible. They were very quietly wedded in Los Angeles, where the groom happened to find himself on business, and that finished, they boarded the steamer "Corona" for town. Never was there husband more gallant, proud, and attentive. As he led the blushing bride up to his friend, the Captain, his face beamed a positive degree of actual happiness.

* * *

There is not on the Coast service a more blunt, bluff sea dog than Captain Hall. With his usual cordiality he grasped the outstretched hand of the underwriter.

"Captain," said the happy man, inflating his chest, "let me introduce to you my wife. Dearest, this is my old friend Captain Hall."

The Captain shook his head, and with a smile obdurately incredulous

"Not this time, old man," he said. "You know this is the fourth."

* * *

NEVER WERE the advantages of travel made more manifest than in recent canvases of Keith's. Three or four pictures now in his studio represent the high-water mark of his achievement. To define exactly their superiority is difficult, but they seem to have all the qualities that distinguished the previous work of the artist with an increased ease and freedom of handling. Famous as he is for his oaks, Keith has never approached the quality of some he has painted in "A Summer Afternoon." Less sombre in tone than some of its predecessors, one cannot but be struck by the admirable composition, by a certain airiness and unity of effect. It is a luminous afternoon; in the distance is a touch of shining blue landscape shimmering in sunlight; but under the huge trees there's a warm shade. One might lie under them and read poetry.

* * *

A second he calls "After the Storm." This is a notable canvas with a great deal of power in the handling. The sky, full of rushing rain clouds, is especially strong. The oak in the foreground has a dishevelled air as if it had sustained the full force of the storm whose violence is attested by the broken branch which lies at its feet. A third picture, "Morning Light," is a charming composition admirably balanced. The landscape is redolent of the influences of early morning—so cool, delicate, poetic it is. These canvases are really worth seeing, and to admirers of the artist I recommend an early visit to his studio. A sunset to which he has been putting finishing touches has just been purchased by Fred Zeile.

* * *

THE SCRAMBLE among the thrifty lawyers, who during the past week have been struggling for possession of the Pacific Bank, has its comical as well as tragic features. The other day a certain prominent citizen, who holds a claim against the insolvent institution which he is anxious to collect, called on Mr. Peter Dunne, attorney for the McDonalds, and asked about his prospects. "Why, they are excellent," said Mr. Dunne enthusiastically. "I can say to you in the strictest confidence that an appropriation has been made by the Directors for the payment of all such claims as yours. I am counted in for a thousand dollars myself. Go to the bank at two o'clock and I will show you the combination." The prominent citizen was jubilant. The prospect of collecting a bill in these times is calculated to make anybody jubilant.

* * *

Promptly at two o'clock he appeared at the bank, with an expensive Havana which had been purchased on the strength of the outlook. At two and a quarter o'clock Mr. Dunne had not arrived. At two and a half, the cigar consumed, the prominent citizen wended his way home in an irritated mood. The next day, meeting Mr. Dunne, he was about to begin a systematic course of abusive epithets, when Peter said, sadly:

"Please be careful what you say. Don't you see I have been to a funeral myself?"

The prominent citizen accompanied the lawyer to his office, and when Peter had taken a seat and heaved a deep sigh, he told the following story:

"You see, it was this way: We had it all arranged to get our money. The coin was there, and the only thing necessary was to obtain a certain signature to a certain paper. At two o'clock I had secured the man and was on the way to my office, when we met a fellow with a good story. It was a stunner, he said, just out from Chicago, and, of course, we stopped to listen.

* * *

"Well, to make a long story short, the yarn consumed about three minutes. We all laughed, shook hands, and parted. This happened upon the very threshold of my office; I will swear to that. We passed in. My man had just been comfortably seated and was about to sign the document releasing the money, when Baggett's clerk rushed in, and, thrusting a paper under my nose, shouted, breathlessly, 'You're enjoined' Yes, by Heaven," concluded Peter, "enjoined!"

It was several moments ere the prostrated attorney could proceed.

"But what did you do with the fellow who stopped you to tell that story?" asked the prominent citizen.

"I haven't done anything yet. When I meet him I imagine there will be a sensational murder."

* * *

WHEN three such men as Behrend Joost, electric railway manager, C. D. Robinson, Yosemite Valley artist, and Donald Bruce, political statistician, meet on the rialto there is certain to be trouble. If all three were to be cut up and boiled down the product would not furnish more than sufficient material with which to make one good man, and yet they all imagine themselves Napoleons. Mr. Joost is about four feet ten, Mr. Bruce four feet six, and Mr. Robinson five feet two, and not one of them could more than squeeze into the light-weight class. Mr. Joost, indeed, is a feather-weight. But, notwithstanding, they are all fighters. Mr. Robinson, who produces Yosemite scenes in war paint, has cleaned out several Yosemite Valley Commissions, Mr. Joost is always fighting the city, and Mr. Bruce is constantly hunting trouble and getting whipped. He has the distinguished honor of having been thumped by my esteemed fellow-citizen, Judge Sconchin Maloney.

* * *

At present these three peppery-tempered gentlemen are quarrelling about Falcon Avenue, upon which Mr. Joost has laid his tracks without a franchise. Mr. Robinson lives on the avenue, and Mr. Bruce occupies a house in the vicinity owned by his brother, which, he thinks, entitles him to say what he pleases about Joost's usurpations. A few days ago, I am told, all three met on Falcon Avenue and discussed things in general. The result was a triangular row. Mr. Joost called Mr. Robinson a liar; Mr. Robinson hit Mr. Joost; Mr. Bruce expressed his opinion; Mr. Joost carromed on his nose (which is large and tough); Mr. Bruce thereupon blacked Mr. Joost's eye. It seems to me that the attention of the Police Department ought to be called to these bantams. If not placed under surveillance, they may some day engage in a general riot.

* * *

THERE IS every prospect that before Rev. John W. Ellis, late pastor of the Golden Gate Presbyterian Tabernacle, gets through with his brethren of the Presbytery of San Francisco and the Synod of the Pacific, he will be the most accomplished ecclesiastical lawyer in California. Should he ultimately be defeated and forced to abandon his work of saving the ungodly, according to the Scotch Presbyterian method, he can open an office and practice before the ecclesiastical courts of all denominations with signal ability. I say this, believing Dr. Ellis to be an intelligent man who profits by practice. It is now near three years since he began his battle with the smug little dominies of the Presbytery, who cashiered him for alleged malfeasance in office. First, he appealed from the Presbytery to the Synod, and by that body he was referred back to the *nisi prius* court. But before the Presbytery had had a chance to try him again he sued its members in the Superior Court for slander.

* * *

Judge Wallace, however, before whom the action was tried, did not award Dr. Ellis the $100,000 damages he demanded, but nonsuited him. Almost immediately the Presbytery took him up again, but this time they dealt him a body blow. He was suspended from the ministry and forbidden to preach because he had refused to "submit himself to his brethren in the Lord," that being a violation of the ordination vows in such cases made and provided. Now, I understand, Dr. Ellis is preparing to appeal again to the Synod which began its session at Oakland yesterday.

He will allege that the lower Court was prejudiced, and will introduce a schedule of technical reasons why the Synod and not the Presbytery has jurisdiction of his case. If the Synod dismisses the appeal, he will carry the matter to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and if he is finally knocked out by that august tribunal he will resume his ministerial duties anyhow. It is quite plain that Dr. Ellis is of the material out of which martyrs are constructed. I wonder whether he is a Scotchman?

* * *

THE persistency with which my esteemed but too enterprising contemporary, the *Examiner*, pursues and exposes the jury-fixers in this town, has, I am constrained to say, a depressing effect upon a lucrative and growing industry. Already the "Monarch" has assisted in sending three persons guilty of embracery to San Quentin, and it came within an ace of landing my friends Bob Morrow and Jim McCord in the Bastile. Now it is after those very estimable and public-spirited citizens Mr. King McManus and Senator Billy Dunn. Really, it seems to me the "Monarch" is going too far. "Dick" Creighton, Frank Northey, Felix O'Brien, ex-Policeman Eaton, and Juror Squires were well enough. They all belonged to the fourth estate. But King McManus and Senator Dunn are aristocrats. They are "brain workers," not vulgar buyers and sellers of men.

* * *

Some weeks ago I stated that I had been informed that Actor Curtis was really indebted to these two gentlemen for his liberty. At that time they had made no attempt to collect their fees, but the information was conveyed to me darkly that when they did there would be trouble. The truth of the matter is, Curtis transacted all the business himself. Neither Wilson nor Foote, his principal attorneys, would have anything to do with such work, and the story of the former relative to McManus and Dunn does not proceed, I believe, from any motive except the exposure of a brace of bad eggs.

* * *

At first Curtis, I am told, engaged another well-known firm to take charge of the jury, but later on certain representations were made to him in behalf of McManus and Dunn. He may deny it all he pleases, but the fact is he did authorize these two men to go ahead on plans which they laid before him, guaranteeing their expenses. I do not know how true it is, but I am informed that Dunn and McManus advanced $2700, and that the $8000 the "Monarch" alleges they demanded from Curtis covers this and the amount agreed upon as fees. The exposure by Wilson is a clever method the actor has adopted of evading the payment of this money. However, the whole thing illustrates most forcibly the methods adopted by criminals in escaping justice in this city. Curtis was worth $150,000 when he shot Policeman Grant. Had he been a poor man he would have been hanged. As it is, the parasites of justice at the City Hall have taken $80,000 from him and he is free. And now that the way in which the work was done has been completely explained, the arm of the law seems to be paralyzed. The situation would be most comical did it not indicate that Liberty and Justice, the vital pillars of the Republic, have already begun to pine in our Courts.

* * *

I HAVE always known that holding public office was an exceedingly lucrative business, but I am really amazed at some recent disclosures in this city. The other day articles of incorporation of the Anthony Drug Company were filed in the County Clerk's office. The object was stated to be the establishment of drug stores and sanitariums throughout the State, and the capital subscribed amounted to a round million dollars. Of this Warden Hale, of San Quentin Prison, took $250,000 and Alexander Vogelsang, of this city, $125,000. Of course, it is easy to explain the possession of Mr. Vogelsang of an eighth of a million dollars. He is a clerk in the law office of Senator Billy Foote. But with Warden Hale it is a different matter.

* * *

As Warden of San Quentin prison Mr. Hale receives a salary of three thousand a year. So far as I know, the Warden does not have access to the jute fund, and even if he had it is doubtful whether that fund ever contained as large a sum as a quarter of a million dollars. The question, then, is where did Mr. Hale get this money? There is but one answer: He has certainly saved it out of his salary during the three years he has held the office of Warden. I do not wish to be impertinent, but I should like to remind Governor Markham and the Prison Directors that an immediate investigation is in order. If the Warden has saved a quarter of a million out of his salary in three years he ought to be made to disclose his method to his long suffering brethren in and out of office.

* * *

THERE ARE two young statesmen in Oakland who know more about the Ferris Wheel than any of the World's Fair tourists who have recently returned from Chicago. They are ex-Senators Frank J. Moffitt and W. E. Dargie. Soon after their arrival at the White City, with that eye for beautiful perspectives for which both are noted, they alighted upon the Wheel as the best means of taking in the sights. Two dollars secured for them a seat, the manager politely assigning them to a separate car. Senator Dargie declares that Moffitt's ethereal and gazelle-like figure produced this isolation, while the *Times* editor solemnly affirms that the man was afraid of Dargie. For myself, I am inclined to believe the Senator. It cannot be denied that Dargie bears himself fiercely when away from home.

* * *

At all events, the Wheel revolved twice without pause. As it went up a third time, Dargie remarked: "Frank, this is what I call a soft thing for a dollar."

At the fifth revolution the two editors became uneasy. "Hang me, if I don't believe the machine is out of gear. It can't be they are giving us all this for two dollars—and in Chicago, too," said Moffitt."

"Maybe the man has gone home and forgot that we're locked in here," remarked Dargie, dubiously.

"If that's the case, we're in for it. I wonder if we can't get some one to throw us a lunch as we near the ground. We'll starve before morning."

At the end of an hour and a half the wheel stopped and the two editors were released. Even as they expostulated with the grinning attendant, who seemed to enjoy their disturbed feelings, they espied Billy Foote and Dr. Woolsey seated on a neighboring bench—also grinning. These jokers had kept the wheel in motion for nearly two hours in order, as they said, that the two editors might make copious notes of the scenery.

"And they thought it was real funny, too," says Senator Dargie.

The Witness.

Sherwood's Monogram is the leader among fine old whiskies.

THE WAVE'S HAT.

The *Wave* takes off its hat to the firm of Groom & Nash, hatters, 942 Market Street, under the Baldwin Hotel. This enterprising firm has secured the agency of the best hats in the United States, Youmans' celebrated New York hats.

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THE WAVE
A SOCIETY LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

San Francisco, October 21, 1893.

DEMAGOGY AND BLACKMAIL.

The decision of the Supreme Court in the Spring Valley case, by which the power to fix water rates in this town has been conferred upon seven members of the Board of Supervisors, is, in my opinion, the legitimate result of the political persecution to which that corporation has for years been subjected. Between the unreasonable demands of successive Mayors during a period of thirteen years, not one of whom ever manifested a willingness to accept any schedule of water rates that could be framed, and the blackmailing devices of the Bosses, the Supreme Court has at last been driven to construe one-half of the political tinkers into oblivion. There is no doubt that the decision lays the law down correctly. It is equally certain that had the Court upheld the right of the Mayor to veto water orders, it would have laid the law down just as correctly. The problem is one that no matter which way it might have been decided, was a pure question of construction. Such being the case, the Court, as Courts always do, gave property rights and decency in government the benefit of the doubt. I say this with the history of fifteen years before me.

I doubt whether there can be found anywhere a more flagrant instance of shameless corporation regulation than is furnished by the history of the Spring Valley Water Works in this city. Mayors have, without sense or reason, demagogued themselves into high station by playing upon the popular prejudice that is supposed to exist against it, newspapers have blackmailed it and political bosses have skinned it. I do not say that sincere and earnest men have not been engaged in this business, but I do say that every man of that kind has been used (unwittingly perhaps) to suborn blackmail.

There are between fifteen hundred and two thousand stockholders in the Spring Valley Water Company. Many of them are people in moderate circumstances, who depend upon the dividends declared by that corporation for their living. In fact, the people who have invested their money in this stock are largely of that class. It seems never to have occurred to the demagogues, blackmailers, and honest men who have made it the fashion to "cinch" Spring Valley, that these men and women were entitled to any consideration. In their treatment of Spring Valley they have proceeded on the supposition that Charles Webb Howard and the Board of Directors were the owners of the twenty millions invested in the property of that corporation.

THE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

At a recent meeting of the Unitarian Club, three distinguished men of science attempted to explain to their interested listeners the cause of the prevailing industrial stagnation. Mr. A. G. Warner, Professor of Economies at Palo Alto, attributed everything to the prevailing disposition to submit to the aggressions of corporate wealth. "If Robinson Crusoe," said Mr. Warner, "had spent his time building cellars which he did not need and putting on unnecessary frills, he would have seen hard times." Lovell White, Secretary of the San Francisco Savings Union, attributed hard times to monopolies, the unequal distribution of wealth, extravagance, class legislation, speculation, and want of economy and industry. Mr. A. C. Miller, Professor of Economies at the University of Chicago, thought the direct cause of hard times was the collapse of credit.

It is a curious commentary on the obliquity of human reason that these three distinguished students of political economy should have missed what a Market Street dry goods dealer recently promptly discovered. Almost the very day on which the Unitarian Club met this merchant threw to the breeze a sign bearing these words: "Overproduction Causes a Terrible Topple in Prices! Now is the Time to Buy!" Probably if the author of this sign were asked for his opinion of the reasons put forward by Messrs. Warner, White, and Miller he would laugh at them. He would probably laugh, also, at the theories of the silver cranks who recently met at St. Louis; and as for the political features of the struggle now taking place in the United States Senate, he would most likely not consider that worthy a moment's thought. The reason is that he knows what everyone of observation knows, that "hard times" are caused by overproduction. Corporate wealth, monopolies, extravagance, economy, industry, the collapse of credit, are but the symptoms of fiscal unhealth, which fools believe to be the real disease.

The fact is, the people of the United States, who, by establishing restrictive tariff laws do not encourage foreigners to trade with them, produce and manufacture more in one year than they can, with a most wasteful domestic system, consume in four. The result is that every few years all forms of production have to cease. On such occasions the improvident people suffer. They have laid up nothing to carry them over the non-active period. France is a country in which financial panics are rare. The standing army of France, as provided for by the Budget recently submitted to the Chamber of Deputies, will next year consist of 28,550 officers and 536,048 men. Here are over 500,000 producers kept in constant idleness, consuming the surplus products of the country. Has not the absence in the United States of a large non-producing class, such as exists in England, France, and Germany, something to do with our frequently recurring commercial and financial crises or periods of overproduction? It strikes me that if the Unitarian Club should consider the relations of restrictive tariff laws and large standing armies to National prosperity, it would turn up something worthy of discussion.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

A great many people, I am inclined to think, will agree with Rev. Dr. Hemphill that on principle women who own property subject to taxation should be permitted to vote, but I doubt whether the women themselves will indorse all that he said in his sermon on Sunday evening with reference to the rights of the gentler sex in general. The standard of morality set up for the observance of women, of which the reverend critic complains, is based almost wholly upon social laws enforced by women. Men, according to my observation, are much more tolerant of the errors of the sex than they are themselves, and nothing in creation equals in severity the social penalties inflicted by the female who herself is the subject of an undiscovered error. If, therefore, women establish the social laws which govern them—and that fact, I think, can easily be proved—who is censurable for the existence of the social and political slavery against which Dr. Hemphill hurls his anathemas? If the law should confer the elective franchise upon women, whether they exercised the privilege or not, would depend, I imagine, largely upon whether it happened to be fashionable to do so.

In connection with this subject, however, I have recently encountered two interesting subjects of study. One is the fact that next month, at an election for delegates to a constitutional convention, women in New York for the first time will be permitted to vote. Considerable curiosity has been felt to know whether the sex intended to avail itself of the privilege, and to ascertain that fact several inquiries have been recently set on foot. As a result, it is estimated that not five per cent of the female population of the Empire State intend to go to the polls. Those who do intend to go are of the short-haired, masculine variety. The womanly women and the girly girls generally repudiate the assumption that they ever desired the franchise.

The other remarkable thing is an article by Dr. Cyrus Edson, a famous New York physician, in the current number of the *North American Review*. Dr. Edson affirms, first, that our girls are being over-educated, and, second, that in consequence the American people are going to the dogs. The things that Dr. Hemphill so loudly clamors for, namely, more education and more liberty, are the very ones Dr. Edson reprobates. Education, he declares, is destroying the physical vigor of the American female, and rendering her unfit for wifely duties and motherhood. Instead of conferring the elective franchise upon women, Dr. Edson would put pantaloons upon them. Instead of giving them political "liberty," which could only degrade them, he would teach them to play base-ball, lawn tennis, and polo, and to shoot and fish like their lovers and brothers. I am neither a

physician nor a clergyman, and perhaps I should not express an opinion, but it seems to me that Dr. Edson has the right end of the argument.

AN INCOMPETENT BOARD.

When the present Board of Supervisors settles up its affairs in June next, and sets forth a deficit of $600,000 (the existence of which now seems probable) the public verdict will be expressed in one word—incompetency. That the members are incapable of intelligently grappling with any municipal problem of magnitude has been apparent for sometime. The destruction of the Sewerage Commission demonstrated an utter lack of political balance, and the work of the Finance Committee, first, in fixing the tax levy at a figure too small to provide for the proper discharge of the city's liabilities, and, second, in attempting to pay a deficit with confessed judgments, proved that its members have no conception either of their duties or the results that are certain to flow from their neglect to properly perform them.

On the first of July last the net funded debt of the city was $450,999. On the first of July next it will be over $1,000,000, of which more than half will be neither funded nor fundable by any process within the control of the authorities. It will be useless for the Supervisors to assert that this deficit descended from the last Board and the Election Commission. The records show that already so far this fiscal year there is a deficit of over $50,000. When the last tax levy was under consideration the Board had presented to it a feasible and honorable method of keeping its pledges and providing sufficient revenue to pay the lawful debts of the city. It was devised by Supervisor Reis, who is a sensible, level-headed financier. There was no mystery about it. It was simply to make a separate levy for the deficit of the preceding year. But Supervisor James, unlike Henry Clay, had rather be wrong and be Mayor, and fearing to meet manfully the criticisms of the Republican press, he chose to scrimp the levy and evade the issue. The result is financial chaos and political destruction. The citizens of this town will never suffer an incompetent Board of Supervisors, nor the party it represents, to rule them for a second term. Mr. James is not a financier and he may as well give up his job.

If Lord Dunraven's yacht, the "Valkyrie," requires a stiff breeze in order to sail fast, I should like to know what she is good for anyway? A racing boat ought to develop speed just in proportion as the motive power is exerted upon her, and to say that certain conditions must prevail before she will sail fast is to admit that her design is faulty and based on wrong principles. The race between the "Valkyrie" and "Vigilant" is one of several for the America cup, in all of which the superiority of the centre board over the keel boat has been demonstrated. The thing for the English to do is to abandon their favorite design and bring over a centre board yacht. Then we will be able to tell whether or not it is Yankee seamanship that continually beats them.

* * *

In view of the havoc that has recently been wrought by the elements in Louisiana, Horace Greeley's advice to young men may be amended. Instead of "Go West and grow up with the country," it may now be, "Go South and blow up with it."

* * *

A wise man, recently from Oshkosh, remarked the other day that what this age needs is to be taught to read not to write. There was never a time, he said, when so many people were able to write badly.

* * *

Wizard Edison says that whenever he sees a man with a big diamond in his shirt front he knows that he is a sport or a mining expert from Colorado or Arizona. But how about bartenders and hotel clerks? The largest solitaires in this State are owned by two hotel clerks with whom I am acquainted in the interior.

* * *

The light and airy declaration of the Irrigation Congress at Los Angeles that water, like ozone, belongs to the people and should be controlled by State and National governments, sounds well, but, as Judge McKinstry would say, means nothing. Is this Congress aware of the fact that under the laws of this and other States water has become property which can now only be taken away by purchase or condemnation? Irrigation in the arid States is a great thing, but it cannot be promoted by declarations that the State should trample upon property rights.

* * *

In the September *Forum* Professor McCook gives some interesting results of a census of tramps recently taken by himself in several Eastern States. He examined 45,845 men on the road—brakebeam tourists, as it were—eleven-twelfths of whom were under fifty years of age, and five-sixths of whom were in perfect health. He found that nine out of every ten could both read and write and that three out of every five had a trade or occupation which they could follow if able to find work. More than half of the entire number were discovered to be enamored of tramping, and an occasional tourist declared that he would never work again outside of the chain gang. Professor McCook estimates that it costs about ten millions a year to support this army.

* * *

My esteemed contemporary, the Oakland *Times*, calls Governor Pennoyer the "solemn satirist of the sunset sea," and Congressman Boutelle, of Maine, "the sputtering spook of Skowhegan." The *Times* evidently has its Democratic war paint on.

* * *

Down at Madera, which is in the new county of the same name, a man ran against the annual circus the other day, and was bitten by a hyena. The Fresno *Republican*, which records this fact, says he was quite badly injured. No information, however, is given as to the condition of the hyena. I think the public is entitled to know which of them got the worse of it.

"OUR SOCIETY" BLUE BOOK.

The Blue Book for the season of 1893-94 is rapidly approaching completion, and will be issued in November. The publisher has been engaged for months in the compilation of this work and has spared neither time nor expense to make it a standard authority in such Society matters as are usually embraced in a production of this kind. Every portion of the data upon which the publication is grounded has been subjected to a rigorous criticism, and it is sincerely hoped that no objectionable features will be discovered that might offend the most captious. The Blue Book will be printed on delicately-tinted, gilt-edged paper and elegantly bound with an appropriate design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The residences of those included in the list of Society people will be given alphabetically and numerically by streets and avenues. "Our Society" Blue Book includes not only Society people in San Francisco, but those in the principal social centres of the State. It is the only "Blue Book" recognized by Society in California. It will be issued from the press of the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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BY JOHN P. IRISH.

The Irrigation Congress at Los Angeles offered several piquant features. Major Powell and Colonel Hinton, martial aquarians of renown, crossed tongues in a vocal duel. Colonel Hinton, who represents the arid lands of New York City, is earnestly in favor of paternal action by the Federal Government. Federal irrigation works he would build first and therefrom distribute the water to the land and invite the people to plow and plant it. Just why draw the line at plowing is not explained. Why not Federally turn the glebe and plant it, harvest the crop, and feed it to the people with a spoon while they sit on the Federal knee all bibbed and tuckered?

Major Powell, who represents topography and is a powerful patron of typography, threw a dry blanket over Colonel Hinton and everybody, by the declaration that the arid regions must remain the homestead of the yellow-throated lizard and the toad with horns, because there is not water enough for irrigation. This anhydrous statement was met with impassioned denials; in contradiction rills of rhetoric became torrential streams of anger, and the threat was made that Major Powell should be expunged from the record.

Other features more pleasant were the presence and papers of the foreign delegates. Russia, France, Australia, and Mexico were represented. Señor Ybarrola, the Mexican, delivered in faultless English the most charming speech of the entire sitting. It was descriptive of the irrigation and other works of native engineers in his country. Through it threaded a love of his land, pride in her achievements, and a desire that he might increase the world's respect for Mexico that was so unobtrusively patriotic it touched tenderly the sensibilities of the audience.

The Congress laid the spectre of State ownership by Federal gift of the public domain, which I smote at the Salt Lake Congress by modification to a State trusteeship, and it gave but little countenance to the Public Papa scheme of Federal irrigation. The need of unifying the title of land and water, of harmony between the irrigation laws of all interested States, and of amending the desert land laws so that a man may acquire a legal holding by legal processes, all had proper attention.

There is not such a high price upon the food products as to present a startling necessity of immediate cultivation of every irrigable acre in order to prevent a famine. It is probable that individual effort, as in Utah, and the voluntary use of community credit, as under the excellent Wright Law in California, will extend the plowed land as rapidly as increase in the food demand will require, and there will be some dry land left for future generations to redeem.

* * *

It is to be regretted that Rev. Mr. Hobart, a very intelligent gentleman, sees danger to religion in the propagation of the evolution hypothesis. That hypothesis accounts for many things in nature otherwise unaccountable, and does not necessarily collide with religion.

For ages the church taught that the world was flat and there were those who believed that religion and a round world were incompatible. So, also, the church left unchallenged the geocentric theory, and when the heliocentric took its place and science taught that the earth moved around the sun, instead of the sun around the earth, there was wailing before the altars of God that religion could not survive a moving world.

Mr. Hobart has recently vindicated the miracles of the old and new Scriptures. There is one miracle not found in their old and solemn pages. Seers and prophets saw visions and dreamed dreams on a flat and stationary world. Of how little consequence the healing of lepers and even raising of the dead compared to the majestic fact that the earth is round and moves, with a destiny fixed by law that relates it to the other atoms of the universe! The sages of the age of miracles omitted this greatest, and left it to be wrought, not by incantation and ritual, but by telescope and spectroscope and mathematics. And after it was demonstrated and established, the frightened priest was surprised that his altar was steadfast. Around him the tragedy of mortality still crowded the stage, and the same old mystery was upon entrance and exit of the players.

So will it be under demonstrated evolution. Only another miracle will have been wrought by science which the seers and prophets knew not of, and humanity in pains and pangs will turn still to the altar, and hearts will ache and ask with Job, "If a man die shall he live again?"

Mr. Hobart makes a mistake in setting religion in the midst of the wranglers to contend that two and two make five.

* * *

Mr. Lynch, in his Los Angeles *Herald*, with obvious choler which surprises me, makes personal discussion of the silver question. I am well-seasoned to misrepresentation and am not affected by personal abuse, which is always evidence of stupidity and ignorance in the one who employs it.

The *Herald* labors to demonstrate that repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act will "annihilate" the large sum of $3,820,571,346 in silver money and leave this miserable world with only one financial leg to stand on!

Mr. Lynch's self-conjured fears seem to him so real that I will not attempt to remove them. To others who are not straddle of a runaway nightmare it may be usefully said, however, that repeal means no such thing, does not destroy a dollar of any kind of currency and makes better, sounder, and more plentiful every kind of currency.

Mr. Lynch, breathless upon the roached back of the bucking bronco of his imagination, clutching at the air for a bridle, and feeling for a stirrup that is not, out of the midst of his paroxysm declares:

> "That the double standard has in no wise interfered with the development of an exceptional national prosperity, has been shown most conclusively by the case of France."

This is merely pitiable. France adopted the single silver standard in 1803, providing by law that: "Five grams of silver, nine-tenths fine, constitute the monetary unit, which retains the name of franc." Gold became in France the subordinate metal. After many fluctuations in the relative value of the two metals and changes in their statutory ratio, gold without legal intervention forced itself to the front as the standard. Silver began to decline in price in 1867, and concurrently its offering at the mint for coinage (the equivalent process of what we call free coinage here) increased from 5,000,000 francs to 154,000,000 francs per year. The coin secured for this bullion was used in buying gold for export. By 1876 the two metals were so widely disjointed that on August 5th of that year the law closed the mint to silver, and for seventeen years it has not been opened, and France has had the single gold standard.

It appears, then, that in the example cited by the hysterical *Herald* there was no double standard since 1803, but that France at that date adopted the single silver standard and seventy-three years later changed to the single gold standard.

I trust that Mr. Lynch's habit of seeing double is not chronic, but while I hope I fear, for he closes his binocular exploit by saying:

> "The mere suggestion that there is anything Democratic in the idea of destroying one of the twin moneys of the Constitution is so encrusted with chicane and so encumbered with craft that its advocate, though it be John P. Irish or the devil, can deceive nobody."

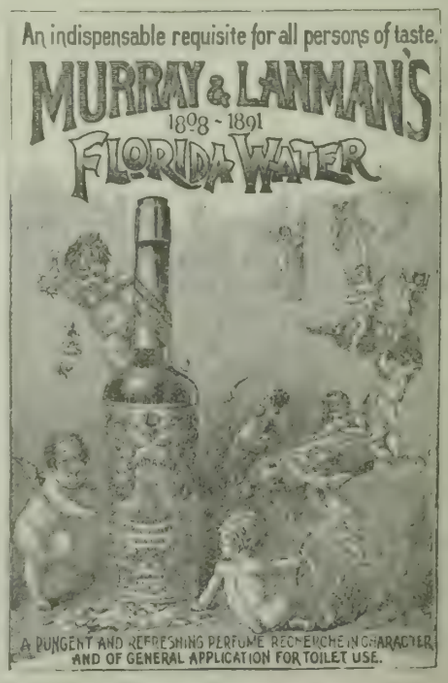
Here he sees twins imperiled by a suggestion that no one has made, and the devil and I and chicane and craft! Let me medically suggest that he may cure this inflamed condition of the retina by rubbing his eyes with the bottom of the glass.

* * *

In the midst of confusion and of burdens unparalleled the cool-headed men who have the interests of the whole country at heart are moving on to a redemption of Democratic pledges. Senators of the party have aided in evading the promise that the Sherman Act should be repealed, and have put the prosperity of the country again in peril, but the leaders of the party go forward to a demonstration of their fidelity to principle.

Chairman Wilson, of the Ways and Means, expects that the first Democratic successor to the Walker tariff of 1846 will be reported within a month. It should pass promptly, and, as the "Carlisle Tariff of 1893," emphasize the campaign of education which Mr. Cleveland began in 1887.

I have faith that in finance President Cleveland will educate the country as he did upon the tariff, and that these great Administration measures will be permanent in our policy and honorable in our history when the names of spiteful critics and green-eyed enemies are forgotten.



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LET US COMMUNE TOGETHER.

The outcry that has arisen against the President of the United States in this city is as strange as it is amusing. The Democrats represented by the *Examiner* censure him with grieved decorum, while the Republicans, of course, say all manner of mean things. Even our delegation at Washington, very likely encouraged by the apparent unanimity of the metropolitan press, seems for once united, and poses, like modern Ajaxes, defying the Government.

Now, pray, what has Mr. Cleveland done that so many verbal and written Western spears should be hurled toward him? What heinous offense has he committed against the country's interests? Has he in any degree swerved from previous declarations? Does he forswear himself upon the silver question? Did we not know his positive opinions not alone in the last campaign, but away farther back during his first term? And, indeed, who has the right to assume arrogantly that this State of California is opposed to the unconditional repeal of the silver purchase clause in the Sherman Bill? When the *Examiner* requested of the interior press an expression of opinion on this subject, were not the responses quite evenly divided?

Is it not true that the majority of the press of the larger interior towns, indicating more readers, incline to the conservative view? Certainly, I may add, and it must be the judgment of every candid man that the business communities of San Francisco, Sacramento, and Los Angeles approve of the action of the House on the Repeal. I wonder if the Chamber of Commerce, of this city, which exhaled such paroxysms of exaltation when Mr. Perkins was appointed United States Senator, because they did not want a certain other man, are so well satisfied to-day with Governor Markham's selection. Senator Perkins never told us how he purposed voting, and seems to have finally decided only after he arrived at Washington. Nor did Senator White permit us to know his ideas, except vaguely. It is true that at the last Democratic State Convention at Fresno he offered a minority report from the Platform Committee recommending, I believe, free coinage.

But this report was withdrawn by its authors later in the session without having been submitted to a vote. Surely this action ought to have been a censor and guide both to him and the people. It is to be regretted that our Congressional representatives do not occasionally inform us before election how they will vote on vital and present issues. We would then be assured that if chosen they would represent the Commonwealth, and not themselves; for I believe that a member of our National Legislature should be in in full accord with his people, or when he returns make a public explanation.

I am not going to discuss the Silver Question in this brief communication, but I cannot refrain from observing that California is the largest gold producer in the United States. Its total output exceeds, indeed, that of all the rest of the Union, and a just conception of our own interests does not require that we should injure ourselves.

Then there is the Geary Bill. No man or newspaper in this State dares to say or write openly aught against the banishment of the Chinese. Very well; be it so; but let us send them forth decorously as becomes the majesty of a great and puissant Republic, and not in hasty spleen nor childish petulance. The Chinese were advised by the heads of the Six Companies and the lawyers employed that it would not be necessary to register, because the law would not be held good. The Supreme Court decides that it is legal; therefore they ask six months time to register or depart, and Mr. Cleveland is disposed to grant it to them. Is that too much grace to accord?

How much time should be given? A month? A week? An hour? Very well; then Mr. Cleveland's sin, after all, is only in being merciful. He does not pardon; he only reprieves. And for this are we to immolate him in the apogee of our rapid resentment? Is Senator Stewart, then, justified in demanding, so to speak, the impeachment of the President?

Bill Stewart and Grover Cleveland! Thersites reproving Nestor!

Come, come, let us commune together. This man is President of the Republic, elected for the second and last time by the suffrages of his countrymen. No one can or dare impugn his probity or courage. Give him time; and, indeed, let us take a little time ourselves.

I apprehend that we Californians are occasionally inclined to believe that we hold the reins that guide the Nation, when we are only on the edge of the periphery. I like and admire Mr. Geary's energy and independence. He is replete with force and action. This Chinese Question is a fine "flowing tide" for him. But when every other member of the Foreign Affairs Committee in the House, Republican and Democrat alike, favored the six months extension, I don't see why we may not consort with Patience for that period. Meanwhile I am not going to desert either the Democratic Party or Mr. Cleveland for awhile. They are both good enough for me.

JEREMIAH LYNCH.

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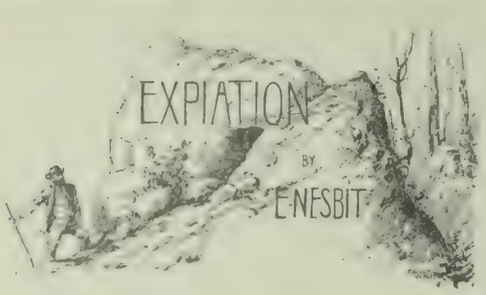
Estate of CONSTANTINE HUESCH, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of said Estate at his office No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Constantine Heusch, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

Estate of ROBERT BOTTCHER, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator of said Estate at his office, No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Robert Bottcher, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

Estate of DAVID C. LEE, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of David C. Lee, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1893. J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.



I SPENT my life, or what looks like my life, in the search for him.

He was my friend; he came and went about my house as he would. My wife showed him all the gentle courtesy that was her own, colored by a piquant comradeship with *my* friend.

It was in the autumn time. I noticed she had grown thin, and her pretty cheeks had hollows in them; and there were lines under her eyes as blue as the eyes themselves. She needed change, I was sure. We would go to Nice for the winter.

My friend was a doctor in the little town where we lived. The only drawback to the pleasure of going to Nice would be that we should have to leave him behind.

Her complete prostration after this decision was come to, showed me I had done wisely in making it. She was very ill. I hired a nurse for her, and we hurried the preparations for our departure.

The night before we were to start I could not sleep. I lay alone, thinking of my wife with a cold terror at my heart, lest already the finger of death should be set on her—lest I should lose her who was the light of my eyes. As I lay so thinking, a noise, a slight grating noise, came to me from below stairs—slight, but quite unmistakable; it was no fancy, no trick of wind or creaking board. I rose, flung on some garments, caught up my old sword, and crept down the broad oak stairway.

I passed into the drawing-room, which was lighter than the rest of the house, by reason of its white and gold paneling, and of the mirrors which hung on its walls. Besides, it was moonlight outside, and the cold, clear light fell full on the bay-window.

The window was open; and my wife, in traveling cloak and hat, was stepping through it. Outside, holding her hand to help her through, was my friend. I was close to them and they did not see me. I raised the sword. It had cut through whole sheep and bars of lead; and her wrist was very slender. The next moment she was on the ground at my feet, the blood running from the place where her hand had been, and he stood staggering in the moonlight, still holding the little hand I had cut off.

Then, through the window, I whispered to him: "Go. If ever I see your face again, it is she that shall pay for your hardihood. Go."

And he went.

I raised her in my arms and carried her to her room, where the nurse was asleep, and bound up the wrist and removed the traces of blood from the drawing-room floor, and I sent the nurse away and tended her myself, and I did not reproach her, no, not so much as by a word. But she would not look at me or speak to me, only turned her head to the wall when I came near her. And on the third day she died.

And as I knelt beside her they brought me a letter from him:

"I have been waiting to hear how she fared. At least, spare her name now. I have sent the certificate of death."

And it was enclosed. "Congestion of the lungs," it said.

So I spared her name, and she was buried where my mother lies, and the women of our race, women who were pure and kept faith.

And at first I did not think of him except to be glad that his lying certificate had saved me trouble, and her memory shame. But it seemed to me presently that the whole great world was too small to hold both him and me. For he had been my friend, and had taken her from me, making me her murderer; and she was dead, and I had lost my friend.

So I set about to find him. I spent all the money I had in the search, and when the money was gone I sold the old estates and still pursued him. Sometimes I thought I was on his track, but always the scent grew faint and vanished, and for all I found of him, I might have been chasing a corpse-candle.

Then one day I found him. I found, that is, a lonely man living in a cleft of the rocks in the hills above the southern French coast, a hermit who lived alone, and did many good works, the folks about said. And I went up to see this hermit, and when I saw him I knew, in spite of his brown frock and the rope that went right round him, that it was my friend whom I sought, and he, too, knew me.

"I have been looking for you these twenty years," I said.

"And I," he answered, "have been hiding these twenty years from you."

"Coward!" I almost spat the word at him. He bent his head and answered nothing.

Then I said, "Any hour of any day these twenty years I have been ready to let the life run out of your false heart, but now I see you there seems time plenty for that. Tell me how you have spent your time. What have you done?"

"You mean to kill me!" he said, with a strange look.

"I do," I said.

"Then God be praised," he answered, "it is none of my seeking. I have lived here these twenty years with no companion but my own heart, and my own memory, and the little hand you gave me, which is buried under the rough altar yonder. I have stayed here and put myself out of the world of living men because I know that this whole great world is not big enough for you and me to live in, and I had wronged you enough, my friend."

He reached out his hands suddenly, and as suddenly drew them back.

"Since you are going to kill me, it doesn't matter what I say now. Whether you think me hypocrite or not, it will make no difference. I loved you and I loved her; and when I had brought about her death in my mad selfishness, I vowed to God that you should never bring about mine, and so lose your soul, as mine is lost, as hers is lost. In denying myself death at your hands, I have done penance that would, if God were just, atone even for her sin and mine. And now the penance is over."

Then he was silent, waiting the end.

And the end was this, that I caught his hands and held them, and my tears fell upon them, bitter tears, for I had not wept this many a year—and we knew that though we might never meet again, the whole great world was not wide enough to divide us again, because wrong and vengeance and betrayal do not endure, but only love and forgiveness, and the courage to bear, suffer, and to repent.

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HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

BY CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

It was with a hesitating step that she descended the stairs, crossed the wide hall and entered the drawing-room that evening. She had never in her whole life been so acutely conscious of her loveliness; she felt the rhythm of her own graceful movements to her finger-tips; she was aware that she looked divinely radiant. The knowledge thrilled her for a second; usually she thought little of how she might appear to others, for there lived in her exquisite flesh an unconscious, wholesome, happy soul. She glanced in the mirror above the mantel as she passed; were those great eyes that smiled back at her with such a flame of exaltation in their glance really her own? She did not wonder that he had said there was life and light in them. The thought of him jarred upon her unwonted mood of self-intoxication, and her heart was stung with a sharp pity as she remembered—for the moment she had somehow forgotten it—that he was awaiting her, and that he had only come to learn that he was to come no more.

She pushed aside the portière, thinking that she would rather not have looked her loveliest for this moment. It seemed a little insolent, a little heartless. A soberer aspect would better become her errand. It was too like the wearing of gay garments at a burial.

He had not heard her step and did not turn. He was gazing before him fixedly. His profile was turned toward the door. There were noble lines in his profile. He was white to the lips, and the same sharp pity clutched her heart an instant as she thought: "He is afraid—that is why he is so pale." It displeased her that he should be afraid. She liked men who were self-assured or were indifferent. She also liked athletic men—men who were tall and vigorous and led active lives. She liked blue eyes and his were brown, and he was none of those other things which she fancied a man should be. She pitied him because he was not. It seemed, somehow, to make it sadder that she did not love him. If he were a great, vigorous, handsome creature it would be easier to send him away.

Just then he became conscious of her gaze and started up. She offered him her hand silently, and silently he took it. Possibly he retained it half a second longer than was needful.

"Well?" he said, with an indrawn breath. He could not pretend to make conversation on subjects alien to his thoughts to-night. He would not try.

"I am afraid," she faltered, "that—" Somehow the words came with difficulty and she could not go on.

"Don't mind it so much, dear," she heard his quiet voice, miles away from her it seemed, say gently. "I am afraid I know the rest."

She lifted her eyes to his, and he smiled back upon her. It was a patient, a pathetic smile. It seemed to say: "Yes, life has hurt me often. This is only one hurt the more. It is the worst of all, but I take it gladly from your hands." There was a touch of self-scorn in his look. On the whole it was an eloquent smile, and it touched her. Again that sharp, sweet pang of pity pierced her, but now it cut to her very soul and raised new tumult there. How wretched she had made him, that fine, sensitive, tender, loyal soul. She was hurting him now, this very instant—she. Why, how *dared* she?

She stood silent in an agony of pity, self-convicted. She was silent so long that he wondered.

"I see. It is not easy for you, either," she heard him say at last. "But you need not tell me the rest. I will go."

Ah, the pain! Was it his pain or her own that stabbed her heart so, she wondered vaguely. Blindly she took a step toward him.

"But—I did not mean——"

Fiercely he turned upon her before the tardy sentence had dragged itself to an end. "Margaret! Have I been all wrong? Do you mean this?"

She had only meant to tell him of her regret, to say she did not mean to hurt him, to beg to be forgiven; but he had misunderstood her, and before the light that leaped into his weary eyes the protest on her lips shriveled, melted as snow before flame, and remained unspoken forever. How, indeed, could she explain when once she had seen his face look like *that*?

* * * * * * * * *

And this is an authentic account of that unexpected engagement which was a nine days' wonder among their acquaintances. For his intimates knew that he had not hoped to win her; and her bosom friends had been told that she had every intention of refusing him. But, strangely enough, they are very happy.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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LIBRARY NOTES

The prudishly inclined will strongly object to the latest sensational book from Paris, "Georges et Marguerite," by Théodore Cahu. It is a graphic description of the liaison of General Boulanger and the Comtesse Marguerite—"*l'amie du Général*," as she was always called in the Parisian journals. Sympathy follows this man as love and devotion did during his life; fortune for him put on her most seductive smile, but the frown of fate goes deeper, and—"*A bas Boulanger!*"

There is not much light thrown upon the political cause of his fall. This book is almost entirely devoted to his absorbing passion for the Comtesse. It would seem the General was always adored by the women—more loved than lover. To him his friends used to say: "If you do not accomplish all you wish, it is because you do not desire it enough—you have devoted to you all the women." And yet he had no admiration for them as a sex. "Their *métier* is to be beautiful and to reflect the passions of men." He considered them "light natures, charming, created to give pleasure, but with whom one should never discuss serious things." He complains that they are always thrusting themselves into the foreground. "Alsace represented by a woman—the Republic personated by a woman—on this flag, 'The Women of France'—woman everywhere and always! Is she the only one who gives life, hope, and happiness? But then she weeps for our sorrows and sings with our joys, and woman—is love!"

The General had many devoted friends ready to lay down their lives for him—but his was a hopeless cause, and the people ended by hating him as deeply as they had once loved him. But to be adored for a time by that most idolatrous of modern sects, the Parisian mob, is well worth failure, exile, and death, and to the last Boulanger knew and felt the happiness that had been his. The closing words of his will are "*Vive la France! Vive la République!*" His private will relates only to his grave. "I wish to be buried in the tomb which I have had built in the cemetery *d'Ixelles* for my dear Marguerite. My body is to be placed in the middle of the vault directly under her coffin. I wish to take my eternal rest near her who was devoted to me body and soul, and who, during her life was recompensed for it by injury and calumny.

"I wish placed in my coffin, which is to resemble that of Marguerite as much as possible, her portrait and the tress of her hair which I shall have on me when I die. On the marble of the tomb, beneath the inscription to my dear Marguerite, I wish inserted—*Georges, 29 April, 1837, 30 Sept., 1891. Ai je bien pu vivre deux mois et demi sans toi.*" His suicide was not unexpected by his friends; he shot himself standing over her grave.

Perhaps to some, well acquainted with all the facts, this novel may seem overdrawn. No doubt the events of the two lives did not really fit each other so perfectly, but in reading the book one feels that even if such be the case the present form is too agreeable to change. It would be sacrilege and no improvement to place the truths more accurately.

By far the best collection of Scribner's series of short stories is the latest, "Tales from Italy." As a whole the stories make for themselves a pretty canvas—a soft following of colors but with no startling combinations.

The "Espero Gorgoni, Gondolier," by F. Hopkinson Smith, is a little gem in an unobtrusive way, with many descriptions of the every-day sights of Venice, the crowd of gondoliers waiting at the steps; seldom has the picture been better painted. One can almost hear the music on the quiet waters. Here is a charming bit from it: "I have heard the *Miserere* chanted at dead of night in the streets of an old Italian town, the flare of the torches lighting the up-turned face of the ghastly dead; my eyes have filled when, with knee to marble floor, I have listened to the pathos of its harmonies sighing through the many pillared mosque of Cordova; I have drunk in its cadences in curtained alcoves with the breath of waving fans and flash of gems about me; but never has its grandeur and majesty so stirred my soul as on this night in Venice, under the deep blue of the soft Italian sky, the frowning, blood-stained palace above, the treacherous, silent water beneath."

The other sketches of Italian life are also worth the reading. ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Georges et Marguerite," by Théodore Cahu. Paul Ollendorff, Paris, publisher. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Petrie Estate," by Helen Dawes Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. For sale by all booksellers.

"Brothers and Strangers," by Agnes Blake Poor. Roberts Brothers, Boston, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Essays on London and Elsewhere," by Henry James. Harper & Bros., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Le Beata," by T. A. Trollope. Rand, McNally & Co., publishers.

To be well dressed nowadays it is not necessary to go in for extremes—one does not have to wear a "willie boy" nor an overcoat split in two places, nor any of the vagaries of the new modes. Still there are variations in cut, finish, and pattern that ought to be followed by any gentleman who desires to appear to the best advantage. For instance, coats of all styles are being worn longer this winter than last; cheviots are distinctly in style—gray is the fashionable shade—Oxford and Cambridge grays, small checks. Of course any material will look well if the cut is right. You are certain of the very swellest styles if you go to J. A. Ulrich, Room 41, Crocker Building.

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MASKS AND FACES

The story of Sara La Rue, as related in the melodrama, produced at the Alcazar by Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, is neither new nor novel. Indeed, it is the ancient tale of a woman driven to desperation by a faithless husband, who resorts to thievery and pocket-picking, oddly enough, to revenge herself upon him. There is also the old attempt to gild her crimes with sympathy, and to bring upon the stage her strong maternal instinct with which to harrow up the feelings of the tender-hearted auditors. To the unreflecting this kind of dramatic flap doodle appeals strongly; to the discerning it is comedy of a somewhat amusing character. Notwithstanding the glamour thrown around it with the slow music of an overworked orchestra, there is no concealing the obtruding fact that a melodrama constructed on such lines is artificial, unnatural, and unsatisfactory.

It must be said, however, that Mrs. McKee Rankin plays the part of Sara with much of her natural fire. Her work in the "me che-ild" scenes, I may be pardoned for remarking, is somewhat overdone, and perhaps if she could melt a few stone of her too solid flesh, she would look a trifle more like the persecuted Sara in the last tableau but one, when she is supposed to have passed three months within the walls of St. Lazare prison. However, with melodrama one cannot be too exacting. It is sufficient if the *denouement* is unsatisfactory.

As for McKee Rankin, I think if Sam'l of Posen does not soon settle with his jury managers and desert that Fresno ranch for the road, he will find some of his laurels missing. As Marcus Geldheimer, Mr. Rankin betrays the possession of Hebrew talents of a high order.

There is one thing, however, that could not escape the attention of the Alcazar audiences this week, namely, the predominating necessity which exists for the immediate suppression of the stage mechanics. The antics of these gentry between acts enchains the attention of the spectators. They are not melodramatic either.——

If the discretion of the Vokes management had only dictated the presentation of "Crocodiles' Tears" instead of the "Pantomime Rehearsal" on the first night of the engagement, I imagine there would be larger houses at the Baldwin and more coin in the treasury. Is it not stupid to imagine that the limited number of theatre-goers we have in San Francisco are never surfeited with one-act conceits, however amusing and clever? No one will gainsay the attractiveness of Miss Vokes in the "Circus Rider," but when she has done it here dozens of times before, one asks for contrast—just a little change, at least. The love of variety is deeply implanted in the heart of the first-nighter. If you would interest him supply something he has never before seen. Then there is an instant awakening of attraction, a disposition to be entertained. The new bill, presented for the first time Thursday night, was a distinct improvement on its predecessors. There is an actual situation in "Dream Faces," while in "Crocodiles' Tears" Mr. Marius made the most of an amusing part; it is as a comedian he figures to the best advantage. There was no gainsaying the cleverness of his rendering of the henpecked husband, whose devotion to 36 and double-zero were so ludicrously ill-fated. A certain abruptness of manner prevents this artist doing justice to a part like Robert in the first play, but for all that there was individuality in the impersonation, though a little more sentiment would have aided the effect. The two plays display Miss Ffoliott Paget to distinct advantage. There is a tendency to overact in "Dream Faces," but in "Crocodiles' Tears" she was capital. As for Miss Vokes she is inimitable and one cannot but regret that ill health compels her early retirement from the stage.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"Friends," a comedy-drama by Edwin Milton Royle, and illustrative of characters peculiar to the charmed circle of Bohemia, will begin a short season at the California on Monday evening. Two friends, one a poet and the other a musician, love the same woman, the latter being beloved by her in turn. The plot is devoted to the self-sacrifices of the two men. The play had a good run in New York.——

Sardou's version of "Cleopatra," as adapted and arranged by Fanny Davenport, will be presented by that gifted actress and her company at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday, October 30th. Miss Davenport has been pronounced to have surpassed all previous attempts in the way of magnificent staging in this great drama of old Egypt, and in the title role she is seen at her best. Her husband, Mr. Melbourne McDowell, as Anthony, leads a company of over 100 people, including actors, dancers, auxiliaries, and stage assistants.——

The third play to be produced at the Alcazar Theatre will be Olive Logan's comedy of "Long Branch." It has been entirely rewritten. A bathing scene at the well-known seaside resort will be one of the features of the production. To follow "Long Branch" Mr. Rankin will revive his well-known western drama, "The Danites." Another piece to have an early production is "The Mascotte of Montana." It is a new American melodrama depicting life in the great Northwest.——

To-night and to-morrow evening will be the last two performances of Chas. McCarthy and Wm. Cronin in the comedy-drama, "One of the Bravest." Commencing next Monday, October 23d, the new Stockwell Company of players will give the successful military drama, "Maine and Georgia," a week's run prior to its departure for New York City, where it is to receive a hearing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on November 13th. Mr. Stockwell will play the part of Absalom J. Bates, in which he made a hit during its run at his home theatre. Several other members from the Stockwell Company of players will be taken East with all the necessary scenery to make this production a perfect one.

In musical circles considerable interest is manifested in Miss Augusta Cottlow, the young pianiste whose clever playing has created so much of a furor in the East. She makes her first appearance at the Bauer Symphony Concert, November 3d.

The thirty-first Carr-Beel Saturday Pop will take place October 28th. There will be a quintet for clarinet and strings by Weber. Mr. Rob Lloyd will contribute some new songs, and a feature will be a duo for clarinet and piano, and Scharwenka's Sonata for piano and 'cello.

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AMATEUR SPORT

That the Burlinghame Club scored a distinct hit on its opening race meeting is admitted on all sides. As further evidence, if any be needed, the announcement of the second meeting should be conclusive. The races will take place to-day, beginning, as was the case at the first meeting, at 2:30 P. M. The committee having found that the five races of the initial day's sport was all too little to satisfy the delighted audience, have added two extra numbers to the card. As an additional attraction, which will without doubt prove extremely amusing, two open races will be run. These events are always successful at the Eastern meetings, for as the races are open to all-comers and are at catch weights, a curious mixture of men and horses is usually gathered at the post.

The first race on the card to-day will be three-eighths of a mile run on the flat for ponies only. The second race, a half mile on the flat, is for Galloways and promises to be one of the best events of the day. Following comes a chance for the ponies to go at the sticks, three hurdles being set in the three-eighths of a mile of distance. The performance of the ponies at the first meeting in this kind of racing was surprisingly good. The fourth race is an open one and will be the longest of the meeting, a full mile on the flat course. A three hundred yard sprint for ponies under fourteen hands follows. The sixth number on the programme is the stiffest of the lot and calls for the best of the Galloways who are jumpers. The distance is a half mile over five hurdles, and if the riding is anything like as spirited as it was at the previous meeting a rattling race can be counted upon.

The last race of the day is one to which all are bidden who care to ride. It is three-quarters of a mile, and a single hurdle will be placed to test the capacity of the average country equine to get over wood and keep his rider on his back. In the first, second, third, and fifth races the weight limit is fixed at 150 pounds, in the half-mile hurdle ten pounds more are allowed, while, as I said before, the open events are at catch weights.

After the races there will be a dinner served at the clubhouse for the members and their guests.

* * *

If perseverance and practice cut any figure in athletic form the University base-ball nine will undoubtedly give the "Owls" a very hot game to face at Haight Street on the fourth of next month. The club men turn out with commendable regularity and do their work with a very considerable amount of energy. Each week they practice once and play a game with some of the amateur nines from the suburban institutes of learning. They met the St. Mary's nine recently in Oakland and put up a very creditable game. The score was four runs to three in favor of the home nine. On Saturday last they went out against the Brewer's School nine at San Mateo, and a royal game, in which the heaviest kind of batting was the feature, resulted. Gilbert Tompkins pitched for the 'Varsity men and was heavily hammered for a good many hits and two home runs, but despite this the Sutter Street players were only beaten by one run. Tobin played in very good form and made a number of singles. I am told that Lange, who played with the Chicagos this season, will catch for the Bohemians.

* * *

I paid a visit to the Bay District Track a few days since and I am, in consequence, inclined to offer a good share of praise to Mr. "Tom" Williams for what he has done for the improvement of the course. The stable quarters have been hugely improved, and are now capable of giving fitting accommodations to the high-priced equine visitors we are all looking for to add zest to the "Fifty days' meeting." The clubhouse and the stands have likewise been greatly added to, and the whole track has taken on an appearance which is very creditable, and largely due, too, to the energy of the aforementioned gentleman.

* * *

Golf is soon to be one of the new features of interest to be added to the Burlinghame Club. Unless you are familiar with the staunch old Scotch sport you have no idea, I'll warrant, of what a rattling good game it is. It is replete with exercise of a kind not so violent as to prevent men of middle age enjoying it to the top of their bent, and yet demands plenty of healthful exertion and a very goodly measure of skill. The game was introduced at Newport last summer and was played with fine energy and with any amount of enjoyment by well-nigh every one.

* * *

The football fever has pretty nearly reached its "nine days' crisis." Nothing else seems to be talked of in the Universities. Over in the camp of the Blue and Gold we hear rumors of rabid dissensions, but I, for one, know that the men under "Giant Heff" are doing good work and playing very well. Stanford is rather downcast over the knowledge that it is hoping against hope to count on Clemmens as one of the eleven this season. Stanford has plenty of big, strong men to wear the crimson, but it seems that as a team their greatest weakness lies in the centre.

* * *

The Olympic men are not as much talked about or written about as the college players, but for all o' that they are conscientious at their practice and will certainly put a strong eleven in the field. On Saturday last they went up to Sacramento and tackled, in a double sense, the S. A. C. team. It was an easy win for the O. A. C. men, as the score of twenty-six touch downs to six will show. Sherrard captained the victors. Young Miley, the full back, played a very strong game, and he and Morse, the left half back, made most of the points.

* * *

The result of the races between "Valkyrie" and "Vigilant" while proving beyond question, in my mind, the superiority of the centre-board over the keel scheme, is in one way quite unsatisfactory to the keen critic of the sailing model. The fact of the matter is that neither of the two remarkable boats are good examples of what we have known in the past as the centre-board or "skimming dish" model and the narrow-beamed, deep keel style of craft. "Vigilant" is certainly very far, when we consider her beam and draught measurements, from the old flying centre-board of extreme beam and minimum of depth. Her draught when compared with some of the earlier of the cutters is surprising. Contrasted again with the build of the famous "Puritan," "Vigilant" is a remarkable departure from the centre-board model as we have understood it for years past. The "Valkyrie" is in one sense a triumph for Watson. Her superb sailing in light airs and her quickness in stays was nothing short of phenomenal. Watson designed her to take advantage of the proverbial "soft sweet breezes" of our Indian summer. But somewhere in her modeling he failed signally to add any proportionate speed to her in sailing before a stiff breeze. The designer of the Yankee craft, on the other hand, did just the reverse. "Vigilant" from the start proved slower than the other "defenders" in zephyrs, but developed a magnificent capacity for carrying canvas in the heaviest of wind. Here we have, then, the curious paradox of a keel boat with tons of lead in her bottom outsailing a broad beam centre-board in the lightest of airs, and the light ballasted centre-board, carrying something over a thousand feet more of sail area, running away from the deep-draught boat in a twenty-mile breeze.

"Vigilant's" performance in point of speed was something deserving of far more notice than it got. On the day of the second race this eighty-six foot boat came flying before the wind for the final stake boat at the marvelous speed of thirteen knots an hour. Here is a rate that would put the steaming of some of our Pacific Ocean steamers to the blush.

* * *

I must confess that I was seriously disappointed with the performance of most of our amateur athletes at the Coast Championships on Saturday. With the exception of the broad jump and the sprints, one is forced almost to smile at the laggard way in which the hands of the clocks were allowed to go on and the brief bits of the measuring tape that were needed to mark the winning distances. To be sure the half-mile record was beaten, but 2:3$\frac{3}{5}$ is scarcely much of a record to demolish. The walk was simply burlesque. I think I know of a number of men quite capable of doing the mile in better than ten minutes on Van Ness Avenue.

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

Have you ever (but it is rather an absurd question) noticed that, in our grandmother's day, it was fashionable to be delicate, to faint on every possible occasion, to be afraid of mice and of all crawling things; whereas the ordinary girl of to-day, from the novelist's standpoint, at least, is a masculine young woman who is aggressively healthy, fears nothing, and competes with her brother in every field. What is the reason? One might call this fictional endowment of muscle, *fin de siècle* energy, for, as regards health, I do not know one really strong girl. Most of us are neurotic either to a greater or lesser extent, and I suppose the healthy girl reigns in novels because she is such a *rara avis* in real life. I think we all go through existence at the pace that kills and burn the candle at both ends. If we are thin, we diet to become fat, and when our ambitions are realized we train to become lean. If we have a good brain, we study till we bring on nervous prostration; if an average one, we reduce ourselves to a state of semi-imbecility by overwork.

What the next generation or so will be like I cannot fancy. I expect they will be the proof of the survival, not of the fittest, but of the least fit—in fact, the triumph of mind over matter. Take the small girl of the present, *ætat* nine, and compare her with her own grandmother at a similar period. The little girl of to-day reads Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," can puzzle one with historical and invariably theological questions, does problems in fractions, dances the minuet, rides, can conjugate French and German verbs, and is mistress of worldly wisdom enough to puzzle that elderly relative at the age of twenty-five or thirty. Grandmother at nine years old knew her letters and did cross stitch embroidery, rarely studied French till she was older, played all day long and thought of nothing but dolls; for her the one thing needful was a big dolls' house with a *poupée* whose clothes were removable, for in grandma's day the clothes were sewn on dolly. I remember even when I was a little girl how I used to commiserate my elders who were obliged to walk demurely, had to wear gloves, could not paddle through the mud, and were forced to keep quiet all day long and not go singing and dancing through life as we children did.

Did you ever go to a Book Party? They are all the rage in the East. You invite your guests and bid each one come in the character of some book and dress accordingly. Then you give prizes to either the one who guesses most of the characters or to her who gives the best impersonation. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," is easily carried out. "For a Woman's Reason," dress in some simple gown with a fillet bearing "Because" embroidered on it. "Jane Eyre," too, "Looking Backward," etc., might be charmingly impersonated.

I saw such a pretty gown to-day—it was of navy blue. At the bottom of the skirt was a band of deep seal brown, above a lighter shade, and band upon band till it shaded to a light tan. Two capes, shaded in a similar fashion, fell over the shoulders, while the cuffs were banded and shaded also. A navy blue hat, trimmed with shaded feathers, completed this very *chic* costume.

Now that Christmas is approaching, 'tis true with footsteps apparently slow, whose echo we can but faintly hear in the distance, I shall try and send you each week some "fancy fond" which you can use for a holiday offering. Here is a dainty handkerchief-case of linen. Take a piece of linen twelve inches square; turn in a three-quarter-inch hem caught down by a row of feather stitching, in colored silk, on the outside. In three corners embroider some flower or quaint motto, and in the fourth "*Mouchoirs*." Fasten the three corners by means of a pearl button; the fourth corner must have a button-holed loop of silk to fasten over button, in order to present the appearance of a square envelope.

You know what a charming appearance chiffon has, well, some of our prettiest wedding dresses this year are to have chiffon trimmings instead of lace; and when one considers how infinitely softer and younger looking is the effect of this gauzy stuff one wonders that the dressmakers have not thought of it before. Bridesmaids' gowns are covered with accordian-plaited chiffon, and capes of it are seen on a number of the frocks, making an exceedingly pretty finish.

Ermine tippets are to be the essential possession of the elect this year; they are worn full round the shoulders, with long ends narrowing to the ground. We shall be indeed royal if we are not born in the purple this season, for we shall have the trappings, etc., of sovereigns, without their responsibilities, when we wear our eminence gowns and our ermine furs, shall we not? Talking of colors, the oddest combinations of blues and greens are to be worn; also a most peculiar and striking shade of red—something between a magenta and a rose-color. I am afraid they will prove very trying, and are certain to be adopted by the Market Street aristocracy who love these *bizarre* effects.

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A choice of numbers well-balanced and of higher interest as well as the performers' personalities concentrated the merit of this concert. Beethoven's String Quartette, *Op. 18, No. 5*, Schumann's Carnaval, *Sonata, Op. 13*, for piano and violin, by Paderewski, and fugitive numbers by Bargice and Moszkowski made up the attraction. Schumann's gathering together of illustrative whimsicalities is fresh enough still to be attractive to pianists, but then its effectiveness as a solo piece becomes more to be questioned as time passes, and in it is crowded material for the grasp of the rare *artiste* only. The quartette in the earlier manner suggesting a pure beauty of Raphael-like contour and stillness represented the single piece of true spirit. Paderewski's Sonata, romantic and individual in caste, was even more interesting at a second hearing.

Those three performers, whose work has been so fully recognized in connection with the rise, success, and final establishment of these concerts, gave the usual satisfaction to the audience. Their powers are matured to the utmost it is probable, and after giving thirty exhibitions thereof there remains nothing unsaid to be said. The type, method, and school is thoroughly fixed, nothing more is to be expected. Giving pleasure to the public and being a source from which the best works emanate, their efforts have a desirable influence in several directions and as such are of importance to the local world of music. Mr. Heine's solos were not particularly interesting in themselves, but served to exhibit his accomplishments to a generous supply of applause, which likewise fell to Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel. Of Mr. Otto Bendix's large repertoire the public has, in different places, been made aware. He has also come to the advantages and disadvantages of maturity as a pianist. His work is the result of methods held high by past celebrities and having a wide following still. Schumann's "Carnaval" aired what merit and all the limits this style supposes. Giving a technical reading obscured by the frequent bringing off of double tones and traces of some excitement the pianist left the body of the composition ungalvanized with electric fire. So far the public has yet to hear an ideal playing of this kaleidoscopic work. It is safe to say no pianist has ever carried through the composition with a fittingly ebullient expression of the final march. For the next concert Mr. Robt. Lloyd appears as vocalist, and as male vocalists appear most welcome in these performances, the fact should help to swell the audience; an interesting programme should draw.

Lesley Martin

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A REHABILITATED BANK.

THE PEOPLE'S HOME, AGAIN ON ITS FEET, WILL RE-OPEN NOVEMBER 1st.

A few days ago the Board of Directors of the People's Home Savings Bank adopted a resolution which, when it goes into effect, will again place that institution on its financial feet, so to speak. It was nothing less than an order to resume business on November 1st next. On that date the Bank will re-open the doors which were so suddenly closed in June last, and pay its commercial depositors in full. At the same time notices will be regularly accepted from ordinary and term depositors, as provided for by the by-laws, and the Bank will in all respects resume operations.

For some weeks past the Directors have been preparing for this event. Its attorneys have been recently hard at work upon collections, and a great deal of hard coin is now piled up in the vaults in the Flood Building. When the Bank suspended in June it had not over $40,000 on hand. This was not so bad when it is considered that a savings bank, from the nature of its business, is supposed not to have any cash idle; but now over $100,000 in coin is stacked up awaiting the re-opening. This is in addition to what has already been paid to depositors.

Probably by the first of November this amount will be greatly swelled. Several large sums due the Bank are outstanding, for the return of which the Directors have arranged before the beginning of the month, and it is calculated that when resumption actually takes place the vaults will contain over $200,000.

This, it is thought, will enable the Directors to immediately liquidate the demands of the commercial depositors. So confident are the officers of the ultimate outcome that they have made arrangements with the Clearing House to receive their checks, and so the business will proceed just as though nothing had happened.

But the most important action toward the rehabilitation of the People's Home, and its secure installment in the confidence of the public, lies in a proposition now under consideration by the Directors. It is nothing less than an increase in the amount of paid-up capital. At present only about thirty-three and one-third per cent of the capital is paid in. It is proposed to make fifty per cent the limit, which will give the bank a paid-up capital of half a million dollars. This will place it in the front rank of the savings institutions of the city; indeed, there are not many in the State doing business on a safer margin than this.

Word has been sent to Dr. R. H. McDonald, who is still in New York, of the contemplated assessment, and when intelligence is received from him, an order upon the stockholders will probably be made. It is known that Dr. McDonald favors an increase in the capital. The only point upon which information is wanted from him is, as to whether an assessment equal to about seventeen and two-thirds per cent is large enough. At all events the assessment is almost certain to be levied.

When that is done, the People's Home Savings Bank will be completely rehabilitated. The Directors have no fears of the result. When they pay, or offer to pay, their commercial depositors in full, and resume business in their line of savings deposits, there will be nothing more to be done, except to invite the business community to a renewal of confidence.

It will be remembered that when the People's Home suspended the report of the Bank Commissioners showed that all its securities were unexceptionable, and that the only thing necessary (if its officers chose to liquidate it) for it to pay one hundred cents on the dollar, was time. And no more than that could be said of the soundest savings bank in the world.

Miss Gussie Cottlow, a musical prodigy from Illinois, whose playing is said to be wonderful, will make her first appearance in this city at the Bauer Symphony Concert on November 3d. Since the advent of Joseph Hoffman in this country musical prodigies have been numerous, but Miss Cottlow, I am told, is a specimen of the genuine article.

Cholly—I weally love you more than anyone in the world!

Penelope—You forget yourself!—*Vogue.*

Brown—How many courses do you have at dinner?

Robinson—We don't have any. We're glad enough to get the dinner.—*Truth.*

SAN JOSE NOTES.

Musical matters are booming in the Garden City. An enthusiastic steward at the U. C. has opened a chorus class and volunteers are pouring in. A concert is soon to be given.

The school for young ladies is rejoicing over the addition of a real San Francisco professor to their corps, and now whenever "two or three are gathered together," one can easily guess what subject is agitating the youthful mind.

The Saturday Morning Club is at the top, and between them all music will be popular this winter. The great impresario has found this climate unsuited to his methods, and has returned to his wife's shop in the Bay City. He really did impose on some music lovers here.

Art is being discussed in the University Extension Club, and Professor Miller, of Stanford, proves a first-rate critic and lecturer—but oh! the "Quiz Coterie"—only a Swift could do it justice. The bright and shining ignorance freely exhibited is marvelous.

Wednesday afternoon a High Tea at the Parish House was attended by a number of literary lights, who listened to *interesting* talks about persons and things of interest, to the *few* ladies who recently spent a couple of days in Chicago. Among them Mrs McCollough, Mrs. Payne, and Miss Mabury—all bright women. For the afternoon's pleasure we are indebted to Miss Hannah Wakefield, the talented daughter of the rector. Of dignified appearance and affable manners, she is a perfect type of the leading lady in a parish. Her father's valuable aid, she is of the greatest assistance to all ladies engaged in church work. A thorough musician, she knows how to combine and select the best in that line. Entertaining on a large scale, she has the happy art of disarming all adverse criticism by her delightful attention to each guest.

Again we are in the throes of "How to get money out of other people's pockets without bleeding our own." Accordingly there was a "hen meeting" this week to discuss ways and means.

There is to be a Bicycle Meet and a Chrysanthemum Show combined, and if that measure does not call in the ducats nothing will.

But the meeting was rich. Every variety of Gallina was present. Large, *blooded* cochins pecked lazily at fierce young bantams, while a number of game biddies made it lively all around. The industrious white Leghorns disputed fat worms with noisy Spanish chicks, and from the noise and cackling you would imagine every one of them knew she laid a golden egg. We shall see.

Reading classes and musical circles are being re-organized, and promise to be features of the coming winter. All the women here are not gossips, and among the most exclusive circles may be found a small coterie of ladies who do not aspire to this modern folly, but who live a life that suits their refined taste—noticeable in this, the ladies of Mr. T. Ellard Beans' family. Mrs. Beans inherited her literary tastes from her cultivated mother, a lady now beyond the years promised to man, who lives on her own estate, in the enjoyment of health and happiness. In her earlier years Mrs. Bray was a teacher. Mrs. Beans is a leading member in several reading circles, and her daughters, who are all cultured, intelligent, and agreeable girls, also devote much time to literature. Miss Frances Beans is a graduate of the U. C., and is fonder of books than of gossip, and it would be safe to say that you could scarcely mention an author of note with which she is not familiar. She has decided artistic taste, and at one time was an enthusiastic member of the sketching class. Her sister, Miss Rowena, inherits the physique of her mother. After graduating from Mills' Seminary, she went to Boston to enjoy the advantages to music, literature, and art offered in that great centre. In manners as charming as cultivated in mind, an acquaintance with her is to be prized. Miss Mary, the eldest daughter, is gifted in conversation, and to her study of books has added a couple of years abroad, where she gathered much that is worth possessing, and gained larger ideas of the world than can be acquired at home. BESSIE.

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LEAVE	FROM OCTOBER 1, 1893.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	9.45 p m
7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
‡10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	‡6.15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*6.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose.....	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge.)

‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*7.00 a m	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations	*2.45 p m
‡7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
‡9.30 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	‡2.27 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.06 p m
12.05 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
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‡11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	‡7.26 p m

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She came, the fire of heaven around her brow,
And dared not glance upon the face of day
With her meek eyes, as shrinking from the glow
Of this rough world, a maiden pure alway.

Her thoughts were, as the dreams of saints, divine.
Her soul refused to touch our sordid cares.
She was a pearl cast on a world of swine,
A single lily sown in a field of tares.

She seemed a solitude of Alpine snow
Under a few cold stars. Till, fooled by Fate,
I touched her surface veil, and bared below
A lazar meet to lie at Dives' gate.

So now I sing my woes, Cassandra-wise,
To lovers deaf of ear and blind of eyes.

—*Lord de Tabley.*

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Old Soak—In full.—*Truth.*

IN IT.

Beside a meadow brook I strayed,
One sunny summer day,
And watched the ripples as they played,
And danced and sped away;
The loneliness enchanted me:
No other soul, thought I,
Has ever ventured here to be
Alone, to think and sigh.

But, as I sat and mused and dreamed,
Of dead and faded years,
A sound of screams and splashing seemed
To grate upon my ears,
And, when I turned to look, behold!
Beneath my very feet,
A pair of hose and garters told
Me more than I'd repeat!

* * * * * * * *

And still I mused in peace and hope,
Nor strove to stir an inch;
I did not need a microscope
To recognize a cinch. —*Town Topics.*

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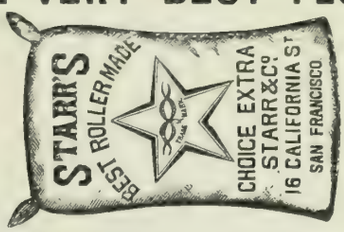

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THE WAVE

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The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal,

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J. F. BOURKE, Business Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 28, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*During the Columbian Exposition, Californians in Chicago will find* THE WAVE *at the California Room, Women's Building, the Public Room, California State Building, and at Brentano's, 206 Wabash Avenue.*

SPLASHES

THE SEASON begins to shape itself. Festivities are already under way, and there is promise of variety and interest in events to follow. It is too early yet to forecast the social horoscope for the Winter, but the chances favor a number of small events rather than a series of big balls or dances. Not to the mere mercantile community is the financial stringency confined. The *beau monde* has suffered as severely as the rest, and I fear the depression will express itself in diminished orders for terrapin and champagne. However, the Midwinter Fair will undoubtedly attract here countless visitors from the East, and it is a consolation to believe that their entertainment will force Society to a greater degree of activity than it has exhibited in years.

* * *

The launch of the "Oregon," on Thursday, was really the first event of the season. A fleet of tugs, with gay parties on board, congregated off the Union Iron Works to see the great steel monster slide into the bay. Mr. Greenway had the "Fearless," and on board it were about one hundred of his friends. A capital lunch was served them at noon. Last night Mrs. Will Crocker gave a dancing party to some eighty young people. It proved as enjoyable as the many other entertainments she has given. The coming event, however, is the Charity Ball in aid of the Maria Kip Orphanage. Golden Gate Hall has been selected as the most appropriate *locale*, and a committee of exalted prominence has charge of the arrangements. Admission is by invitation only—that is, the Committee makes out its list and intimates to those whom it considers eligible the fact of their selection. Then they are at liberty to purchase tickets at Sherman & Clay's. For gentlemen the price is five dollars; for ladies, three dollars.

* * *

Unless the limits of the 400 are overstepped it is a little difficult to see where a profit is to be derived from. As a matter of fact, balls are the most expensive of all forms of entertainment. Decorations, music, and supper are not to be had without the expenditure of numerous dollars, and when doorkeepers and attendants have received their stipends, there is little enough left for the charity. However, the efficient corps of fashionable ladies who are concerned may be able to financier the affair at a profit.

* * *

The most interesting of recent engagement announcements is that of James C. Dunphy and Miss Elida Wilbur, daughter of Mrs. Mary E. Logan, of 2228 California Street. She is a very pretty blonde. Some years ago the *Cosmopolitan* published a series of portraits of San Francisco belles that of Miss Wilbur appeared among them, the writer pronouncing her the prettiest girl in this city of beautiful women. Rumor also ascribes matrimonial intentions to the charming sister of the prospective bridegroom.

* * *

THE DOWNFALL of any especial individual is seldom the source of regret. With equanimity we hear the misfortunes of our friends—the lapses of humanity in general occasion self-satisfaction rather than sorrow. Take the defection of Howard McSherry for instance—a talented, a brilliant man, whose legal and oratorical ability made him a personage in his first year here—is there especial sadness among his intimates because of his overthrow? No matter how loud the applause which cleverness wins for its achievements there is nothing that evokes envy like a rapid success. Coming here a stranger, circumstances enabled the immediate display of his capacity in a conspicuous cause. The recognition so generously accorded he soon converted into prominence. At the Bohemian Club he read papers; he exhibited a wit and a readiness that captivated the less fluent, but he forgot that facility makes more enemies than bluntness, that the listener with intellectual aspirations will forgive anything more readily than fluency.

* * *

I should like to believe the case against Howard McSherry founded on a misapprehension, to hope that he might dissipate the aspersions against his good name, but there appears little hope he will be able to right himself. Still, he seems to have had but short shrift from Barclay Henley—the mine was exploded before a chance of explanation was accorded him. I fail to see what was gained by the precipitancy of his partner's denunciation. It is so easy to blast a career, to destroy a reputation. Would it not have been more generous and equally just if the ex-Congressman had given his associate an opportunity of righting himself? Is he not responsible in a great degree for the prosperity that so evidently turned the advocate's head? He should have said nothing, settled the deficiencies, credited the experience to profit and loss, and made other arrangements. As it is, the McSherry fabric is a wreck.

* * *

There is not in legal circulation so much general ability that we can afford the loss of McSherry. He has been indiscreet, injudiciously extravagant, unduly elated by the possession of much money. It is all exceedingly regrettable. However, he has the saving grace of brains and intelligence, and who knows but that he will survive. He is not the only man the apparent end of whose career proved but the preface to brighter days.

* * *

THE STORY of a scrap of matting dropped by a careless scavenger in front of the University Club would make entertaining reading if all its vicissitudes might be recorded at length. A myrmidon of the institution perceiving the decoration decided it had been placed there by some emissary of Madame Biber, whose establishment adjoins the premises of the Club. Between the fashionable *modiste* and her neighbor there is little admiration wasted; in fact they are at daggers drawn half the time. Therefore, the matting was translated into a new form of insult, and retaliation took the form of removing it to the immediate façade of the Madame's mansion. Great was the indignation thereat.

* * *

Next morning the offending scrap found itself again in front of the 'Varsity headquarters and its presence was commented on by the early morning delegation whose break-

fast habit takes them to the institution. Enraged, more myrmidons grasped the rag and its next resting place was the cellar of the *modiste*. Great then was the excitement. Madame Biber was angry—infuriated, indeed. To the Directors she penned a vigorous missive stating her cause of action in unequivocal terms, demanding the instant removal of the scrap of matt ng. There followed meetings and consultations—the advice of Attorney Michael was invited, and finally, after the matter had undergone elaborate canvass, the *causus belli* was removed and white-winged peace resumed sway on the section of Sutter Street most intimately concerned.

* * *

A PIONEER of pioneers is Colonel Andrews, the veteran jeweler. For forty years (the Colonel affirms that forty years ago he was very, very young) people have been wondering what the Almighty in his inscrutable wisdom designed him for. It is said a man may conceal the purpose of his creation throughout a long life, but some time before the end his *raison d'etre* develops itself. This is the decisive moment for Colonel Andrews. The Author of the Universe evidently intended him, I am now morally convinced, to officiate as the Beau Brummel of the Midwinter Fair. With what forethought and discretion does the Omnipotent order all things. Had the world been scraped with a fine tooth comb I am certain there could not have been discovered a man so admirably fitted to confer distinction on the Midwinter Fair as this Montgomery Street combination of Mars and Apollo.

* * *

AMATEUR PONY-RACING has come to the front as the fashionable autumn diversion. During October there have been race meetings in various parts of the country—at Pimlico, near Baltimore, at Wannamaker's farm near Philadelphia, and at sundry other clubs frequented by the *beau monde*. In these affairs a distinct enthusiasm has developed and some capital riding is exhibited. From the point of view of good sport, the meeting at Burlinghame last Saturday was quite as successful as these Eastern events. There were as many entries, and the finishes were several degrees more exciting. There was no lack of audience, for there must have been several hundred spectators, including a large number of ladies.

* * *

There is considerable regret over the retirement of Mr. Rider, who has really done a great deal toward exciting enthusiasm both in the hurdle races and in polo. His services have been secured by the Chevy Chase Club of New York, and he goes on there very shortly. In the meantime the Burlinghame Club is well on its feet and bids fair to become an institution. The form of organization is to undergo a change, I believe, it being decided to substitute for the present informal management a President and a Board of Directors. I was under the impression that Major Rathbone would continue to direct the affairs of the Club, but it seems he cannot be persuaded to devote the time to the organization he has hitherto given it. This is a distinct loss, as the Major makes an admirable administrator, and to his clever management the success of the Club is chiefly attributable. The name of Will Crocker has been suggested for the office.

* * *

The riding on Saturday was very clever, the finishes being close and exceedingly interesting. There were no spills. The results will be found in "Amateur Sport." Prior to the meeting there was a lunch in the Clubhouse at which there were several fashionable parties from the city. Mrs. Haggin entertained Mrs. Fred Sharon, Mrs. Will Tevis and several others. The Parrott contingent was *en evidence*, also quite a crowd from Menlo Park and Mountain View. Altogether the meeting was a brilliant success, and after the racing season is over golf is to be the attraction at Burlinghame. The links are laid out and practice games will soon commence.

* * *

The Directors of the Concordia Club are firm believers in the value of novelty. They varied the manner and style of their entertainment last Wednesday evening by having a reading by George W. Cable. There was the usual assemblage of members and their female relatives looking very charming in new gowns, and I don't believe the Creole novelist found anywhere a more intelligent and appreciative audience. I am told the Directors purpose making a feature of this form of entertainment during the season and intend inviting visiting celebrities to give them an evening.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Masten and Mr. Perkins, set for Tuesday next, will duplicate in many respects the nuptials of the bride's sister who was married to Mr. Gordon some weeks ago. There will be no maid of honor, but Misses Alice and Jenny Masten and Isabelle Kendall will be bridesmaids. A reception and supper are to follow the ceremony.

* * *

The engagement of W. H. Patton, Jr., son of the late W. H. Patton, and Miss Marguerite Rodriguez is announced. The wedding will be celebrated in January next.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Ida E. Cole, daughter of Dan I. Cole, Harbor Commissioner, and Mr. Howard P. Taylor, Jr., son of the noted playwright, will take place at the bride's home this, Saturday, morning at ten o'clock. The happy pair will make a tour of Southern California for their honeymoon.

* * *

One might reasonably pardon the curiosity that gathered so large a crowd round Saratoga Hall on Wednesday night. It is not often stage favorites elect to commit matrimony with so much ceremony as did Miss Salinger and Mr. Branson. With them the sacrament goes little farther than consent and a license. As in the instance of Marie Wainwright and Louis James, it took the form of a tacit agreement unratified by bell, book, or candle. There must have been at least one hundred and fifty witnesses to this union, however, including two charming bridesmaids, Miss Liddiard and Miss Lena Salinger, who really appeared to far better advantage than either does before the footlights—which is saying not a little. In addition to the scenic accessories, which, of course, included decorations, there was capital music. A batch of Tivoli songsters rendered the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin," and *Maestro* Bauer led Rosner's Orchestra through the splendid rhythms of the wedding march. There were presents galore—the service of three wagons being required to convey the gifts from the home of the bride's mother to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Branson.

* * *

Several entertainments have been given in honor of George W. Cable during his stay here. He has developed quite a fondness for San Francisco, and, if his engagements permitted, would undoubtedly prolong his stay in the Golden State. Last Sunday night Mrs. John Vance Cheney gave a small reception for him. She had a number of musical people who played and sang charmingly. Miss Sophie Newlands gave a delicious French *chanson* and afterwards an English spring song, both with charming expression. Her two years in Paris have certainly made her an artist. Miss Harrison, a very clever executant, played a Chopin waltz, and Miss Newmann gave a fine rendering of Liszt's "Rigoletto." Then Mr. Cable sang several Creole songs—among others "Little Silangadoux," an exceedingly pretty melody. Altogether, the evening passed most pleasantly.

* * *

Considerable interest is being excited in the "Old Nurenberg" *fête* to be given at the Mechanics' Pavilion in aid of the "Woman's Educational and Industrial Union." A clever committee has the affair in charge and a variety of really interesting features are promised. In fact, "Old Nurenberg" promises much in the line of distinct novelty. It opens on the night of November 11th and will continue a week.

* * *

The country is gradually being deserted. Most Menlo Park and San Mateo residents are moving up to town. Among others, the Parrotts are installed in the Sutter Street mansion for the winter.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne have sent out invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Mrs. Evelyn Shaw and Clinton Worden. They are to be wedded at noon on November 8th, the ceremony to be performed at Grace Church. The wedding breakfast will be given at the Towne house on California Street.

* * *

DISQUIETING the rumor whispered me about the sad fate that threatens a *coterie* of

impecunious bloods. A certain restaurant of prominence has on its books the names of a score or so young gentlemen who have indulged in champagne dinners and terrapin suppers at the expense of the proprietor. Highly fashionable personages some of them, well known in clubdom and the Western Addition. Alas, that they permit mere thirst and appetite run away with discretion. Despairing of collection, the restaurant has turned the accounts over to its lawyer, and I am told they are to be offered at auction in the very near future. Imagine the feelings of these nice young gentlemen when their names and debts are exposed to a cold and grinning world.

* * *

The *musicale* given by Madame Ziska last Tuesday night was a very pleasant success. The features were the singing of Mrs. Abbey, whose fine contralto organ was heard to advantage in several pretty ballads, and the whistling of Miss Sadie Libbey, who is really an accomplished executant. Miss Nora Connell sang very artistically and Mr. Lesley Martin gave several piano solos. Altogether a charming evening was spent.

* * *

Among the *habitués* of the Mason Street Synagogue a new society has been organized whose object is social enjoyment and the furtherance of a plan to build a new house of worship somewhere in the Western Addition. Its name is the "Ohabai Shalome Club," and there is already a membership of 200 young people. To the efforts of Julius Kahn and Mr. Selling is due the credit of forming the institution.

* * *

Miss May Foulkes and Ben Hayne are to be married in November, which reminds me that another romance originated in Santa Barbara during the flower *fête*, as Miss Fannie Orr met her fate then, and will wed him in December. He is a Mr. Holme of Denver, and they are to be wedded in December. Miss Orr's departure from Oakland will certainly be felt by everyone as she is, perhaps, the most popular girl on that side of the bay. No one has ever succeeded in being more thoughtful and winsome.

* * *

It was rather a pleasant entertainment the ladies of the Faculty of the State University gave the students at Stiles' Hall. There was a tremendous gathering of Seniors and Juniors, not to speak of co-eds, in their best gowns. Of course, they were all on their best behaviors and assumed the degree of depression appropriate to the auspices. Music, refreshments, and decorations were well to the fore during the evening, especially the latter.

* * *

Oakland commences to look natural once more. That means also a recurrence of social events, for which Heaven be praised. Recently it has been as dull in the environment of Jackson, Alice, and around there as though the place were San Francisco. Among last week's arrivals were Mrs. Borland with Miss Borland and Miss Agnes, Mrs. George C. Pardee, Mrs. Frank Woodward, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Martin, *née* Sylvia Chapman. But others have gone on to take their places. Among them is Paul Goldsmith, who sends over Oakland matter to the *Examiner* every evening. Paul is engaged to be married and was very anxious to have the ceremony performed contemporaneously with that of his friend, John Connors. The prospective bride, however, is manager of a Napa County exhibit and she could not be spared. Thus the loneliness of said Paul.

* * *

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Blankart, the eldest daughter of Professor Blankart, the violinist, to William Cullen. Both young people reside in East Oakland, and the engagement was not unexpected. She is very pretty, talented, and is quite a pianist, while He is one of the older young men and comes of a family which was once wealthy.

* * *

IN DOVE-COTES and elsewhere there is much perturbation over the destruction of Dr. Dodswell. By attracting attention to himself the unfortunate composer of "Mycale" precipitated his own downfall; he is now the target for journalistic slings and arrows; he is robbed of his prestige, of his pretensions, and illustrates abundantly the disastrousness of prominence when backed by a history. One has to have a fine development of talent to support an indecorously blotted escutcheon. Misfortunes never come singly, so the "Dr." is engaged not only in standing off the press but in defending a suit in the Justice's Court, and eluding members of the opera orchestra engaged in a wild hunt for shekels. This latter responsibility he is anxious to shift off on the Church of the Advent whose Trustees seem unable to regard the situation in the same light.

* * *

Among the accusations with which Dodswell is deluged is one of decamping with the pretty daughter of a tender-hearted clergyman. In this instance, however, he is sinned against, inasmuch as the affair was a runaway match, and why, oh why, cannot a musician wed whomsoever will marry him? However, what mild degree of sympathy I may be possessed of is entirely at the disposal of the Church. To me it seems to have rather the worst of the controversy.

* * *

They are a long-suffering people, the Oaklanders. Just now their affliction takes the form of an elocution epidemic. There are readers springing up from the most innocent-appearing sources, and in the ranks of one's immediate associates it is quite impossible to foretell who will break out next. The latest aspirant is Miss Maud Russell, who made her debut on Friday night last. She had the assistance of Miss Newlands, who has just returned from abroad. She studied vocal art to some purpose, for there is a distinct improvement in her singing. On the whole, both reader and singer were very generously applauded, looked charming, and gave an acceptable entertainment.

* * *

A large party of East Oaklanders left this week for Chicago. There were so many of them that they almost had the car to themselves. Among them were Mr. George Williams and his three daughters, Miss Blanche Hostetter, Mrs. A. A. Dewing, Mrs. S. H. Melvin, Miss Cynthia Leet, and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse P. Meehan. One set of Alamedans at present "doing" the Fair, is thinking of the return journey across the plains. This party is composed of the Tubbs contingent and their friends. Among them is Mrs. Judge Henshaw, Mrs. Hall, Miss Emma Ferrier, and Miss Ethel Kellogg. On Monday last Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Martin, of Defiance, Ohio, and Mrs. Frank J. Woodward returned from Chicago. Mrs. Martin was well known as Miss Sylvia Chapman, and her many friends are delighted that her future home is to be in California.

* * *

THERE WAS a little too much music at the Redfield concert last week; the series of events was a trifle long drawn out. I am persuaded the audience could, with equanimity, have suffered the absence of Mr. Pasmore's "sixteen selected voices," and one or two other items by *hig lif* high lights. Of course, Uncle George T. Bromley figured as big gun in the battery of great names. He discriminated on "The difference between great men and myself" in rather a diverting way, and made a joke or two whose points the audience failed quite to find. The unconscious method of humor which Mr. Bromley professes did not seem to win the degree of appreciation accorded it in the Bohemian Club. But, then, Oaklanders are occasionally dense.

* * *

What did amuse the audience was Uncle George's forgetfulness. Alluding to the beneficiary he stopped short at his name, and laughed off the mnemonical lapse by explaining he had done the same thing to Irving. Still that would have been pardoned him had he refrained from reciting interminable stanzas about certain cows that never came home. Especially good was the singing of young Mr. Bogart whose voice is quite an attractive one. He was quite vigorously applauded and should win a success in the musical world. Mr. Redfield should net a fair sum by his benefit, as the audience, from the numerical point of view, left little to be desired.

* * *

THE experience gained by Mr. James B. Stetson in the management of the California Traffic Association, the Presidency of which he resigned when its plans became impracticable, has evidently made a railroad man out of him. There is no other way in which to explain his interest in the North Pacific Coast Narrow Gauge Road, the management of which, I observe, at the instance of a syndicate of local capitalists, he has undertaken. This road has been the financial death of

nearly every one who has heretofore essayed to make it pay, and if Mr. Stetson shall succeed in rehabilitating it he will have performed a feat of no mean magnitude. I hope he will succeed. Unlike a large portion of the press of this town I do not look upon railroading as akin to highway robbery, and I now assure Mr. Stetson that no matter how great he may become as a railroad magnate *I* shall never regard him with malicious envy. However, I cannot make any promises for my loathsome contemporaries.

* * *

But I may be pardoned for remarking that in attempting the rejuvenation of the North Pacific Coast Railroad the venerable ex-President of the Traffic Association has undertaken, at his time of life, a Herculean task. That railroad, which runs from Sausalito to Duncan's Mills, was built by the late Milton S. Latham, ex-Governor and ex-United States Senator—a man of great brain and great executive ability. At the time it was projected Latham's plans were ambitious and extensive. The State was passing through the railroad craze of war times, and it was the fashion to build the iron ways from anywhere to nowhere. It was thought the redwoods of the north coast would enrich the constructors of the North Pacific, but they did not. Like the placers of the early days, they soon petered out, and the railroad was left without either passenger or freight traffic. Mr. Latham's fortune was swept away, and the road fell into the hands of the German bond-holders, who have operated it ever since in a vain attempt to secure the interest upon their original investment. Latham, who was the most successful politician of his time—having within a period of ten years (1853–63) filled consecutively the offices of Congressman, Governor, and United States Senator—went to New York after his failure and died there in 1882. It is a curious fact, and an interesting one in this connection, that ex-Senator Fair substantially repeated Latham's experiment in the construction of the South Pacific Coast a few years after the latter's downfall.

* * *

But he was fortunate in securing ferry privileges which were subsequently coveted by the Southern Pacific Company, and later on was enabled to sell his road at a fair profit. Mr. Stetson is a man of mature years who knows something about railroading. Before him has passed in panoramic order the entire history of railroad building in this State. He can profit not only by the experiences of Latham and Fair, but by those of our great railroad pioneers, Huntington, Stanford, and Crocker. As President of the Traffic Association it was his business to know the principles upon which railroads are operated, and it ought to be easy to apply them even to the North Pacific Coast Railroad. But the curious thing about the situation into which the whirligig of time has placed Mr. Stetson is this: As chief of the Traffic Association he was called upon to (and did) indorse certain utterances of that body with respect to railroading. If my memory serves me aright one of them was a declaration that there is no equity in a long and short haul discrimination; another one was that the value of transportable commodities should cut no figure in a freight tariff. In other words, that everything should be carried by bulk. Now that Mr. Stetson is running a railroad, I am anxious to see whether he will carry passengers porportionally as cheaply to Duncan's Mills as he does to San Rafael, and also whether he will bring Point Reyes butter to town as cheaply from the north coast as he does redwood bark and logs.

* * *

IF ANY ONE had told me one year ago that Martin Kelly would not at this moment have sufficient influence at the City Hall to secure the suppression of a throbbing engine, which holds forth every day next to his house down on Folsom Street, I should have laughed at him. But such, nevertheless, appears to be the fact. Some weeks ago Martin uttered a loud howl in one of the daily newspapers concerning this nuisance. He said the engine went "thump, thump, thump" all day, and began at such an early hour in the morning that he could not sleep. (It must be remembered that Martin's political duties keep him up late o' nights, and that in order to secure needed rest he has to sleep of mornings.) But the newspaper protest availed nothing; the thumping of the engine continued.

* * *

Then Martin applied to Mayor Ellert for relief. The Mayor laughed at him. "Even if I had the power to do this," said his Honor, "you've got a monumental nerve to ask me. Go to the Board of Supervisors." So Martin trudged up to the rooms of the Fire Committee. "Sho! Martin," said Supervisor Dundon, deprecatingly, "you're joking. The thumping is in your head. It's that Seventh Ward fire water. I know it. I was down there last 'lection." The Boss went away sadly. His "pull" is nowhere. I doubt whether he could get a permit to take a dog out of the Pound.

* * *

MY esteemed contemporary, the *Examiner*, evidently has hydrophobia in its worst form. The mere mention in its presence of the name of the Spring Valley Water Company causes it to froth at the mouth in a most painful fashion, and the suggestion that some members of the Board of Supervisors might have been actuated by good motives in voting for the water ordinance recently passed upon by the Supreme Court, causes it to howl like a Madge Morris coyote. The efforts of the "Monarch" to imitate the anti-corporation frothings of its contemporary, the *Evening Silurian*, are really comical. If I were not so busy these days with more important affairs of State I would parallel column some of their utterances and illustrate their intellectual similarities. But the "Monarch" may as well cease from troubling. It can never become a great corporation calumniator, for the simple reason that that "graft" (to use an expressive if not classical word) has long since been worked out. It never had more than one effective phase, and that has fallen into innocuous desuetude. I refer to the charge that every legislator or executive who favors a corporation must necessarily have been "bought."

* * *

This hoary old howl, I beg to remind the "Monarch," has for years been a silly chestnut and to repeat it now merely indicates intellectual poverty. But even if the personal characters of some of the Supervisors (to whom the "Monarch" darkly hints when it speaks of Spring Valley) lend color to the ancient charge, it only sets a boomerang in motion when it includes such men as Christian Reis and Dan Rogers in the "purchased" category. Upon the heads of these two men the snows of many winters have fallen. Both are well provided with worldly goods and chattels, and neither can hope for many more triumphs in this mundane sphere.

* * *

Each has been trusted before, Rogers in the Legislature and Reis in the City Treasury, and their standing as honorable men has been established for forty years. It is unthinkable that these two old gentlemen would accept a paltry $5000 (which is all the "Monarch" agrees a supervisorial vote on the water question is worth) and become forever the tools of any corporation. The fact of the matter is, the charge is ridiculous. No one believes it, no matter how often it is repeated. The Water Company won its case before the Supervisors with cold figures, and if the *Examiner* would take the trouble to read the evidence, it would have difficulty in framing an order different from that which was passed. Are all men who refuse to play the demagogue or to "stand in" with the lobby to "cinch" corporations to be forever denounced as having been bribed?

* * *

THE FAILURE of B. Feigenbaum & Co., the great toy merchants of San Francisco, will produce general consternation in Santa Claus circles. Not because the financial eclipse of the firm will cause a rise in the price of nicknacks, but because there is a liklihood of the firm falling into the hands of the carrion crows who infest the insolvency Court, in which event the toys in its possession will be tied up indefinitely. However, to condole with the Santa Clauses of the Mission and the Western Addition was not my purpose when I began this paragraph. Whatever the fate of this toy house, the local St. Nicks will be able to care for themselves I imagine. What I started out to do was to tell how, many years ago, Mr. Feigenbaum, the elder, father of the present brothers, Joseph and Bendict, and founder of the house, was victimized by a strolling drummer —a story of which the present failure is a reminder.

* * *

It was near the Merry Christmas time and drums were scarce. The oracles were all

agreed, however, that the small boy and the snare-drum were to be the reigning sensation. Mr. Feigenbaum, with a provident eye to business, had made preparations for the season by importing a large number of drums. In fact, a month before Christmas his store was crowded with the horrid instruments. One day a man strolled in and looked at the stock.

"I am going to open a store up town," he said, "and deal exclusively in drums. They are the big thing this year. I want to buy every one you've got."

Mr. Feigenbaum was gleeful and quickly raised the price. But the stranger met the advance promptly. "A few dollars is nothing to me," he said; "this is a big thing."

So they reached an agreement and signed a contract for the sale of every drum in the store. The cheery stranger paid ten per cent down and went away whistling "The Drummer Boy of Appomatox."

* * *

A week passed and he did not return. But the demand for drums was something tremendous. Toy dealers dropped in every day and howled for drums. Three days before Christmas a note from the stranger arrived warning Feigenbaum not to sell a single drum under pain of an action for damages. By this time it was apparent that the contract was a fraud, designed to enable some one up town to corner the drum market, but Feigenbaum was helpless.

When the boom in drums had collapsed, a few days after Christmas, the great toy dealer ascertained that the job had been put up on him by the late M. J. Flavin, who had the only other stock of drums in town. The result was that Flavin sold out and Feigenbaum kept his instruments of torture another year. The stranger who made the contract was irresponsible, and an attempt to connect him with Flavin failed.

* * *

THE CONDUCT of President Cleveland with reference to silver, the Geary Act, and the distribution of the offices on this Coast—in administering all of which he has given me signal dissatisfaction—is nothing compared to the very latest outrage perpetrated by his Secretary of the Interior. I refer to the banishment of ex-Weather Prophet Jenkins to the Mohave Desert. The English language, as it has come down to me from the masters who have murdered it since the days of King Arthur, is utterly incapable of supplying the adjectives necessary to denounce this piece of Presidential usurpation. If President Cleveland ever runs for office again, he cannot hope to receive a vote in this town. For myself, I shall vote against him early and often. Nothing to my mind will ever wipe away the stain of banishing Mr. Jenkins.

* * *

It may be true as alleged that this young man has been rolling too high; it may be true that while he occupied the office of local forecast official at this station he turned fair weather into foul, and sunshine into rain; it may be true that in his predictions the new moon became old, almost before it was new-bent in Heaven; it may be—but why should I go further? I understand that Mr. Jenkins has been banished to Keeler, which is on the easterly side of the Sierras, sixty miles from Fresno. There he is to become a weather "observer." The population of Keeler is chiefly savage, and in his idle moments, instead of pedro and poker, Jenkins will have to play "craps" and base-ball. I submit that nothing that he has done here justifies the President in inflicting any such punishment upon him. Besides, when he is gone, what will we do for meteorological jokes?

* * *

THE ARREST of Senator Billy Dunn for embracery, and the prospect that he may be convicted and sent to San Quentin, presents a most interesting question of senatorial courtesy. Mr. Dunn, I am reminded by his title, is a hold-over Senator, and if he is not overtaken by the Grim Destroyer or gobbled up by the State's Turnkey ere the next Legislature meets, he will take his seat in the State Senate and in regular order vote for a United States Senator. The question is, will a conviction forfeit his office, or will Warden Hale, of the San Quentin Bastile, extend to the Senator the courtesy becoming one of his rank, namely, permit him to take his seat during the session and return to his cell afterward? I am not informed as to the law of this case, but I think, in view of the fact that it is becoming so fashionable to indict State Senators, the Supreme Court ought speedily to settle the custom.

* * *

Senator Dick Creighton was arrested for embracery ten years ago and while awaiting trial attended an extra session of the Senate. His fellow Senators extended to him the warm hand of fellowship and asked no embarrassing questions. Subsequently, when he was convicted, many of them interested themselves in his behalf, and when he finally obtained a pardon there was much rejoicing at the Capitol. Three years ago when the Grand Jury indicted Senator Billy Williams and Senator Tom Harp, of Stanislaus, no question was raised as to their right to participate in the legislative councils of the State. The term of Mr. Williams expired before the Legislature again convened, but Mr. Harp met with the Senators last year and sat his term out. The proof that Harp had sold his vote during the celebrated "Combine" session of 1891 was, I am told, perfectly clear, but it never seems to have occurred to his fellow Senators to investigate the charge. But now that Senator Dunn is about to stand trial for embracery it is high time, I think, that these questions of senatorial privilege should be settled. At what period of a Senator's private political career are his functions as a legislator to be suspended?

* * *

THE DRAMATIC arguments of the law are sometimes more convincing than the logical. They are not likely to be less fraudulent, however, for, after all, the administration of justice and the dispensation of judicial mercy are left to men who, in their thoughts and impulses, vary with every changing breeze. Recent events in the Criminal Courts, characterized by maudlin appeals in behalf of red-handed murderers, some of which, with the aid of the jury-fixers, have prevailed against justice, remind me of a story. Many years ago when Daniel J. Murphy, now Superior Judge, held the office of District Attorney, he prosecuted Joshua Hamlin for the murder of John M. Massey. The homicide was a famous one because the principals were well known throughout the State. George Knight defended Massey, and, in his closing argument, delivered his celebrated prayer for mercy to the jury. As this invocation was pronounced while George knelt in front of the jury-box, it was the subject of a good deal of fun afterwards.

* * *

Murphy prosecuted the charge with great vim, but he produced little evidence. Indeed, the testimony for the people ended so abruptly that it caused general remark.

"Am I to understand," said Mr. Knight, who was then a very young man and correspondingly impressionable, "that the prosecution now rests?" And he looked at the jury with a well-this-is-a-pudding air.

"Yes, sir," replied the District Attorney, "the prosecution rests."

"Well, but surely the prosecution has not finished its case. If it has I shall certainly ask the Court to dismiss the charge against the defendant. If this is all the District Attorney has to offer this man has been the victim of a gross judicial outrage."

* * *

Murphy seemed to be lost in revery for a moment. Then, rising, with a fierce gesture, he said: "I have one more witness, your Honor. I will call him. Mr. Bailiff (addressing the Deputy Sheriff) call John M. Massey at the door."

The Deputy, with an air of ignorant innocence that would have been dramatic had it not been genuine, called loudly at the door: "John M. Massey, John M. Massey, come into Court! No answer, sir."

"Your honor, the only other witness I have against this defendant is absent. I shall be *compelled* to rest my case."

George wriggled and sputtered and gesticulated for two days after that, but the jury convicted Hamlin just the same.

* * *

THE LATE John K. Luttrell, who, true to his political traditions, died while holding office, is the last of the old-fashioned Democratic politicians of California. His two greatest prototypes were the late Governor Irwin and the late Senator Farley. All three were men who managed political campaigns on the ancient plan—very little money and plenty of music and jaw bone. They knew nothing of

the modern methods of political boodling, but were leaders without conceit or affectation. Luttrell served two terms in the Legislature, three in Congress, one in the Board of Prison Directors, and at the time of his death was United States Commissioner of Fisheries in Alaska. He died of Bright's disease, that good old stalwart political complaint, which, I believe, is induced by good living.

* * *

The best story I ever heard of Luttrell was told about him in Washington during his second term in Congress. He possessed the rare faculty of sizing up situations, and oftentimes gave expression to most humorous comments upon them. On one occasion, it is related, a new Congressman, who had been trying for a week to catch the eye of Speaker Blaine, went to Luttrell's seat and, in a fit of disgust, exclaimed:

"John, this House is run by a lot of tyrants. Confound them, they do not number half a dozen. I could cover them, if they were bunched, with an Indian blanket."

"Pshaw," replied Luttrell, shifting his quid, "you can do better than that. You can cover them with a dinner plate. Just go up there and put a plate on top of Jim Blaine's head and you will have all of 'em."

* * *

I CANNOT BUT express regret at the disappointment Carroll Cook sustained in that Licensed Victualers protest in which his voice was raised loudest. The cause of the saloon people suffering under the aggressions of the anti-dive combination was daringly undertaken by Carroll, who turned the dogs of municipal warfare into the camp of the enemy creating a diversion of marked value. He engaged the Supervisors in verbal combat, challenged their actions, and aspersed the motives of the Saints in an entertaining and effective way. It seems, however, that in coming to the aid of the Victualers, Cook neglected to make an agreement as to compensation. Indeed, some of the clients who found his zeal so admirable asserted, later, that his services had never been requisitioned—in other words that Carroll had thrown himself into the breach from motives of pure high-mindedness.

* * *

It seems unfortunate that the monetary value the zealous attorney sets on his services did not harmonize with the impression of their value entertained by the saloon men. To some half dozen of them he sent bills for $250 each—rather a fair equivalent it might seem to the uninitiated for the work performed. But, then, Mr. Cook is a clever man, and his services are a trifle costly. Rather perturbed were the recipients of the several bills, but, after advising with friends and countrymen, they informed Carroll he might whistle for his cash. He is whistling, I believe. There is an excellent moral to this, and those who skim may read it.

* * *

THE FACULTY of the Berkeley University at last have a genuine cause for complaint. The growls that usually proceed from that quarter are, I am inclined to believe, the result of educational choler, but the latest prank that has been played upon them is sufficient to make a mule kick. A few nights ago one of the fraternal bodies of students held a celebration on this side. The affair was prolonged far into the night, and when, long after the last boat had departed, the boys awoke to a realization of their situation they were possessed of only sufficient funds to rent one room, which they agreed to occupy in a body, irrespective of the penalties provided by the cubic air law.

* * *

At a down-town hotel they registered from Berkeley under the names of those members of the faculty for whom they entertain the most dislike. Several claimed the same Professor, but a fair distribution was finally arranged. Over the experiences of the hotel clerks and porters with the occupants of that room, I think it is well to draw the veil. It is sufficient to remark that no Berkeley Professor will ever be accommodated in that house again. The next day all the names were printed in the daily papers among the hotel arrivals, and a rumor rapidly spread throughout Berkeley that the University faculty had been across the bay on a jam. All the Professors have succeeded in counteracting this impression except Professor Soule. His explanations are still received with marked incredulity.

* * *

THE SEPULCHRAL silence that prevails in the tall tower with respect to the charges of jury-fixing against King McManus has been a subject of no end of wonder. It seems that, like the wart upon Master Fenton's eye which elicited the comment from Dame Quickly, a tale hangs dependant from this silence. It is not a very elaborate tale, but it is worth telling, especially since it has political significance. During Senator De Young's last campaign but one (the last one was made in Governor Markham's apartments at the Palace) the *Chronicle* in the Potrero Civil War took decided ground against the King. The Welch brothers produced this situation by effecting a deal with Kelly and Crimmins, Senator De Young's Assembly District Managers. One day the King came in from the Potrero with gore streaming from his left eye. He interviewed a down-town printer and then issued a proclamation to the newsboys inviting them to dine with him at a Geary Street restaurant.

* * *

Word of these warlike preparations was speedily conveyed to the tall tower. Senator De Young sallied forth, discovered that the King had had printed that same old pamphlet, and was about to throw it upon the market by means of the news *gamins*. A truce conference was immediately called at which Phil Crimmins presided and Martin Kelly acted as Secretary and Sergeant-at-Arms. The bargain was this: The *Chronicle* and the Third Street bosses were to keep clear of the Potrero conflict, and the former was never to print in its columns the name of McManus again. There is one thing about Senator De Young that I admire. He keeps his political contracts, no matter what the sacrifice. And he paid for the newsboys' dinner, too.

* * *

REALLY, while I am loath to interfere with the steady and ever-rippling flow of justice, it seems to me that the Superior Judges who have our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Nobby Clarke, confined in the County Jail are carrying things too far. For two years past Clarke has not been responsible for his conduct, and any judge who would order him to the Bastile is guilty of interfering with the liberty of an unaccountable crank. The study of the law, I think, has turned the venerable Counselor's head. Years ago, as Clerk to the Chief of Police, he seemed rational enough. Ever since his resignation of that office, however, he has manifested signs of insanity. One of his pet theories—the idea of which, I believe, he has picked up in reading about the inviolability of the person of the Roman citizen—is that personal liberty cannot, in this Republic, be infringed upon. Of course, he has overlooked the law of contempt.

* * *

When Clarke retired from the Police Department he was worth thirty or forty thousand dollars—not half a million as the daily papers exaggeratingly assert. His first sign of insanity was marriage, and yet there was method in his madness, for the lady, whom he espoused, brought with her a substantial fortune. Clarke's next sign of lunacy was an attempt to develop water works upon the hills south of the Twin Peaks. In this enterprise he cherished hopes of rivaling Spring Valley, and as a basis of operations quarreled with all his neighbors and set the Supervisors by the ears. The ultimate result was bankruptcy; and it is with respect to the remnant of his fortune that he is now warring with the Superior Court. In refusing to file an inventory of his property in the insolvency proceedings against him, Clarke is no doubt cunningly seeking to throw dust in the eyes of his creditors. The shift is so ludicrous, however, that it can effect no purpose. My opinion is that Judge Murphy, instead of sending this eccentric old man to the County Jail, should appoint a guardian for him at once.

* * *

THE MOST remarkable case of self-abasement on record is that of Thomas H. Reynolds, ex-County Clerk of this city. It has been so long since this individual figured in local politics that the present generation scarcely remember him. Ten years ago, however, he was arrested for embezzling the funds of the Commonwealth while a deputy in the office of the Secretary of State. Before that he was the County Clerk and a local boss in this city. His trial at Sacramento resulted in an acquittal. It has always been believed that the jury was fixed, but no proof was ever presented of that interesting fact until now,

it seems, Reynolds supplies it himself. Not only does he reveal the information voluntarily, but he does it to injure the man who fixed the jury, and whom he never paid for the work.

* * *

There is a libel suit in progress at the Capital between a local paper and George P. Royster, a politician. The paper charged Royster with packing juries while Deputy County Clerk, and it brought Reynolds forward to substantiate the charge. The latter has been a physical wreck for six or seven years past, but it seems his memory of the events of his trial ten years ago are perfectly clear. He declares that Royster fixed the jury which acquitted him for a stipulated sum, two hundered dollars, but that he subsequently swindled him out of the money. I have seen some striking instances in my time of moral degradation, the incentive for which was a few paltry dollars, but nothing like this case of Reynolds has ever yet staggered my imagination. If I were not morally convinced that he could never have been acquitted of the charge of embezzlement except by a packed jury, I should feel inclined to believe that his testimony in this libel suit was false. Dan Burns was the Secretary of State who employed Reynolds. Dan was charged also with being privy to the disappearance of the money. Some people have heretofore thought he knew more about it than he cared to tell. But this exploit of Reynolds effectually clears him.

* * *

WHEN I say that I understand Mayor Ellert has been carrying around for the past two weeks a package of dynamite bombs in the breast pocket of his coat, I desire to be understood as speaking in a Pickwickian sense. Of course, his Honor has not been lugging about gas pipes filled with the real explosive, but, so far as the Board of Education is concerned, the stuff he has in his coat pocket is even more dangerous than dynamite. I do not know when Mr. Ellert purposes setting off the charge, but, if my information is correct, when he does President Hyde's little ring in the School Board will be blown higher than Gilderoy's kite. I do not know how high Gilderoy's kite was blown, but its ultimate altitude must have been tremendous, for that simile is a century old. I am told that for two months past the Mayor has had an expert named Horace D. Dunn at work upon the books of the Board of Education. About a week ago Mr. Dunn began sending in reports of his examination.

* * *

My informant states that his Honor has accumulated in this way during the past few days a pocketful of most explosive figures. Indeed (but he may exaggerate) he says the figures are sufficient to send Mr. Hyde's tight little ring to the County Jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. Expert Dunn finds that not only have the Directors violated the law in awarding contracts, which makes them guilty of malfeasance in office, but they have passed and ordered paid bills for work that was never performed. A dozen or more cases have been discovered where the charges of some of the pet contractors of the ring exceed the value and number of the articles supplied, several of which with the figures are set forth by the expert. In fact, my veracious informant, after having unbosomed his information, expressed the opinion that the maws of San Quentin prison are yearning for President Hyde and the entire Board of Education.

* * *

Of this, however, I have my doubts. It has been held by several Appellate Courts that a vote in opposition to an invalid measure absolves its owner from responsibility. If this is the law in California, Dr. Decker and his little band of objectors are safe. I believe the records will show that they have voted against everything advocated by President Hyde during the past year. But what is to become of the other seven? The Mayor has no idea of permitting the thing to drop. In fact, he is even now collating and arranging Dunn's reports, and one of these days he will fire them off. That a loud explosion will ensue there is no question. And the humorous portion of this impending drama is that not a single member of the Board of Education is aware of the powder magazine upon which he is now sitting and so complacently smoking his fragrant Havanas.

* * *

THE PREVAILING sensation in Oakland is the Carnival of Spirits. During the past week skeptics and believers alike have thronged to the tent where nightly the phantoms of their deceased friends and relatives congregate and make themselves known. On a certain evening recently, A. A. Moore, the well-known lawyer, was chosen by the audience to tie the medium. Mr. Moore is not exactly a believer, but he has inclinations, so to speak. He bound the medium so tight, however, that a row ensued, which came near causing a general dispersion of the spirits. The medium declared that Moore had taken an unfair advantage, and the latter said he had aimed to make some knots that no spirits, not even the spirits of Old Rye, could unloosen.

* * *

But the meanest prank that has been played on the flitting spectres who frequent the tent was by a party of boys from the Oakland High School. These youngsters one evening distributed H^2 So^4 and a large quantity of rather ripe Swiss cheese throughout the audience for the purpose, as they said, of appealing to the olfactories of the phantoms. The amalgamated odors that ensued quickly smelled to high heaven and dispersed the audience. For two days after this outrage the medium struggled to get the spirits back again, the smells having driven them all across the Stygian River, and for awhile it was thought the tent would have to be moved. But I understand the diffident disembodied are again at work all right.

* * *

APROPOS of the tempestuous career of Mr. Billy Ackerson as Superintendent of Streets, the details of which have recently been giving my esteemed contemporary, the *Chronicle*, considerable trouble, I am informed that since the exposures of that journal the careless manner of doing "work" in the Department has been brought to a standstill. The explanation of the manner in which the employés have been assessed for money with which to purchase gifts for Billy and his brother George has caused the Superintendent some embarrassment. Besides, the promulgation of that order requiring all the boys to slake their thirsts at the Ackerson saloon, on Third Street, is not calculated to make an official of Mr. Ackerson's sensitiveness feel particularly comfortable, especially since it comes on top of a proposition on the part of some of the Supervisors to make certain representations to the next Grand Jury.

* * *

However, things will be executed more deftly in the Street Superintendent's office hereafter. I say this because the other day a man told me he was severely rebuked for displaying a handful of gold in the presence of Billy's brother, surnamed the "Kid." This man always rattles his coin as he converses. When he has no coin in his pocket he rattles a bunch of keys. The rattle, he says, has a tendency to woo the god of loquacity. On this occasion he held a trio of twenties in his hand, and as he conversed with divers persons in Billy's office, he rattled them. Finally the "Kid" approached.

"See here," he said, "if you're going to stay in this office put up that coin."

"Why, what's the matter with the coin?" was asked.

"Well," rejoined the young man, "you ought to have sense enough to know that this is no place for such raw work as you have been giving us for the past twenty minutes."

The Witness.

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THE WAVE
A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 28, 1893.

OUR VULGAR HOUSE OF LORDS.

The rules of the United States Senate, as they have descended upon the present members from the fathers, provide that no measure shall be voted upon until every Senator shall have been given an opportunity to be heard. In other words, the previous question is unknown in our house of sovereign American "Lords." This rule, made for statesmen who appreciated and understood their duties to their country and the people, has, during the past two weeks, been subjected to the grossest abuse. I doubt whether the history of the Senate presents a parallel for the conduct of the venerable Senator from Nevada, who held the floor for two sessions a few days ago, while he read all the petty lies about President Cleveland that could be gathered from everywhere. The Senate went through a bloody civil war with its attendant passions only a few years ago, but it never listened to fourteen hours of such oratory as was retailed to it out of old books and almanacs the other day by the leather-lunged Senator from Nebraska.

Within the past few years many demands have been made by iconoclastic orators for the abolition of the Federal Senate. It has been said, with truth, that it has long since ceased to be American. The ancient chamber, in the early days of the Republic the scene of the triumphs of our greatest orators, patriots, and statesmen, has, it is charged, become a receptacle for vulgar millionaires, corrupt lawyers, and the representatives of special interests. How long shall we, who cling to the blessed traditions of the State, continue to deny these assertions with such history before us as the Senate has made since August 7th? The vulgar silver Lords, who would betray their country rather than permit the Government to discontinue its silver purchases, have done more within two weeks to abolish the Senate than could be accomplished by a thousand platform orators in a year. When the American people become thoroughly ashamed of the Senate its days will be numbered.

BANKHEAD AND THE SITE.

In making himself the instrument for recording the greeds and grudges of the real estate speculators who did not succeed in selling the Federal Government a postoffice-site in this city, Congressman Bankhead, of Alabama, is not manufacturing the political capital out here for which he evidently labors. Our people understand very well the merits of this postoffice-site controversy, and nothing that Mr. Bankhead can say with respect to it is likely to change their views. It has long been the settled opinion here that the only mistake committed by the owners of the lot at the corner of Seventh and Mission Streets was their failure to retain a newspaper or two to advocate their cause. All the other sites had their organs, but through some unaccountable error this one neglected to secure a journalistic champion. Hence the flood of slander that has followed the selection of this particular site.

When the lot was purchased there remained of the appropriation $210,000, which the law dedicated to the preparation of the ground for a building. But the Government, instead of expending this money, has permitted Mr. Bankhead and his fellow demagogues in Congress to hang up the entire enterprise with an investigation which can result in nothing, unless it be the glorification of the persons who take this method of proving to the public that they are "honest." In the meantime the site, which might be the scene of several hundred artisans busily at work, is used for a soup-house and camp for the unemployed. Were Mr. Bankhead to aid in releasing this appropriation and setting this work in motion, we might gratefully call him Clearhead or Longhead, but as a disseminator of slander and an obstructor of public improvements, he will come in time to be grouped under the general designation of Congressional Lunkheads, who, like the Bourbons, never learn anything.

CURIOUS THINGS ACROSS THE BAY.

Some very amusing history is being made in Oakland now-a-days. It is amusing not only from the standpoint of the political philosopher, but also from the coign of those observers of human nature who affect to find in the works of men explanations of their mode of reasoning. Some two weeks ago the Oakland Water Front Company drove a line of piles along the bay shore of Oakland and Alameda. The line was supposed to mark the boundary of the Company's claim. The piles did no particular harm, and if there is any question concerning the validity of the corporation's title, they could in no wise have settled it. But Mayor Pardee, at the head of a strong naval force, took to the water and promptly pulled up all the offending sticks in front of Oakland. The Water Front Company made no resistance; it did not even apply for an injunction, the well-known legal device for restraining destroyers of property. The Alameda authorities thought nothing of the piles in front of their town until Mayor Pardee's successful naval exploit drew their attention to them, and then they became "irritated." Instead of hiring a stump-puller, however, City Attorney Taylor wrote to Attorney Herrin, of the Southern Pacific Company, and politely asked him to remove the piles.

To the amazement, I have no doubt of all the Oakland sandlotters, Mr. Herrin in an equally polite note granted Mr. Taylor's request; and the next day the railroad pile-puller went over to Alameda and removed the irritating sticks. But this is not all. Last week the Southern Pacific began its crusade against the deadheads on the Seventh Street road. The cars, supplied with wire doors and attendants, are now being operated under a set of rules that are a marvel of corporation gentleness. The gatemen have orders to permit old people and cripples, who appear without tickets, to ride free, and all the schools are supplied with passes for the school children. In fact, the Company seems to have made every effort to get along peaceably with the deadheads until they become accustomed to paying their fares.

But all this has greatly "irritated" the editor of the Oakland *Enquirer*. That gentleman wants nothing that he does not have to fight for. Rather than ask Attorney Herrin to remove the piles in front of Oakland, he declares that he would put on his war paint and take to the woods. He considers it an unnecessary humiliation to make any kind of a request of the Southern Pacific Company. As the *Enquirer* is the organ of the Oakland sandlotters, I suppose this expresses their views. They are warlike in spirit and delight in a row. But what if they should find, after the next election, that the town which they have made a scene of intellectual carnage for a year past, was tired of them and preferred a peaceful arbitration of corporation difficulties? Or, suppose the next Republican State convention, instead of nominating Mayor Pardee for Governor, as they anticipate it will do, should snow him under? There would then have to be an amendment to the present method of "doing" politics in Oakland, eh?

THE OVER-EDUCATION BUGBEAR.

More flattering than veracious is the popular theory which ascribes feminine delicacy to an overtaxed brain. There is little about the current damsel—that interesting type which we call the California girl—to suggest intellectuality. She has the average accomplishments—the normal smattering of French or German. She is superficially as musical and as imperfectly artistic as her Eastern sister—attains, in fact, that degree of respectable mental mediocrity which enables the enjoyment of Society and an appreciation of the small talk of clubdom. She may, in addition, be honest, interesting, intelligent even, but the idea of crediting all her maladies to over-education seems based on a complete misapprehension of the facts. At least, it is a conclusion her conversation does not justify.

In spite of the suggestion of vigor which the admirable physique of the California girl conveys, she is subject to the minor ailments, the petty delicacies, the trivial complaints that her Eastern sister suffers from. By no means fatal in their consequences, these disorders may not be laughed at as insignificant. In their general effect they are serious enough; they incapacitate, they debilitate just as an illness of positive pretensions might. They are not an affectation in any sense of the word, but why look for their source in geography or history—even in grammar?

Is brain effort confined to books? Is it only in study one utilizes the machinery of one's mind? Is it not more rational to look for the cause of a feminine weakness in the

rush and stress of fashionable activity? Dancing and visiting and theatre-going may make slight demands on the intellect, but in their drafts on the vitality they are exhaustive. Social exertion calls into play the physical and mental forces just as conducting a business does. Because a busy day on the Produce Exchange does not result in the production of a picture, a novel, a musical composition, is it reasonable to assume that trading does not entail the exercise of intelligence? The active operator finds little energy left him at the close of an exciting session. If he would succeed, he must rest; he must give the wasted nerve tissues an opportunity to renew themselves.

It is rest that is the great necessity—intervals of complete relaxation after periods of physical endeavor. If young women would but realize that, the necessity for coining names to fit imaginary ailments would cease, and education relieved of a terrible accusation.

THE GAS RATE QUESTION.

The present dilemma of the Street Light Committee of the Board of Supervisors ought to be resolved on common sense lines. Ordinarily a political pledge is a sacred trust, but in order to be binding it should be reasonable. If the last Democratic City Convention had pledged the Supervisors, during their term, to reduce the specific gravity of the moon's rays, no one would have expected such a pledge to be observed. A pledge to reduce gas rates rests on about the same basis. No one has asked for it; gas is a luxury that no one need use unless he wants to; the price now charged, compared with the rates in other cities, is low enough; the city receives its gas at twenty-five cents a thousand feet less than the other consumers; and, finally, it was only a few years ago that a Board of Supervisors cheated one of the companies out of $17,000 in cold money.

I do not speak for the gas corporations as entities, nor for their officers or employés, but for the stockholders, the value of whose holdings are certain to be impaired if the Street Light Committee reduces gas rates. It is about time, I think, that these raids on corporations by irresponsible political hoodlums in City Conventions should be stopped. The trade of San Francisco is being driven away by hostile legislation; its manufactures are being ruined by a war on the overland railroads conducted entirely in the interest of a few wholesale merchants; and capital is being rooted out of its last resting place (dividend paying stocks) by the mousing politicians. This raid on gas stock should receive no encouragement from the sensible men who form a majority of the present Board of Supervisors. The pledge referred to is outrageous and meaningless, and should be repudiated. If this town is not to be wiped off the face of the earth, and every man or woman with money willing to invest in its property driven out of it, somebody should take this demagogic political bull by the horns and break its neck.

MAYOR ELLERT, who is engaged in the commendable work of finding business for the unemployed, should not commit himself to the project of sweeping the streets by hand until he has looked into the history of that municipal function. Some years ago the Supervisors let contracts for hand work throughout the city, under the impression that they would thus engage a few extra idle men. The result was, as any man acquainted with the kind of human nature that frequents the City Hall might have guessed, that the streets went unswept and the money expended found its way into the hands of a few thieving contractors. A machine seems to be a contrivance that will do its duty, but two-legged white men are very uncertain.

* * *

THE TROUBLE about finding a location for the Corbett-Mitchell bruising match seems to proceed from a feverish idea on the part of its managers that the gate money will not be sufficient to pay them for their trouble. If these two punchers merely desired to determine the championship question they could steal away to a lonely spot any day and have it out. That is what Heenan, Sayers, Allen, Mace, and their ancient prototypes used to do. But in these degenerate days the gate money is more important than any problem of physical prowess.

* * *

IT IS now announced that Mr. Keely, who, for twenty years, has been inventing a motor, has at last fixed his machine up and is ready to make it go. He claims to have discovered a new principle in chemistry, namely, the generation of energy by disintegrating the elements of oxygen and hydrogen. Is this announcement preliminary to another assessment of the stockholders of the Keely Company, or does the great motor discoverer really mean business?

* * *

IN DISCUSSING the McCreary Bill, Congressman Geary drew a lurid picture of the havoc that would immediately follow its passage, and declared that it was a device of the Chinese Minister for undoing the United States. A few hours after its passage by the House, in the course of an interview in the *Examiner*, he said it was an improvement upon the Geary Act and would "effectually end Chinese immigration." Mr. Geary is evidently one of those statesmen who think that vocal pyrotechnics are a good substitute for consistency and common sense.

* * *

THERE HAS not recently been a more serious political sign than the action of the Bankers' Convention at Chicago last week upon the silver question. The Convention *unanimously* condemned the United States Senate for not repealing the Sherman law. When the financial element of the country, representing honest money and stability in business, takes the trouble to condemn any set of politicians, it means something. Is the National Democratic party going to be held responsible for the failure of the Senate to act upon the Sherman law? If so, there is trouble ahead for it.

"OUR SOCIETY" BLUE BOOK.

The Blue Book for the season of 1893-94 is rapidly approaching completion, and will be issued in November. The publisher has been engaged for months in the compilation of this work and has spared neither time nor expense to make it a standard authority in such Society matters as are usually embraced in a production of this kind. Every portion of the data upon which the publication is grounded has been subjected to a rigorous criticism, and it is sincerely hoped that no objectionable features will be discovered that might offend the most captious. The Blue Book will be printed on delicately-tinted, gilt-edged paper and elegantly bound with an appropriate design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The residences of those included in the list of Society people will be given alphabetically and numerically by streets and avenues. "Our Society" Blue Book includes not only Society people in San Francisco, but those in the principal social centres of the State. It is the only "Blue Book" recognized by Society in California. It will be issued from the press of the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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SOME LIVE TOPICS.

BY JOHN P. IRISH.

Are we in a position to combat the ancients who used to promulgate the soul-satisfying theory that the devil had broken out and was running things in the world to suit himself?

When Nature frowned in storms and dark days, men were hushed and awe-smitten, and seemed to see, flitting through the clouds, the black wing of Satan, or to hear the rattle of his hard hoof upon the black highway of the air. There fell upon New England once a dark day when it seemed as though the sun had been halted above another Ajalon. The Colonial Legislature was in session that day, and members, in great terror and distress, asked the speaker for adjournment, because they believed the Day of Judgment was upon them and they desired to see how their balances stood in the Great Book. From the midst of these white-faced tremblers rose a man, who, I believe, was an ancestor of President Cleveland, and said: "If Judgment be come, let it find every man at his post of duty. Bring candles and let us proceed with the business of the people." The lights were brought, and the people's business proceeded. Next day the sun shone, the birds sang, and life made its happy rounds.

Just now is a term of clouds and calamity. Business is down, work scarce, storms gather in the air and leap upon the earth destroying life and the props on which life depends. Ships strike uncharted rocks and sink, trains crash into each other and slaughter scores of people, gruesome crimes are done, and all things are concurrent in that partnership of evil which of old seemed proof that the devil had slipped his handcuffs, broken jail, and was abroad again.

These events impress men and unbalance many. Self-anointed seers all over the country and in Congress can see the Day of Judgment with the naked eye. They tilt at established principles and have visions and dream dreams.

But in the midst of the confusion, when men's knees are knocking together, the President stands firm and faithful as the legislator on the "Dark day," knowing that the sun will shine to-morrow, and determined that it shall not rise upon duty abandoned and tasks unfinished.

It will be well for his country if his party will not take the rickets because some of its Senators are suffering from he-hysterics.

* * *

A contemporary in Yreka remarks that next year California Democrats must go to battle on a California platform of California for Californians; implying that National issues are to be ignored or to be treated from the local standpoint entirely.

Next year we elect members of Congress and a Legislature which is to choose a Senator to fill out the unexpired term of the late Senator Stanford. Under these circumstances it is somewhat difficult to ignore National issues. But there are always men who think victories may be won by craft and cowardice, and they not seldom get in position to control a party, which I take it is the scheme on hand now in this State.

The next Democratic Convention will endorse the President and will follow his administration upon National issues or it will be something else than a Democratic Convention and have no claim to the allegiance of the party.

I hope the Yreka pipe of peace is big enough to hold this fact and that the same will be duly smoked.

* * *

The McCreary Bill has sponged off the record the Geary Bill, and the record looks better for the cleansing. Governor McCreary hails from Kentucky, the State which was the first to repudiate the Federalist alien and sedition laws, and, true to the legends of liberty that rise in the resolutions of 1798-99, he has saved the Democracy from masquerading in the sloughed skin of Federalism.

The theory of the Geary Act was no more Democratic than was Herod's decree against the boy babies of the City and County of Jerusalem. The registration part of it was unobjectionable; indeed, I originated that plan before Mr. Geary was dreamed of as a statesman, and advised it as a means of preventing evasion of the exclusion laws. But he attached to it penalties and punishments that violated the Constitution and had to be cut out by the judicial knife of Judge Ross.

The whole matter having been adjusted to the plane of freedom and civilization upon which we are supposed to stand, let us see if there is not some string besides a queue to pull men into public life in California.

* * *

At this moment compromise in the Senate seems to be righteously doomed. Let all men who know substance from shadow, and the roof of things from their foundation, rejoice thereat.

The Democratic platform denounced the Sherman Act as a "cowardly makeshift" and demanded its repeal. Yet there seems to be Senators who think they are Democrats who want to put another cowardly makeshift in its place and call it a compromise.

The President and the platform say, "two times two are four." Senator Stewart rises and remarks, with fine Nevada vehemence, that twice two are five, and reads for two days ruffianly abuse of the President to prove it. Then the spirit of compromise comes upon the Senate and Stewart and so-called Democrats agree to pass an Act entitled an Act, that two times two shall be four and a half, and they call that statesmanship, and get mad when from the White House is heard again the everlasting truth, "two times two are four."

There are two systems of finance, the sound and the unsound, and all attempts to merge or compromise them are cowardly makeshifts.

* * *

I have had occasion to compliment the Mexican delegate to the Irrigation Congress, Señor Ybarrola. The fine impression made by his address to the Congress was sustained by his conduct throughout.

When the two military irrigators, Powell and Hinton, in the course of a contest in which the weapons were their common ignorance of the subject, had excited the Congress up to that pitch at which belligerant rhetoric crowds the highway of speech and men jump on chairs and whirl their arms and yell, Señor Ybarrola took advantage of a lull to say: "It is of interest to me. It is of amusement. It is so long since I saw a bull-fight."

When the delegates exchanged jawing for junketing and greased them internally with the fat of the Southern California land, one day they were entertained royally at Riverside. The tables were waited on by the good ladies of that place, maid and matron vieing with each other to serve the guests. In his speech at the table, Señor Ybarrola paid to these ladies a most gentle and beautiful compliment.

After the party broke up the French delegate took him to task for complimenting "the servants." The Mexican informed him that "the servants" were the first ladies of the city, but the Frenchman insisted that they had put themselves in the place of servants. Whereupon Señor Ybarrola replied: "You do not comprehend that in these American Republics the spirit of true independence gives the place of honor to those who serve, and thereby labor comes to be honored."

Now, I think that reply was worthy of Ben. Franklin.

* * *

All law-abiding lovers of California, who are jealous of the good name of their State, desire to do honor in some conspicuous form to the towns of Visalia and Hanford, for they have refused to permit the exhibition of that kindergarten of murder and robbery, the Evans-Sontag play.

San Francisco disgraced herself by crowding to see the glorification of crime and the apotheosis of scoundrels. These two country towns have lifted the shame from the State; let them be remembered.

As the winter is upon us it behooves those who would not be behind to make provisions for their coming entertainments. Bear in mind that Sanborn, Vail & Co. carry the finest stock of invitation goods and stationery, and also do copper-plate work of the highest order.

The "Vigilant" and "Valkyrie"
Each called the other up
To race upon the briny sea,
And struggle for the cup.

The British yacht was trimly made,
But Uncle Sam's proved faster.
Although "Valkyrie" started first,
Our yacht slid quickly past her.

The English boys their money tossed
To cover every bet,
And those who on "Valkyrie" lost
Have not Dunraven' yet.

BOB DAVIS.

"Johnny, get up; the sun has been up three hours."
"Let him; I don't have to shine for a living."—*Truth.*

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A NEW USE FOR CHLOROFORM.

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

What is to be done with the unemployed? There is no sufficing answer from either the economist or the philanthropist. The first, being unable to show where work can be found for the idle who don't want to be idle, has nothing more to say; the second's reply is a soup-house.

I suggest that the unemployed be chloroformed.

They are of no use on earth to themselves or anybody else; possibly there is room for them in heaven.

There are two kinds of men subsisting on charity out at the Postoffice site, and both are typical of a horde that is swelling swiftly in California and everywhere else in the United States.

The majority of these poor men are without work through no fault of theirs. They are simply the result of Nature's niggardliness in the matter of brains and the complexity of modern society. Unfit to do any labor but the rudest, denied by the scantiness of their intelligence either the ability to acquire skill in a trade or the gumption to strike out a path, big or little, for themselves, they are helpless wretches when others offer no employment and leave them to stand alone. The other kind consists of fellows who have been brought to the soup-house by their vices. Having fallen, it is possible to raise some of these. To them, therefore, the wisely benevolent should direct their efforts. The deserving poor—that is to say, those whose only fault is incapacity—were better out of the world.

There ought to be at the Postoffice site a lethal chamber adjoining the soup-house. Each applicant for charity should be put through a rigorous examination. In cases where the answers happened to be something like what follow, enlightened benevolence would know what to do with the candidate:

"What is your occupation?"

"A laborer."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-five."

"Did you ever have a chance to learn a trade?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you learn it?"

"I dunno."

"Could you learn one now?"

"I'm too old."

"Is there any business you could earn a living at if you had a little capital?"

"I dunno; I never had nothin' to do with business. I (proudly) am a lab'rin' man."

"Have you any bad habits?"

"No."

"Then how is it that you're broke and hungry?"

"I dunno. Capital's oppressin' me, I guess."

A painless death would be the greatest kindness that could be conferred on this hapless clod. If married and a father (which is extremely likely) his removal would reduce the charitable outlay for the support of the family and give the children a better chance to be unlike their father.

Under present conditions a man is entitled only to what he can conquer in the United States. The tramp understands this. He has conquered a livelihood by beggary and theft heretofore. Now circumstances are pushing him into trying what union and the threat of violence, open or implied, will do for him. When sufficiently numerous he scares railroad companies into carrying him by the train-load. These trains, which are really captured by an act of war, are met at the stations by the inhabitants of towns through which they pass, who pay ransom by giving the conquering tramp food on condition that he will move on. The next stage in the tramp's development will be the investing and capture of towns. Fresno has been besieged for months and has only escaped battle by supplying the enemy with subsistence.

Such success has attended the military operations of the tramp that his further progress in the art of boldly conquering a livelihood is as inevitable as the laws of evolution are inexorable. When he reaches the point of open, armed assault on self-supporting society, society will employ its police and militia and inflict a painful death upon him.

An ounce of preventative chloroform is surely worth a pound of curative lead.

When there are too many puppies in a litter we, out of kindness, sink the surplus in a bag. If not, we catch them when they are grown and submerge them in a cage. Society has no more real use for surplus men than it has for surplus curs—society as at present constituted.

Modern life is a competitive struggle for the things that make existence worth having. Shall the fit, then, divide the spoil with the unfit? That would be sheer communism. Such, to be sure, was Christ's solution of the "social problem," but the world has never taken Christ seriously. It has ever shown the profoundest respect for his precepts, but has agreed to ignore them in its practice. As for political economy, it is chiefly useful in explaining things as they exist; when it attempts to say what should be done, and its proposals include sacrifices, present or prospective, on the part of property, it is sat upon as heretical and dangerous by capital and respectability. Witness the esteem Karl Marx, Prüdhon, Henry George, *et al.* are held in by the press, which speaks, of course, for capital and respectability. However much the opulent and the self-supporting may wish that poverty might be abolished they have far less love for the doctors who propose remedies than they have for the disease itself. Capital and respectability may be right in this, but once they were notably wrong in thinking that no good could come out of Nazareth.

Poverty is a troublesome thing. The American experiment has proved that the abolition of kings and nobles and a State church, the institution of government by manhood suffrage and the free education of the masses do not cure it. Time has also demonstrated that the marvelous increase of productive power by mechanical invention, and the organization of wealth into colossal corporations for the more profitable employment of labor, do not eliminate but breed the tramp. As for Christianity, it has had 2000 years in which to read the social riddle of Dives and Lazarus, and one is still sitting on the doorsteps of the other.

The truth is that our advancing industrial civilization makes progressively greater demands upon the individual. The accomplishments and natural ability that once would have sufficed to bring a man comfort and honors are now necessary to the humblest man as a condition of his entering at all upon the strife for bread, if he would not depend solely upon his muscle. For mere muscle there is a relatively smaller demand than ever before, yet there is necessarily a steadily augmenting positive number of mere muscle-men in the swarming populations of civilized countries.

What is to be done with these strong imbeciles?

Once my lord in his castle would have let them live in his fens, and fed them when he needed their strength in battle or when famine appeared. Or a master would have enslaved them, and while his whip drove them to wageless labor, his kindness would have provided for them in sickness and old age. Now my lord and the slave-owner have been replaced by the American employer, whose relations with his employés are strictly commercial. When they honestly work he honestly pays wages; when they are sick or old, or their services are not needed it is no affair of his more than another's whether they eat or starve, live or die—they and their wives and little ones.

What is to be done with these strong incapables, the viceless unemployed?

Society is shedding them in its onward course as an army leaves the weak by the roadside on its march.

They have weapons in their hands—their ballots—but of what use are weapons to men who don't know how to use them? Is it to be expected that a man who hasn't brains enough to make a living should have the brains to perceive what legislation he needs, and the wit to organize, to force it?

My lord and the slave master have been freed from all the responsibilities of their power so far as concerns the care of the poor. The poor—*vide* the representative Post-office site soup-house, and the ownership of the land and the invented means of production by their ex-masters—are showing their incapacity to care for themselves.

Shall we ask my lord to rebuild his castle and repeople his fens, and the slave-monster to resume his ownership of labor?

That, in the present state of the free and independent and hopelessly dense American mind, is not to be thought of. The workingman would die first. And he is being freely accorded the privilege of dying.

Shall we imitate Rome and substitute for the harmful, necessary, occasional soup-house the regular distribution of corn and oil to the proletariat?

Or shall we continue to shoot the tramp when cynical sloth or desperate hunger induces him to raise his unemployed arm against well-fed Society?

My suggestion of chloroform is respectfully submitted as at once effective and merciful. To the objection that there is no law to warrant the lethal chamber the answer occurs that the rich can have any laws they ask for. To the objection that it would be an interference with the right of the citizen to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the answer is conclusive that a dead man has more liberty and happiness than a wretch whose life depends on soup-house charity.

Yours for chloroform, ARTHUR McEWEN.

"Your hair seems to have left you."
"Yes, it is gone on ahead."—*Truth.*

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THE SABBATH-BREAKER.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

THE moment came near for the Polish centenarian grandmother to die. From the doctor's statement it appeared she had only a bad quarter of an hour to live. Her attack had been sudden, and the grandchildren she loved to scold could not be present.

She had already battled through the great wave of pain, and was drifting beyond the boundaries of her earthly Refuge. The nurses, forgetting the trouble her querulousness and her overweening dietary scruples had cost them, hung over the bed on which the shrivelled entity lay. They did not know she was living again through the one great episode of her life.

Nearly forty years back when (though already hard upon seventy and a widow) a Polish village was all her horizon, she received a letter. It arrived on the eve of Sabbath on a day of rainy summer. It was from her little boy—her only boy—who kept a country inn seven-and-thirty miles away, and had a family. She opened the letter with feverish anxiety. Her son—her *Kaddish*—was the apple of her eye. The old woman eagerly perused the Hebrew script, from right to left. Then weakness overcame her and she nearly fell.

Embedded casually enough in the four pages was a passage that stood out for her in letters of blood. "I am not feeling very well lately; the weather is so oppressive and the nights are misty. But it is nothing serious; my digestion is a little out of order, that's all." There were roubles for her in the letter, but she let them fall to the floor unheeded. Panic fear, traveling quicker than the tardy post of those days, had brought rumor of a sudden outbreak of cholera in her son's district. Already alarm for her boy had surged about her heart all day; the letter confirmed her worst apprehensions. Even if the first touch of the cholera-fiend was not actually on him when he wrote, still he was by his own confession in that condition in which the disease takes easiest grip. By this time he was on a bed of sickness—nay, perhaps on his death-bed, if not dead. Even in those days the little grandmother had lived beyond the common span; she had seen many people die, and knew that the Angel of Death does not always go about his work leisurely. In an epidemic his hands are too full to enable him to devote much attention to each case. Maternal instinct tugged at her heart-strings, drawing her toward her boy. The end of the letter seemed impregnated with special omen—"Come and see me soon, dear little mother. I shall be unable to get to you for some time." Yes, she must go at once—who knew but that it would be the last time she would look upon his face?

But then came a terrible thought to give her pause. The Sabbath was just "in"—a moment ago. Driving, riding, or any manner of journeying was prohibited during the next twenty-four hours. Frantically she reviewed the situation. Religion permitted the violation of the Sabbath on one condition—if life was to be saved. By no stretch of logic could she delude herself into the belief that her son's recovery hinged upon her presence—nay, analysing the case with the cruel remorselessness of a scrupulous conscience, she saw his very illness was only a plausible hypothesis. No; to go to him now were beyond question to profane the Sabbath.

And yet beneath all the reasoning, her conviction that he was sick unto death, her resolve to set out at once, never wavered. After an agonizing struggle she compromised. She could not go by cart—that would be to make others work into the bargain, and would moreover involve a financial transaction. She must walk! Sinful as it was to transgress the limit of 2000 yards beyond her village—the distance fixed by Rabbinical law—there was no help for it. And of all the forms of traveling, walking was surely the least sinful. The Holy One, blessed be He, would know she did not mean to work; perhaps in His mercy He would make allowance for an old woman who had never profaned His rest-day before.

And so, that very evening, having made a hasty meal, and lodged the precious letter in her bosom, the little grandmother girded up her loins to walk the seven-and-thirty miles. No staff took she with her, for to carry such came under the Talmudical definition of work. Neither could she carry an umbrella, though it was a season of rain. Mile after mile she strode briskly on, toward that pallid face that lay so far beyond the horizon, and yet ever shone before her eyes like a guiding star. "I am coming, my lamb," she muttered. "The little mother is on the way."

It was a muggy night. The sky, flushed with a weird, hectic glamour, seemed to hang over the earth like a pall. The trees that lined the roadway were shrouded in a draggling vapor. At midnight the midst blotted out the stars. But the little grandmother knew the road ran straight. All night she walked through the forest, fearless as Una, meeting neither man nor beast, though the wolf and the bear haunted its recesses, and snakes lurked in the bushes. But only the innocent squirrels darted across her path. The morning found her spent, and almost lame. But she walked on. Almost half the journey was yet to do.

She had nothing to eat with her; food, too, was an illegal burden, nor could she buy any on the holy day. She said her Sabbath morning prayer walking, hoping God would forgive the disrespect. The recital gave her partial oblivion of her pains. As she passed through a village the dreadful rumor of cholera was confirmed; it gave wings to her feet for ten minutes, then bodily weakness was stronger than everything else, and she had to lean against the hedges on the outskirts of the village. It was nearly noon. A passing beggar gave her a piece of bread. Fortunately it was unbuttered, so she could eat it with only minor qualms lest it had touched any unclean thing. She resumed her journey, but the rest had only made her feet move more painfully and reluctantly. She would have liked to bathe them in a brook, but that, too, was forbidden. She took the letter from her bosom and re-perused it, and whipped up her flagging strength with a cry of "Courage, my lamb! the little mother is on the way." Then the leaden clouds melted into sharp lines of rain, which beat into her face, refreshing her for the first few moments, but soon wetting her to the skin, making her sopped garments a heavier burden, and reducing the pathway to mud, that clogged still further her feeble footsteps. In the teeth of the wind and the driving shower she limped on. A fresh anxiety consumed her now—would she have strength to hold out? Every moment her pace lessened, she was moving like a snail. And the slower she went the more vivid grew her prescience of what awaited her at the journey's end. Would she even hear his dying word? Perhaps—terrible thought!—she would only be in time to look upon his dead face! Mayhap that was how God would punish her for her desecration of the Holy Day. "Take heart, my lamb!" she wailed. "Do not die yet. The little mother comes."

The rain stopped. The sun came out, hot and fierce, and dried her hands and face, then made them stream again with perspiration. Every inch won was torture now, but the brave feet toiled on. Bruised and swollen and crippled, they toiled on. There was a dying voice—very far off yet, alas!—that called to her, and as she dragged herself along, she replied: "I am coming, my lamb. Take heart! the little mother is on the way. Courage! I shall look upon thy face, I shall find thee alive."

Once a waggoner observed her plight and offered her a lift, but she shook her head steadfastly. The endless afternoon wore on—she crawled along the forest-way, stumbling every now and then from sheer faintness, and tearing her hands and face in the brambles of the roadside. At last the cruel sun waned, and reeking mists rose from the forest pools. And still the long miles stretched away, and still she plodded on, torpid from over-exhaustion, scarcely conscious, and taking each step only because she had taken the preceding. From time to time her lips mumbled: "Take heart, my lamb! I am coming." The Sabbath was "out" ere, broken and bleeding, and all but swooning, the little grandmother crawled up to her son's inn, on the border of the forest. Her heart was cold with fatal foreboding. There was none of the usual Saturday night litter of Polish peasantry about the door. The sound of many voices weirdly intoning a Hebrew hymn floated out into the night. A man in a caftan opened the door, and mechanically raised his forefinger to bid her enter without noise. The little grandmother saw into the room behind. Her daughter-in-law and her grandchildren were seated on the floor—the seat of mourners.

"Blessed be the true Judge!" she said, and rent the skirt of her dress. "When did he die?"

"Yesterday. We had to bury him hastily ere the Sabbath came in."

The little grandmother lifted up her quivering voice, and joined the hymn, "I will sing a new song unto Thee, O God; upon a harp of ten strings will I sing praises unto Thee."

* * * * * * *

The nurses could not understand what sudden inflow of strength and impulse raised the mummified figure into a sitting posture. The little grandmother thrust a shrivelled claw into her peaked, shrunken bosom, and drew out a paper, crumpled and yellow as herself, covered with strange crabbed hieroglyphics, whose hue had long since faded. She held it close to her bleared eyes—a beautiful light came into them, and illumined the million-puckered face. The lips moved faintly: "I am coming, my lamb," she mumbled. "Courage! The little mother is on the way. I shall look on thy face. I shall find thee alive."—*From Ghetto's Tragedies.*

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

Are you fond of box-plait effects?—well, they are *en regle* this year, as effusive as you please. To-day I went to see some of Madame Biber's autumn dresses; you know she has just returned from Paris and has brought with her some perfectly gorgeous and magnificent goods for the adornment of our belles. She showed me some enchanting gowns which I shall attempt to describe to you. One was a shrimp pink silk with a soft green shade running through it. The waist had a cape around the shoulders. The revers and vest were of shrimp-colored velvet; an exquisite piece of passementerie simulated a breast plait; a dainty piece of lace over the collar softens the shade around the neck. The waist also has a flounce around it. The skirt is plain and full with a double flounce around the bottom.

Another dress that fairly bewitched me was in brown cloth trimmed with serbonne green; it had a box-plaited back, front, and sleeves, which had quite a unique and fetching effect. There was a cape of the brown, also a smaller one of the green, each edged with seal; about an inch from the edge was arranged a criss-cross line of serbonne spangles which followed the curve of the waist, collar, and revers. A double collar also of the two colors which had a quaint effect; the skirt had a double flounce edged with the seal. A pretty little house dress was in rose color with a white satin vest covered with soft lace, a square cape with the Vandyke effect trimmed with a pretty white passementerie, a full-flounced skirt edged with the same. A plain street suit was in gray corduroy with a black polka-dot and was very simply made—a tight-fitting bodice, with black satin ribbon round waist and neck and a skirt of plain gray. The box-plaited sleeves are so much prettier than the gigot, as they are soft and full and have a richer and heavier effect without impressing one only with their immensity which is the effect given by the gigot. Some women do look so funny all sleeve, especially the little dumpy ones. To me they are aggressive looking, and give a formidable appearance.

One can have any kind of a basque this year—either plain or full, single, double, or treble, long or short, going all round or stopping short at the sides or in front, or you need have no basque at all, the bodice passing beneath the skirt and concealed by a belt of silk or velvet.

I heard of a pretty dinner given to a bride and groom recently. The table decoration was a lover's knot of La France roses twined with asparagus vine extending the entire length of the table. At a bridesmaid's lunch the table was ornamented with mounds of forget-me-nots; the favors were little true lovers' knots—a pretty conceit, was it not?

Lady Wilde has written a book called "The Last Thing to be Civilized by Man." Of course, it is woman, and she describes our sufferings in a very interesting and delightful manner. She writes entertainingly of the African custom, where men are evidently in the large majority. It is *en regle* there to choose a wife by the single combat method. The one who succeeds in killing his adversary obtains the bride. Fancy a popular young woman who had admirers galore. Heavens! what a slaughter there would have to be before she was led to the altar! And then think of having to marry such a blood-thirsty wretch as the survivor! She says: "Nothing but the hypothesis that fallen angels of heaven are expiating their rebellion in the form of women can account for the universal humiliation of this fated race." Perhaps there may be something in it, and we can understand how it is that some of us are such good imitations of devils. I have no doubt that even the best of us retain a little resemblance to those angels who were condemned to the eternal flames.

Besant's "Rebel Queen" views our case from a man's standpoint, and one immediately feels what an abused lot the men would be were we to treat them thus. Of course, in the end it is the woman who has an awfully sad and miserable loveless old age.

You will be glad to learn that fans, draperies, unless of the most handsome and heavy material, tidies, etc., are the worst possible form and are to be banished from the would-be fashionable drawing-room. It is a very sensible plan, I think, as they are really dust traps, and while expensive soon lose the freshness which was their sole excuse for existing.

Fronts of liberty satin of light blue or majenta red are put in dark dresses and are arranged in a large cravat bow which falls full to the waist. The satin is two fingers wide, after being doubled, and is shirred at the top to form the bow.

A pretty glossy cloth called "satin laine" comes either in single colors or double faced, *i. e.*, reversible, beige dark blue or gray with red, purple with old gold. It is very pretty and economical, especially as in those double skirt effects or the fishwife gown.

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MASKS AND FACES

In general terms it may be said that "Long Branch" is too heavy a comedy for the Alcazar Company. Nearly every role in it was written for a character actor of ability, and there is but one such artist in the troupe. Mr. Clay Clement as Simon Schweinfleisch, the St. Louis pork packer, saves the performance from utter wreck. His characterization is not only funny, it has elements of genius in it that cannot be mistaken. But the other characters are murdered. Even McKee Rankin, whom one would imagine incapable of such a crime, murders the colored servant. And as for the French dressmaker, the Hibernian maid, the watering-place dude, and the other characters requiring the services of talented specialists, they are all treated in a manner that calls for the intervention of the police.

There are some good things in the representation, however. The bathing scene displays to great advantage the figures of all the players. Of these I am constrained to compliment most highly that of Miss Phyllis Rankin. She has certainly been gifted by nature with a figure calculated to create a sensation even at Long Branch. Considerable in the way of artistic thought might be written of the other young ladies who disrobe to enter the painted surf, but it is unnecessary. They are all too lovely for anything—except Mrs. Bates, who appears to have reached that stage of her existence when her appearance in the waves must be regarded rather as a spectacle than as a vision. It is a pity that the exigencies of the comedy do not require Miss Blanche Bates, the leading lady, to enter the swim. She acts with so much vim and taste that her participation in the bath, I have no doubt, would add greatly to the absorbing interest of the scene. Besides, I am certain her figure is divine.——

About "Friends" the best thing is the author. The merit of the play has a similar basis. It is evident that Mr. Royle had his own talent in view when he packed Jack's lines with fine sentiments. He is the most interesting of heroes — a poet disowned by a rich parent. His poverty in the first act is pitiable, but his aspirations are further above par than his poetry. But then he has a golden disposition. The wealth of his friendship he lavishes on Mr. Henderson, who rejoices in hair of consummate curliness. His love—a fine self-sacrificing devotion—is given to Miss Selina Fetter. A robust, determined person is Selina *en profile;* in the play she is a soft, sentimental songstress whose singing saddens. As an addition to the "Actor's Manual," I would suggest: "Stage prima-donnas must never exhibit their art." It may be objected that the type has rarely a conception of art. That does not alter the value of the rule, however. It might be extended to include the pianistic exploits of Mr. Henderson.

In pronouncing the playing of this musical hero a trifle better than his acting one condemns both. On which accomplishment, I wonder, does he demand recognition? I pronounced him a great executant until he had performed. Then he became a conundrum. But his crinkly *chevelure* relieves the sombre effect of Mr. Harry Hunting's pompadour and contrasts charmingly with the virtuoso-like wealth of Mr. Lyon's back hair. After mature consideration and the opium act, I am inclined to believe the company was selected on "wool" rather than talent. If not accurate the explanation has the merit of being adequate.

But it is Royle who makes the play. His personality seems to harmonize with all the dear old platitudes he utters. There is something charmingly honest, manly, and sincere, something so cordial, so quixotic in his professions of friendship that he wins that degree of affection which stage virtue rarely elicits. Is it nature or art, one wonders—would Mr. Royle be as clever in another part? He should be persuaded, however, to deliver his *mots* with less deliberation.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"Long Branch" is a success at the Alcazar. It will be played for a second week. Since the opening night the comedy has been pruned in many ways, and it now goes with much snap. The bathing scene receives a recall nightly.——

Fanny Davenport's "Cleopatra" opens at the Baldwin on Monday evening. After the long run of comedy, melodrama, and Society plays, this dramatic spectacle will be a treat. It will be put on with all the original scenery and effects, among the panoramic designs being the bark "Venus" on the Cyndus River, the Palace of Rameses, the Terrace of Memphis, the Palace of Octium, the Temple of Isis, and the ante-chamber in which Antony and Cleopatra die. There is nothing much stronger on the stage than Sardou's great conception of the death of the Egyptian queen.——

On Monday evening next "Friends" will enter upon its second and last week at the California Theatre. Immediately following will come the inimitable creative comedian, Peter F. Daily, assisted by May Irwin, Ada Lewis, and one of the largest farce comedy companies now on the road, presenting J. J. McNally's latest effort, "A Country Sport." Those who enjoyed Mr. Daily's acting in "A Straight Tip" will be pleased to learn that he has a part in the new play which gives him even better opportunities for fun-making than he has heretofore enjoyed.——

For theatre-goers there is in store a treat of the first water. Imagine we are to have Palmer's Company at the Baldwin for a long season producing the very latest London and New York successes—"Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Dancing Girl," and several more. What a relief these will be after the "Charity Ball," *et al.* entertainments we have had such a surfeit of these years past. Over "Mrs. Tanqueray" quite a controversy has been started in New York, some of the critics declaring it a morbid, immoral composition with nothing but a sensational plot to recommend it. We are to have "A Woman of No Importance" later on with Miss Coghlan in the leading role.

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To-Day, October 28th, 1893

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—PROGRAMME—

I. Quintet for Clarionet and Strings, - - - *Weber*

II. Song, "Holy City," - - - - - - *Adams*
MR. ROBERT LLOYD

III. Andante from Third Concerto - - - *Spohr*
MR. JOS. WRBA

IV. Song, "Gondola Dreams," - - - *Slaughter*
MR. ROBERT LLOYD

V. Sonate for Piano and Cello, - - - *Scharwenka*
MRS. CARR AND MR. HEINE

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Monday, November 6th

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General Admission, 50 Cts. Reserved Seats, 50 Cts. Extra

AMATEUR SPORT

The summing up of the result of the great race meetings on the Eastern courses show a splendid victory, in a financial sense at least, for an ex-Californian, James R. Keene, who, with his son Foxhall, carried off over a quarter of a million dollars, to be exact $282,987, during the spring, summer, and autumn meetings of the Brooklyn, Coney Island, Morris Park, and Monmouth Park Jockey Clubs. That superb youngster, Dominoe, was, of course, the chief factor in this splendid accumulation of prize winning. Messrs. Dwyer and Croker stand next in the list having won approximately some $90,000 each. After such satisfaction as one may derive from the Keene victories there is but little in the subsequent table of winners to gladden the heart of the Californian. Far down the list one finds the next representative of Coast colors, J. G. Follansbee, credited with winning the sum of $18,000. The success, moderate it is true, attained by this genuine sportsman is in itself a source of very considerable satisfaction. Mr. Williams' Undine Stables carried away some $16,000 of Eastern money, and the MacDonough string closed the season with $11,775, while "Lucky Baldwin" has but $8000 credited to his good. Porter Ashe comes last in the list with $4100 gathered in for him by the much disputed Geraldine.

The recent announcement made by Mr. Baldwin of his determination to renounce the turf and devote himself exclusively to the breeding of thoroughbreds at Santa Anita still further reduces the prospective representative from the Coast in next season's meetings. In point of fact, all probabilities indicate that Californian owners will be chiefly conspicuous in 1894 by their absence.

The "fifty days" meeting at the Bay District Track under the immediate supervision of that splendid enthusiast, Mr. "Tom" Williams, begins to-day, and an immensely large attendance of turf enthusiasts is guaranteed. Everything tends to show that in every way the meeting will unquestionably prove the most successful we have ever had on the Coast. One of the most interesting features is the introduction of the steeple-chase in addition to the regular running events.

* * *

Mr. J. Downey Harvey, whom we all know as an enthusiastic sportsman, returned some days ago from the East. He was in New York at the time of the opening of the "Valkyrie"-"Vigilant" races. Mr. Harvey saw but one of them, and, I understand, sincerely regrets that that particular one proved to be the drifting match on the first day. He waxes enthusiastic, however, over the superb appearance of the rival craft, and at the enormous number of people who "went down in ships" to witness the contest. So thoroughly sportsmanlike and plucky an owner did Earl Dunraven prove himself to be, says Mr. Harvey, that a large number of people were sincerely sorry that as a reward for his courage he did not capture at least one of the races. The Earl is already on his way homeward, but the splendid cutter remains on this side of the water and will unquestionably be seen in most of the prominent spring regattas.

Among our own yachtsmen the approach of the winter season is already made manifest in the withdrawal of most of the Corinthian boats from commission. The "Truant," "Ripple," "Thetis." "Niad," and "Freda" will, however, brave the winter season throughout.

* * *

Next Saturday is the day set for the much discussed amateur base-ball games at the Haight Street grounds between the University men and the "cranks" of the Bohemian Club. There are some ten or a dozen gentlemen members of both of these organizations who for the past two months have been reducing their avoirdupois at an alarming rate and whose fingers are quite sufficiently distorted from their normal shape to offer a guarantee of the assiduity of their practice. In all sincerity much credit must be given to the members of both clubs for their honest endeavors to get into fit trim for the contest. There is every probability that the attendance will be larger than at any previous entertainment of the kind, as the affair has taken on a peculiarly fashionable aspect, and as the rivalry between the two clubs waxes far warmer then it was wont to do when the placid Pacific-Unionites were on the opposite side.

* * *

One hears of nothing now-a-days in College circles save the discussion of the relative merits of this man and that, of the strength or weakness of the "centre," the "left," or the "rush line." The average run of conversation suggests to one the daily reports furnished by the critical manager of sanitariums, as as much attention is apparently paid to the physical condition of the prospective contestants as though they were patients about to undergo surgical operations in the County Hospital.

My observations in the past two months, made as they have been with considerable care, incline me to the belief that the Bliss men from Palo Alto are the most likely candidates. While "Mr. Heff" has worked with most commendable energy in the camp of the blue and gold there is lacking over the Bay the unanimity of purpose and the general *ensemble* which one finds to a marked degree down at Stanford. To be sure the crimson line is unfortunately weak in the centre, but I believe that Bliss' training and the general enthusiasm of the team will carry them on to victory.

In forecasting the result of the matches, I am inclined to think that one would make a serious error in overlooking Sherrard's men from the Olympics. To be sure the team is sadly in need of the daily practice which is of such incalculable benefit to the 'Varsity men. The Olympic put up a hard and confident game on Saturday last against the St. Mary, scoring some fifty touchdowns to a half a dozen odd on the other side.

* * *

All the cricket men are hard at work in practice preparatory to the coming of the Cricketers from the Citrus Colony, where a considerable number of young Englishmen, skilled in their National game, have formed a team of very significant strength. A series of matches, beginning on November 19th, has been arranged with the clubs in and around San Francisco. As an additional feature of the closing of the season, a prospective match with the Australian players, who have been doing their prettiest at Philadelphia and New York, is on the card. There is also much talk of a series of matches between a picked California eleven and visiting teams from British Columbia, Portland, and possibly Denver, during the Midwinter Fair season.

* * *

The second race meeting for gentlemen riders was held at Burlinghame last Saturday. In point of popular esteem and enthusiasm the sport was if anything more successful than on the opening day. There were seven races on the card, five of which were for Club members and two set down as "welcome all" events, or, in other words, open to all comers. These last, however, to the disappointment of many who had counted on the amusement of watching green riders, failed to fill, so to-day's racing was limited to the five Club events. Mr. Harold Wheeler carried off the honors of the day by capturing the first and second races in capital style.

The first race was a three-eighths dash on the flat for ponies and the second a half mile also on the flat and for Galloways. Mr. Wheeler rode the good horse Benton, and won the race in a rattling gallop. The third event was a pony race of three hundred yards over hurdles and proved a victory for Mr. Richard Tobin on Jumping Jack.

The next in order was also a pony jumping match for three-eighths of a mile. Mr. Simpkins on a Club pony, Bronco, landed the race to his credit without much trouble.

Mr. Joseph Tobin, who fared so well at the first day's meeting, won the stiff hurdle race of a half mile over five obstructions, the last number on the programme. He rode Mr. Hobart's capital jumper, and rode him well.

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Offsetting what has been done for our public by those representing local musical energy against the accomplished results of visiting foreigners proves largely in favor of the city's enthusiasm and enterprise. Momentous happenings from outside influences have decreased steadily with each season, and from as long since as the years when Adelina Patti last farewelled us in company with another phenomenon, Tamagno, and that great artist, Madame Albani, the D'Albert-Sarasate concerts and the following festival of Pachmann performances, we have been completely isolated from efforts of supremely gifted artists of the time. As the appreciative cult grows steadily wider this is to be regretted. Great artists and phenomenal talents alike impress the ideal in their special way enriching public experience and filliping the aim for articulation among musicians of however slight vitality. Though but a second growth in the field of art the outspringing of the finest recreative spirit stimulates imagination and clears the view of creative talent in their first stages. Paganini, Liszt, and the constellation of great singing phenomenons have left behind them a lurid afterglow of imagination capable of inciting the splendid talents of the present and future to heights of highest temper. Among the cloud of living artists following nearly and at distance this effulgent afterglow rarely does San Francisco by aural demonstration become conscious of the phenomena. From within itself comes the impetus which drives our musical course onward, a prime sign of life, still the personality of new artists would continually increase the speed of progress by lifting the public ear from the expected and necessarily prosaic atmosphere attending homespun work. Rumors of the advent of a great opera company, naming many celebrated personages in its *personnel*, have passed readily for several months, but nothing further. Accident deprived us of having Paderewski, the proposed tour by Pachmann is in process of proposition still, and the chances of stray illuminations of talent are frail. In connection with the Midwinter Fair such proposals as have been mooted are still airy, and hopes are not buoyed up by well-rooted facts. Of the opera companies demanding our suffrages none appear on the horizon, perhaps their loss is our gain at this stage. Special refreshment from outside sources is evidently to be partially eclipsed this season, and upon the energy of local musicians evidently depends the entire success or otherwise of this season's striving.

With a Wagner programme, repeated from a performance given some weeks since, the Symphony Concert obtained wide patronage, enthusiastic silence and more than sufficient applause, altogether ably sustaining the dignified attitude for local music taken therein. Mme. Christen de La Mothe treated her friends and the public to an exhibition of her talents at the Byron Mauzy Hall, and the Wilkie Ballad Concert sustained the interest of vocal music and will be regarded in another issue. At the Tivoli, Suppe's "A Trip to Africa," brightly mounted and played with a spirit testifying to the exuberant vitality of the players, ran smoothly and brightly though gagged enough to suit the most exacting tastes of the *habitués*. The rather commonplace music has a grip in it holding well upon the public ear, and stands reproduction better than most pieces of its kind. An addition to the company, Mr. Robert Duncan, a singer with a voice of somewhat indeterminate quality, undertook the role of Antarsed. Better voices and vocalists the Tivoli has possessed to fill tenor roles but this performer has quite a degree of presence and quick naturalness, going the whole way to making what light opera audiences want more than special vocal gifts—an interesting stage figure. A genuinely amusing, eccentric comedienne who has vigor without loudness is rare anywhere, and almost unknown in comic opera. The lady cast for the part of Buccametta has all the favorable qualities and should be a valuable aid.

Kirby Martin

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SAN JOSE NOTES.

The chrysanthemum show has been a dismal failure, and had it not been for the untiring efforts of Miss Mattie George in disposing of tickets, there would have been few in attendance except the ladies in charge. Mrs. Charles D. Wright ably represented her cousin, Mrs. B. D. Murphy, during the latter's absence in the East, and under her supervision the bare old hall received some adornment. The same lady had on exhibition a choice collection of white chrysanthemums, which deserved and received much admiration. Really, were it not for Mrs. Wright the few floral offerings would provoke but the pity and contempt of the beholders. Aside from her love of flowers, we all fail to see why Mrs. Wright should have taken such an interest in the affair. She doesn't belong to either the Home or the Aid Society, and has the courage to say she doesn't want to.

Both institutions have fallen from the high place they once occupied. Wranglings and petty quarrels have made the Aid Society a thing of reproach to its founders and of shame to its members. Meeting ostensibly in the name of charity, dead scandals are resurrected, reputations have been assailed, characters have been questioned, and all under the guise of being good to the poor. Why, less than a year ago they insulted most grossly one of the founders of the Society, Mrs. Coleman Younger, who, forsooth, was unfortunate enough to be the mother of a girl that had sought the aid of the Courts to unbind galling matrimonial bonds. That was charity, too.

The "Pratt Home" people are but little better. The earlier members, women like Mrs. Will Beans, Mrs. Arthur Fields, Mrs. Naglee Burke and others who organized the institution, are dropping gradually away. They don't resign—hardly safe to do that, because women, some with tongues like cudgels, others like daggers, yet linger in the ranks, and a single resignation is the signal for character pulling.

Rumor says that several of the beaux are talking of asking Mr. Snell to open a subscription list at the Vendome, where they can subscribe to a fund to be used by the Manager to give a series of hops during the winter. If such be the case we will have a lively season, and will be able to show Eastern visitors something of the social side of the Garden City. We all feel sure that it is only thoughtlessness that prevents such gallants as Loring Nesmith, Howell Moore, Sam Rucker, William Bowden, Dr. Burke, Dr. McDougal, H. Spens-Black, Clarence Urmy, Ralph Hersey, Dr. Miller, George Wakefield, and several others from doing this and starting the social ball rolling.

Will tell you some more of our belles next week.

BESSIE.

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7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
‡10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	‡6.15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*6.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10.15 a m

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4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

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10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	6.06 p m
1.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	4.15 p m
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*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES

The World's Fair is actually interfering with the Compact. That the managers of the Jackson Park entertainment realize the heinous nature of the offense I cannot believe, for surely they would send the missing ones home, and business would go on as of yore. There are scores of important questions awaiting settlement, and the sooner they are disposed of the better for all concerned. Of course, the fact that there has been little trouble of late is no reflection on the utility of the Executive Committee, even though certain unfairminded critics may point out that there has not been a meeting for over a month. Still, it is just as well to remember that Oakland has not ceased to trouble—in fact, that the dissatisfied cease not their disturbances on account of the World's Fair or any other cause. There are grievances being piled up in Alameda County to keep the august scions of underwritery unhappy enough for several weeks after their return from the Windy City.

* * *

Some time ago the Union enacted an ordinance, or something of that kind, permitting board companies to go after the business of non-board companies without gloves. In other words, they were allowed the privilege of writing the risks of these concerns at any rate they saw fit. So far the privilege has not been very generally taken advantage of, but now the "State," of Salem, is getting the benefit of a little unrestricted competition. The "State" is an Oregon corporation and is run in a most disingenuous way. There is not that estimation of fair dealing that one has a right to expect even in Oregon. For that and sundry other sufficient reasons war has been declared on the "State," and its business is being corralled in a manner painful to its management. One result is that the Salem newspapers have turned loose on the Compact and find nothing quite bad enough to accuse the organization of. Soulless, grasping, unprincipled, and sundry other terms are applied, and now the *Oregonian* has taken up the contest. In the meantime the agents are capturing "State" risks at a great pace.

* * *

It is a little curious that the operations of this new arrangement have not been applied to Van Slyke's business. The truth is, however, that Van's line of risks are largely composed of business that the old-line companies cannot afford to touch. He carries big lines for big manufacturing establishments that hitherto did, as largely as possible, their own insurance. Other concerns that felt the Compact had rated them too high have also written with him. However, he has had very good luck. Since he has been on this Coast his losses have been infinitesimal, and he has made large gains for his companies. Of course, any agent is at liberty to try issues with Van, but there seems little disposition to fight him.

* * *

The death of Manager Low, of the Transatlantic, leaves an interesting vacancy in underwriting ranks. It is a pretty good Company, and Low did well for it. He was Special Agent for the Butler-Haldan combination previous to being appointed to the Trans., and knew the business pretty well. Already there are a dozen applicants out for the place, but the general assumption is that it will go to Mr. Lennard. Manager Harbers, who handles the New York agency of the corporation, is to be out here to make the appointment.

* * *

The Fireman's Fund has purchased the Washington and Colorado business of the Allemania. Some time ago it corralled the California risks of the same concern. I believe the venture turned out well—hence this other. The Rochester-German, I am told, is about to pull out of the Coast. It has not done especially well and it has been thought best to wind up its interests here. To "the street" the handling of the R. G. has never been satisfactory—the methods of Agent Reynolds being more effective than good insurance form.

* * *

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THE KNIGHT IN THE WOOD.

The thing itself was rough and crudely done,
Cut in coarse stone, spitefully placed aside
As merest lumber, where the light was worst
On a back staircase. Overlooked it lay
In a great Roman palace crammed with art.
It had no number in the list of gems,
Weeded away long since, pushed out and banished,
Before insipid Guidos over-sweet
And Dolce's rose sensationalities,
And curly, chirping angels spruce as birds.
And yet the motive of this thing ill-hewn
And hardly seen *did* touch me. O, indeed,
The skill-less hand that carved it had belonged
To a most yearning and bewildered brain:
There was such desolation in the work;
And through its utter failure the thing spoke
With more of human message, heart to heart,
Than all these faultless, smirking, skin-deep saints,
In artificial troubles picturesque,
And martyred sweetly, not one curl awry—
Listen; a clumsy knight who rode alone
Upon a stumbling jade in a great wood
Belated. The poor beast with head low-bowed
Snuffing the treacherous ground. The rider leant
Forward to sound the marish with his lance.
You saw the place was deadly; that doomed pair,
The wretched rider and the hide-bound steed,
Feared to advance, feared to return—that's all!

—*Lord de Tabley.*

Marley—What is contempt of court?

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Miss K.—Excuse me, Mr. Fastley, but I don't regard your mind as a proper subject for Sunday reading.—*Life.*

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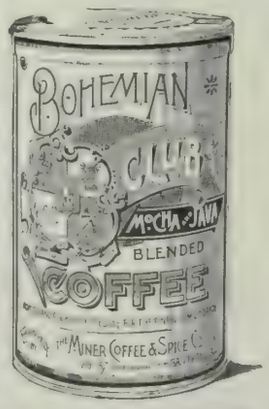

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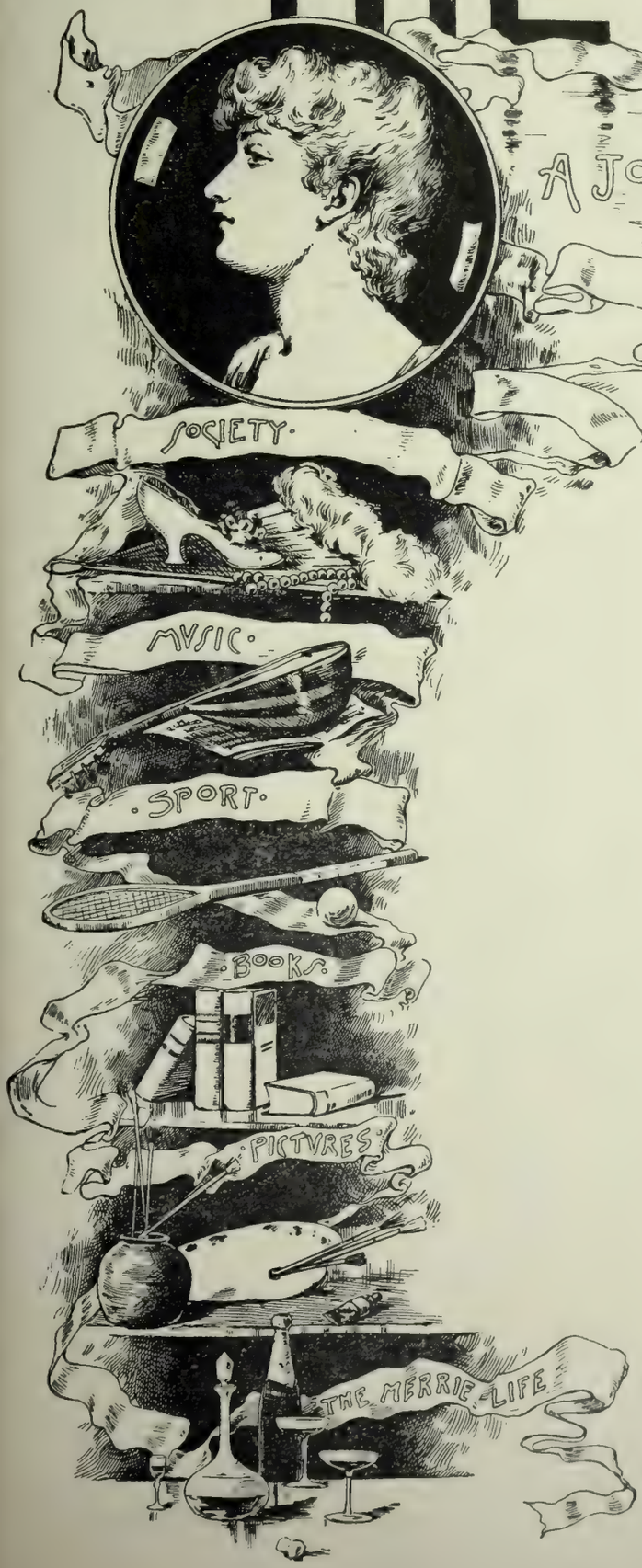

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THE WAVE

Vol. XI. No. 44 San Francisco, November 4, 1893. 10 Cents.

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal,

Is published every Saturday, by the proprietor at the CROCKER BUILDING, corner Market and Post Streets, San Francisco.

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

OUR OWN DEMOSTHENES.

Everybody will recognize in the classic outlines of the figure upon the cover of THE WAVE this week, the features of General Barnes. He is so well-known that it is never necessary in his case to follow the example of the small boy, who drew a horse and fearing that it would be mistaken for some other animal, carefully labeled it; "This is a horse." Everybody knows the great militia General. The Grecian robe that conceals the graceful curves of his figure is inadequate to disguise him, while the sprig of laurel that adorns his brow adds rather than detracts from his naturally mobile profile. Perhaps the General's services to the Midwinter Fair, when that great enterprise shall have been consummated, may entitle him to permanently wear that sprig of laurel.

SPLASHES

THE EXCELLENT advice which Ward McAllister vouchsafes the young man of social ambition has as much point in San Francisco as application in New York. Even Balzac, who explored for his heroes all the avenues of success, never stated more lucidly the gospel of Society; there is nothing more definite in the correspondence of Lord Chesterfield. Into a column and a half the Gotham leader condenses the experiences and deductions of decades; he demonstrates the best method of winning acquaintance and prestige in the *beau monde*. No one ever diagnosed with such a degree of serious deliberation the essentials of high life. Doubtless the captious will translate his directions as toadyism; they may ridicule the aspiration as demeaning and the system as contemptible. But eminence is certain to provoke envy, and the satisfaction of finding one's name on Mrs. Midas' guest list is surely an adequate recompense for comments so censorious.

* * *

Society in San Francisco succumbs readily to male assault. In the ranks of the elect there is a lamentable scarcity of dancers. Given some manner, therefore, and a degree of Terpsichorean agility, general circulation follows inevitably. One party or two establishes the desirability of the candidate, and provided he demonstrates the proper mental conventionality success is assured. But he must guard against exhibiting undue cleverness as a lawyer against the imputation of flippancy. Conversational facility invariably arouses the suspicions of the respectable and muffled progress is infinitely easier than advancement which celebrates its steps with drum-beating. Inoffensiveness rarely arouses antagonism save in men of ability, and the course of the aspirant is rarely crossed by obstacles of that caliber. Of course, the rigorous observance of even the pettiest details of etiquette is essential. Failure to recognize social obligations evinces a contempt for Society, and that, of course, is unpardonable.

* * *

Surveying the field and its constituents one cannot but realize how admirably the McAllisterian principles have been applied by young gentlemen who never heard of them. One man who went out a great deal last winter owed his vogue to a certain family whose members regarded him with aversion. He was constant in his calls, however, solicitous in his attentions, danced admirably, and soon obtained invitations on his own account. Another won his original introduction by a loan to an impecunious scion of the 150. There was little to distinguish him save his solemnity and occasional theatre parties, but attached to the train of an ambitious *debutante* he was whisked into the first set, and remains there by sheer force of immobility. A third personage gained prominence by his devotion to a maiden of years and experience. She had flowers and candy constantly, and the obedient attention of her adorer. Her efforts converted his lapses of silence into intervals of meditation, and ere long he figured as tame cat in the household of a married belle whom he escorted to the cotillions.

* * *

If the careers of the various individualities who figure at dinners and dances were exploited at length, what material they would afford the ambitious novelist! Yet there are families to whose persistent knocking there has been no response. Try how they may, the gates are ever closed to them. The reason is not hard to find—they are too conspicuous—too demonstrative. They would carry by pure push what requires tact and a little grace. Hence, with all their dollars they are condemned to exterior darkness. And in the long run, Society loses more than they do.

* * *

THE DIFFICULTY of satisfying the Century Club has become traditional. Because certain eminent members are dissatisfied with the quality of the intellectuality developed these late Wednesdays that is no reason to assume the inferiority of the lectures. It is safe to believe, however, that they have been several shades lighter than the serious-minded celebrities of the institution demanded. The great minds of these verbal wrestlers refuse to grapple with aught save with the gravest questions of the moment. Why, they have asked, compel us to listen to the "Millennium" about which anybody knows as much as everybody while the license of the press is under discussion? Why not tackle the important issues set forth by Madame Sarah Grand, instead of fugitive essays by mere professional *litterateurs?* Let us into the field of controversy so we may contribute to current thought. To these appeals, so far, Mrs. Davis has been deaf.

* * *

Now, the agitators have made up their minds that the millennium will be succeeded by millinery, that domesticity will be exploited as a virtue, and cooking enlarged on as an educational necessity. They fear teas and receptions to transient nonentities, so, altogether, the spirit of dissatisfaction and detraction is abroad, and who knoweth the consequences?

* * *

AMONG THE BASE-BALL *cognoscenti* the impression is prevalent that victory will not perch on the banners of the Owl this afternoon. Though the team that goes out to battle for Bohemia is not weak, it lacks the *esprit de corps* and vigor which distinguished the nine of last season. Besides, there has been no enthusiastic Stevens to spur the laggards to train. As a matter of fact, there has been little preparation. At the practice games the attendance was meagre in the extreme. On several occasions it has happened that Manager Dimond and the pitcher had the field to themselves. Rarely have all the celebrities found themselves together. In fact, on the Bohemian side there has been a lack of interest, and it is assumed the game they put up

against the 'Varsity boys will demonstrate their lack of industry.

* * *

There is hardly a clever bat in the team; the fielding is weak and the pitching leaves much to be desired, for Mr. Owen is not in as good form as of yore. Perhaps the best all-round man on the team is Woods, who plays centrefield, though Faxton Atherton's talents are by no means despicable. He shone against Bohemia in previous matches. His defection from the Pacific-Union Club balances the desertion of A. H. Small, who this time is found arrayed against the Post Street institution. He can be depended on to give an account of himself as Smedberg and Tobin and Ricketts may. From the pitching of Belshaw much, too, is expected, so altogether the prospects for a 'Varsity victory are pretty good. Besides, Mr. Grant's team has had plenty of practice and that counts heavily. Of course, Society will be out in force. Several parties have been made up for the affair and the adherents of both sides are adequately furnished with fish horns. There will be noise and enthusiasm in plenty.

* * *

Speaking of charity base-ball recalls the fact that there is another game in prospect which has become now an annual fixture socially as well as athletically. The Yale-Harvard graduate game, won now for two years by the meagre margin of one run by the wearers of the crimson, has proved itself one of the events of the year in San Francisco. The Yale men, they say, tired of bringing up the rear, are going in to win. They intend to play several men who were at one time or another on the Yale 'Varsity team, and Captain Cohen, the ex-Harvard second baseman, will have to look to his laurels this year. It is commonly reported that Hefflefinger, Bliss, and Norton will play for Yale, but there is quite an air of uncertainty in this regard at the University Club, where the Harvard men strenuously object.

* * *

SOCIETY found but slight recognition for Halloween this season. The festival passed almost uncelebrated save for a dinner given by Mrs. Will Crocker to Baron von Schroeder and some informal gatherings in a few Western Addition homes. The neglect of so interesting an opportunity of entertainment indicates the extent of the stagnation prevailing "in the swim." However, it is a little early, perhaps, to expect much enthusiasm in the way of hospitality yet. Besides there are not very many people home from Chicago.

* * *

Quite a delegation of fashionables accompanied Baron von Schroeder to the ferries on Thursday afternoon. On the previous evening Mrs. Annie Donahue gave a dinner in his honor at her home on Bryant Street. It was a very sumptuous affair, flowers in profusion, an admirable *menu*, and excellent wines. Huber's Orchestra discoursed digestive strains during the repast. On Monday, W. S. McMurtry gave a lunch for Baron von Schroeder at the University Club. It was an epicurean affair, commensurate with the reputation of both host and guest. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Will Crocker gave a dinner in his honor. Altogether he has been the occasion of much farewell festivity. His stay here has been quite a brief one, but doubtless he will remain a longer time in '94.

* * *

There was a pleasant gathering of young people at the Clark Crocker mansion, 1609 Sutter Street, last Friday evening. It was the first party given by Miss Fanny Crocker, one of the prettiest of the season's *debutantes*. Instead of card playing or dancing, the entertainment took a literary turn. Illustrated cards were circulated among the guests who were invited to interpret the titles of certain famous novels from them. The game is one that has considerable vogue in Boston. For instance "The Mill on the Floss" was represented by a small wooden coffee mill on Floss. "The Squirrel Inn"—a marble with a squirrel in it. "The Law and the Lady"—an old lady with the ten commandments in her hand, and so on. "The Prince of India," "Looking Backwards," "Ben Hur," "The Lady or the Tiger," and a dozen others were represented. Of course, there were prizes for successful guessing, and the affair finished up with an excellent supper. Afterwards there followed a small dance, so that, though the affair was called a "Small and Early," it did not break up until past one o'clock.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Jessie Bowie and Mr. Harry Dietrich is announced. Miss Bowie is well known in Society, though she has gone out but little in recent years. Mr. Dietrich is a member of the Oakland family of that ilk. His brother married one of the pretty Tucker girls and resides in Portland.

* * *

That the coffers of the Maria Kip Orphanage will be materially enriched by the Charity Ball, on Tuesday evening next, is not altogether probable. It will, doubtless, be an interesting and very exclusive affair, but the chances seem against the kind of gathering which alone could have a profitable consequence. The invitations have not been responded to with the alacrity the patronesses anticipated, but, considering the number of absentees and the depression, that is hardly to be wondered at. There is still time, however, and it is to be hoped a greater degree of interest will be developed ere the evening of the event. This will be the first ball in Golden Gate Hall.

* * *

This afternoon Society will have to choose between foot-ball, wherein the Olympic and Stanford teams contest for supremacy at Central Park, and base-ball between the rival nines of the Bohemian and 'Varsity Clubs at the Haight Street grounds. Undoubtedly both will prove interesting, though the social advantage will be with the warring club-men. It devolves on the winning team to entertain its rival at dinner. If the Owls are victorious the night will be signalized by the organization of an impromptu "jinks" at which the talent of Bohemia will exhibit itself in its latest accomplishments.

* * *

In name only was the Woman's Exchange entertainment, last Saturday, a garden party. Had there been less fog and a milder edge to the wind doubtless the delightful grounds of the Black Point reservation would have proved most attractive. The unpropitious weather, however, sent everyone under cover, and the result was the crowding of General Ruger's residence. Quite a number of people were in attendance, and the result was that locomotion was a matter of extreme difficulty. However, preparations for the entertainment of their guests had been made by the managers, and there were sundry booths presided over by interesting maidens, wherein it was quite possible to spend the hours agreeably. It cannot be said that much was proved by the popularity contest, though it was the source of considerable amusement. There was music by Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra and refreshments. The financial results will hardly make the Exchange rich, but, considering the inclemency of the afternoon, they are very satisfactory to the Lady Managers.

* * *

ONE OF the most elaborate affairs ever given in the Pacific-Union Club was the farewell dinner to Clinton E. Worden, who is to marry Mrs. Eva C. Shaw on Wednesday next. Mr. Worden, during his stay here, has achieved both popularity and success. A member of the Country Club and an excellent shot, he numbers among his friends the more serious members of the parent institution. He has certainly shown capacity and strength of will by the manner in which he has built up the large business he is in control of. The forty-eight diners were seated round an immense table, the centre of which—a space ten by thirty feet—was filled with chrysanthemums. They were in all shades and varieties, and made a mass of brilliant color. Amidst them glistened innumerable electric lights, whose effect was really very beautiful.

* * *

An admirable *menu* was served, and the wines were the best in the Club cellar. There was but one toast given by Jerome A. Hart, who made a very neat complimentary speech, to which Mr. Worden responded. During the dinner Brandt's Orchestra rendered very delightfully a series of melodies.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Georgiana Masten and W. F. Perkins was celebrated on the evening of Wednesday last, at the Masten residence on Clay Street. Rev. Floyd J. Mynard performed the ceremony. The bridesmaids were Misses Jennie and Alice Masten. There were quite a number of the friends of the bride and the groom present. After the usual congratulations supper was served. Of course there were speeches. W. H. Mills made a very

interesting talk in proposing the health of the happy pair, and Dr. Mynard responded. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins made their escape early, thus avoiding a deluge of rice which had been prepared for them. On their return from the honeymoon they will reside at 2113 Baker Street.

* * *

The important matrimonial events of the coming week are the Worden-Shaw nuptials at Grace Church, and the Haskell-Cronise marriage on Tuesday evening at the family residence corner Van Ness and Vallejo. Miss Haskell is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Haskell. Mr. Cronise is the Assayer of the Selby Smelting Works. O. E. Von Rhein will act as best man and Miss Lenore Butler as maid of honor.

* * *

Undoubtedly Society will be interested in learning that Mrs. Alexander, *née* Fannie Lent, obtained a divorce quite recently from her husband, Lieutenant Alexander. They were married some time in 1887, I believe, and a very few months after the ceremony they agreed to separate. For the disruption no reason was ever assigned; no secret was ever better kept. Since then Mrs. Alexander has lived with her parents in New York. There was no contest, the divorce being granted on the ground of desertion.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels and S. M. Shortridge returned from their Eastern trip on Monday last. They spent nearly two weeks in Chicago and then went on to New York. There they were entertained by Herman Oelrichs, who gave a dinner in their honor. They came home *via* the Santa Fe route.

* * *

THE CREOLE NOVELIST cannot complain of any lack of appreciation here. He has been dined quite extensively and has told all his stories several times over. One elaborate meal was given in his honor at the University Club, and about it an amusing story has gently floated into circulation. It was a subscription affair, the guests for the most part professors from Berkeley and Palo Alto. When the gathering broke up the Stanford men, with beaming faces, congratulated the manager of the festivity on his skill as a *gourmet* but said not a syllable about their contributions. Of course, it was out of the question to remind them. A few days later, however, the mail of the learned epicure was unusually weighty. It contained a series of apologetic epistles from the Palo Altoans apologizing profusely for their forgetfulness and enclosing postal notes for their dues.

* * *

The same excuse did duty in each instance —the quality of the *menu* had driven from their minds all thought of finance. Of course, the imputation was flattering. An interesting incident of the affair was the christening of Mr. Cable's new novel. He announced he had that very day decided to call it "Wildwood." Whereupon the pedantic assemblage gravely pledged the success of the volume in Delbeck. "Wildwood" inaugurates its serial career in the January *Scribner*.

* * *

Over the fate of the "Tolna" there is no great uneasiness. That Mate Wichman is not especially lamblike in his proclivities is true, but that he designs becoming a second Captain Kidd is rather more than even his enemies are inclined to believe. Rather a tough kind of person, short, thickset, and strong, he is much given to dilating on his own prowess. For some time he presided over a saloon at the corner of Polk and Clay Streets. There he delighted in telling bloodcurdling yarns and won the reputation of being a liar of more than ordinary audacity. He delighted in reminiscences of his career, which, according to his own statement, had been peculiarly adventurous. It is very probable that his braggadocio proclivities are responsible for the circulation of this last weird tale. Wichman met Festetics while the latter was a member of Captain Nevin's navigation class. It seems they became rather well acquainted, and the little Count promised the fellow the command of his yacht when she was finished. However dangerous he may be in one way, it is improbable he would dare aught of especial moment.

* * *

A CHARITY FESTIVAL on a large scale claims first rank in the anticipation of Oakland Society. It is to be a combination of World's Fair, art loan exhibition, *musicale*, and dance at one and the same time and the Merritt mansion, on Jackson Street, has been chosen as its *locale*. Mrs. Ben Morgan, of Berkeley, and Mrs. Watt have the enterprise in control and the beneficiaries are the Children's Hospital and the West Oakland Free Kindergarten. If the ability of these matrons is commensurate with the task of converting the bare, sad rooms of the old mansion into habitable shape, they will deserve congratulation even if they do not command success. Of the latter contingency there is little fear, however, for a large attendance is certain and the *locale* is eminently attractive. The last occasions that gathered Society to the Merritt mansions were two funerals and an auction. At both no little history was made.

* * *

There was little to relieve the social monotony in Oakland this week. Even the readers ceased from reading and "Mycale" was given a well-earned rest. It seems all that could be said about Dr. Dodswell has found voice. There is a chance now for the better half of his character to emerge from the obscurity which the details of his career covered it with. For the future, however, there are hopes. For instance, there is the wedding of Miss Gertrude Bailey and Harry Haight, on Wednesday next. *Tout* Oakland will gather at St. Paul's that night, and I am sure the ceremony will be of interest. There are to be five bridesmaids and six ushers—quite an extensive *cortege*. Miss Maud Wilkinson is to be maid of honor, and L. M. Haight will be best man. Miss Bailey cannot make other than a piquant and charming bride, and the brunette coloring of her maid of honor must make an admirable foil. A reception at the Bailey home will follow the ceremony.

* * *

On Friday evening the Congregational Orchestra gave a concert at the Clay Street Church. As is always the case at these concerts, the auditorium was filled to overflowing. Miss Newlands, who is all the rage, was the soloist of the evening and sang charmingly, although she had a severe cold for which she considered it necessary to apologize. In November Miss Newlands is to give a series of song recitals when she will be assisted by the new barytone, Mr. Andrew Bogart, whose fresh young voice is attracting so much attention.

* * *

Miss Grimes, Miss Ferrier, Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Henshaw have returned from Chicago. Since their arrival a rumor alleging the engagement of Miss Nellie Chabot has obtained considerable circulation. Who the fortunate man is no one seems to know, save that he is not an Oaklander. As Miss Chabot and her mother are still in Chicago, and the Remi Chabots know nothing at all about it, the affair is steeped in mystery. It must be remembered that this is by no means the first time that Miss Chabot has been provided with a husband by the imaginations of her friends. Nor will it be the last. However, as she is the most desirable girl in Oakland, from several points of view, one may not be surprised at the rumors. A good many Alameda County men are awaiting her return with trepidation.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Greenwood, *née* Tubbs, are among the latest to depart for Chicago. Miss Kate Clement, the Soulés, and the Bacons, are now on their way home; and Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams and Mrs. Tom Prather arrived this week. Miss Grace Hilborn, the daughter of the Congressman, is among the sight-seers at the Fair.

* * *

To see the "Oregon" launched several parties went over to the city on tugs. Captain Goodall gave one party and Captain Hackett gave another. Lucheon was served on board and a jolly time was had. Miss Ainsworth has been the recipient of no end of felicitations on her share of the event, even if the bottle of fiz was a trifle slow in breaking.

* * *

ALTHOUGH a large number of the unemployed, many of whom are always with us, took their packs on their backs the other day and left on various Sunset brakebeams for the semi-tropics, I am informed on good authority that there will be in San Francisco this winter between ten and twenty thousand idle men. At present the number is considerably less than the first-named figure, but every day

serves to augment the throng. Some measures will have to be taken to provide these men with food and lodging, provided the camp and soup-house at the Postoffice site proves inadequate. I notice, however, that the idea I have so weakly expressed has already taken a firm grasp upon the intellects of several of my political fellow-citizens. Next year is an election year. The problem is, therefore, to organize these men and keep them in hand until after the ballot-boxing in November, 1894. That will be somewhat difficult and expensive if the men were not likely to become largely self-supporting before spring time.

* * *

But, as a matter of fact, a majority and perhaps all of them will find employment long ere the primary season dawns. Once organized, however, their allegiance is quite certain to continue, and if concerted action could be secured it is not unlikely that "the unemployed," as we know them at present, could be used next year with great political profit. The season of commercial stagnation which followed the Comstock craze of 1875-76, witnessed just such a political result as I am describing. It began with an anti-Chinese agitation and ended with the Kearney Workingmen's Party which came within an ace of electing its entire ticket in this town in 1879. But at that time the discontented unemployed were united and aggressive. To-day they are divided and led by played-out agitators. While I do not discount at all the danger that lurks in the presence in any city of twenty thousand idle men, I am inclined to believe that there is no prospect of a political revolution being effected by those now in this city. There are several reasons for this belief, not the least of which is the fact already referred to, namely, that the councils of the proletarians are racked with divisions.

* * *

There are four if not five distinct camps. The principal one was organized by two demagogues named Frye and Willey. They located on the Postoffice site and established a soup-house. Their objects were, first, personal profit; second, political power. The opportunities for peculation presented by the management of the soup-house were, however, too much for them, and both speedily fell. Frye was arrested for embezzlement and Willey was kicked out. The soup-house, with its attaching barracks, dropped into the hands of the Salvation Army. A small section of the unemployed were dissatisfied with this arrangement. They joined the "Army of Heaven at Hand," the Chief Officer of which is Stephen Maybell, the sand-lot poet. One night, recently, this "Army" met and denounced the camp controlled by the Salvationists as an attempt to subject American citizens to the yoke of a society which has its headquarters in a foreign land. Meantime Willey's followers applied to the Supervisors for a permit to locate their band of dissentients, under the name of the "American Unemployed," in the Old City Hall, which is now being vacated by the police department.

* * *

The fourth group of dissatisfied idlers is more formidable than either of these, principally because it is in the hands of skillful politicians. It is called the "Anti-Chinese Law and Order League," and its avowed purpose is the deportation of unregistered Mongolians. Its real purpose is the formation of a powerful political organization for use in the next campaign. Its leaders, so I am told, are Denis Kearney, the ex-agitator, and George W. Fox, the lawyer. There is a fifth group in process of incubation. It has the names of A. S. Hallidie and James T. Barry upon its prospectus, and seems to be designed mainly to gobble up the other organizations in case there appears to be "politics" in it. The rallying cry of all these parties is the Geary Act and the Chinese, and each is awaiting with anxiety the opening of the coming political campaign. However much confidence one may have in the ability of the politicians to make the most out of all the possibilities, it will be hard for him to see where any political advantage is going to be worked out of this situation. Twenty thousand idle men, united, would constitute a menace the old political bosses could not ignore; but divided as they are, and rent with civil feuds, they will cut little or no figure in our future political movements.

* * *

GOOD STORIES concerning the Pacific Bank like the *grippe* are now unusually prevalent. It is said that when the institution closed its doors, and the attorneys, bank commissioners, and sheriff's deputies swooped down upon it, they were awed by the evidences of sanctity that everywhere abounded within the building. In the President's room large portraits of Dr. McDonald and Henry Ward Beecher smiled at each other from adjacent walls. Among the papers of the bank were large numbers of temperance tracts and religious publications, and tucked away in a desk the intruders discovered a bundle of letters from several religious and charitable societies, in many of which the writers fervently thanked R. H. McDonald, Jr., for munificent donations.

"It seems to me," remarked Attorney Baggett, who is known to have devout inclinations, "that we are engaged in a work of desecration."

"All right," replied Attorney McPike, whose inclinations are said to be decidedly irreligious, "we'll appoint you chief desecrator."

* * *

Attorney Dorn and Sheriff McDade, however, suggested a prayer prior to the commencement of legal hostilities, but it was ascertained, after investigation, that Attorney Dunne was the only gentleman present who could offer an invocation, and he declined to do so on the ground that, not anticipating a religious ceremony in the closing of the bank, he had left his prayer book at home. Some one intimated that Peter could extemporize a prayer that would answer for the occasion. "No," said Peter, decidedly, "I never speak without notes.

"Very well," interposed the irreverant McPike, "we must do something, and as a last resort I suggest that General Willey pass the contribution box."

And this was done, the General's shining tile, fresh from the hatter's iron, serving as a receptacle for the coin. The amount contributed by the desecrators I do not know, as the money is said to have disappeared mysteriously almost immediately after it fell into Willey's hands.

* * *

THE DISCOVERY at the City Hall that the engine boilers immediately under the Treasury are decaying so fast that an explosion is immediately imminent, is really cheering news. In fact, nothing that I have heard recently has filled me with so much hopefulness. These boilers were put in twenty years ago, and for a decade I have been anxiously awaiting their forcible disintegration. The foresight which prompted the original builders of the City Hall to place them directly beneath the Treasury has always struck me as a remarkable case of Providence. In the event of an explosion in their present location, they would send the Treasury vaults flying into the air and scatter the coin of the municipality in a thousand different directions. This might not be pleasant for Treasurer Widber, who is under a bond of $100,000 and charged with the care of the money, but it would be a highly pleasing spectacle for the unemployed. For once there would be plenty of money for everybody. I trust that when the engineer at the City Hall gets ready to blow these boilers up he will make due announcement of his intentions. I am opposed to any monopoly in this matter.

* * *

OUR LATEST railroad magnate is Mr. F. M. Smith, the Oakland Borax King. It is only a short while ago that Mr. Smith appeared in the social firmament of the Athens with a bag of money that actually paralyzed the imaginations of those with whom he became acquainted. For two months the most startling rumors were circulated about him. At one time he was about to purchase all the electric railroads in Alameda County; at another his eye was upon the cable roads, which promised better dividends, then he was located on the Water Front quietly gobbling up ferry privileges, and, finally, it was reputed one day that he had entirely deserted borax and soon contemplated the purchase of the Southern Pacific lines in Oakland. It never seemed to occur to the originators of these stories that Mr. Smith, having made considerable money in borax, was likely to stay with that alkaline substance. They evidently sized him up as possessing more money than brains.

* * *

Now, however, I have it upon good authority that Mr. Smith has really become a railroad magnate. He has purchased a controlling interest in the California and Nevada Railroad.

This sounds like business, but before permitting the sound to take the form of sense, it may be well to inquire what Mr. Smith purposes doing with his new acquisition? One thing, I am sure, is quite settled. He does not contemplate ever riding upon the road himself. If he does, he is a more reckless man than I take him to be. The California and Nevada railroad runs from Emery Station, on the Berkeley line, to a stake somewhere in Contra Costa County called "Bryant." Its entire length is said to be thirty miles. The engine that makes this railroad go is windbroken and spavined. The car that follows the engine is knock-kneed and piebald. In fact, this road is in the last stages of consumption—so far gone, indeed, that something more vitilizing than cod liver oil will be necessary to rejuvenate it. However, I suppose its possession entitles Mr. Smith to the designation of railroad magnate, and as there is nothing mean about me, I shall accord him that title at once. But unless he puts down new rails and buys some new rolling stock, I warn him that he need never invite me to ride on that railroad. Thank Heaven, I know better than to accept such an invitation.

* * *

I HEAR with regret that there is likely to be trouble over the space allotted to exhibitors at the Midwinter Fair. The price fixed by the managers of that great spectacle, from $1.50 to $2 per square foot, has been voted, so I am told, by the down-town merchants and artisans who are expected to exhibit their wares, as well as pay for the space they occupy, altogether too high. Some of them are already talking of abandoning their intention of exhibiting. I hope this difficulty will not prove serious, for to have that magnificent enterprise at this late day fail to receive the support of those who are mainly depended upon to make it a success, would be a most ignominious disgrace. If the price put upon the space is too high, it should be lowered without delay.

* * *

THE DISADVANTAGE of attempting to entertain with music those for whom the art of Apollo has no charms, is sometimes made most painful. Mrs. Rodney Church, wife of the Recorder of Alameda County, is determined never to give another *musicale* unless all the spectators are capable of understanding the purpose for which they are assembled. A few evenings ago she arranged an affair at which Mr. Clarke, the Oakland violinist who has recently returned from Europe, was invited to play. Musical and non-musical Society people were invited, and it transpired that long before the violin solo, the *pièce de resistance* of the evening, had been reached, the non-musicals were assembled in an adjoining room listening to the music of their own conversation, the sounds of which reverberated throughout the house.

* * *

The violin solo commenced, but, after a few bars, Mr. Clarke laid down his instrument and said, "I can't play with so much noise." In the deathly stillness which followed a ringing voice from the adjoining room was heard saying, "Guess he must have broken a string." Upon the heels of this depressing remark the ten-year-old *enfant terrible* of the house, supposing the solo was concluded, remarked cheerfully, "What's next on the programme?" Mr. Clarke has gone to Los Angeles to recuperate.

* * *

LEAKAGES in telegraph offices are highly objectionable. I imagine Superintendent Jaynes will agree with me that the use of information acquired by his operators is not only bad form, but exceedingly dangerous. A friend of mine deposited a message in the Western Union office a few days ago—a business dispatch it was, and he regarded it as of importance. To his great disgust an acquaintance, who enjoys a mild form of intimacy with certain telegraphers, inquired gently for particulars about the matter referred to. The natural objection one has to having the world in general apprised of the details of one's affairs drew out a vigorous protest about the disclosure. It is to be hoped a recurrence will be guarded against.

* * *

SCENE—Judge Campbell's Department of the Police Court, Old City Hall. Fog lifting from Portsmouth Square. Rattle of wagons upon the pavement below.

Dramatis personæ—Judge Campbell (his whiskers freshly trimmed) on the bench, Prosecuting Attorney Reed (clean shaven), and Benjamin F. Napthaly, Esq., Attorney, Counselor, etc., at the bar. Prisoner, accused of making faces at a Celtic policeman, in the dock. Spectators, bummers, and shysters in the distance.

The Court (glaring at the prisoner)—The offense of which this man is accused is a very serious one, sir. I do not know whether the Code empowers me to listen to any exculpatory testimony.

Mr. Napthaly—But your Honor will not condemn this man unheard?

The Court (severely)—I didn't say that. I said I didn't know whether I had a right to listen to his defense.

Mr. Napthaly—As to that, I confess I am unfamiliar with the law myself. But your Honor certainly has a right to take judicial notice of certain facts. For instance——

The Court (interrupting)—No, sir; everything must be proved in this Court. I make that an inflexible rule.

* * *

Mr. Napthaly (meekly)—But, your Honor, the Code——

The Court—Hang the Code! This Court knows nothing about the Code.

Mr. Napthaly—There are certain things, however, that the law requires you to notice judicially. For instance, you have a right to notice the fact that this man was arrested on Tuesday and that the complaint charges him with having made these faces on Wednesday, which is impossible.

The Court—It is useless to talk to me. Prove your case.

Mr. Napthaly—Will your Honor take judicial notice of the fact that this is Wednesday?

The Court—No, sir.

Mr. Napthaly—Will you——

Prosecuting Attorney Reed (*sotto voce*) Ask him if he will take judicial notice of the fact that he is an ass.

Mr. Napthaly—Your Honor will certainly acknowledge the fact that you are an a——

Mr. Reed (interrupting)—Hold on; that was a joke. Do you want me sent up for life for contempt?

The Court—I allow no whispering in this Court.

* * *

Mr. Napthaly (in despair)—Well, since your Honor will not listen to our defense, nor take judicial notice of anything, I would like to address your Honor a question in private.

The Court (pricking up its ears)—Private—private? This Court is a public place. It does nothing in private.

Mr. Napthaly—Well, your Honor, I wanted to ask as a last resort whether you would take judicial notice of the fact that this prisoner voted for you at the last election, and intends to repeat the favor again at the first opportunity?

The Court (interested)—That is important, if true. Prisoner, (addressing the culprit) how about that?

The Prisoner—Yes, sir; that's a fact. I voted for you three times last 'lection.

The Court (brightening up)—The Code unquestionably allows me to take judicial notice of such a thing as this. Prisoner, you are discharged. Mr. Reed, I trust you will not waste any more of my time with these trivial cases.

* * *

IN THE election at Sacramento a week from Tuesday there are other issues, I understand, than the mere question whether the Capital City shall again relapse into inactivity and silurianism. It seems that my old friend, General Tom Clunie, elder brother of our highly esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Andrew Jackson Clunie, himself constitutes an issue that is absolutely setting the Capital by the ears. The General does not appear in the newspapers. On the contrary, the latter wholly ignore him, but the opposition to Mr. Knox, who is running against Mayor Steinman, is being made, I am told, almost entirely upon the unpopularity of Clunie. This seems remarkably humorous to an outsider, but it is said to be an earnest fact up in the leveed town. Knox, it appears, is a distant relative of the General—that is, his business partner is Clunie's father-in-law, or Clunie is his business partner's father-in-law, or his father-in-law is Knox's partner—bless me, I am a trifle mixed as to this relationship.

* * *

At all events there is a family link between Mr. Clunie and General Knox—I mean General Clunie and Mr. Knox—and the people fear that in case Mr. Knox is elected Mayor

he will continue to be a Clunie man. This in itself would not be such an awful thing, (for the General is not nearly so bad a man as he looks) were it not for another circumstance which accounts for the milk in the cocoanut. General Clunie owns two lots at the junction of Q, Front, and South Levee Streets for the possession of which he has been sued by the city. They front on the river and are valuable for more reasons than the mere fact that they cover a large section of the earth's surface. If Mr. Knox becomes Mayor at the election a week from Tuesday, he will exercise a great deal more power than any Mayor has ever wielded in the Capital City. Among the rumors which have been circulated, there is one that the Mayor, under the new charter, will have power to compromise city litigation, and it is confidently believed that the first act of Mr. Knox's administration will be the dismissal of this suit against General Clunie. Knox is not a bad fellow. In fact, he is a rather estimable citizen, but the charge that Frank Rhoads is responsible for his nomination and that General Clunie claims distant relationship to him will probably end him in Sacramento.

* * *

THE Republicans who have formed a league called the "Executive Council," and entered cheerfully upon the task of reorganizing the Party in this city, are counting, it seems to me, upon altogether too easy a task. These gentlemen, who chiefly number seven from the Union League and seven from the State League, with scattering representation from other Republican Clubs, have elected John D. Spreckles, Chairman, and ex-Senator John M. Days, Secretary—both of whom are worthy and practical men. They purpose reorganizing on a basis of Assembly Districts —one club to each district—which will be given a single delegate in the Executive Council. This would, if the plan is completely carrried out, produce a body of eighty men, representing according to population every portion of the State. Looked at from the standpoint of an uninitiated observer such a council would seem to be a body capable of weilding great power in harmonizing the party. But in reality it can amount to nothing.

* * *

There are two factors in this city which, I think, can never be harmonized. They are the machine manipulated in the last campaign by Kelly and Crimmins, and the Non-Partisan Party. The latter is bound to become a powerful influence in the party councils because if ignored it can at any time fly the flag of revolt and repeat its performance in the last campaign. It seems to me that any harmonizing plan that does not consider the Third Street bosses and the Non-Partisans may as well be abandoned in the beginning. The Republicans, in my humble opinion, can easily carry their State and municipal tickets next year, provided they go about the work like sensible men. Of course, the Non-Partisans must be taken into camp. Nothing can be done without them. Kelly and Crimmins are not so important. Indeed, I am not certain whether it would not be a good plan to jettison them before any sail is made at all. And then there is Mr. De Young and his Senatorial aspirations. What is to be done with him?

* * *

IT NOW being in order, I should like to congratulate President Hyde and the Solid Seven in the Board of Education. After many months of hard work, during which the Board has treated us to several dramatic episodes, they have succeeded at last in getting rid of Isador Leszynsky, teacher of the Commercial Evening School. It is not exactly certain that they are yet rid of him, but the preliminary steps have been taken and the rest is a matter of law. Leszynsky holds a bookkeeper's certificate and cannot teach a grammar grade school. The Solid Seven desired his place for one Kilpatrick, who possesses the necessary qualifications. The law prohibits the dismissal of teachers except for cause, and the only way to reach Leszynsky was, therefore, to abolish his school and resurrect in its place an institution over which he was incompetent to preside. This was done, but not until after Directors Decker and Dowling had blacked each other's eyes and the "harmony banquets" at the Good Fellows' Grotto had ceased.

* * *

In the vacuum created by the destruction of the Commercial Evening School, the Seven have placed an entity called the "Business Evening School." It is in the same building and has the same pupils, but the change of name has cooked Mr. Leszynsky's goose. He is not only no longer its preceptor—he is out of it altogether. This has been the work of months and no end of quarreling. And it is not exactly certain that the Board is yet out of the woods. Leszynsky, I understand, has engaged a lawyer and will now march the Seven into Court, *a la* Kate Kennedy. He relies on the ancient legal principle that what cannot be done directly cannot be done indirectly—that is, the Board of Education cannot dismiss him by the vain subterfuge of abolishing his school and re-establishing it under a different name. This would seem at first blush to the lay mind a conclusive point. But whether it is or not the Courts will be called upon to argue it.

* * *

KING McMANUS, late monarch of the Potrero, has recently had several practical demonstrations that all heads that wear a crown rest uneasily. Not only has the law laid its heavy hand upon him in consequence of the charges of jury fixing preferred by Attorney Wilson, but the birds of prey everywhere, it seems, have singled him out as legitimate game. On Saturday evening last, I am credibly informed, an unknown but fairly well-dressed man called at the Third Street refectory and asked to see the accused potentate. The King emerged from the back room and greeted his caller with accustomed cordiality.

"You see, King," began the stranger, "I am a reporter and I work occasionally on the *Examiner*."

McManus scowled at this, for since the publication of the articles in the *Examiner* accusing him of jury fixing, he is not partial to representatives of that journal.

* * *

"I have written an article," continued the stranger, "about you for the *Examiner*, giving an account of how you visited Curtis at the County Jail and arranged that business. Of course, I am not anxious to publish it. I had as lief sell it to you as to the *Examiner*."

"About how much do ye want for this piece?" asked the King, betweeen his teeth.

"Oh, I suppose it ought to be worth a hundred to a man in your fix."

"I'll give ye a smash in the mug for it," shouted the ex-Potrero monarch; and with that he landed upon the alleged reporter's jaw with excellent effect. The putative journalist went to grass instantly, but scrambled to his feet in time to catch another beneath the left ear, which banged him through the swinging doors into the street.

"I reckon that bloke thinks a pile-driver struck him," was the King's comment as he calmly returned to his pedro game. The King really does strike an effective blow.

* * *

THE PATH of the political reformer is certainly thorny. Mr. Bretz, the Populist Assemblyman of Alameda, is having a hard time across the bay. In the last Legislature he distinguished himself by charging that Stephen M. White and Marion Cannon had bribed Assemblyman Kerns to bolt the Populist caucus. Forced to make his assertions good before a legislative committee, Bretz acknowledged that he had been talking through his wig, and, like an unruly school boy, meekly accepted a castigation from the Speaker and a week's suspension. But the National reputation acquired by this exploit induced him to return to Oakland and establish a newspaper. He called it *Our Republic*, and for six months the Populists of Oakland have been glorying in the lurid literature set before them by the redoubtable Assemblyman.

* * *

However, it was certain that a reformer of Mr. Bretz's aggressive temperament could not long hope to have plain sailing. Adversity, that stern propagator of virtue, has finally overtaken him. The other day the printers who set the type of *Our Republic* "ratted" his office. I do not exactly understand the merits of the dispute between Mr. Bretz and his printers. I have heard that the great Populist statesman insisted on employing a "blacksmith," or a "scab," or whatever the printers call the non-union members of their craft, and as Bretz, with characteristic stubbornness, refused to yield they "ratted" his office. Perhaps "rats" will set up the type of *Our Republic* as well as any other animals,

but how is the journal to be conducted in the interest of the Populist party with a printer's fight on its hands? Personally, Mr. Bretz can never suffer the small boys of Oakland, in his coming Senatorial fight, to greet him everywhere with the cry of "rats." That would ruin any man.

* * *

THE EFFORTS of the bosses of the Cable Railway Combine to shut Mr. H. H. Lynch out of the game have, as I anticipated, come to naught. Indeed, I should have been shocked with surprise had they succeeded. Mr. Lynch was one of the original promoters of the combination. Without the Powell Street system that aggregation of cables would have been shorn of its most important limb, and the Powell Street system would never have entered the pool but for the efforts of Lynch, who has long been its guiding spirit. Having got the Company into the pool, the effort to shelve one of its principal organizers was nothing less than a case of rank imposition. That he was sufficiently strong to protest and secure the promised position of General Superintendent indicates that his campaign for the Shrievalty last year was not made in vain.

* * *

I understand the attempt to shelve Lynch originated with the Omnibus Company, whose Directors made the point that a General Superintendent was an unnecessary luxury. But whether there was anything more serious than a desire to economize continues to be a mystery. Some of Mr. Lynch's immediate friends darkly hint that the proposal to shut him out possesses personal features, an account of which would, if published, make exceedingly interesting reading. But one thing is quite certain, the Cable Railway Combine has elements in it which promise immediate internal dissensions. There is a great deal of cohesiveness in filthy lucre, but there are times when certain aggregations of it desire to be alone. The Omnibus Company may permanently mix with the Market and Powell Street Companies, but I doubt it.

* * *

A SOCIETY event of considerable consequence is the formation of a new combine in the Board of Health. For a year past the members of this Board have been at loggerheads. In fact, ever since the election of Mayor Ellert the four doctors, who, with him, constitute the body, have not known exactly where they were at. Owing to an utter lack of political cohesiveness the Mayor has had altogether more to say about the health of the city (I mean the distribution of offices in the Health Department) than was compatible with a strict construction of Hippocratic ethics. But now it seems the Mayor and Doctor Long are hereafter to be more ornamental than useful in the Board. Ellert, it is said, does not care particularly. He is tired of being pursued by candidates for stewardships and things. But Dr. Long is using a great deal of language that is entirely unknown to the jargon of *materia medica*.

* * *

The combine, I have been told, was effected several weeks ago by a coalition of Doctors Regensburger, Bucknall, and Mays. The alliance is chiefly defensive, although if attacked it may levy war upon its opponents. Its first exploit was to place ex-Supervisor Knorp in the position of steward at the County Hospital. It is said that other changes will be made in the Department from time to time. The purpose of the combination is, I am assured, to build up a healthy little political machine for the next campaign.

* * *

THE GAME of football between the California University and Reliance elevens last Saturday was not a genuine contest by any means. Some of the daily papers represented it as such only to dilate upon the ignominious defeat of the Reliance boys, who were not, as a matter of fact, in the game from the start. There is no rivalry between the footballers across the bay, and there was no attempt on the part of the Reliance eleven to defeat the University team, and so, to represent the humiliating defeat as genuine, has caused some heartburnings among the athletes of the former club. The truth is, the Reliance men were assembled without practice, from everywhere, and one member, whose name I could give, never played before in a hotly-contested game. Whereas the U. C's were all on the ground fresh from the instructions of Hefflefinger, the Eastern coach.

* * *

It may be remarked, parenthetically as it were, that there will be no genuine football this winter except between teams from the different sides of the bay. When the U. C's and Reliance or any other collection of Alameda athletes play it is merely practice. The same may be said of contests between the Stanfords, Olympics, and other teams on this side. But when the Stanford's and U. C's. meet blood of a very deep and deadly hue may be expected to flow. This is equivalent to saying that the only real rivalry that exists here at present in football lays between the two Universities. Hence, I feel unusual interest in the contest between the Stanfords and U. C's, which will take place on Thanksgiving Day.

* * *

THOUGH there was a big crowd at the Bay District Track on Saturday I was a little surprised that Society was not better represented. For the first time in the history of racing here there is apparent an effort to cater to the comfort of visitors. There are the most agreeable accommodations for ladies and, in fact, the track has been improved in a variety of ways. Indeed, I believe Mr. Thomas Williams and Mr. Adolph Spreckels have expended something like $50,000 in the erection of new buildings, etc. It is a little curious in a city with so large a contingent of Southerners as San Francisco has, that racing is not more popular. I presume, though, the lack of feminine patronage is very largely due to the unsportsmanlike manner in which the track has been managed.

* * *

Under its present auspices there is no excuse for any accusation of that character. The starting is excellent, and some very fine horses are taking part in the events. There is no question but that it is going to be a very successful meeting, and all that is required to make the track the resort of style and fashion is the patronage of a few Society women. It is to be hoped they may be persuaded to come in.

* * *

FIRST CLUBMAN (fresh from reading a four-column account of the marriage of Actor Coghlan and Miss Kuhne Beveridge)—Charlie, a conundrum occurs to me. In the theatrical world, what is the chief purpose of the laws of marriage and divorce?

Second Clubman (who is a lawyer)—Why, to preserve the sanctity of the family relation, secure property rights, and protect the offspring, of course.

First C. M.—You are away off. Guess again.

Second C. M.—Give it up. What is their chief purpose?

First C. M.—Cheap and thorough advertising.

The Witness.

Durkee's Salad Dressing, Spices and Extracts received two gold medals and four diplomas at the World's Fair. Order them.

TAILORING A FINE ART.

In these days of ready-made suit sales it cannot be claimed that clothes make the man. The quantity of desperately cut coats and awkwardly hung vests that meet the critical eye seems to show that half the community is on the store clothes basis. However, no one with any sense of fitness or respect for the dignity of his appearance will ever descend to such dangerous economies. Between the coat that is made by a first-class tailor and that purchased at a forced sale the difference is monumental. Still, it behooves the man who would show his sentiments to have well-cut clothes. It is style that counts, and if you will go to J. Ulrich, Room 43, Crocker Building, you are sure to get the very latest in cut and pattern. Mr. Ulrich's clothes have ever been approved by "Him" in *Vogue*.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAVE
A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

San Francisco, November 4, 1893.

THE SONS OF GOOD MEN.

The question asked by Rev. Dr. Hemphill, "Why do good parents have bad children?" can be answered only by an observing man of the world. No clergyman, hemmed in with the moral and physical restrictions of the church, could hope to solve the problem. The immorality of sons brought up within the shadow of the sanctuary, or the waywardness of the offspring of religious and God-fearing parents, can never be accounted for, I imagine, on ordinary ethical principles. There is some deeper reason for the disposition of such well-reared youth to wander into the forbidden paths than is disclosed by the assumption that apostasy makes them conspicuous—"horrible examples," as it were. I fancy if an observing man of the world were to attempt to solve the problem to which Dr. Hemphill devoted an hour on Sunday evening, he would search in altogether a different field than was traversed by the reverend orator.

If it be a fact that the sons of clergymen and religious parents are ungodly, I think the reason will be discovered in two very prosaic characteristics of that breed of young men, namely, ignorance and curiosity. Man is naturally a prying, curious animal. If there is anything of which he is ignorant he will take desperate chances to inform himself upon it. The attendant risk makes the adventure merely more spicily dangerous. It is obviously true that the sons of religious people are kept constantly apart from the realities of the world. They grow to manhood with all the instincts, impulses, and inclinations of the ordinary human, but without the education necessary to discriminate between the dangers and pleasures of a rapid existence. Like all the ignorant and weak they quickly fall. The fact that they were religiously nurtured merely accentuates their careers.

The sons of religious parents are not born bad. On the contrary, the reverse is probably true. But while the ordinary boy is suffered to come in contact with the world and inure himself to its temptations and false allurements, the religious boy is fed on precepts and good examples, and suddenly, when matured, thrown out into the stream and ordered to swim. Necessarily he must have a pretty strong mind as well as muscle if he survives.

A NEW CLASSIFICATION.

A few days ago the Southern Pacific Company adopted and put into operation upon its lines in Northern California a rate schedule, the basis of which is the classification known throughout the United States as the "Western Classification." As I understand it, this is a method of classifying freight commodities so that the rates of charges may be readily computed. The "Western Classification" has been in force upon the southern roads, where it was introduced by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe, for several years past, but in this region a local classification, adapted to the peculiarities of the freight transported, has always until recently been used. The purpose of the change is, of course, to harmonize the northern and the southern rate schedules, and make certain reductions imposed upon the railroads by the exigencies of trade.

At the last session of the Legislature, if my memory serves me right, Manager Leeds, of the Traffic Association, proposed the incorporation of this "Western Classification" into the State Constitution. That system was the main feature of his rate schedule, and had his proposal been adopted, it would now be a part of the Constitution of California. Mr. Leeds declared again and again, while arguing in favor of his amendment (if he was correctly reported) that the adoption of the "Western Classification" would cure all our railroad ills. Indeed, on one or two occasions he hinted that the Southern Pacific would rather die than adopt it, because, he said, its utilization in a rate schedule would immediately reveal to the patrons of that corporation the method by which, he alleged, they were being robbed. In short, he told us the "Western Classification" was the panacea for all railroad abuses, and so deeply was I impressed with his logic that at one time I seriously contemplated joining the Traffic Association or the League of Progress myself, and aiding to choke this thing down the Southern Pacific's capacious throat.

Now that it has been adopted, however, I feel easier. I presume Mr. Leeds feels easier also. And as for the Traffic Association it ought to issue a special prospectus and claim this as one of its great "victories." The mere introduction into the Legislature of an idea by Mr. Leeds, it seems, insures its adoption. The new classification does not go into effect until January 1st, but if its adoption was the main purpose for which the Traffic Association was formed—the which I gathered from the legislative arguments of Mr. Leeds last winter—then I suppose we may anticipate after that date the early dissolution of Mr. Baldwin's aggregation of reformers.

THE PRESS REFORM CRUSADE.

The ladies of this city and Oakland who have set about the laudable work of improving the tone of the local press, should not, I am constrained to remark, attempt to explain the hypotheses upon which they purpose operating. It is sufficient for them to insist upon a modification of the sensationalism which fills the healthy-minded reader with loathing, and creates in the young so false and unjust an estimate of the penalties of wrongdoing. When they attempt to give to the public their idea of the duties and responsibilities of a daily newspaper, they simply demonstrate that they know nothing about the subject. A newspaper, it may be stated, is a business enterprise, not an educational or eleemosynary institution. It is run to make money for its owner, just as a grocery or a dry goods store is run. If the owner of a grocery store or the conductor of a dry goods establishment discover that it pays to import and display for sale certain wares, they lose no time in doing it. The grocery man does not inquire whether the hams his customers desire contain *trichinæ* or the sugar sand, no more than the dry goods man concerns himself whether the cloths for which his lady customers call will ward off consumption and rheumatism. Both aim to supply the demand, for the simple reason that by that means they make money.

So it is with a newspaper. It is printed to make money, and it will put just such "news" in its columns as is demanded by the public. Occasional attempts are made by so-called moral journalists to amend this rule. Some years ago a religious daily was started in New York called the *Witness*. It published only information calculated to ennoble and elevate. Although a great deal of capital was invested in the enterprise, it failed within a year. There was no demand, it was discovered, for such a daily journal. If the ladies who are now entering upon a newspaper reformation will look around them, they will discover that it is only the newspapers which ignore the so-called sensational events of daily history that are failures. Those which adhere strictly to a policy of publishing everything—good, bad, and indifferent—are the ones that live and prosper.

But while I believe that the newspapers of a city necessarily reflect its moral tone—because if there was no demand for sensational news its publication would, as an economic measure, cease at once—I am inclined to think these good ladies, if they begin right, can effect many needed reforms. Let them withdraw their patronage from journals that slander and exaggerate. If a newspaper makes the bankruptcy of a defenseless woman the pretext for defaming her good name, or the financial embarrassments of a young attorney the pretext for destroying his reputation, let them shut it out of their homes. If a newspaper describes the hideous hags of the Police Court as "beautiful," or gilds with "fine writing" the careers of women whose only distinction is participation in domestic scandals or tragedies, or, in short, makes vice and crime in any of their revolting aspects fascinating or presentable, let them stamp upon it. The lessons of the Addie Gilmour horror were good. It is only where the repulsive truth is distorted and garbled that the moral effect is bad.

LET THE DEAD REST.

The habit some brilliant journalists have of traducing the dead should be discouraged. It is bad enough to malign the living, and those silent spectres who have joined the innumerable caravan and who can no longer interfere with the schemes of pride and ambition of those they have left behind should be permitted to repose in their graves in peace. The editor of the Ventura *Democrat* makes

the proposed contest of the late Colonel Creed Haymond's estate the text for abusively criticising that gentleman's public career. He declares that Haymond was a Southern Democrat and a demagogue who sold out his opinions to the Republican party for a position in the Law Department of the Southern Pacific Company.

The truth is that Colonel Haymond entered the Republican party by way of what was known twenty years ago as the "Dolly Varden party." At the close of the war he found himself, like all Southern sympathizers, without a country. He joined the "Dolly Vardens," was elected to the State Senate by them, and when they went to pieces in 1875 naturally went with the bulk of them into the Republican party. As for Colonel Haymond's personal principles, which the *Democrat* man so severely criticises, he possessed one trait, which, in my opinion, redeemed him from all his faults. He had a big and tender heart. He gave his fortune to his wife, and upon her death presented it to her mother. During his lifetime he dispensed half a dozen fortunes to the poor and unfortunate among his acquaintances. If the editor of the *Democrat* would like to know something about Haymond that is extremely creditable, let him ask the pioneers of Sacramento, many of whom remember his kind heart. It is absurd to charge a man who cared nothing for money, with "selling" himself or his opinions for gold. Haymond did nothing for money. His chief fault was that he threw it away. If the political record he has left behind does not suit all his enemies, they may console themselves with the reflection that for those deeds especially commended by the Master he is assured of a more comfortable berth on the Other Side than many of those who envied and maligned him.

MINISTER WILLIS, *en route* to Hawaii, says that the people of this Coast are in favor of the annexation of the Sandwich Islands. The Minister is mistaken. Our people are not in favor of it. Mr. Hitt, of Illinois, is quoted to the same effect and is full of the idea that we need the Islands for military protection. This is of the bosh, boshy. If Hawaii belonged to us its protection would cost more than the military safeguarding of the whole continent. The only way for us to get any protection from Hawaii is to neutralize that country, make the world keep hands off and keep our own hands in our pockets. Then no one can use it as a base of operations against us. Its people being neutralized will need no military protection against anybody, and can go on minding their own business profitably to themselves and to us.

* * *

AMONG the curiosities of Stockton is a preacher named Martin, who declares his belief in the regular old-fashioned gridiron hell. The orthodox hell of fire and brimstone, he says, is a Fourth of July picnic compared to the place that, according to his reading of the Scriptures, actually exists. Universal salvation, Dr. Martin asserts, was concocted by men whose hearts were so large that they crowded the brains out of their bodies. In his opinion there is no such thing. Dr. Martin, though a plain, ordinary evangelist, is evidently a man of ideas. He ought to come down to Oakland and compare notes with Dr. Hobart.

* * *

THE story of the looting of Summitville, Indiana, by a gang of desperados; of the operations of the Anti-Horse Thief Association which pursued and killed two of them; of the village doctor who sat up all night in anticipation of a conflict to dress the wounds of the combatants, reads like a romance of border days. What a wild and woolly country Indiana is, to be sure.

* * *

THE newspapers of Los Angeles seem to be envious of the Midwinter Fair. One of them calls it "Mike de Young's Fair," and another sneeringly suggests that perhaps it will answer the purpose if it fills our "rather depleted pockets." This is in accordance with time honored precedent in California. If one section or one city launches an enterprise, all other sections and cities immediately denounce it as a fraud and a swindle. The cohesiveness and singleness of purpose which make the people of other climes successful in their enterprises are utterly lacking in this region. Los Angeles is now booming a scheme to build a railroad to Salt Lake. At the proper time I shall expect to see the newspapers of the North write it up as a real estate speculation.

* * *

DURING his recent visit to Paris, Admiral Avelon, who was a member of the Russian delegation, received ten thousand letters from women begging for his photo, a lock of his hair, or his autograph. An estimate of the gay old fellow's gallantry may be gathered from the fact that he declares his intention of answering the entire ten thousand and complying with the request in each.

* * *

THE ALARM that springs eternal in the breasts of some of my timid contemporaries, with respect to the large number of arrivals in this State of brakebeam tourists, seems to me entirely misplaced. What California needs is more men. Some of the brakebeam tourists may be bad, but all of them cannot be depraved. They are men at all events, and they are certain ultimately to find their places in our economic system. Let us welcome them and present them with the freedom of the city.

* * *

THE DESTRUCTION of the peanut crop of Southern California by the recent rains is the worst blow yet received by the Midwinter Fair.

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HAUT SAUTERNE SOUVENIR — ST. JULIEN SOUVENIR
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COGNAC SOUVENIR

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SOME LIVE TOPICS

BY JOHN P. IRISH.

Wealth greater than the treasures of a Mogul piled up in the hands of a clique of silver mine owners in the silver States—working miners thrown idle at beginning of winter, because the white metal Moguls want to force the Government to pay $1.29 per ounce for what is worth in the market only 70 cents—country in a panic for fear of slumping to a silver basis and money boot-legged that ought to be paying wages and earning interest—silver stumpers in the House of Representatives facing the White House and shrieking "Charles I. and Louis XVI."—Stewart in the Senate using two days to defame the President—Morgan threatening to pull the Vice-President bodily out of the chair if a rule were adopted to let the majority vote—Peffer, the goat-bearded, telling the Senate that a Cæsar has appeared and Brutus is just coming—the Mayor of Chicago murdered in his house and the Columbian Fair closing in crape with the stars and stripes at half mast—who would have believed that when our National pie was opened such birds would begin to sing!

It is time the Senate came to its senses, and it is time that the people realize that the existence of the Government depends upon certain definite principles which are not consistent with the dough-brained theories of little Mr. Bellamy and big Herr Most.

The summer air has been filled with murder by the declamations indulged in by Congressmen. The ruffianly insults offered to the President on the floor of the Senate have made every man less secure in his rights of person. The fiends of slander and imps of detraction are abroad on the black gale which blows from the avarice of silver millionaires in the mountain States. The theories of Government Commission, sprouted in weak brains and watered by weak rhetoric and somewhat spread in rhymes that would sea-sicken all the Nine Muses at once, are responsible for the spirit of murder and lawlessness which is upon the land like a pestilence.

The hearty and wholesome spirit of independence and high sense of individuality, have been weakened by the poison of paternalism. Stewart and Jones, Morgan and Pugh, Teller and Wolcott have for years told the men North who own wheat fields and those South who own cotton fields that it is the duty of the Government to raise the price of wheat and cotton, and the silver miner is instructed that the Government can raise the price of silver. So the Government comes to be known as a sow that must lie down and be sucked, and it is a short step farther to violence, when the Government refuses to nurse the pigs that run squealing and grunting after it.

Guiteau persuaded himself that the Government owed him a living and murdered its head, rather than go rooting for it.

The wretch who assassinated Carter Harrison is not insane. He is an alumnus of the school of the silver Moguls. To him the Government of the city of Chicago was in debt the amount of a living, and when the debt was not paid, he avenged himself on the Government by murdering its head. He is an apt pupil of the school that wars upon civilization. I hope that he will be promptly hanged, as he will be unless his fellow pupil, Governor Altgeld, pardon him. When the President's message to the current session of Congress was published, a man in a Colorado mining town read it and said: "If the people will take care of my family, I'll kill the President." Then followed the unheard-of brutality of a rapidly gathered subscription of $3000 for this self-declared murderer. These facts I have on authority of a Bishop of the Methodist church, who was a witness of the events.

Is any one in doubt as to the responsibility for murder and these threats of murder?

* * *

The Arabs, born thirsty and cradled in the desert, have a saying that "the tree is the mother of the fountain."

No part of this continent has a greater interest in the fountain than California, and nowhere has there been a more reckless and prodigal waste of the motherly trees.

Joaquin Miller, who is to be immortal as the Poet of the Sierras, has sung:

"God gave us Mother Earth, full blest
With robes of green in healthful fold;
We tore the green robes from her breast!
We sold our mother's robes for gold!
We sold her garments fair, and she
Lies shamed and naked at our feet!"

The devastation of the mountains by fire, destroying their forest producing capacity, is the most lamentable part of the destruction. Nothing in the physical world is more certain than that stripping the mountains of their forests will destroy the fields in the valleys. In climates, and under conditions similar to ours, this has been done, and populations have disappeared as the result. France is now spending $36,000,000 in the reforesting of her mountains. The process is slow and difficult, and has to be accomplished mostly by terracing the slopes to hold the loose soil long enough for trees to take root.

I know places in our Sierras once bearing noble timber when following its destruction the soil has been stripped down to the granite. These places represent what the whole range will be unless we are wise in time. During the past summer fires have raged in the mountains, often burning themselves out, for man is practically powerless in the presence of a forest fire in the dry season. There is no meaner crime than such arson. The incendiary who shaves the forest beard from the chin and cheeks of Mount Shasta with a torch should suffer life imprisonment.

* * *

As I said last week the President refused to admit that two times two are four and a half, and the silver compromise on that basis failed. Repeal has passed by a majority of eleven. Senator Morgan did the bathetic doxology act, by "thanking Gawd, sah," that he was not as other men, and Stewart and Jones and Vest did the "dire" business and then the people spoke through the majority of the Senate.

An analysis of the vote is not without interest. Dividing the country into East, West, and South; the East being the former free States of the New England and Middle division; South all the former slave States, and West all the rest North of the Ohio to the Pacific, the vote stood:

FOR REPEAL.

East	17
West	18
South	13
	48

AGAINST REPEAL.

East	1
West	15
South	19
	35

Four Western Senators this side the Missouri River manfully supported repeal and stood by sound money, which is the first need of the West. Every man with the interests of California at heart regrets that her voice was not uttered by her Senators. Her people are for sound money, and while this settlement has been delayed, her business has been paralyzed by fear of a rotten credit.

* * *

The women of California are joined in asking the daily press of this city to be decent—more power to them!

The San Francisco dailies are noted for their rank quality all over the world. They wear no fig leaf in their news and advertising columns. No wise parent permits their promiscuous use in his house. They are as little entitled to be carried in the mails as the obscene books which are tabooed against by the law.

It is not only in their loud bugling of vice that they err, but their snubbing of virtue. They are the alphabet, primer and series of readers in the school of dirt and indecency.

Not only this but for sensation's sake they lie, knowingly and purposely. The ladies should not forget this. Not only do the dailies abandon themselves to the peddling of sheer filth and immorality, but they lie to an extent that purges the reputation of Ananias.

If this lying were editorial it would not be so harmful, for no one believes anything that appears as editorial in a San Francisco daily. The injurious lying is done under cover of the news columns, and the sorrow and suffering it causes may not be measured by any standard. I know innocent families, of good and gentle people, refined and of upright example, that have been reduced to penury and distress through the destruction of their earning capacity by newspaper lying.

The daily press begins with utter disrespect for the privacies of life. If repulsed at the threshold in its quest for what no one has a right to know, it takes a mean revenge in lying insinuation. In short, the crimes of the press, and I mean crimes, including forgeries, which, if personal acts, would be punished by conviction to the penitentiary, are of a nature for which the law furnishes no adequate redress. Damages in a libel suit are no recompense, and a libel suit is the only recourse.

The vices of lying, slander, blackmailing, and blackguardism, which the law of the State and the rule of civilized society have pursued and punished until they are out of the practice of the individual, have sheltered their slimy forms in impersonal journalism and they grow there like toadstools in a foul cellar.

The ladies have taken up against these the weapons of warfare. Let me advise them that unless they make their protest felt in the cash box, they will make war in vain. As long as filth pays there is not a daily paper in this city that will not be just as filthy as it dare be, for money.

Press Clippings on any subject supplied on application.

Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

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THE MONEY QUESTION.

BY M. M. ESTEE.

Eastern politicians of both the Republican and Democratic parties are in a most happy mood because the so-called Sherman Silver Act has been repealed, and repealed without making any other provision for the use of silver as money. In anticipation of this remarkable event in our financial history it has been already announced, by some of the leading journals of New York and Boston, that money is now plenty, that the banks will hereafter make loans, that business will revive, that prosperity will take the place of business depression, and that confidence will be restored. How the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the Sherman Act can accomplish all this is a mystery; and how it could happen even before the repealing act became a law is a greater mystery.

I confess that originally I did not favor the Sherman Act for the reason that it did not increase the coinage or the actual use of silver money. But it has served a good purpose, because it has increased the amount of good money in actual circulation. To that extent it was highly beneficial to the country. The doubting man, however, may reasonably inquire why the repeal of the Sherman Act, which discredits and undervalues millions of dollars of the circulating medium of the country (viz., silver and silver certificates) can possibly strengthen the monetary power of the country or enlarge its facilities for business. Such, however, seems to be the theory of our Eastern friends.

The fact is two classes of the American people will prosper by the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act and the final establishment of a single gold standard in the United States. One is the importers, the other, the money lenders. The importers will prosper because the creation of a single gold standard in the United States is a step towards free trade. Most of the importers are more or less under foreign influences, and all of them are opposed to the protection of home industries.

The money-lenders are in favor of a single gold standard because they want to see money scarce and dear. By decreasing the amount of money in actual circulation they make the demand for money great and the supply of money small. The man, therefore, who has money to lend will hereafter have more opportunities and better opportunities to lend it. The creditor class will thus be financially benefited, while the man who is a borrower of money will have fewer opportunities to borrow. Hence, the debtor class and the borrowers of money will be injured. They will be injured because of the scarcity of the article, the difficulty of obtaining it with which to pay their debts, and the fact that the money they use to pay these debts has a greater purchasing power than the money they originally borrowed.

Money inevitably thus becomes dear, and commodities, including labor, becomes cheap.

It must be borne in mind in this connection that in all the great producing portions of the Republic the people are borrowers of money. This is because they are builders; they make towns, villages, and homes, establish factories, build bridges and highways, school-houses, and churches. By these means they put into what may be called permanent investments all their spare capital. They are the creators, the producers of the Nation; they bring from the soil what is capable of growth therefrom, and they take from the depths of the earth the minerals necessary to maintain our manufactures and supply our demands. They thus keep our money in active circulation, and our labor in remunerative employment.

And so it is that the West and the South are almost solidly in favor of both gold and silver money. They are in favor of both because they are opposed to any contraction of the amount of money in actual circulation. They know that it is necessary for their success, and for the prosperity of the country, that there should be a reasonable amount of money in actual use, and they know from the experiences of the past that silver money is more secure, less liable to inflation and fluctuation than paper money. They know also that both gold and silver, and all the gold and all the silver in the country, should be kept in circulation in order to give the people an opportunity to have the evidences of value always ready for exchange among them.

The question is now presented to the American people, if silver is to be continued as one of the money metals in the United States should it not be coined into money? And if coined into money, should not such laws be passed as will aid in its general and universal circulation as a medium of value?

It may be claimed that if this is done silver will become too abundant and gold too scarce. The answer to this is (1) the increase in the amount of silver money cannot of itself cause a decrease of the amount of gold; and (2) the law can very readily regulate the use of silver by providing that no other form of money shall be issued by the Government in sums of less than ten dollars. This would forever make silver the people's money; because that metal would be the money of small transactions.

It is claimed by the great financiers of the world, that silver is too cumbersome and too bulky for general use. So is gold if a man has a million dollars of it. The commercial world deals in bills and checks. Indeed, there is no gold in actual circulation to-day in the very parts of our country (New York and New England) where they all demand a single gold standard. They do not want it. They only say they want it. If our law-makers desired to keep abreast of the best sentiment of the producing and business interests of the country (and of the whole country) they would so legislate as to make a parity between gold and silver not only possible, but real. There is no fear of gold leaving the United States, provided such laws are enacted as will enlarge home productions and protect home markets. If our exports exceed our imports, as they did before this administration came into power, then, of necessity, gold will come into the country. The moment our imports exceed our exports we have to pay the difference in something, and gold will have to be paid to the gold countries, because that is the nominal money of those countries.

Indeed, London, although claimed to be the financial centre of the world (as was recently said by one of its great financiers) never uses gold, and rarely ever sees it. Gold in London is like the lady's diamonds—never seen except upon great occasions, and then only for effect.

One of the strongest arguments made by the gold bugs of the East in favor of monometallism is that the financial world, which practically means England and Germany, has adopted gold as a single standard, and that, therefore, our country must do the same thing in order to maintain its financial standing with those nations. This is not true.

First.—Because $999 out of every $1000 used in the United States is used between citizens of the United States at home. This money never goes abroad, and would not pass as money if it did. (I refer to paper money).

Second.—It is not true, because if we maintain our usual trade relations with foreign countries their money, as before stated, will come to us, instead of our money going to them; and if laws are enacted to promote the prosperity of the nation, and labor always finds remunerative employment, we will export more than we consume, and thus we will accumulate their gold instead of they accumulating ours.

Third.—It is not true, because as between the United States and Great Britain (the European country with which we have infinitely the greatest amount of trade) our exports to that country exceed our imports by many millions of dollars annually, and so they will have to send money to us, instead of our sending money to them.

Fourth.—It is not true, because we have hundreds of millions of dollars of paper money in circulation in the United States, which, added to our silver coin, is practically the only money in use among our own people anywhere in the United States, except on the Pacific Coast; and yet our credit at home and abroad is not affected thereby, nor does any of this money go abroad or enter into any of the commercial transactions of foreign countries.

Fifth.—It is not true, because there is not gold enough in existence to carry on the business of the world, and so either paper money or silver or checks, or some other form of credit, must be used; and so a single gold standard for money is a financial impossibility—a financial falsehood.

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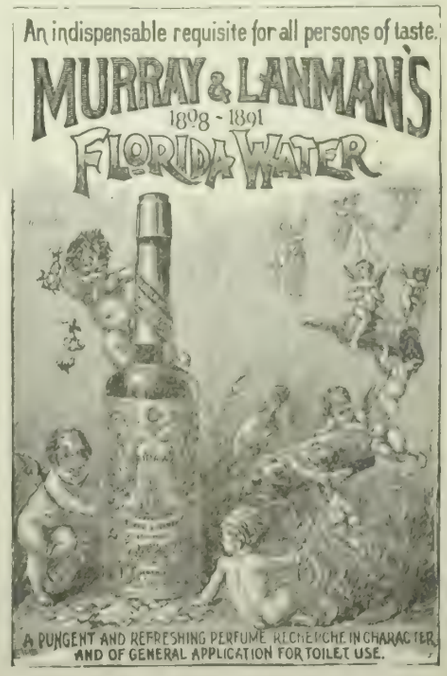

YANKO, THE MUSICIAN.

It came into the world frail, weak. The gossips, who had gathered around the plank bed of the sick woman, shook their heads over mother and child. The wife of Simon, the blacksmith, who was the wisest among them, began to console the sick woman.

"Let me," said she, "light a blessed candle above you. Nothing will come of you, my gossip; you must prepare for the other world, and send for the priest to absolve you from your sins."

"Yes!" said another, "but the boy must be christened this minute; he cannot wait for the priest. It is well even to stop him from becoming a vampire."

So saying, she lighted the blessed candle, and taking the child sprinkled him with water till his eyes began to blink; and then she said:

"I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I give thee Yan as name; and now, Christian soul, go to the place whence thou camest. Amen!"

But the Christian soul had no wish whatever to go to the place whence it came and leave its lean body. It began to kick with the legs of that body as far as it was able, and to cry, though so weakly and pitifully that, as the gossips said, "One would think 'tis a kitten; 'tis not a kitten, what is it?"

They sent for the priest; he came, he did his duty, he went his way; the sick woman grew better. In a week she went out to her work. The little boy barely "puled," still he puled on till, in the fourth year, the cuckoo brought him sickness in spring; still, he recovered, and with some kind of health reached the tenth year of his life.

He was always lean and sunburnt, with bloated stomach and sunken cheeks; he had a forelock of hemp color almost white and falling on clear staring eyes looking at the world as if gazing into some immense distance. In winter he used to sit behind the stove and cry in silence from cold, and from hunger, too, at times when his mother had nothing to put into the stove or the pot. In the summer he went around in a shirt, with a strip of cloth for a belt, and a straw hat, from beneath the torn brim of which he looked with head peering upward like a bird. His mother, a poor lodger, living from day to day like a sparrow under a stranger's roof, loved him, perhaps, in her own way, but she flogged him often enough and called him "giddy head" generally. In the eighth year of his life he went to herd cattle, or, when there was nothing to eat in the cottage, to the pine woods for mushrooms. It was through the compassion of God that a wolf did not eat him.

He was a very dull little fellow, and, like village children, when spoken to put his finger in his mouth. People did not even promise that he would grow up, and still less that his mother could expect any good from him, for he was a poor hand at work. It is unknown whence such a creature could have come; but he was eager for one thing, that is, music. He listened to it everywhere, and when he had grown up a little he thought of nothing else. He would go to the woods for the cattle, or for berries, but would come home without berries and say, stammering: "Mamma, something was playing in the woods. Oi! oi!"

And the mother would say: "I'll play for thee, never fear!"

And, in fact, she made music for him, sometimes with the poker. The boy screamed and promised that he would not do it again, and still he was thinking, "Something is playing out there in the woods." What was it—did he know? Pines, beeches, golden orioles, all were playing—the whole forest was playing, and that was the end of it!

Whenever he could hear a fiddle at a harvest home or some wedding it was a great holiday for him. After that he went behind the stove and said nothing for whole days, looking like a cat in the dark with gleaming eyes. Then he made himself a fiddle out of a shingle and some horsehair, but it would not play beautifully like that one in the public house, it sounded low, very low, just like mice of some kind, or gnats. He played on it, however, from morning till evening; though for doing that he got so many cuffs that at last he looked like a pinched, unripe apple. But such was his nature. The poor child became thinner and thinner, only he had always a big stomach; his forelock grew thicker and thicker, and his eyes opened more and more widely, though filled oftener with tears; but his cheeks and his breast fell in more and more.

At the mansion the lackey had a fiddle and he played on it sometimes at twilight to please the waiting-maid. Yanko crept up at times among the burdocks as far as the open door of the pantry to look at it. It hung on the wall opposite the door; the boy would send his whole soul out to it through his eyes, for it seemed to him that that was some unattainable object which he was unworthy to touch, that that was some kind of dearest love of his. Still he wanted it. He would like to have it in his hand at least one time to look at it near by. The poor little fellow's heart trembled from happiness at the thought.

A certain night there was no one in the pantry. Their lordships had been in foreign countries for some time, the house was empty, the lackey was at the other side with the waiting-maid. Yanko, lurking in the burdocks, had been looking for a long time through the broad door at the object of all his desires. The moon in the sky was full, and shone in with sloping rays through the pantry window, which it reflected in the form of a great quadrangle on the opposite wall. The quadrangle approached the fiddle gradually, and at last illuminated every bit of it. At that time it seemed in the dark depths as if a silver light shone from the fiddle, especially the plump bends in it were lighted so strongly that Yanko could barely look at them. In that light everything was perfectly visible—the sides with incisions, the strings, and the bent handle. The pegs in it gleamed like fireflies, and at its side was hung the bow in the form of a silver rod.

Ah, all was beautiful and almost enchanted; and Yanko looked more and more greedily. He was crouched in the burdocks, with his elbows pressed on his lean knees; with open eyes he looked and looked. Now terror held him to the spot, now a certain unconquerable desire pushed him forward. Was that triumph or what? But the fiddle in the bright light seemed sometimes to approach, as it were to float toward the boy. At times it grew darker, to shine up again still more. Enchantment, clearly enchantment! Then the breeze blew; the trees rustled quietly; there was a noise in the burdocks, and Yanko heard, as it were, distinctly:

"Go, Yanko, there is no one in the pantry; go, Yanko!"

The night was clear, bright. In the garden a nightingale began to sing and whistle with a low voice, then louder, "Go! go in! take it." An honest wood owl turned in flight around the child's head and cried: "Yanko, no! no!" The owl flew away, but the nightingale and the burdocks muttered more distinctly: "There is no one inside!" The fiddle shone again.

The poor little bent figure pushed forward slowly and carefully; meanwhile the nightingale was whistling in a very low voice, "Go! go in! take it!"

The white shirt appeared nearer and nearer to the pantry. The dark burdocks covered it no longer. On the threshold of the pantry was to be heard quick breathing from the weak breast of the child. A moment more the white shirt has vanished; there is only one naked foot outside the threshold. In vain, O wood owl, dost thou fly once again and cry: "No! no!" Yanko is in the pantry.

The great frogs began to croak in the garden pond as if frightened, but afterward grew silent. The nightingale ceased to sing, the burdocks to rustle. Meanwhile Yanko crept along silently and carefully, but all at once fear seized him. In the burdocks he felt as if at home, as a wild beast feels in the thicket; but now he was like a wild beast in a trap. His movements became hurried, his breath short and whistling; at the same time darkness seized hold of him. A quiet summer lightning flashed between the East and West, and lighted up once more the interior of the pantry, and Yanko on all fours with his head turned upward. But the lightning was quenched, a small cloud hid the moon, and nothing was to be seen or heard.

After a while a sound came out from the darkness, very low and complaining, as if some one had touched strings unguardedly, and on a sudden some rough, drowsy voice, coming out of the corner of the pantry, asked angrily:

"Who is there?"

Yanko held his breath in his breast, but the rude voice inquires again:

"Who is there?"

A match became visible on the wall; there was a light, and then—Oh, my God! curses, blows, the wailing of a child, and crying, "Oh, for God's sake!"—the barking of dogs, moving of lights behind the window, a noise through the whole building!

The next day Yanko stood before the tribunal of the village mayor.

Was he to be tried as a criminal? Of course! The mayor and elders looked at him as he stood before them with his finger in his mouth, with staring and terrified eyes, small, poor, starved, beaten, not knowing where he was or what they wanted of him. How judge such a poor little misery, who was ten years of age, and barely able to stand on his legs? Send him to prison—how help it? Still it was necessary to have some small mercy on children. Let the watchman take him and give him a flogging, so that he won't steal a second time, and that's the whole business.

It was indeed!

They called Stah, who was the night watch.

"Take him and give him something for a keepsake."

Stah nodded his dull, beastlike head, thrust Yanko under his arm as he would a cat, and took him out to the barn. The child, whether he failed to understand what the question was, or whether he was frightened, 'tis enough that he uttered not a syllable; he merely stared like a bird. Only when Stah took the handful to the stable, stretched it on the ground, and, raising the shirt from it, struck a full blow, only then did Yanko scream, "Mother!" and as long as Stah flogged him he cried, "Mother! mother!" but always lower and weaker, until after a certain blow the child called mother no longer.

The poor broken fiddle!

Ay, stupid, angry Stah, who beats children

that way? Besides, this one is small and weak, hardly living.

The mother came, took the little boy, but had to carry him home. The next day Yanko did not rise from the bed, and the third day, in the evening, he died quietly on the plank cot under hemp matting.

The swallows were twittering in the cherry-tree which grew at the cottage; the rays of the sun entered through the window pane and colored with the brightness of gold the dishevelled hair of the little boy and the face in which there remained not a drop of blood. That ray was as it were a road upon which the soul of the boy was to go away. It was well that it went out by a broad shining road in the moment of death, for during life it went on a thorny one, truly. Meanwhile the emaciated breast moved with another breath, and the face of the child was as if absorbed in listening to the sound of the village which came in through the open window. It was evening, so the girls coming back from hay-making were singing, "Oi, on the green field!" and from the stream came the playing of pipes. Yanko listened for the last time to the sounds of the village. On the matting lay the shingle fiddle at his side.

All at once the face of the dying boy lighted up, and from his whitening lips came out the whisper, "Mother!"

"What, my son?" answered the mother whom tears were choking.

"Mother, will the Lord God give me a real fiddle in heaven?"

"He will, my son, He will give thee one," answered the mother; but she could speak no longer, for suddenly in her hard breast burst the gathering sorrow, and groaning only, "O Jesus! O Jesus!" she fell with her face on a box, and began to wail as if she had lost her reason, or as a man wails who sees that he cannot wrest from death the beloved one.

In fact, she did not wrest him; for when she raised herself again she looked at the child. The eyes of the little musician were open, it is true, but fixed; his face was very dignified, gloomy, and rigid. The ray of the sun had gone also.

Peace to thee, Yanko.

* * * * * * *

On the second day the master and mistress of the mansion returned to their residence from Italy, with their daughter and the cavalier who was paying court to her. The cavalier said:

"*Quel beau pay que l'Italie!*"

"And what a people of artists! *On est heureux de chercher lá-bas des talents et de les protéger,*" added the young lady.

The birches were murmuring above Yanko.

HENRY SIENKIEWICZ.

From "Yanko the Musician, and Other Stories," translated by Jeremiah Curtin.

MIDWINTER FAIR VISITORS

will wonder how it is that so many San Francisco ladies possess such beautiful complexions. They will not for one moment suspect that a face preparation known as CAMELLINE and not Nature is the beautifier. This preparation has been recommended and endorsed by physicians of note. It is harmless and can be unhesitatingly used on the most delicate skin. Its purity is unquestioned, and its efficaciousness is attested by its immense popularity. Wakelee & Co., corner of Bush and Montgomery, and Polk and Sutter Streets, this city, are the manufacturers.

A NOVELTY

to some people who are not at present familiar with its value, but our friends have been using it for thirty years and regard the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk as a household necessity. Sold by Grocers and Druggists.

THE CLASS OF FASHION

It is said by no less a philosopher than Socrates "The only thing I know is that I know nothing." Just at present I can conscientiously say the same thing, for there is not only nothing to know but nothing worth knowing. Life is so singularly uneventful for the moment, that, were it not for the providential frivolity of our nature we should collapse from sheer depression.

Why do we not imitate our Parisian sisters who spend their days at present "on the wheel." Cycling is the topic, the fad of the hour. Woe! woe! to the poor unhappy Parisienne who is not the proud possessor of a "wheel." The more emancipated among them have doffed their troublesome skirts and wear wide trousers of the Zouave pattern and are really fetching, at least to the male population. Cycling develops the legs in a most tremendous and alarming fashion; it is rather inclined to broaden the ankle, so, I daresay, "beef to the heels" will be *comme il faut* in the next few years.

A novelty in furs is an ermine *tour de con*, made with the skin of the little animal mounted with its head and tail; it is infinitely prettier and more becoming than the mink of last year, the soft, creamy tone of the fur harmonizing so prettily with the warmer tones of the complexion. Ermine is worn a great deal with black velvet, and I am almost confident that I dislike the conjunction. The contrast is much too violent to be pleasing. Ermine is such a soft, beautiful fur and is so exquisite with light-colored garments that it seems a pity to wear it with aught else. Green velvet is one of the fashionable fabrics for coats to be trimmed with fur. It appears that it has the effect of both adding to the beauty of the fur, which in return enriches it.

How would you like it if after spending months and months on a beautiful piece of work—a veritable masterpiece—some idiot burned it up? And your time is, after all, not so very precious; yet you would, I fancy, lose that philosophic equanimity which is one of your distinguishing traits. Listen, though, to what happened to "Love Among the Ruins," Burne Jones' latest and most famous work. He sent it to Paris to have it photographed, and those in charge omitted to tell the photographer that it was a water color. Whether he was blind or a fool I know not, but sufficient be it for me to say that he did not possess enough perspicacity to discover the fact for himself, and with the view of heightening the effect of the color he wet a sponge, and in a quiet but effectual manner blotted out the painting.

You say that after all the sea-bathing you indulged in this summer that you are no stronger! Well, my dear, the theory that sea-bathing is beneficial, has, to a great extent been exploded; the fact of the matter is, that nearly every one remains in the water for so long a time that instead of being benefited thereby they rather injure themselves. A great deal of the sanitary effect of the sea-bath is in the quantity of water swallowed, and several medical men have told me that if instead of bathing in the sea people would drink a glass of salt water every morning they would soon become strong.

Here is a stylish gown of mixed green rose and black wool, trimmed with green velvet and black marten fur. The waist is round and is gathered under belt, also on shoulders in the front, and laps slightly to the left. Green velvet shirred below collar in the back follows surplice front and is edged with fur. A high velvet collar has fur at the top. Sleeves of green velvet are puffed at the top and covered with long, circular-shaped caps of the material edged with fur. A silk skirt lining covered at the bottom with material, the long overskirt opening in points on side and falling in godet plaits at the back is trimmed with bias bands of velvet. These double skirt effects are but the heralders of an era of draperies, so farewell to the sweet simplicity which has been the charm of our gowns these last few years. I am so sorry, as no matter how gracefully a dress is draped it rarely, if ever, takes the exquisite folds into which an undraped gown falls naturally.

A pretty and simple gray gown with bands of Persian lamb was exceedingly fascinating. Three circular flounces trim the skirt and are headed with fur. The bodice is plaited at the waist and has a narrow circular basque trimmed with the fur. A black velvet belt encircles the waist. A plastron of black velvet with standing collar and a collarette turning down of cloth edged with fur complete this *chic* costume.

Every French woman has a serge of some shade for street wear, so we have lovely tints in that more than serviceable material this year. Hop sacking is heavier than serge and makes a warm tailor gown. Dinner gowns are made of satin antique or *paume* I believe is the technical name; it is a cross between a satin and a velvet combining the charms of both while possessing the defects of neither; it is soft and supple catching the light and making lovely hues and shades.

How does this strike you for an opera cloak: A long pink velvet, the corners embroidered in red and gold, lined with apple green silk. It has a cape lined to show with the same green and fastened with heavy gold cord.

There is a new stone which comes from Hungary; it is called the Golden Carnelian, and is the "one thing needful" to her who desires to shine by night. It is semi-transparent of a refined soft golden tint, with deep, mysterious lights in the heart that give changing tones, and, consequently, artistic value to the ornaments made of it. It combines the brilliancy of the opal with the soft gleams of the topaz, and is said to bring good luck in *affaires du cœur*. Diamonds harmonize beautifully with it; and it is the thing to give a Carnelian heart surrounded by diamonds as a pin to one's *fiancée*, while she gives sleeve links made in heart shape to the proud possessor of her affections, so that he may wear his heart verily on his sleeves for doves to peck at.

Atheism is quite out of date among the *haute noblesse* of France, and one is decidedly bad form unless one professes the most intense religious convictions. It does not end there, though; now you find the churches crowded with fair ladies, but not alone—the dandies of the period are in attendance, not only on Sundays, but on the days of the week. I hear of a young man here who is taking pattern after his cousins across the water, and every morning you will see him accompanying his mother to church and in the evening his sisters to the theatre. He hails, too, from our gilded youth who consider religious or filial duties more to be honored in the breach than the observance. Let us go in and win him. He should, indeed, prove a prize in the matrimonial lottery. THE REFLECTOR.

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MASKS AND FACES

"CLEOPATRA."

The "Cleopatra" of Sardou is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable dramatic episodes of the last decade—remarkable in that Sardou should have written it, that Bernhardt should have played it, and that the public should have enjoyed it. It is such an empty spectacle—as tawdry as the tinsel and paper wreaths that adorn the barge of Egypt's queen; as cheap as the smile that parts her lips when Antony's eyes first rest upon her. Of itself, it is but a wearying pageant; but when measured by the Shakespearean tragedy it is the climax of vulgar trickery.

There is no reason for its being. It serves no purpose dramatically or morally. Historically it is without value. The situations are the result of mechanical ingenuity. The text is unillumined by one great thought, the action unsustained by one inspiring sentiment, it is the Shakespearean tragedy planed down to the level of melodrama. Its ethical significance is more bewildering than edifying.

The fourth act of the play discovers Cleopatra in Rome, whither she has come in the wake of her recreant lover. Upon a couch in Antony's chamber, hidden by curtains, she is a maddened witness of his perfidy. Amidst fond caresses Antony assures his young wife, the gentle Octavia, of his devotion to her alone and his emancipation from the thralldom of the Serpent of the Nile. To prove his sincerity she shall effect a reconciliation between himself and her brother, Octavius. It is a moral victory—the redemption of the manhood of a noble Roman general. The spectator, rightly constituted, should here feel the throb of triumphant hope and rejoicing, but he doesn't. His thoughts are with the woman behind the curtains.

In dogged silence she overhears the conversation that follows the departure of Octavia—listens to the lying slanders of the traitor Thyseus—who, with tales of her infidelities, rouses Antony to savage madness. In the teeth of his vow of revenge she makes her presence known. "Cleopatra is here."

Then follow mutual taunts and recriminations, threats, and explanations. To prove her constancy to Antony and the injustice of his suspicions, she bids her favorite slave, Kephren, drink death in a poisoned draught. Sublime sacrifice. (A distant rumble of approval in the audience.) But Antony, not to be outdone in nobility, dashes the goblet to the ground! (Louder indications of appreciation.) Once more is his faith in Cleopatra restored. Once more does he surrender to the allurements of the siren. Country, reputation, everything, is cast to the winds. Reconciliation is no longer to be thought of. The cry now shall be war—war to Octavius. The heavens glow with the signals of his fierce intent. Warriors hurry pell-mell over the scene, and upon the spot where an hour ago he voiced sweet promises to his young bride, Antony, locked in amorous embraces, vows eternal fidelity to the royal wanton.

Plaudits upon plaudits ring through the house as testimony of the approval of the audience. Approbation for the artists? Not a bit of it. It is pure satisfaction at the *dénouement*. A melodrama without a stern moral is an anomaly, perhaps, yet "Cleopatra" is no less a melodrama than "A Span of Life," with the difference that one is dressed in muslin and the other in satin. One rests its popularity upon a live bridge, the other upon a live asp. The principle is the same.

Not only this, but in Sardou's play the melodramatic is again subservient to the spectacular—a new evidence of the peculiar skill of the popular French mechanic. The cast of characters includes a Christmas barge, a chorus of real stars, a rattling-good tempest, a dead ibis, and a live serpent, with an Egyptian queen and a Roman general for minor accessories. Illicit love, barbaric passion, and a carpet make up the detail and the play is complete.

Shades of Corneille, what clap-trap!

As interpreted by Fanny Davenport and her company, the drama probably fulfills the intention of the author. It is a series of tableaux, in which Davenport and MacDowell, who for years have posed as actors, reverse their roles to act as possums. No actress of eminence should wish to rest her reputation upon an interpretation of Cleopatra. She is the point of every climax, it is true. The action is twisted and directed until it centres upon her like a calcium light. But, after all, she is but a stage queen, and a spectacular one to boot.

The dignity adherent to such a role is questionable, and the pleasure found in feeling it can be identical only with the satisfaction experienced by the leader of an Amazon march.

Despite the correctness of scenic detail, the atmosphere of the play is neither Egyptian nor Roman; and Royal Egypt, now weak, now strong, now cruel, now magnanimous, now grand, now petty—woman yet Empress—"Royal Egypt," one of the most striking figures in romantic history is modernized into a Parisian cocotte of the to-day.

Vanity is the keynote of Davenport's queen. It is the primary factor of her passion rather than the tenderness that marks the Cleopatra of Bernhardt. It colors love passages and tempers her self-abandonment. The Mark Antony of Sardou is not at all the Roman warrior—altogether the Egyptian's slave. It seems a pity that MacDowell's splendid physical endowments should not have vivified the triumvir as well as the profligate. In no way does the play offer scope for his powers. But even in the part assigned to him his elocution is such as to awaken the wish that the role were even more pictorial. His sentences open with a sharp report and end in a hoarse stage whisper.

Let (*sforzando*) not one of you advance (*diminuendo*).

Death (*marcato*) will not be enough. (*sotto voce*).

What (*energico*) can it matter to me? (*ad libitum*.)

What with Antony's suppressed pistols and bowie knife elocution and the hoarse, thick voices of the Mafia quartette, that constitute his Roman friends, it is only the unmistakable presence of the Baldwin orchestra that convinces us that we are not at the National Theatre or some other seat of the lurid melodrama. But, after all, of what moment are the minor shortcomings of actor and actress in the consideration of the glory of a magnificent spectacle? And it is as spectacle and only as such that the play deserves to be regarded.

A little boy occupied one of the parquet chairs Monday night. He had wriggled beatifically during the five acts of splendor. At the close of the performance, as he stood buttoning his little overcoat, his companion—his father possibly—asked him what he thought of it all. The little fellow grinned with retrospective ecstacy. "The snake was great," he said.

HARRIET L. LEVY.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Joseph Murphy, the well-known Irish comedian, is booked for two weeks at the Baldwin to follow Miss Davenport. He will present his three most successful plays, "Shaun Rhue," "The Donagh," and "Kerry Gow."——

On Monday evening, Peter F. Dailey will begin a short season at the California in a play written by John J. McNally, of the Boston *Herald*, called "A Country Sport." The production is fresh from a long run at the Columbia Theatre, Boston. Dailey is supported by May Irwin, Ada Lewis, and other comedy celebrities. The Garden City quartet and a score of pretty girls complete the *ensemble*. The piece is in three acts, showing a view on the Hudson, a section of the Bowery, and the interior of a residence in New York.——

"The Three Guardsmen," which is running at Stockwell's this week, is an ancient play with which all theatre-goers are familiar. As a work of art, therefore, it is no longer interesting. Mr. Holt's impersonation of D'Artagnan, the adventurer is a bit of excellent acting. The way in which he swaggers about the stage and threatens the other players with destruction is a case of true French swashbucklerism. Miss Beatrice Lieb as the Queen, Mr. Kent as Cardinal Richelieu, and Miss Bertha Foltz as Constance, are all deserving of similar praise. As for the other players, however, they mostly need rehearsal and talent. Mr. Stockwell should have seen to it that the King and the Duke of Buckingham were killed off in the first act. They really had no excuse for living.——

Miss Ethel Brandon, after a rest of two months, will reappear at Stockwell's on Monday evening in the romantic drama, "Fairfax." Mr. Kent will play the leading part. On the thirteenth a benefit will be given Miss Brandon, which will be her last appearance in this city. On that occasion there will be presented "East Lynne."

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THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

At the present writing the football situation is one of delightful uncertainty. The two University teams have been hard at daily work, with steady improvement under the coaching of Hefflefinger and Bliss, while the Reliance Club at Oakland, with Norton, the Dartmouth coach, as their tutor, on the Piedmont grounds, and the Olympics at the Haight Street Park have been putting in two or three evenings a week at practice by electric light. The experiment has proven only fairly successful. All the four big teams, with their offensive tactics developed to the disadvantage of their offensive play, would probably score against each other were they to come together at this time.

While U. C. will, no doubt, win from Reliance to-day, it is quite possible that Reliance may score against the collegians, possibly more than once. Were U. C. and Stanford to play to-day that mutual inability to stop the advance of an opponent would probably result in a repetition of the free scoring of last year's game, with the winning side just barely making a majority of points.

And this brings up the most noticeable weakness of Western football—the defensive play. Walter Camp, it will be remembered, was struck with this salient fault more than with any other. In part, the reason for this fault has been the lack of formidable line players on the second elevens in the practice, but this year, both at the Universities and in the work of the athletic clubs, there have been an unusual number of hard-playing candidates for all the positions in the lines.

The coaching in the next few weeks will be especially directed toward remedying this lack of defensing quality. The results will be most certainly appreciated. To see a team secure the ball at a critical moment on downs through sheer dogged, stonewall resistance, from an opponent on the eve of a touchdown, is one of the pretty bits of the modern game, when bucking the centre, mass or wedge plays and efforts concentrated repeatedly on one man make successful defensive play by a rush line a far from easy task.

Stanford comes to town to-day to play the Olympic Club team. It is hard to predict just what the result will be. That the Olympics will score against Stanford, and, perhaps, more than once, is more than likely. The Palo Alto men will do well to run up a score as big as the University Club made against the Oaklanders, for the Olympic men will not stand idly by and let the ball be carried past them as the Reliance men did in the first half of last Saturday's game. Laurie Bliss has left the evidences of his coaching ability in the way the Olympic backs handle themselves in the interference. If Captain Sherrard will prove himself a good general on the field this afternoon the men from Palo Alto may go home sadder, but wiser, for their experience and defeat. W. B. GOODWIN.

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ARE ENGAGEMENT RINGS RETURNABLE?

Social customs have seemingly changed since the gentle Ophelia said to Hamlet, "My lord, I have remembrances of yours which I have longed long to redeliver—their perfume gone—take them again—for to the noble mind rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

What then was deemed a sacred trust has degenerated—if we may credit the newspaper reports—into a mere commercial transaction; and yet there is much to be said in defense of the modern Ophelia whose instincts are not commercial. If the engagement be broken through no fault of hers; if she regards her betrothal—as all reflective, high-minded, conscientious persons must—as equally binding with marriage, and as indissoluble; if the ring is a symbol of fidelity which ends not even in death; if in the acceptance of a ring she has, in a sentimental sense, surrendered the merest infinitesimal part of that which was, previous to her engagement, sacred to solitude and her own maiden meditations, why should she be expected to part with the pledges of her lover's devotions?

When she so far sacrificed her personal liberty as to accept gifts from a prospective husband it was not to be subjected to his whims and vagaries—because affection, or that which passes for it in him, is as the wanton winds that heedeth not where it listeth, nor whither its wild revels will be stayed—does it follow that she, likewise, is fickle and false? Such conclusion would be lame and impotent indeed!

And what protection has a lady against the sorry shafts of ridicule, the insolence of despised love, the arrogance and indifference of abandonment, if not in the tangible evidence of attentions that bore, at least, the outward semblance of sincerity?

Words upon the lips of lovers are ofttimes but cunning conceits, and unless accompanied by something clearly tangible to the eye, responsive to the touch, or augmenting to the possessions, they are the most illusive of earthly things. The man who is capable of an ardent, abiding, honorable sentiment, would not, in any case of misunderstanding or estrangement, expect the return of his gifts because they are, or should be, valued by their possessor only as an expression of sentiment. Their surrender cannot obliterate recollection. Estrangement serves to emphasize it; no woman, whatever her age, condition, rank, or disposition, ever forgets an engagement.

Human nature does not change, however the passing æons may effect forms and fads. Women cling to mementos that mark dates endeared by association with a tenacity unknown to men. To them they are scarcely less than the ruddy drops that rim the heart—because women are creatures of feeling, and will remain so whatever may be their pretensions to the reverse.

The man who would deprive a woman of her heart treasures must be a monster! From the earliest record of datable time the reverence of things associated with feeling has been observed. The æsthetic side of the Roman Catholic Church is one of the secrets of her wonderful hold upon the heart. The sculptured form of the Man of Sorrows, the pictured Madonna, the relics of the Saints, are symbolical of the faith enshrined in every soul. One must be something more or less than human not to revere the objects about which holy memories cluster; and what is human love but modified worship?

The lady who preserves the souvenirs of her betrothal is a living illustration of fidelity and fitness for the obligations assumed. And who, whatever the outcome of an engagement contracted, has a better right to gifts than she to whom conferred? Surely the giver would not wish to retain them! Charity would not be enriched by them! To subsequent attachments they would scarcely be suited. Who, then, *is* the proper retainer? Assuredly the recipient! for a gift is a gift; to be returned, sold, destroyed, or spirited away is ever the forerunner of disaster; so prophesy the soothsayers.

And any expression of that mysterious legacy that comes to us down through the dim and dusty twilight of time from our several antecedents, whatever may have been their race, religion, or custom, is not a commodity to be lightly considered, for when once bestowed and accepted it cannot be recalled or transferred or annihilated; neither can any power, human nor Divine, restore, when once lost, that time, which is, above all times, most nearly approaching mortal felicity, when love is young, and hope is high, and faith is adamant. Into an undiscovered world that Heaven-lent quality passes, a wondrous world of one inhabitant, whence there is no shadow, or suggestion of returning.

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CONCERTS.

Distinctly a novelty in the programme of the last Saturday Popular Concert was an appearance of solo and concerted number for clarinet. As a means of exhibiting skill and imagination this instrument is singularly unused in our local concerts and in general few players of any kind are devoted to it. At one time amateurs were pleased to be interested about its qualities and drones, now, however, they seldom molest its possibilities of alarming. Professionals were given over to playing of the woodpecking concertos lavished by clarinet *virtuosi* composers, and from music makers of dignity ungainsaid came encouragement in many forms. To-day, however, the greatest store is set by the musicians upon this full but hard-throated instrument as a recorder in the color maze of the orchestra. Of the *virtuosi* who traveled far upon their skill in long breathing and quick fingering, but little is heard nowadays, talent of this kind is being utilized in forms of entertainment turned over to the exploiting of freaks. Virtuosity pure and simple exhibited at the expense and for the mere benefit of any piece of mechanism finds its way, sooner or later, into the ranks of "shows" where legerdemain becomes legitimate. Clarinet compositions are fatally similar in their detail and ground work, and only extraordinary art will make the scale and *arpeggio* tripping better worth hearing in this form than twittering from the throats of feathered players. At best the usual ornaments foisted upon this instrument's choice are extensions of the interminable throat posturings invented by Italian singing masters for the special induration of the human larynx.

Not to mention the intricacies of the solo clarinettist's technique his name requires a special dispensation in guessing to arrive at a probable pronunciation thereof. The broad *a* at the *finale* looks upon paper a willful whine to American eyes and suggests that removal to any other position would make a more feasible combination. Mr. Wrba has a technique quite equal in point of distinction to his name, and on that issue is thoroughly virtuosolike. Æsthetic subtleties do not perplex the attention nor distant regard from the fluent fire of technical skill. In the quintet for clarinet and strings by Weber, the composer with a special bent for writing gracious wind instrument conceits, something of a disappointment was to be felt in the commonplacedness of the whole and the lack of his warm and liquid melody. Entirely a solo work the strings failed to find any distinct, yet harmoniously individual expression, and Mr. Wrba's clarinet loomed imposingly, piercingly, and guiltless of *ensemble* feeling throughout the length of the piece. Neither in this nor the Spohr *Adagio* was there a sufficiently interesting flux of tone. Since last heard in our chamber concerts, Mr. Robert Lloyd has developed considerably in the fluency of uttering high tones, and his singing generally is stronger and wins more than the usual hearty recognition already accorded. A masculine conception of uninviting every-day songs infused considerable vitality into these specimens. Mrs. Carr and Mr. Heine gave a sonata for piano and 'cello by one of the Scharwenka brothers, the programme left his identity to be guessed. A fair audience and the accustomed receptive attitude was in evidence. The Wilkie Ballad Concerts resumed again under sufficiently favorable auspices. To the number of debuts made at these performances are to be added the names of Misses Gill and Cameron. Miss Ada Weigel was represented by a clever ballad from her progressive pen. Miss Cameron's appearance as soloist was unexpected, she filling the place of a trio lost mysteriously. Another of the Abbey-Cheney amateurs, this *pianiste* has the distinguishing beauty of tone and absolute purity of style common to them. Her talent is held in more reserve than those who have already appeared. Two short solos evidence a fine singing quality and native talent. Miss Gill, a somewhat limited soprano, singing with a better intelligence than the average vocalist returned from Europe, won considerable applause. Miss Weigel's ballad might have been more clearly articulated, a repetition only puzzled further as to the verbal intentions of the versifier. As usual, Mr. Wilkie sustained a considerable share of the programme at his standard, which, by the way, varies less than that of any of our vocalists. 'Cello solos by Mr. Adolph Lada and the singing of the Eshcholtzia Quartette filled in the remaining numbers.

Kelsey Marten

Plankington—Come out to dinner with me to-night, old man. We've got a new cook.

Von Blumer—Don't believe I can to-night. Won't to-morrow do?

Plankington—Oh, no. She leaves to-morrow.—*Life.*

Mrs. W., dancing with Mr. S (who is noted for being almost the thinnest man alive), slips, and to save herself, catches hold of Mr. S's legs.

Mrs. W (trying to apologize, and blushing deeply), "I beg your pardon Mr. S., but a drowning man will catch at straws, you know."—*Vogue.*

Manager—What is the matter? Why don't you go into the cage?

Madame Rinaldo (the Lion Tamer)—I—I can't. There's a mouse in the cage.—*Truth.*

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7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton	*8.45 p m
†10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	†6.15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	*6.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.15 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10.15 a m

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10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.06 p m
12.35 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations	†7.26 p m

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SAN JOSE NOTES.

It is but proper, perhaps, while our Society is quiescent in its "beauty sleep" before the winter festivities to bring out the belles, both old and new, who will grace the coming winter social gatherings.

When I speak of the old belles, be assured that I don't mean the aged ones, because our San Jose girls never grow old. They do, it is true, sometimes attain to years of discretion, but in our social firmament they are always young and ever gay.

I am speaking now, however, not of those over whom many seasons have passed, but of the younger ladies, the buds of the last season, who now blossom out into the realm of belledom.

Among the favorites is Miss Mattie Baker, a lovely, cultured girl, as sensible as she is attractive, an artist of no mean ability, a skillful musician, and a thoroughly domestic girl. She is a frequent visitor in San Francisco, and last season often attended the cotillions given by the select coterie of that city. Her father, Captain Baker, sometimes poses as a political purifier and is constantly at war with his party, but Miss Mattie does not enter the political arena, but confines her conversation to literature, music, or art. Although San Jose is filled with cliques, Miss Baker seems to be a welcome guest in either the ballroom, the literary circle, the reception, the luncheon, or dinner.

Miss Edith Rea, the talented and fine-looking daughter of Railroad Commissioner Hon. James W. Rea, though scarcely more than a *debutante* in Society, has gathered about her a circle of warm friends. She seems more inclined to the quieter amusements and is seldom seen at balls. She is extremely kind-hearted and charitable, and has been the prime mover in organizing a sewing society, which numbers among the members some of the most cultured girls of Santa Clara. They meet weekly to make garments for the poor. Miss Rea inherits her father's agreeable manner, genial and sunny disposition, is a blonde, dresses in exceedingly good taste, and is a vivacious and fluent conversationalist.

Among the fine-looking ladies of San Jose, Miss Maud Arques occupies a foremost place. Tall, fine-looking—stylish rather than handsome. She is a sweet singer, though her voice is scarcely heard outside her home. She often visits her aunt, Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, in San Francisco, and has many admiring friends in that city. A mere acquaintance would call Miss Arques cold and statuesque; but on a closer acquaintance would discover that she is warm-hearted, unselfish, and a true friend.

Weddings seem to be the principal topics for conversation just now and the wonderful trousseau of Mrs. Bonnell, *née* Mrs. Belle Hall, is yet the topic of conversation—point lace and Valenciennes had their patterns outlined with tiny pearls and were fashioned into cascades, ruffles, and puffs as trimming for dainty silk garments. Mr. and Mrs. Bonnell are pleasantly ensconced at the Pleasanton in San Francisco.

The Wrights, Woodrows, Hobsons, and Columbets have returned from the World's Fair and all expressed themselves as delighted with their trip. Frank Wright left last week for Chicago, intending to surprise his wife who went some weeks ago with the Murphy party and she left Chicago last week hoping to surprise dear Frank by returning home unannounced, and the consequence was that when she arrived in San Jose he was in Chicago, and both were, indeed, surprised.

BESSIE.

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AN INVOCATION.

I liked her first because her face was fair,
And afterward, when knowing her more nearly,
I found an honest truth reflected there,
And loved her dearly.

I longed to win her love, and longing tried
With perseverance when I had begun it:
Reward for that attempt was not denied
Because—I won it.

And, having won it, I have faithful been,
And her requiting love is ever loyal;
Can any regal joys of king and queen
Be more right royal?

King of her maiden heart and love am I,
She, queen of all that appertains to me;
This thought beyond all else beneath the sky
Doth e'er imbue me.

So hath it been all twelve months and a day;
So may it still remain while we are living;
"Strong line of Fate," that gave me this, I pray
Were not your giving. —*Mercury.*

SHE THREW ME A KISS.

She threw me a kiss and the air felt sweet,
A rose tint glowed through the gloom of the street
As Dorothy leaned from her window seat
And threw me a kiss.

She threw me a kiss with her finger tips;
As a springtime scent from a flower drips
From the roseleaf dawn of her willing lips,
She threw me a kiss.

She threw me a kiss and the world seemed bright,
The cares of life were all back in the night,
For Dorothy said to me, "Be light!"
And threw me a kiss.

She threw me a kiss and I strode away,
Smilingly humming a roundelay gay.
Ah, Dorothies, smile on your swains some day
And throw them a kiss.

Yes, throw them a kiss, and the whole day long
Their hearts will be steel to the dream of wrong,
Their blood will pulse to one joyous song:
"She threw me a kiss."

—*Percival Pollard, in Mercury.*

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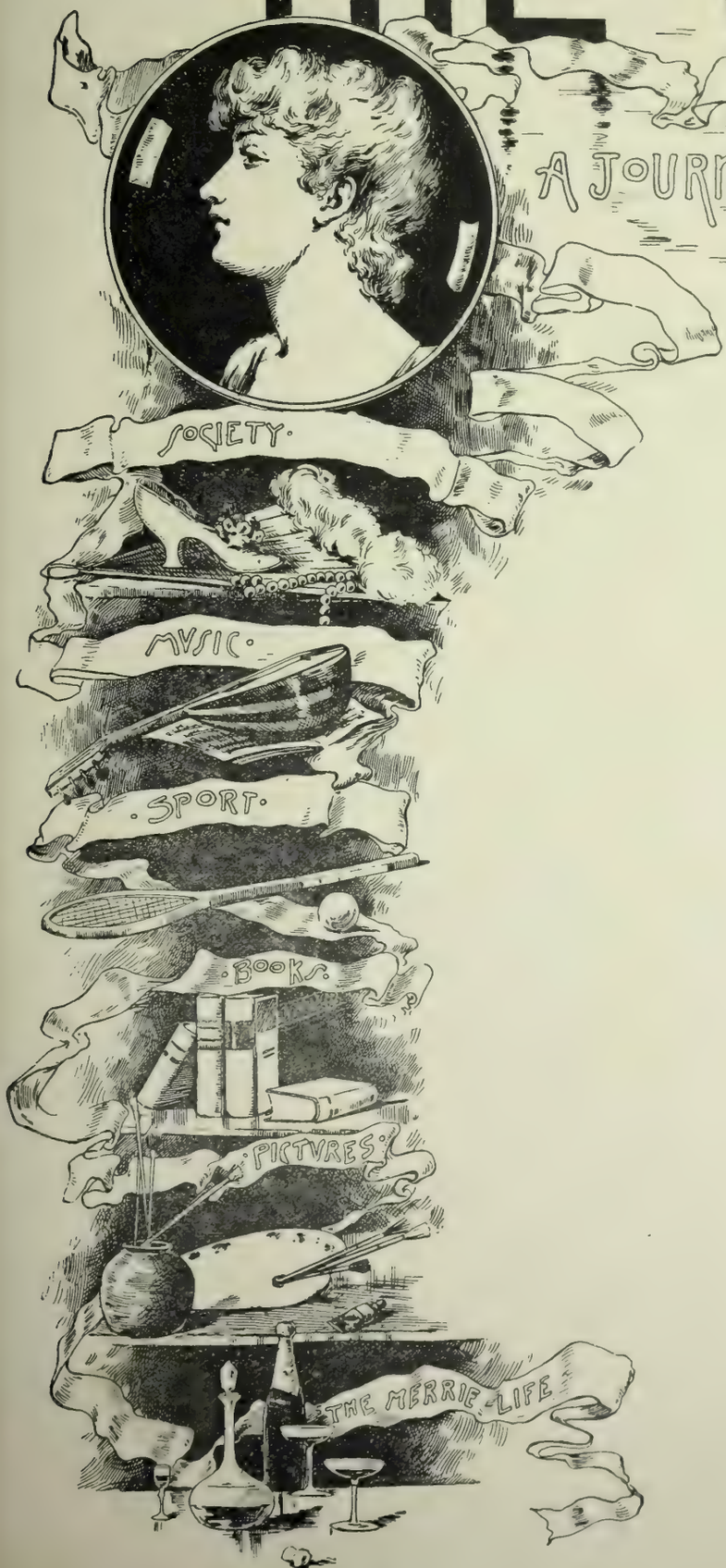

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 11, 1893.

OUR OWN "CORDON BLEU."

Alexander Badlam is not a cook. The excellent portrait of him which appears upon the cover of THE WAVE this week is not intended to convey any such impression. But there is something about the genial face and graceful curves of the immortal Alexander, which, when carefully scanned, remind one of the great French *chef* for whose personal glorification his patron, the King, established the Order of the Blue Cordon. Like Vatel, the cook of Louis XV, who impaled himself, *a la* Roman General, upon his own sword because a noble dish he had concocted proved a failure, Mr. Badlam is conscientious, I am pleased to say, in every duty. He is now one of the cooks of the Midwinter Fair broth. If he does not contribute to spoil it, he may yet take his place among the other immortals, Napoleon De Young, Beau Brummel Andrews, and Demosthenes Barnes.

SPLASHES

ALAS FOR the Orphanage! Charity on Tuesday evening not only began, but remained at home. Pathetically small was the gathering at Golden Gate Hall. There was a sad scarcity of dancers; even the chaperones were few and far between, but the music was excellent, the supper really capital, and the floor smooth as a billiard table. That the effect was painfully out of proportion to the cause cannot be gainsaid; yet no one who understood the situation anticipated a contrary result. Still, there is much consolation for the patronesses in realizing how uncommonly exclusive they made the affair. In answer to criticism can they not exhibit a guest list absolutely unimpeachable? The first families were out in their might, and in the aristocratic atmosphere of their presence no one missed accessories so commonplace as decorations.

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San Francisco is as fair a field as any other for the practice of private exclusiveness; but the idea of converting a public affair into the expression of a purely personal point of view is not liable to receive either support or approval. No one will deny the value of a background of exalted patronesses, but it seems like a tactical mistake to permit their mere preferences and opinions to rule in issuing the invitations—that is, unless exclusiveness is the object rather than funds. The list, it appears, failed to record the names of a number of people whose presence is usually expected at Society festivities. It was exceedingly awkward for certain men who desired to ask the privilege of escorting their favorite girls to find the maidens in question had not been invited. Naturally both absented themselves and persuaded their friends to do likewise. Such episodes occasion embarrassments rarely forgiven, and by the time of its occurrence the charity ball had become a most unpopular function.

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Had the management been left entirely to the Directresses of the Orphanage, I am persuaded the results would have been different. It is certainly a subject for regret that so worthy a charity should have fared so poorly at the hands of its friends; but doubtless the moral, if one is discoverable, will not be misapplied.

* * *

WHAT A PITY the lady press reformers were persuaded into explaining themselves. Their effort at curbing certain phases of journalistic sensationalism were excellent enough to evoke general sympathy. It was but just the editors who devoted so much space to the Addie Gilmour horror were reproved; it was but fitting they were made to realize that vulgar medical details are as inexcusable in a newspaper as they are unpardonable in a conversation. An admirable intuition apparently dictated the inception of the movement—at a quiet gathering of intelligent and respectable women, destitute of presidents and vice-presidents, the immoral possibilities of this type of literature were discussed. The necessity of protest was obvious, and the form in which the objections were cast had at least the merit of being practical. As soon, however, as individual females began presenting personal impressions and opinions of journalistic offenses the hope of result ended. The movement was so much better than their reasons that the comparison produced a shock. Instead of an attempt at regulation within specific limits, it became evident that the ruling motive was but the expression of the old sentiment that anyone can edit a paper better than its editor.

* * *

Inertia is the force of respectability; as a factor it is a failure. In the arena of controversy it subjects itself to the conditions of intellectual combat; the display of its resources, alas, is invariably accompanied by humiliating consequences. That the *Examiner* report did less than justice to the reformers' mass-meeting on Monday afternoon, I do not believe; conceding that, it seems to me the movement has forfeited serious consideration. It was a field day for platitudes. The warhorses of the sex delivered themselves of the traditional strictures. Not a new idea, not even a novel misapprehension relieved the torpid torrent of commonplace criticism. Imagine the astonishment if the concourse had but offered some one a coherent explanation of existing journalistic conditions, of which the Addie Gilmour horror is but an expression. Suppose it was stated that certain city editors, determined on achieving a reputation, were responsible for the late orgies of sensationalism? It is no new development of depravity in the press.

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Briefly, the situation revolves itself into a contest for news supremacy between the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*. Mr. De Young, disappointed with results in his local room, reorganized it with Tom Garrett as City Editor. About the same time Mr. Hearst placed his staff of bright young men under the control of Frank Millard. Since then there has waged a news battle, with engagements every day. In the struggle, the amenities have been disregarded; unjustifiable prominence has been thrust on episodes purely personal. No effort was too great, no subterfuge too daring to obtain scoops. However, before the initial meeting of press reformers the reaction had set in. The rival editors are persuaded they may safely rest on their laurels. Let me suggest to the reformers that they now turn their attention to the lawyers. There is a field ripe for their efforts worthy of far more attention than the Press. Why not reform the ten gentlemen who were unable to convince themselves of the guilt of Nellie Horton who shot her lover some months ago?

* * *

NEXT to the football contest between the elevens of the two universities the most exciting topic of conversation at Berkeley, these

days, is the theatre party to be given at the Grand Opera House, in this city, on Thanksgiving Eve, for the benefit of the Boat Crew and '95 *Blue and Gold*. The affair is being managed by H. H. Lang, of '95 *Blue and Gold*, and William D. Jewett, President of the University Boating Association. Among the features of the entertainment will be a farce comedy, written by one of the students, and as many of the boys and co-eds are to take part, the interest felt is most absorbing. Inasmuch as the managers contemplate expending over fifteen hundred dollars upon the accessories to the affair, I can easily imagine that it is to be the very swellest event of the season. The proceeds are to be devoted to the boat club and the publication of a stupendous number of *Blue and Gold*.

* * *

THE DAILIES have devoted so much space to Society the latter days that there is little left to be said at this end of the week. *Tout* San Francisco gathered at Grace Church for the marriage of Mrs. Evelyn Shaw and Clinton E. Worden. It was really a representative assemblage—the first of the season. Without being elaborately decorated, the chancel was made beautiful with palms, tropical plants, and chrysanthemums in quantity. The rails looked charming covered with pink blooms, and on the altar a vase full of huge white flowers afforded contrast. The bride wore a very beautiful gown of opalescent hued silk with a bonnet to match. She was attended by her little son, Master Nelson Towne Shaw and by Master Elmer Newhall. Walter Newhall was best man.

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After the ceremony the bridal party returned to the Towne house, on California Street, where the reception took place. The decorations here were really magnificent—roses, chrysanthemums, violets, dahlias in profusion, arranged with charming taste. Whatever opinion architects may express about the exterior of this residence, the beauty and grace of the interior may not be gainsaid. In this setting of flowers the general effect was charming. There must have been nearly two hundred and fifty people at the breakfast, which was served in Ludwig's best style. Of course, the happy pair were overwhelmed with congratulations. They went East on the afternoon overland, and are to be absent six weeks. I believe they preferred to travel by ordinary Pullman in preference to taking advantage of Mr. Towne's offer of his private car.

* * *

The wedding gifts were very handsome. From Mrs. Towne the bride received a magnificent diamond bracelet; from thirty-five members of the Country Club came an immense crystal punch bowl. The future place of residence of Mr. and Mrs. Worden has not yet been decided. It is not improbable that they may decide to live with Mr. and Mrs. Towne.

* * *

The Charity ball afforded a motive for several dinner parties, the participants at which did not reach the scene of the festivity until a very late hour. The Dimonds, Mrs. Will Crocker, and the Parrotts entertained a number of men and girls at their respective mansions, and arrived at Golden Gate Hall considerably after ten.

* * *

Among coming events is a tea to be given by Miss Murphy, at her home on California Street on the eighteenth. Miss Moore, another *debutante*, has one on the same afternoon.

* * *

Small teas were decidedly numerous last week. Indeed, judging by manifestations of activity in that direction, it is very evident that the period of social hibernation is at an end. Mrs. Geo. H. Lent had a tea in honor of Miss Gertrude Severance, of Honolulu; the Hobarts gave a small tea on Monday last; Miss McCutchen entertained quite a number of her friends on Thursday afternoon very agreeably.

* * *

Perhaps the most interesting of coming social events is the fancy dress ball for which Mrs. Clark Crocker has begun to send out invitations. It is to be given on the evening of November 23d. It will be the formal introduction of Miss Julia Crocker to Society.

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Mr. and Mrs. Channing H. Cook gave a dance at their residence on Eleventh Street Saturday evening last. There were some fifty young people there, and an agreeable evening was spent. Mr. and Mrs. McCutchen gave a dinner the same night to a party of men and girls whom they had taken out to the Club base-ball match in the afternoon.

* * *

Society has manifested some interest in the engagement of Baron von Balverin and Miss Barber, of San Rafael. She is a very charming girl, and her family, I believe, was the first to discover the charm of Ross Valley as a place of residence. The Baron has resided here for some time, has a pedigree, of course, and is accused of possessing an income commensurate with his title.

* * *

Colonel and Mrs. Marceau have returned from their Eastern trip and are now installed in their rooms at the Palace for the season. Since leaving San Francisco they have traveled extensively in the East, visiting the World's Fair and several of the Atlantic watering places. For some months at least they purpose remaining at home and intend, I believe, to do some entertaining.

* * *

The Concordia Club opens the winter with a "jinks." Just what form the entertainment will take or the date have not yet been decided. Either Thanksgiving Eve or some Saturday evening early in December will doubtless be selected. Members of the Entertainment Committee found guilty of absent-mindedness during coming weeks are to be given light sentences on the ground that their total mentality is devoted to thinking up features for the "jinks." If it is as successful as the "Trial by Jury," it will be worth attending.

* * *

The revival of "Old Nurenburg" at the Pavilion, beginning this evening and continuing for seven nights, promises to be one of the events of the week. The Pavilion has been literally transformed into a medieval city by Messrs. Kreling, Nappenbach, Bush, and Wocker, the artists and constructors, whose work is more than clever. The entertainment, for which 600 singers and amateur actors have been rehearsing for a fortnight, will, no doubt, yield a handsome benefit to the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, for whose benefit it is given.

* * *

The re-organized Nos Ostros Club gives its first reception on next Wednesday evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. This is to be followed by a dance or some other form of entertainment once a month during the season, and the members anticipate considerable enjoyment. At a recent meeting the destinies of the Club were confided to the charge of Messrs. C. A. Pickard, F. E. Webb, Louis C. Knell, Dr. Bachman, and Dr. J. K. Warner.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Viola Hyman and Mr. Al Rich is set for Tuesday evening, November 21st. It is to be quite a large affair, I am told, as invitations have been sent to the extensive circle of friends of both bride and groom. However, the Hyman residence, at 1946 California Street, is sufficiently spacious to accommodate a crowd, and I have no doubt the guests will have ample elbow room.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Nettie Salz and Monroe Wertheimer, of San Diego, is announced. They are both popular, bright, and good-looking, and are now busy receiving the congratulations of their friends on the attainment of one another. Miss Salz is the daughter of Jacob Salz, of Kullman, Salz & Co. She is, therefore, an heiress. Besides, she is pretty in a piquant way, and was decidedly a belle at the Concordia "County Fair." She took the role of a circus rider, and her rendering of the "Hoop La" song was one of the successes of the evening. Mr. Wertheimer is well connected here. He got into business at San Diego some time ago, and has prospered exceedingly being now at the head of the most extensive stationery and publishing house in the county.

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THE MARRIAGE of Miss Vjera Blanche Haskell and Clement Cronise was celebrated on Tuesday evening last with considerable *eclat* at the family residence on the corner of Vallejo and Van Ness Avenue. It is a very charming house, and the interior, lavishly decorated for the occasion with a profusion of chrysanthemums, looked really beautiful. The ceremony was performed in a bower of bamboo and white chrysanthemums by Rev.

S. O. Brown, the bride in her nuptial gown of white satin looking decidedly pretty. Her maid of honor, Miss Lenore Butler, wore pink India silk, the delicate shade of which harmonized with a lovely complexion and wavy blonde hair. Mr. Von Rhein officiated as best man for Mr. Cronise. After the ceremony there were the usual congratulations and at ten o'clock supper was served. It was a bounteous repast served by Ludwig. There were speeches, of course.

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Major George Burdick proposed the health of bride and groom, which was drunk in bumpers of sparkling *Roederer*. Mr. Townshend, Mr. Foley, and Mr. Clement also contributed talks. Afterwards there was dancing to the music of Rosner's Orchestra. The happy pair left for the South next day to be absent three weeks. Returning they will receive their friends on the first Thursday in December.

* * *

The success of the race meeting make happy the hearts of Tom Williams and Adolph Spreckels, to whom the thanks of the public are due for the change in the complexion of affairs at the Bay District Track. There was a huge crowd in attendance last Saturday, and I hear of several parties going out there this afternoon for the Steeple-chase. I dare predict that before the season ends it will be *en regle* for Society to find itself on the Jockey Club grand stand on most Saturdays and Thursdays. On those afternoons there are to be hurdle races and steeple-chasing. Stake races will be inaugurated next week, and this feature is relied on to draw immense crowds. I have no doubt they will.

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Mrs. H. Albert Mau has sent out invitations for the wedding reception of her daughter, Miss Alice Mau, and Mr. Fred H. Hood. They are to be married on Tuesday evening, the 21st, at the family residence, 2215 Broadway.

* * *

The Harmonie Club opens its season with a ball at Union Square Hall on the evening of Saturday, November 25th.

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The Carr-Beel concert this afternoon ought to attract a large attendance. Miss Sophie Newland sings several songs and the string quartet gives a very beautiful composition of Grieg's.

* * *

Last week the Skull and Keys, Berkeley's swellest social aggregation, held its annual initiation. It was somewhat after the manner of the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard, and the candidates were required to perform numerous childish tricks. One young man fished in Strawberry Creek, which is quite dry. Others played marbles, and one young man had great luck selling *War Cries*. The Skull and Keys is the Junior society that gives such interesting private theatricals every year. Money and *camaraderie* are required for membership, and to be a Skull and Keys man gives a certain prestige to a Junior's social aspirations.

* * *

SOCIETY takes itself very seriously in Alameda just now. It seems my comments on the Friday Night Club party precipitated something that verges on a schism in that exclusive organization. Indeed, the ascendency of the Haslett oligarchy trembles perceptibly and Henry Landsberger actually threatens to resign. Over the turn affairs have taken 370 members of the local 400 wax happy, while the remaining thirty glare suspiciously at their dearest friends and wantonly accuse all the rest of divulging the secrets of the council table. The immediate consequence of the hubbub is that the Hasletts have graciously permitted the addition of a few more names to the club roll, and I am told that a comparative outsider is to lead the next cotillion. Indeed, it is said by those on the inside that Mr. Landsberger has been persuaded to eschew the use of his own business cards as a medium for the issuance of invitations to his friends.

* * *

One may be pardoned for expressing a hope that the reform movement may not stop here. No one will deny the eminent worthiness and respectability of the oligarchy, but is it not a trifle presumptuous for one family to usurp the control of a social organization within whose membership there should be no cliques?

* * *

THE BAILEY-HAIGHT wedding, on Wednesday evening, was really the event of rather a dull week. The throng of guests that responded to the invitations crowded old St. Paul's to the very doors. Very simple, but pretty were the church decorations. They consisted entirely of greens, ferns, and palms, artistically disposed about the chancel and pillars. The single color made an admirable background for the bright gowns of the bridesmaids. In decidedly good form was the procession up the aisle. First came the six ushers in groups of three, then a little flower girl in pink; two bridesmaids, Miss Wall and Miss Tompkins, in white silk gowns, followed; three bridesmaids gowned in pink silk came next. They were Mary Dunham, Miss Watt, and Miss Phillips. The bride and her maid of honor entered together. Miss Wilkinson's costume was white and that of Miss Bailey a beautiful creation of white satin. Her long tulle veil fell over the full round train. Certainly the bride never appeared to better advantage with her brilliant color and bright gold hair. After the ceremony there was a reception at the Bailey home where the wedding party and the friends of the family were entertained. Mr. and Mrs. Haight are to spend the honeymoon at Coronado, and on their return in December, purpose having another reception.

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There was a pretty Holloween wedding in the new Catholic Church, St. Frances de Sales. The eve of all Saints' Day seems especially appropriate for a wedding, and the bright interior was well filled with guests. The bride, Miss Rose Gibault, is a niece of the Remillards, and the groom, Dr. J. W. Legault, is a well-known medical man. Phil Remillard and Dr. J. P. H. Dunn were ushers and Evylyn Remillard was maid-of-honor. French and Italian society was out in full force, and a reception followed at the home of the Remillards.

* * *

HEFFELFINGER did not appear at the game in Oakland on Saturday, much to the sorrow of many of the ladies present. He let his little boys play alone while he refereed the Stanford-Olympic game over the bay. But on last Tuesday evening, Heffelfinger, "Pop" Bliss, and Mr. Norton, the Reliance Club coach who hails from Dartmouth, were the guests of honor at a "low beer" given by the Reliance Club at its handsome quarters. Of course, the conversation turned principally on football, and there was music and somewhat of a spread in the supper line. The invitations were unique, being ornamented with a tiny beer mug and the words "low beer," in contradistinction, I assume, to "high tea."

* * *

The Oakland girls had a chance to meet Mr. Heff., as they call him, at a tennis party given by the Hushes in Fruitvale. The coach plays fine tennis and in the matter of high balls can discount Arthur Allen, who always gets every ball that is not more than ten feet above the net.

* * *

A new club, among whose members are Miss McLaine, Miss Stump, Miss Taylor, Miss Denigan, Miss Behlow, Miss Smith, Mrs. Will Bryan and Mrs. John Bradbury, has been organized for the purpose of entertaining its friends during the coming season. The club meets every three weeks at the residences of its members, and on such occasions there will be dancing, card parties, and *musicales*. The idea is a novel one and is capable of extensive development. On the 14th the club will give its first party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, and on December 15th the second at Miss Behlow's home. The first will be progressive euchre and the second a dance.

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There are a great many invitations out for the wedding of Miss Maud Wyman and Dr. Duncan Eberts. Miss Wyman is a very popular girl, so quaint old St. John's will doubtless be filled to the brim on the noon of Wednesday next. Dr. Akerly ties the knot. I wonder how many more ceremonies the dear old man will be spared to perform? Already he is responsible for half the marriages that have been made in Oakland.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the primaries for the State Conventions are still six months away, one already hears a great deal about the coming Republican gubernatorial contest. It is, perhaps, too early for a person to commence forecasting the future, so much depends upon the accidents which determine political as well as all other battles; but one thing is already cer-

tain. Whether they are recklessly counting their chickens before they are hatched, or crowing before they emerge from the woods, or doing any of the other things that are forbidden to the over-sanguine, the Republicans count on what is known south of Market Street as a "sure thing," both in city and State. Hence, when one hears a gubernatorial candidate discussed among Republicans, the question is never asked, Can he be elected? But, Can he get the nomination? This state of affairs indicates the bent of the Republican mind. It has already determined that success is simply a question of management.

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Whether this assumption is justified or not, I do not intend to discuss at the present time. I began this paragraph for the purpose of remarking that although the State Convention primaries are still six months away, the woods are full of would-be Governors. For instance, Frank McGowan, the lively Senator from Humboldt, has been in the city during a period of three weeks looking after his fences, and putting them in excellent repair. The Senator hails from a county that is remote and weak in politics, but which has yielded in the past some interesting statesmen. Its present favorite son relies upon his remoteness from the seat of war and his freedom from all party fights and prejudices to secure the favor of the Republican State Convention. Opposed to McGowan, who is a native of Washington Territory that was, is William S. Barnes, of this city. The latter is a native son, popular, talented, and old enough to aspire to anything in the State. He is the son of a war horse, General Barnes, and will run on his record as District Attorney of San Francisco, which is excellent.

* * *

But the programme of the powers that be—the "powers that be," I may remark, always have a programme—does not contemplate the promotion of either of these young men. Neither McGowan's long service in the Legislature nor Barnes' record as District Attorney count for anything when the slatemakers sit down to frame a ticket. The "slate" has upon it (to make a long story short) Irwin C. Stump for Governor and Jacob Neff for Lieutenant-Governor. It may be asked where the slatemakers obtained their authority to nominate these gentlemen? At present I cannot answer this question. All I know is that this is the ticket of Governor Markham and the State Administration. I do not know whether the Governor desires to play Balmaceda and name his successor, but I have it on excellent authority that he is ready to cheer at all times for this ticket. Indeed, it is said that as long ago as the last election the men who now think they are running the Republican party agreed on Mr. Stump for Governor.

* * *

But this programme cannot, under any circumstances, be carried out. Even if Mr. Barnes, Senator McGowan, Robert McMurray, the Nevada County millionaire, and all the other candidates, were to give their consent and support, it could not be carried out. Mr. Stump is a very excellent gentleman, and would make an even more excellent Governor, but his nomination would at once antagonize the *Bulletin* and *Call*, and that would defeat the party. I do not overrate the influence of those two newspapers when I say this, for, as a matter of fact, like all newspapers, they have a very small "pull" on affirmative propositions. But no one can deny that in opposition they are a terrific power. This may be said of any journal or set of journals possessing character and reputation which bases its or their opposition upon principle. And this brings me to the point of asking, Why should the *Bulletin*, and *Call* oppose Mr. Stump's aspirations for Governor? The answer is, Mr. Stump is the manager of the Hearst estate, the personal friend of Haggin, Tevis, Hearst, and other millionaires, and necessarily represents them. As long as Deacon Fitch, of the *Bulletin*, has the power to control a font of type, he will oppose the elevation to power of the representative of such a millionaire oligarchy as this.

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Besides, Mr. Stump, by reason of his relations to the *Examiner*, would necessarily become the candidate (secretly, perhaps, because the "Monarch" is a Democrat on principle) of that journal. That fact would set Mr. De Young's *Chronicle* by the ears, and so the nomination would produce in San Francisco, instead of party unity, a newspaper fight that would defeat the entire ticket. It may be suggested that Mr. De Young's Senatorial aspirations might be promoted by the programmers; but that is impossible so long as Colonel Dan Burns remains the personal friend of Mr. Stump and the Prime Minister of this administration. My opinion is that the "slate" manufacturers had better abandon their programme, and make their combination Barnes and McGowan or McGowan and Barnes. Either way the ticket would, to use a homely but expressive phrase, be a corker.

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THE Board of Directors of the Pacific Coast A. A. U. have certainly struck the right note in proposing to hold an indoor athletic championship meeting this winter. Those distances which are not generally run at outdoor meetings, as 50 yards, 150 yards, 300 yards, 1000 yards, 440 yards hurdle, 2 miles steeple-chase, etc., added to pole vaulting for distance, standing jumping, hop-step-and-jump, putting 10, 12, 20, and 30 pound weights for distance, would make up a supplementary championship which would prove an incentive to men to whom mere daily gymnasium work becomes a task rather than a pleasure, and open up a new field of Coast athletic events.

* * *

Mr. Baird, the new President of the Club, has taken hold of his duties with vim, and if such an athletic meeting as the indoor-championship is carried out, Society and club men in general will witness an event from which they may derive a great deal of pleasure. A noticeable fact at the Olympic Club's Circus Maximus was the lively attention given that part of the programme in which the spirit of contest entered, the enthusiasm till then unexpressed, plainly giving evidence of the intensity of the interest felt by the audience.

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ONE OF THE very next scalps Superintendent Daggett of the Mint intends to lift, I am told, is the tuft belonging to Billy Harrington. The ground upon which the hair will be taken by Mr. Daggett is that Billy is a Republican, and that under this administration there is no room for Republicans in the Mint. But Superintendent Daggett is certainly contemplating this act of vandalism without properly considering Mr. Harrington's services to the Democratic party. Although a Republican, born and bred, Billy (and I say this with due regard to the facts) has rendered greater services to the Democracy in this city and State than all the pin-headed politicians that can be crowded into the Mint, even though they might be stood up in rows and packed like sardines. In fact, in the year 1888, Harrington gave San Francisco to the Democracy, body, bag, and breeches. Of course, he did not do all this unaided and alone, but I can prove that without him Boss Buckley would never on that occasion have carried the day.

* * *

It happened in this way: Bill Higgins and Martin Kelly, the Republican bosses, had ordered a primary election and issued a cordial invitation to the public to attend and vote. But the ballot-boxes in every precinct had been placed where nobody could reach them, and every man not in the service of Higgins and Kelly who appeared and attempted to exercise the franchise was met with a six-shooter, and ordered to dust. Harrington was fighting Higgins and Kelly at the time, and on the day of the primary, with a bottle of cocktails in one pocket and a revolver in the other, followed by "Big" Byrnes, "Reddy" Gallagher, Tom McCormick, and "Split-Lip" Collins, he had stormed the citadels of the enemy. At nightfall he accompanied the stuffed ballot-boxes to the rooms of the Republican County Committee and protested against the Higgins method of carrying primaries. Kelly was there surrounded by his satraps. He and Harrington glared at each other for a moment and then pulled their pistols and began shooting. The bystanders joined in, and there was a general scrimmage. When the smoke cleared away Harrington and Kelly were carried out wounded, a man was found under the table dead, and another was conveyed to the hospital mortally wounded.

* * *

This sanguinary affair knocked the Republican party in San Francisco that year higher than a kite. Higgins and his machine went into a total eclipse, and when election day came the respectable element in the party voted the Buckley ticket straight. So I say that Billy Harrington's services to the Demo-

cratic party ought not to be ignored. He has never to my knowledge been requited, though for a long time Buckley kept him in the License Office, not, however, for what he did to disgrace Higgins' machine in 1888, but in pursuance of a bargain with the late M. C. Conroy, the Republican License Collector, who was an anti-Higgins man. But I suppose, after all, Billy will have to vacate the Mint, because political gratitude is not a recognition of favors past, but a lively sense of those to come.

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THE BEST STORY that has been told in the *Examiner* office since its type was thrown into the bay by an Abolition mob during war times is now being passed along for the entertainment of the staff. It is all about a tremendous "scoop" which the "Monarch" had arranged to perpetrate upon all of its less enterprising contemporaries. For a long time it has been the general belief at the City Hall that the contractors who bid for street work have a Ring into which they let successive Boards of Supervisors. The percentage of division for the Supervisors is supposed to be two cents a foot on all bitumen and three cents on all basalt pavement laid, in consideration of which contracts are let only to the members of the Ring. Some weeks ago the *Examiner* laid a plan to expose this iniquitous business, the lines of which were very similar to those by which it recently detected the stealing of the street-sweeping machine.

* * *

A dummy contractor was secured to enter the Ring, comply with its rules, bid on some crooked work, pay his *pro rata* of the "divy," and "squeal." The reporter engaged in concocting the scheme employed a broken-down Democratic politician recently from Los Angeles to play the part of the dummy contractor. It so happened that this individual entertained a very jaundiced idea of his duty to the public. Being a loyal Democrat, and knowing that any exposure of the crooked doings of the Street Department Ring would reflect discredit upon the Democracy, he determined to betray the *Examiner* and save his party. So the first thing he did after receiving his instructions was to form the acquaintance of a member of the Ring:

"You see, I'm hired by the *Examiner*," he informed this worthy, "to turn yous fellers up. So look out for me, and put the Supervisors on."

* * *

Later on, highly elated at this manifestation of his inflexible loyalty to his party, he sought out Max Popper, Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, and told him the whole story.

"I came from a country," he explained to Max, "where they grows good Democrats, you bet."

But Max was not so deeply impressed with his party "loyalty" as the Ring Contractor had been, and he immediately ascended to the *Examiner* office and informed Managing Editor Henderson that his Street Department Ring reporter had gone back on him. I have obtained no authentic account of how Mr. Henderson received this news, but the deep smell of brimstone that emanated from the editorial rooms for some hours after Max's visit would seem to indicate that the editors of the "Monarch" were not well. The "faithful" Democrat has since departed for regions unknown.

* * *

JUDGE MURPHY, of Del Norte, who is officiating in Judge Levy's Department of the Superior Court during the latter's absence at the World's Fair, is so enamored of his job that he contemplates remaining with us for some time. He says he always did like the people of San Francisco, and would not mind serving them longer as Superior Judge if they had any occasion to call upon him. As it is, he thinks he will remain here for awhile and ascertain whether the Democrats do not desire to nominate him next year for Supreme Justice. Indeed, on the dead quiet, I am told, this is the real purpose for which the Judge came down here originally—to put himself into the judicial race, as it were. The opportunity to sit in Judge Levy's Department and secure from the press a little free advertising was, therefore, embraced with alacrity. But all the time the sly old fellow was grooming himself for the Supreme bench.

* * *

The Judge was a member of the Legislature many years ago, and at one time, I believe, was speaker *pro tem.* of the Assembly. There was another Jim Murphy in the Assembly then, and in order to distinguish him from the Del Norte *genus*, the boys called the latter "Big Jim" Murphy. The designation is peculiarly appropriate, because the Judge stands six feet in his stockings, and weighs quite two hundred and fifty pounds. Jim was a rather lively young legislator, too. He was a great favorite with the boys, and there were few tricks in the Assembly which he did not at some time master. In 1871 he was a "Dolly Varden" Democrat and helped to organize the Assembly with Estee as speaker. Later on a delegation of the boys waited on Estee and asked him to appoint Jim Chairman of the Committee on Claims.

"What, Big Jim Murphy Chairman of the Committee on Claims?" gasped Estee. "Why don't you fellows ask me to jump into the Yuba?"

I do not know exactly what construction to place upon this language, but it is nevertheless historical. Jim did not get the chairmanship.

* * *

SOME of my loathsome contemporaries, in commenting upon the recent letter of President Huntington, with respect to the grading of railroad lands found to have been pre-empted by mistake, seem to entertain the idea that the Southern Pacific Company is a corporation that belongs entirely to one man. I say this because several of them affect to believe that in grading the land as though there never had been any improvements upon it, Mr. Huntington is not giving the mistaken settlers enough. They are evidently of the opinion that not only should the realty be relinquished for nothing, but that the railroad should present each settler who has had the misfortune to select railroad instead of Government land with a chromo and a new suit of clothes. The assumption that Mr. Huntington has either the disposition, or power, if he had the disposition, to give away the property of the stockholders and bondholders of the Southern Pacific Company, is peculiarly a sand-lot inspiration. It is about time that such twaddle was barred out even of the domain of irony and sarcasm.

* * *

PRIOR TO THE RETURN to the scenes of his early triumphs of our esteemed fellow citizen, Boss Buckley, I desire to correct a popular misunderstanding as to his social status in this town. Some of my loathsome contemporaries, for the purpose, I suppose, of casting discredit upon Mr. Buckley, have propagated the allegation that he has been dropped from the roll of the Business Men's Democratic Association for non-payment of dues. This is an egregious slander and had, I am disposed to believe, its origin in a desire to read Mr. Buckley out of the party. In correction I may state that our estimable boss was never a member of the Business Men's Democratic Association. He is, however, a member of the Manhattan Club, one of the progenitors of that organization, in which his dues, I am told, have been paid until January 1, 1894.

* * *

In April last the Manhattan Club and the Business Men's Democratic Club consolidated, under a joint agreement to call themselves the Business Men's Democratic Association and to accept the rolls of both the former clubs without question. The coalescing clubs being corporations could not disband without legal process, and so, at the present time, each is maintaining its officers and organization, but within the purview of the new club. As a member of the Manhattan Club in good standing, therefore, Mr. Buckley is entitled, at any time he may elect, to become a member of the Business Men's Democratic Association. In fact, there is no power short of disincorporation to deprive him of that right. I have considered it proper to thus explain Mr. Buckley's Democratic standing in this town because he is expected home in a few weeks to again take charge of the party. There is a rumor that he is going to retire to Livermore and attempt the "sage" act; but Mr. Sam Rainey says he is too young to be a sage, and I am inclined to place considerable dependence upon Mr. Rainey's judgment.

* * *

IT IS RATHER late to be retailing legislative stories (the open season for such yarns is between January and April of the odd-numbered years), but here is one that I cannot ignore. It involves the reputation of a young statesman in this city who is the happy possessor of a beautiful raven-haired wife. She is a trifle fiery at times, but withal is most

desperately in love with her husband. It is something she never did before, but when her husband was elected to the Legislature last year she permitted him to go to Sacramento alone. Of course, like a boy out of school, hubby made himself at home in the Capital City. Among his many conquests (for this statesman, I am told, is a most magnetic fellow) was a beautiful blonde Committee Clerk. The secret, I am charitably disposed to believe, of the young man's interest in her may have merely been that so long accustomed to brunettes, he desired to diagnose the telling points of the other type of female beauty.

* * *

At all events, one day he received a dainty, perfumed *billet doux* from the lady, reading:

MY DEAR SWEETIE:—You have said so many times lately that you believed my hair was too beautiful to be genuine that I enclose a lock for close inspection. You may have it analyzed and satisfy yourself that it is honest blonde. Your own, SUSIE.

This charming note was opened in the midst of a hot debate over the fish and game bill. The young statesman was intensely interested in that measure, and, after gulping down its contents, he thrust it hurriedly into his pocket. That afternoon he caught the San Francisco train after a desperate chase, and thought no more of it. The evening that followed was spent at home, and on the next day, which was Sunday, the legislator took his beautiful wife to church.

* * *

On Sunday evening, while crossing the ferry to again bend his course toward the Capital, a remembrance of the note flashed across his mind.

"Great Scott!" he gasped, "did I leave that note in my pocket?" He slapped one hand convulsively upon his breast, and swallowed his heart just as that organ made a desperate attempt to jump out upon the deck.

"Lord, what a relief! Here it is."

He drew it out apparently intact, and, as a tuft of raven hair fell to the deck, read in his wife's well-known hand:

MY DEAR SWEETIE:—You have said so many times lately that you believed my hair was too beautiful to be genuine that I enclose a lock for close inspection. You may have it analyzed and satisfy yourself that it is honest brunette. Your own WIFE.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the young legislator did not reach the Capital *that* night. For two days he wrestled with his wife's father, brothers, and a lawyer. Having proved himself the victim of a foul conspiracy, he resumed his legislative duties, but not alone. A fierce-looking brunette, during the remainder of the session, camped constantly upon his trail.

* * *

THE PRINCIPAL romance in the life of the late Alexander Montgomery, capitalist and philanthropist, has singularly enough been omitted from all his biographies. And yet, those familiar with the events of his checkered but prosaic career, maintain that the event to which I refer is about the only incident in his long life around which there clusters any human interest. Mr. Montgomery accumulated some money in trade, and with it made a large fortune foreclosing mortgages. When the struggle for wealth had ceased with him to be a problem, he turned to the fickle god of love for diversion. Many years ago he foreclosed on a ranch near Colusa and went to that town to live. There he fell desperately in love with a pretty milliner, and, although then well along in years, entered upon a career of gallantry entirely in keeping with the wild and wanton nature of his pioneer life. It was the old story—a marriage, as the lawyers say, "according to the common law." That is, Mr. Montgomery and the pretty milliner dispensed with the services of a clergyman and the Code.

* * *

The reason for this, as afterward explained, was that the bride was a Catholic and the groom a Protestant. But the absence of a license, the Code, and a clergyman did not prevent the appearance of a child, nor estop the groom from everywhere proclaiming to the world that its mother was his wife. One day, however, he fell sick unto death. The milliner's sister, evidently a woman of courage and decision, appeared upon the scene. With that instinct for which the sex is famous, she at once comprehended the strategic points of the situation. She entered the sick chamber with a priest and a license, and told the invalid that if he did not marry her sister according to law, instanter, Nature would not be permitted to finish her work. She would dispatch him at once. The old gentleman was too ill to protest, and the ceremony was performed. But when he arose from that sick bed he was mad, and don't you forget it. Not because his wife's enterprising sister had done for him by statute what he had already done for himself by the common law, but the manner of doing it was offensive. "This is the first time I was ever bulldozed," he said.

* * *

So he sought out Lawyer Highton, then in the zenith of his fighting powers, and ordered a law suit to annul the marriage on the ground of force and fraud. The complaint in this case was a famous thing. Highton literally roasted the milliner and her sister alive. That done, however, Mr. Montgomery's anger seemed to cool, and the case, for which the sensational reporters were laying with constantly increasing expectations, did not come to trial. There was some difficulty about the law. In fact, it was discovered that even if Lawyer Highton should succeed in untangling the statutory marriage knot, the common law knot, which nothing but death could untie, remained. So the old gentleman settled a marriage portion upon his wife, buried his resentments, and ultimately returned to her and her children. The residue of his life was uneventful and happy. He gave a quarter of a million toward founding a Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and thus atoned for the little damage he had done to society by contracting an unusual marriage.

* * *

THE RESIDENTS of the district north of Golden Gate Park, known as Richmond, are in a most embarrassing fix. Fully three years ago they began an agitation for an outlet sewer, and to-day, with cesspools choked and a sewage system that leads nowhere, they are as far from the realization of their hopes as ever. Three times since City Surveyor Smith drew the original plan for a big sewer along Lake Street and across the land of John Brickell to the ocean, a contract has been let for the work. Three times the contractors have thrown up the job because there was no hope of ever collecting their money, and the expenees for advertising and engineer's fees have risen from a few hundred dollars to $16,500. Of this amount Surveyor Smith claims $3000; Surveyor Tilton, $6000; Surveyor Fitzhugh, $5000; and the advertising contractor $2500, all of which must be paid before a brick can be laid in the big drain.

* * *

The last Legislature added its mite to the troubles of Richmond by attempting to amend the law so that the sewer may be built over private property with the consent of the owners. But it amended the wrong section of the Vrooman Act, and its work has fallen to the ground. In the meantime the contract price of the great artery has risen steadily. Three years ago a contractor offered to build it for $50,000. The last contract awarded by the Supervisors and thrown up by the recipient aggregated $70,000. The latter figure, of course, includes the enormous accumulated expenses and a margin of loss in case a part of the assessment cannot be enforced. It is manifestly useless for the Supervisors to let any more contracts, and yet I observe that is exactly what they are now about to do. The purpose is, I suppose, to accumulate more expenses.

* * *

I CANNOT SEE that the base-ball and social experts of the big dailies have left aught to be said about the big base-ball match last Saturday afternoon. Over the result there was much sadness in Bohemia and I believe the Club will not again venture another effort at winning or losing laurels on the diamond. The impression of the institution seems to be that victory is its by divine right and that mere practice is entirely unnecessary. For the sake of the charities I should like to have seen a larger crowd, for its numbers were by no means up to those of last year, and I imagine the financial results will not be especially lucrative. The superabundance of yellow chrysanthemums exhibited the strong hold the 'Varsity men have on Society. Indeed, it is distinctly the headquarters of the younger set. There were any number of pretty girls in winter gowns in attendance and any quantity of noise.

* * *

From all accounts I had anticipated a greater array of coaches and equipages, but it seems Society decided the grandstand was preferable, and the cable cars as effective and a vastly smoother method of reaching Haight Street. As for the base-ball, the playing of the 'Varsity men, especially that of Tobin, Smed-

berg, Ricketts, and Chetwood, was notable. They did excellently, and deserved the victory that crowned their efforts. The supper at the Bohemian Club was a very jolly affair. There was eminent good feeling, and the vanquished drank as heartily the health of the conquerors as though the situation were reversed.

* * *

THE APPOINTMENT of Mr. O. M. Welborn, of Gilroy, to the position of Collector of Internal Revenue, vice John C. Quinn, removed, is a gratifying exercise of the Executive prerogative. The only complaint to be made against the President in this connection is that he has delayed the good work too long. The appointment should have been made months ago. Mr. Welborn is a high type of the self-respecting politician. He is a gentleman, a good Democrat, a man who has an elevated notion of the honesty and faithfulness due to the public from an official, and with such ideas he cannot fail to become an excellent Collector. The fact that he was supported in his ambition by the unanimous California delegation in Congress is not against him. His character and standing are such that the indorsement of our delegation cannot injure him in public estimation.

* * *

Mr. Quinn, his predecessor, retires a total political wreck. In all my time I have never encountered a politician with the pyrotechnical attributes of Mr. Quinn. Three years ago, like a skyrocket, he blazed into prominence as a Senator and Governormaker. To-day he is a charred political stick so prostrate that the little bosses of the precincts in his ward consider him beneath their notice. And Mr. Quinn has brought all this upon himself by failing to observe the plainest of the Ten Commandments. During his brief political career, I believe, it is of record that Mr. Quinn "dumped" all his political associates but one. I have never heard that he deserted Senator Felton, his patron saint, but still he may have done so. His last exploit was an attempt to defraud his business partner, B'rer Flynn of the *Wasp*, and for that Judge Garber declared him guilty of fraud. I regard Mr. Quinn, who, I hear, is a very good man in private life, as the most conspicuous political failure of the decade.

* * *

THE TROUBLE over the accounts of Mr. O. N. Ramsey's Anti-Jag Institute at Los Gatos, possesses few elements of public interest. If Mr. Ramsey, under the guise of advertising his faith cure, has withheld large sums of money which belong to the stockholders, he has not performed either a remarkable or an unusual feat. I understand he is a very close-fisted Manager—a Yankee, in fact, who is descended from a long line of wooden nutmeg manufacturers—and if he has made money at Los Gatos the process has come quite natural to him. If the difficulties between him and Mr. S. P. Morse, the bucking stockholder, were to take the form of a disclosure of the medical methods at the Institute, the affair would yield some interesting food for reflection. On the surface, however, it appears that Mr. Ramsey has, within the short period of two years, scooped in near two hundred thousand of our money with a faith cure that ought not to fool anybody.

* * *

That Dr. Keeley's total abstinence invention is in fact a wonderful gastric tonic, I do not doubt; but why that silly fake about breaking down the blood corpuscles of the alcoholized patient with a "shot" in the arm? In the first place, that operation makes holes in a fellow's skin, and although gentlemen do not now wear low-necked and short-sleeved dresses, there is no certainty that the fashions will long remain as they are. A change in the style of garment referred to would simply bar every jagster who has been Keeleyized at Los Gatos out of polite Society. Not one of them would dare to appear with their supple upper arms full of "shot" holes. Besides, that kind of treatment is not necessary to the reinforcement of the faith of the patient. A better plan would be to knock every jag upon the cranium with a delicately constructed sand-club, the explanation of which might be that by such ministrations his mind could be most effectually diverted from thoughts of fire-water.

* * *

But to return to Mr. Morse and his charges against Ramsey. The former's system, considered from a business standpoint, is really clever. I am told he came here with an option upon a large block of stock of the Los Gatos institution, which he hopes to sell to California capitalists. As a preliminary advertisement of himself he assaulted Ramsey. The effect has been all that could be desired. For several days the newspapers have been giving Mr. Morse a column and a half of Nonpareil free of charge. Had Ramsey desired such a send-off, he would have been politely referred to the Business Managers. But of such is business perspicacity.

* * *

WHEN General Willey, late Receiver of the Pacific Bank, next contemplates engaging in journalism, I trust he will not put up a job on the *Examiner*. I express this hope because it pains me to see a good man like the General slandered. I know personally that Willey is an honest and well-meaning gentleman, and that while Surveyor-General he carried away from the State only that which belonged to him. But a good record avails a man nothing if he interferes with an *Examiner* "scoop." I understand the "Monarch" had arranged for the first intelligence of the balances of the Pacific Bank, but before it could get them into print Willey sent a complete transcript of the bookkeeper's report to the Receiver of the *Chronicle*. Since then the "Monarch" at intervals has had a man on the General's "record." This ought to teach him a lesson. The moral is obvious. Fools only trifle with newspaper "scoops."

* * *

THE ABUSES that prevail in local and State patronage, I hear, have at last begun to bear their legitimate fruit. A movement is on foot among some of the politicians to form a Civil Service Reform Club, the purpose of which will be to abolish the present system of office seeking. I have heard that Max Popper, Chairman of the State Democratic Committee, Senator John Fay, and others prominent in local politics have already indorsed the idea. The plan is to first seek the insertion in the new charter of a Civil Service reform department similar to that which was framed for the Swift Charter, defeated in 1883, and next to urge the passage of a law to the same effect by the Legislature. I am persuaded that if the Association prosecutes this reform it will cause some heartburning among the lower order of wire-pullers.

* * *

BETWEEN Professor Holden, of the Lick Observatory, whose propensity for perpetrating *bon mots* is proverbial, and Professor David Starr Jordan, of the Stanford University, I hear, there has recently come a cold wave. The exact temperature of the wave I do not know, but I am told that it is already much colder than the fogs which occasionally blow over Mount Hamilton, with a prospect that ere long, in the absence of an explanation, it will turn into an iceberg. It was all caused by a remark of Professor Holden. Someone asked for his opinion of the faculty of the new University.

"Jordan?" Professor Holden is reported to have replied; "Oh, yes, those Stanford men have come to the wild and woolly West in order to shed over us the light of the broad and liberal culture of the Mississippi Valley."

For my part I do not see why Professor Jordan should get mad at a little thing like that.

The Witness.

The clubs and best private consumers have found the perfection of a fine whiskey in Sherwood's Keystone Monogram.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAVE
A SOCIETY·LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

San Francisco, November 11, 1893.

THE WOLVES OF CHICAGO.

It was peculiarly fitting, it seems to me, that the Chicago Board of Aldermen should have finished the work of the crank Prendergast with a riot over Mayor Harrison's office. In the first place the existence of such a body as the Chicago Board of Aldermen has been somewhat obscured since several of its members were compelled to get over into Canada to escape the State Prison, and in the second place a disgraceful row such as I have referred to was entirely in keeping with the character of the men who compose that body. The fact that a man bearing the classic name of McGillen led the fracas merely accentuates this remark. When one considers the etymology of the cognomens of the other Aldermen who followed McGillen, the wonder is that the row was conducted in the English language. It might appropriately have been carried on in Irish and German.

In its time Chicago has produced some queer things, but this exhibition is likely to hold the championship for a considerable period. Perhaps, after all, the incident may disclose to us some hidden sources of action in the Lake City—presuming, of course, that the Board of Aldermen is a representative body. Chicago always "gets thar." It tramples upon whatever obstructs its way. Fighting over the effects of a man who is hardly cold in his tomb may be an exaggerated case of civic "spirit," but it is eminently characteristic. The real wonder is, not that the Democrats in the Board of Aldermen fought over Mayor Harrison's successor and took forcible possession of his office, but that they delayed the proceeding so long. The fact that they were sufficiently decent to await the funeral of the deceased argues great forbearance on their part. To be worthy citizens of the scrambling town in which they live and make politics, they should have grabbed the Mayor's office before the breath was out of Harrison's body. Nothing, I am sure, is too previous for Chicago.

PROFESSOR BELL AND THE PRESS.

Whatever else may be said to the disparagement of Professor Bell, the spiritualistic orator, it cannot be asserted that he is not a master of the art of advertising. Neither can it be said that he is not a humorist. He claims, I understand, that when he orates the spirits look after the method and matter of his discourse. If such really be the fact, the shade that regulates his thinker at the present time must be a combination of the spirits of Barnum and Sam Slick. For instance, on Sunday evening, when Professor Bell lectured at Metropolitan Temple on the "Purity and Power of the Press," he advanced the curious idea that the source of Mr. Bierce's satire is a soured and embittered life; and then, with Christian resignation, he added: "I suppose I'll get roasted for this."

Professor Bell's method would be clever with anyone but Bierce. That gentleman, however, who, instead of being soured and ugly, is the most genial and cheerful of men—in fact, a veritable Mark Tapley—is too smart to bite at any such bait. He will not give the Professor the roast he evidently seeks. If the ghost of the late P. T. Barnum, therefore, is directing the advertising adventures of Mr. Bell at the present time, that famous operator has certainly lost some of his cunning. Barnum would never have fallen into the error of attacking Bierce.

As for Professor Bell's notions upon the purity of the press, they are excruciatingly funny. If his journalistic methods were to prevail, the newspapers would publish nothing but sermons. Murders, suicides, defalcations, fires, railroad accidents, even snake stories, would be excluded. However, Professor Bell's ideas would not be so erroneous if his facts were always correct. The headline descriptive of an execution, "Jerked to Jesus," was not published in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. It was original with the Chicago *Times*. And I should like to call the Professor's attention to another fact in extenuation of the offense committed by the *Times* on this occasion. "Jerked to Jesus" produced profound indignation in Chicago, and a few weeks later, in order to square himself with the clergy, Editor Story, of the offending journal, printed two pages of sermons. The scheme would have worked splendidly, but alliteration overcame him again, and he headed the pious budget "The Lord's Layout."

HONEST MONEY WANTED.

The repeal by Congress of the Sherman Silver Act, although accomplished after a desperate struggle with the Silver Lords of the Senate, clears the way for some sound financial legislation. The order of Secretary Carlisle to coin into silver dollars and subsidiary money the silver now stored in the cellars of the Treasury, anticipates in some degree the sensible policy inaugurated by President Cleveland when he began the crusade against depreciated money. For nearly three years the Government has been purchasing silver upon a falling market. During that period it has been taking the metal products of Colorado and Nevada and storing them at Washington. On October 30th Secretary Carlisle reported as on hand in pig silver 137,666,257 ounces which had cost $124,561,428. It was worth on that day 73 cents an ounce, or $100,496,367, which shows a loss to the Government of $24,065,061. In other words the United States had paid the last-named amount to the owners of silver mines in Colorado and Nevada to enable them to "corner" silver and maintain the price.

It was high time that Congress stripped the "silver question" of its surrounding sophistry, and put a stop to this kind of business. If the Government is to be used to bolster up industries there are many more deserving than the business of producing silver. The wheat growers of the Northwest or the hog raisers of the Mississippi Valley are far more deserving of encouragement than the Silver Lords. The purchase of their surplus—the wheat and hogs for which there are oftentimes no markets—would not have one disagreeable feature which has been conspicuous in the silver conspiracy. Storing such things in the sub-basement of the Treasury would not disturb the circulating medium of the whole people. Besides, wheat and hogs can be eaten in case of famine, while pig silver is useful only for the manufacture of "calamity" speeches in the Senate.

The most remarkable feature of this entire silver crusade to me is the fact that the people and the politicians outside of Colorado and Nevada have so long been duped by it. Silver is no more necessary to human existence than any other metal. Copper, brass, tin, and many other substances have been used for money in past ages and abandoned when they became too abundant. Silver was good while its scarcity kept its intrinsic value at a parity with gold, and there is no doubt that but for the discovery of the Bonanzas in Nevada it would still hold its position. It is equally beyond question that if large deposits of gold were to be found this year in any part of the world the usefulness of that metal as a circulating medium would at once be impaired. The "people," concerning whom the Silver Lords talk so glibly, do not want silver money, nor gold money, nor paper money. What they want is *honest* money—a stable, reliable currency. And when I say this I say everything. All the blather and sophistry in the world cannot obscure this point of truth. The duty of Congress is to determine what is *honest* money and favor it with legislation. If it does any less than that, the political party responsible is certain to catch it in the end. Of one thing there has been for three years an absolute certainty. Silver in the present state of its production and the consequent market, is not honest money. The Silver Lords could not disprove that proposition were they to filibuster until doomsday.

A PLEA FOR THE "DUDES."

The disposition to ridicule all persons who show the slightest sign of manners, breeding, and culture is peculiarly a California characteristic. Everything in this region is *sui generis*, and I presume, therefore, that mankind in its original condition must abhor decent raiment and personal cleanliness. It is quite true that an ability to chew tobacco and a disposition to swear are, under certain circumstances, unfailing signs of manhood, but I deny most emphatically that a dirty shirt and unkempt hair are necessary concomitants. But whether or not these four things are inseparable from true manhood, the fact remains that in California a well-dressed man is usually esteemed a dude. In New York or New England an individual may wear long hair, affect a cane and gloves, keep

his shoes polished and wear a clean shirt without attracting especial attention. Out here such a garb immediately brings him widespread notoriety.

We indulge in laughter at the expense of dress eccentrics, regardless of the fact that poets, musicians, and literary men in all ages have worn long hair and parted their beards in the middle. The derision in which we hold everything that savors of the dude is sufficiently apparent in the names that are given to aggregations of young men who dress well and keep themselves clean. For instance, the University Club, whose members comprise the flower of our educated youth, in certain quarters is called the "Chrysanthemum Club." The grounds of the Burlinghame Club, in San Mateo County, are called "Willie-boy Farm," a designation that conveys the California contempt for dudes who wear long coats and smoke foul-smelling cigarettes. There ought to be some method for drawing the line between the real dude, who possesses neither brain nor brawn, and the man who merely chooses to take an occasional bath and sport kid gloves. If this is not done, war is certain to be levied in the not distant future by the so-called "dudes" upon the grand army of laughing, dirty-shirted unwashed.

TUESDAY'S BALLOT-BOXING.

The elections held in several Eastern States on Tuesday were chiefly significant for not having any of the "significant" features attributed to them by the party press. By the politicians of one party label they have been described as a rebuke to Cleveland, by another as a rebuke to monometallism, by another as a quietus for silver, and by still another as an endorsement of the white metal. All factions and the upholders of all policies doubtless will extract solid comfort from them. Even the protectionists and free traders will discover in the result an endorsement of their respective fiscal systems. All this simply illustrates that the average politician is a mixture of knave and fool. The knave knows the true causes of Democratic defeat on Tuesday, and conceals them for campaign reasons; the fool merely believes what he sees in the turgid columns of his party organ.

The fact of the matter is, neither monometallism nor bimetallism, nor silver nor gold, nor protection nor free trade determined Tuesday's contests. In New York, the Democrats, still flushed with last year's victory, nominated for the Court of Appeals a man who had been denounced as a political thief by the New York Bar Association. He stole the State Senate for the Democracy, and Senator Hill thought the people would feel as he did about it—that the result justified the crime. In New Jersey the Democracy was dominated by a ring of gamblers. In Ohio it was a case of "favorite son," and the Presidency. But over all—and this accounts for ninety per cent of the Republican majorities everywhere—hung the dark clouds of public disgust.

The people everywhere are sick of the Silver Lords, who would betray their country to line their own pockets, of the Democrats who backed them in the Senate, of Senator Hill and his plug-ugly Tammany tiger, of the sand-lotters, of the Populist demagogues—in fact, of everything, including the desperate hard times and the business depression. Naturally they have turned to the party out of power for relief. The only bright spot in all this dreary waste of disgust is at the White House. Cleveland is a sensible, courageous patriot. That, probably, explains why he is at loggerheads with his party.

The real significance of Tuesday's battle lies in the prospect that the next President of the United States will be a Republican, and that probably his name will be McKinley.

AT A microscopic exhibition in the Masonic Temple, the other night, the gizzard of a flea was disclosed to the astonished gaze of the spectators filled with oysters. Where the flea got the oysters (in itself an interesting inquiry) is not nearly so curious to me as the question whether they were cooked or raw. I have heard of fleas eating cooked oysters, but I never knew of their taking them on the half shell.

* * *

THE TWO colored men who, in emulation of their more civilized white brethren, attempted to rob a train near Omaha, Nebraska, the other night, are the forerunners of a gratifying racial development. With such strides toward a higher and nobler civilization as is indicated by their entry into the domain of train robbery, the colored race cannot long be kept from its heritage. Looting a railroad train I regard as the greatest perfection of modern criminal achievement.

* * *

THERE IS one thing the enterprising reporter of sensational experiences has not yet done. He has not told us how it feels to fall off the top of a ten-story building.

* * *

HAVING incurred the displeasure of the Iroquois Club there seems to be nothing for President Cleveland to do but to resign. This is especially necessary since the President's recent acts have not met the approval of Mr. Immigration Commissioner Stradley, the member of the Club who, at a meeting the other night, moved to table a resolution which indorsed the Administration. I suggest that the President resign, because to continue in office with the disapproval of Mr. Stradley and the Iroquois Club is certainly a discouraging proceeding. Mr. Stradley is an appointee of Cleveland's and could ameliorate the situation by resigning himself, but as he would probably decline to do anything of that kind, it seems to be in order for the President to abdicate.

* * *

I AM OF the opinion that the authorities should interfere in the stubborn contest that is being waged between the *Chronicle* and *Examiner* with reference to the name of the Midwinter Fair settlement. The former persists in designating it "Palm City," while the latter as persistently calls it "Sunset City." If this battle without words is not attended to by the police, it is certain, I am persuaded, to soon break out in riot. The services of the militia will then be necessary, whereas the matter as it now stands could easily be adjusted by the police. It is the expense of assembling our military establishment that I seek to avoid. As a means of bringing things to a crisis I suggest that the rival journals compromise on Andrewstown, Barnesite, or De Youngville.

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THE LATE ELECTIONS.

BY JOHN P. IRISH.

The Democratic party has heard from the people once more, and the message is a plain one. The people who voted for Cleveland because they wanted tariff reform have shown their disapproval of his neglect to carry out his platform pledges, and the people who want the old order maintained have gained heart by the President's cowardice. The friends of bimetallism have resented Cleveland's domineering policy, and the masses have shown that though the classes may have the ear of the President the people have the votes.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Six weeks ago the *Examiner*, in a sumptuously leaded editorial, announced that President Cleveland had turned Republican. Logic, brethren, is the science of consistency. If the *Examiner* told the truth then about Mr. Cleveland, it should hail these elections as an endorsement of him.

A battle has been fought, and on the surface of things, lost. As far as the sentiment of the *Examiner* found echo and support the Democratic party entered the fight shooting at its leader, and it comes out shot.

Now let us look further. The *Examiner*, after the fight, says: "The friends of bimetallism have resented Cleveland's domineering policy." Yes. Let Ohio be sworn in evidence. Governor McKinley, who won his first election by a manly fight for sound money, in which he hewed to the line, and who stands with Sherman, is re-elected perhaps by a five times larger majority—to vindicate unsound money, according to the *Examiner!*

Hail to the people! They elected Mr. Cleveland to do just as he has done, to lead as he has led. The *Examiner* was read in the United States Senate to prove that the party repudiated his leadership, and the people last Tuesday merely interrogated the Democracy on that point. The ballots inquired, "Does President Cleveland represent you?"

It is a timely question, and the regular session of Congress must answer it. The real Democracy demands that Congress answer "Yes." The *Examiner* and its kith and kind here and everywhere demand that Congress answer "No." The country waits.

What was Tuesday's verdict? In New Jersey the machine loaned the Democratic party to the race-track gamblers. The party resented the base use. In New York the machine loaned the party to Mr. Hill to vindicate his retaliatory politics and make ballot-stealing by both parties legitimate. Having debauched the party and turned it on the street to earn for them a living by infamy, the tricksters mounted the stump to say that this debauchery must be endorsed in order to endorse Mr. Cleveland. As well may the *macquereau* say that his way of living must be endorsed in order to vindicate marriage.

The people are very level-headed. They have refused to use the President basely. They have seen through sham to substance. And, above all, they have taken the shortest road to rebuke the advocacy of anarchy, assassination, and secession which generated in the Populist free-silver movement and mouthed and made faces for ninety days in the late session of Congress. They have repeated their action of 1892. The Democracy of Chicago was bucked and gagged, and loaned to Governor Altgeld to vindicate his pardon of the red-handed and black-hearted anarchist murderers, and all of its machinery was prostituted to the rebuking of American justice in the person of Judge Gary. But there, as elsewhere, the party resented the base use, and the character of American Courts and the judicial safeguards of American rights of person and property were vindicated.

Now let it be noted that everywhere the sentiment of the *Examiner* editorial which Stewart read in the Senate was in alliance with these illicit leaseholds on the party, which were peddled out for a price and a purpose.

The lesson of the election is, that Democrats must take charge of the Democratic party.

Guide right, close up the ranks!

* * *

Mr. Francis Newlands, Representative from Nevada, spoke to a meeting of his constituents at Reno recently and advised them that free coinage of silver on the line so long held in that State will not be realized. His counsel was that they turn their attention to agriculture and the permanent industries which their State is capable of supporting. This is wise. Nevada has produced hundreds of millions of the precious metals, and has nothing to show for it but a few abandoned shafts and tunnels and deserted camps. That kind of production does not stay among the people who produce it. The poorest regions in the world are those in which gold and silver mining are the sole industries. Those metals leave no permanent impression on the place where they are found. They are the kind of riches which have wings and fly away.

But farms stay where labor develops them. Homes are built on them, and as seed time and harvest follow each other, the produce of the land brings to the producer the gold and silver from the distant mine. Nevada has millions of acres of good farm land, a fine climate, inspiring scenery, and everything that can make rural life pleasant. Her people have already turned their attention to farming, and have very largely withdrawn it from mining, and in this fact we find the reason for the slight shock she felt when silver fell and free coinage collapsed. I recall no bank failures and no mercantile bankruptcy in that State during all the recent panic.

There is wisdom in Mr. Newland's counsel, and if he will urge that view often, he may be known as the regenerator of a State, the Richelieu of Nevada.

* * *

There has been some discussion of the tariff on fruit to be fixed by the Carlisle bill now in preparation.

The fruit and fruit products of California are not on the bread and meat list. They are not yet considered commercially among the necessaries of life. The fruits and fruit products of other countries which find the same market, under the principles of a revenue tariff, should be on the revenue and not the free list. Protection of our fruit and wine will not enlarge their use, which depends upon the people having surplus money to spend in gratifying their palate, after the needs of hunger have been supplied.

I state this economic law with some care, because it has pleased some writers in this State to say that I favor "protection" to California products.

The Mills Bill in the main enforced this law, and therein did not differ materially from the tariff of 1883. It put upon prunes one cent per pound, upon fruit confections thirty-five per cent *ad valorem;* upon fruits preserved in their own juices, twenty per cent *ad valorem;* almonds, five cents per pound, shelled, seven and one-half; walnuts, three cents; pea-nuts, one cent; pickled olives were left free by the tariff of 1883 and the Mills and McKinley bills. They should be taken off the free list and put on the revenue schedule, for they are clearly not among the necessaries. Olive oil for manufacturing purposes bore in the Mills Bill twenty per cent *ad valorem;* the McKinley Bill makes it free, and the importation of salad oil, which pays a duty of thirty-five cents per gallon, has fallen off, showing that it is coming in free under cover of mechanical and manufacturing uses and, therefore, should pay a revenue tax. On oranges, lemons, and limes the Mills Bill did not disturb the tariff of 1883.

The Carlisle Bill need not much change the Mills Bill to be satisfactory even to such of our fruit growers as think they must be protected by something more than time and distance from far-away competitors.

The McKinley Bill raised the prune tariff to two cents per pound, and there has been great activity in prune planting as a result in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Utah. These "protected" plants will soon enter the markets in competition with California, and will be found more formidable than France and Turkey were.

These new orchards would not have been thought of had it not been for the inflated talk about prune profits by grace of McKinley.

When the new tariff is finished I think that our California fruit growers will feel the lifting of some old burdens from their backs without the imposition of new ones.

Remember, if you are "in the swim," or want your friends to think you are, your stationery must be the best the market affords. Not only must it be of fashionable color and design, but it must also bear the mark of the best factories. Sanborn, Vail & Co., of 741-743 Market Street, are pre-eminently the furnishers of Society stationery. Their rates are very reasonable.

She—Oh, Willie, do you really, truly love me?

He—Yes, dearest! By the way, have you that little memorandum-book I gave you?

She—Yes, love.

He—Well, then, just make a note of it so you won't need to ask me about two dozen times a day.—*Truth.*

"Did he marry a girl he didn't know much about?"

"Oh, no; a girl who didn't know much about him"—*Truth.*

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"You are quite sure you will never change? will never desert me, or be untrue to me?"

"I am absolutely sure of it, my darling!" he answered resolutely. "Any pledge my sweet one desires I will give her freely," added he, as he again kissed her passionately on the mouth.

"Would you leave me your soul in pawn?" asked the maiden, smiling at him bewitchingly with her deliciously red lips, her cheeks dimpling and her brown eyes sparkling, and her heaving breasts but thinly hidden from his gaze.

"Willingly! And be glad to leave it in my darling's custody!" and his lips hovered caressingly around her just-disclosed shoulder.

"Very well, I will accept the pledge," said she.

He was beginning again to kiss her fondlingly.

"You are a man of honor, are you not?" asked she; showing her even, white teeth, and dimpling her rose-leaf cheeks temptingly.

"Certainly. I hope so."

"Then let me have your soul."

"But that would mean death for me! Do you desire me to die, my love?" and a look of questioning wonder crept into his eyes.

"By no means! I have not been reared by a philosopher for nothing. This crystal ball"—and she held out to him a tiny globe of crystal—"put your lips to it and pawn your soul to its keeping. I will warrant you it will hold it as safely as I could."

He glanced at the tiny globe distrustfully.

"Are you afraid? Do you wish to withdraw from your word?"

"By no means."

"Then breathe against it, my love," and she held the crystal ball tempting him. "You can imagine it is my lips you are touching," added she, with a light, coquettish laugh, leaning provocatively close to him.

He took the crystal reluctantly and breathed against it as she wished.

"Oh!" cried he suddenly, drawing back his lips.

She took the crystal globe from him and peered into it anxiously; then cried in a tone of triumph: "Look! there it is!"

He was aware of something cloudy—vague and light as smoke—floating, as it were, in the core of the crystal, and suddenly he felt a sense of want within himself.

She put the crystal in her bosom, and let it lie between her breasts.

"It is warm and pleasant there; you will never let it grow cold, will you?"

"Never!" and she laughed, dimpling rosily in her mirth. "Now, you can set off on your journey," said the maiden.

"I have no wish now to leave your side," he whispered meekly.

"This rose, that I have been wearing, you were wishing for just now. See! I toss it yonder! Fetch and keep it!" cried the maiden.

He ran after it, groping for it where it had fallen in the grass.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo!" sounded all around him. It was as if the wood had suddenly grown vocal with cuckoos.

He turned his head quickly. The maiden had disappeared.

"Why did I trust my soul to her keeping?" he wailed wearily. "If she should lose it; or mislay it; or should even let it grow cold! My love! my love! my love!" he began calling.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" kept sounding across the grass.

He ran hither and thither; he followed the woodland paths feverishly.

At times he fancied he caught a glimpse of her vanishing garments; of the sunlight glinting on her long gold tresses. Now he imagined he could hear her laughter echoing among the tree trunks; and anon he even fancied he could hear her singing. But he pursued her down the long green vistas in vain.

He sat down beneath a tree and clasped his hands drearily. "What a fool I was to trust my soul to her!" he wailed.

And at that moment he was aware of a ragged peddler coming along the forest glades and whistling as he came.

"Ho, young man! you look melancholy," quoth the peddler. "What d'ye lack? A philtre to make your sweetheart love you? Ribbons for a lady? A collar for your hound?"

"I want a soul," said the young man, glancing at him hungrily.

"A common want," quoth the peddler, grinning broadly. "But here in my pack I have souls in plenty. Dip in your hand and take one boldly."

"I should like to choose....."

"It is take it, or leave it. I allow no choice; I am offering you a gift."

The peddler laid his half-open pack on the grass.

"Dip in your hand and take one, if you will."

The young man dipped in his hand at a venture, and drew out one—the soul of an ape.

"Not that! I will not have that!" cried he.

"Then you will have none," said the peddler, dropping the soul in his pack again. "If the great Soul Maker, who manufactures them by the million, allows neither picking nor choosing, beyond the casual dip of chance, do you think that a mere peddler in souls, like myself, can do business on a basis which He has found unprofitable? Pooh, man, get back your soul if you can, or else you may do without one, as far as I am concerned." And off strolled the peddler, whistling as he went.

The young man leaned his head dejectedly on his hand.

"How can I get back my soul?" he moaned.

"Why not live without one?" croaked a voice above his shoulder.

He looked up and saw a sooty old raven peering down at him.

"Live without a soul! You'll never miss it," croaked the raven.

"Can I?" croaked the raven, mockingly echoing him. "Can I? Of course you can, young fool!"

"Then I will!" exclaimed the young man, starting to his feet.

"That's right," croaked the raven. "You're the right sort, you are!"

"A capital idea that!" quoth the young man, cheerfully.

He looked up, but the raven had hopped away among the branches.

"Well, at any rate, his hint was well meant, and I'll follow it!" quoth the young man, striding out boldly towards the houses which he could just see glimmering beyond the edge of the wood.

* * * * * * * * *

"Ugh! How ugly and dirty it has become!" quoth the maiden, gazing in the crystal at the soul which she had coveted and stolen. "I will throw it away, it no longer amuses me!"

And she threw it from her into the mire of the city, and the wheels and the feet rapidly buried it in the mud.

* * * * * * * * *

The gray-haired Bishop looked "so beautiful" in his coffin, that the deaconesses and the dear, good sisters longed to kiss him.

"None of 'em ever found out that you wanted a soul," croaked the raven, who sat perched on the window-sill, blinking in the sunshine.

But there was no response to this, for how can a dead man talk?—*J. H. Pearce, in "Drolls from Shadow Land."*

OAKLAND GOSSIP.

The last phase of the Dadswell controversy shows the composer of "Mycale" in the ascendency. By their virulence his enemies have aroused him sympathizers and the result is that he still retains the musical directorship of the Church of the Advent. The rector and the vestry men of that institution considered at length the case of the unfortunate musician at a species of church-martial. His record for the last two years they found stainless, and they declined to go further, on the principle, I presume, that virtue persisted in for two years bids fair to be permanent. Like a local musician of eminence, Dadswell wore a degree to which his right was only that of aspiration. He had never been at Oxford, alas, but then he might have won fame had chance directed his steps that way.

* * *

Now that the Doctor is, for the time being, shelved as a living issue, Mr. Redfield is coming in for criticism. There are those who declare that it was less than kind to give to the world those unfortunate letters right on the very verge of the performance. Had the *exposé* been delayed it is quite possible there would have been a balance in favor of the church. As it is, it barely cleared expenses. The lot of the reformer is often quite as disagreeable as that of the reformed, and there are those who ask the wherefore of the Redfield zeal against the organist. But then musicians, even in these days, are not expected to love one another.

* * *

On Saturday many an Oaklander staid home in spite of the Club baseball which called them citywards. The local attraction was the football between the University and the Reliance teams. There are scores of girls in Oakland who are, or have been, devoted to some Berkeley boy, and all the Reliance men have a wife, sisters, and cousins. So the Piedmont grounds were crowded, and the becoming maroon and white, and blue and gold colors displayed themselves everywhere. The game was watched with interest, and several of the plays were exceedingly pretty from a spectacular point of view. Mrs. Felton Taylor and her pretty sisters wore the cardinal and white, and watched Felton play breathlessly. Felton was breathless, too, but he played well. Indeed, how could he help it?

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THE TREASURE CHAMBER.

Everyone knew that there was a treasure hidden in this immense chamber, the only one of which the walls remained upright and the ceiling intact amid the ruins of the old chateau. Beyond a doubt there was a great wealth of pearls and precious stones scattered beneath some flags or behind some column. Whoever gained possession of it would not only be one of the richest men on earth, he would also obtain all joys and all glories, as each of the pearls and precious stones was a talisman of irresistible power. As you may believe, there was no lack of men mad to seize upon these riches. The inhabitants of the neighboring village and the surrounding country occupied themselves no longer with their affairs and their work—they forgot to open their shops and left their fields untilled; their one idea was to discover the hiding place in the old room. They journeyed to the ruins of the chateau from all parts of the country—some on foot, some in coaches, others on horses harnessed in gold—poor and rich, ruffians and gentlemen, beggars and princes—all drawn by the same absorbing hope. None succeeded, however. Was the room closed by a door so solid that it could neither be opened nor forced? There was no door at all—the entrance was large like the vestibule of a palace. Was there to be found on the threshold a dragon breathing fire and brimstone? No, nothing visible menaced the intruder—everyone could enter. The only thing that prevented the putting of hands upon the treasure was that the chamber was at all times filled with an obscurity so black, so dense, that the best eyes in the world could not distinguish a single object. No idea can be given of the darkness which reigned there. The heaviest shadow compared to it would seem a gleaming bar of sunlight. Not a ray ever entered the mysterious entrance—one could almost believe it was darkened by an invisible black diamond door, so completely and suddenly was the daylight hidden.

The few who had dared an entrance into this sombre spot and returned said they felt as though they had had weights of rock on their eyelids, others had never come out at all, died of hunger, perhaps, before finding the opening. The means of discovering in such an obscurity a hidden treasure? It is needless to say that they used all imaginable ways for lighting the room; the men of the village brought torches, lamps; the working people lights made of very dry straw, easily ignited; the woodcutters flaming branches of resinous wood; in vain; when they drew near the opening all the lights went out as though extinguished by a tempest. It was suggested to throw in bombs, shells, and other explosives. They blew up with a terrible noise and without an apparent spark. Emperors and princes, mad to possess the riches and talismans, sent for savants and sorcerers and said to them: "Part of the treasure shall be given you if you will make light in this darkness." The wise men strove, invented oils, made combinations of gas that could be burned in the sea, discovered again the secret of the Greek fire. They made a machine of which the tube, studded with a thousand lens, converged on one point all the light of furious midday. It produced no effect whatever—it was impossible to put even a gleam of paleness on these invincible shadows. At this time two poor little children, he sixteen, she fifteen, half clad in rags, were wandering over the roads, begging from chance comers the wherewithal to exist. They picked the flowers when they met no one, and were far happier at finding even a faded sweet-brier than in receiving a new sou. Only the swallows nesting on the roofs knew where their home was. And these vagabonds rejoiced in being so. It delighted them to live in solitude shared only with the flowers. The more they were alone the more they could be together. Nothing troubled them so long as they could find in one village or another a bit of bread to enjoy far from the road—eating the same crust until their lips met. Every meal is exquisite which has a kiss for dessert! When they had nothing to buy bread with they contented themselves with wild berries. As for sleeping under a roof, what palace is equal to the canopy of branches which the stars hold up with studs of gold? It is true that it is not always spring or summer, that there are dark days in autumn, freezing nights in winter. December is a cruel month, and the snow is a cloak under which one takes cold. Then hunger is trying when there are no wild berries; it is hard to sleep uncovered on the frozen ground under branches without leaves.

But bah! Can they suffer who love and are loved? Is it possible to feel cold when your heart is on fire? Can you regret having nothing to put between your teeth when they rest on an adored mouth?

One hot afternoon they climbed to the top of a hill; a great storm was coming up; there were already flashes of lightning and peals of thunder. They flung themselves under a tree; the rain was streaming through the leaves. They must reconcile themselves to a drenching, and they would have to search for a place to dry their rags afterwards like the birds their feathers. Simultaneously they saw before them a large opening in a wide wall. They entered into the chamber of eternal darkness. At first they were surprised at the dense blackness, because they alone of all the world had ignored the story of the hidden treasures. They had listened only to the warbling of the finches—not to the words of the passers-by. They were not afraid, because they held one another by the hand and they sat down on the flags close together.

"I love you," she said. "I love you," he said. And thus because they had spoken these words, the sacred words made of the day and of heaven, all the immense room was flooded with light more luminous than a plain of golden sand under the burning sun of August.

At their cries of astonishment men and women came running in large numbers; a great crowd always remained near there in the wild hope that chance would show them the way to the treasure. One can imagine what a tumult there was when they saw through the opening the white rays and glowing lights of the pearls and precious stones. With fixed eyes and grinning teeth, they pushed and shoved and threw themselves in. They found enough for all of them. Many of the inhabitants of the country became richer than emperors and more powerful than *magi*. Only the poor little ones who in saying "I love you" had driven away the enshrouding darkness did not think of taking a bit of the treasure; they had another—sweeter, which satisfied them. The storm over, they took their way again across the country. A man passed; they asked a sou. "No," said the man. They did not sorrow—they smiled. They amused themselves looking into the dripping forest at the drops of rain clinging to the leaves, shining like pearls and precious stones under the rays of the returned sunshine.—*Translated from the French of Cotrello Mendes by M.*

THE STUBBORN BRITON.

Englishmen writing to their favorite sporting papers anent the late international yacht race still cling to their hobby that keel is superior to centreboard and vent their spleen of disappointment quite freely. One writer says that the "Vigilant's" victory "is not a triumph of centreboards over keel boats, but that the 1230 extra square feet of canvas, the hollow boom, the 40 odd more men in the crew as live ballasts and the Tobin bronze hull were the superior features by means of which 'Vigilant' beat 'Valkyrie,'" and bluntly concludes with "a keel boat will yet be built to meet any centreboard for racing." Another writer declares it was not the centreplate which made "Vigilant" win over "Valkyrie," but the fact that "Vigilant" had more power. Our English cousins cannot understand that we place our ballast much higher than they do and that the greater beam of "Vigilant" with the steadying power of her light hollow centreboard was what enabled her to carry her extra sail area. The fact that "Valkyrie's" ballast, as in all keel boats, is in the keel itself seems to have been overlooked in their judgment of the "Vigilant's" ability to sustain a larger spread of sail. When their keel becomes literally a centreboard, that is, merely a plate devoid of ballast used simply to enable a boat to carry loads of sail and point up well into the wind, then so-called keel may beat centreboard. English yacht designers are fast tending that way. Greater beam and consequently higher-placed ballast will bring about the change more quickly. One Englishman in a letter to the *Field*, the paper which, from the sporting man's point of view, takes the place of the *Times*, having nothing to offer in excuse for "Valkyrie's" defeat, goes back to the original race for the America Cup, and in a P. S. tersely says, "I believe the 'America' yacht did not sail the complete course and thus won." No doubt this Englishman is correct, as Englishmen always believe they are correct, in his statement, but had he only brought this matter before the original regatta committee what a lot of unnecessary racing would have been avoided in the past thirty or forty years. Perhaps the members of the New York Yacht Club may yet see the injustice of their claim on the Cup and return it with apologies, for it seems probable that this relinquishment would have been the only reason for the Cup's return to Albion. W. B. GOODWIN.

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AMATEUR SPORT

With seven veterans in the team and a quarter-back now playing his position for the third year, Stanford easily won from the Olympic Club team last Saturday by team play and a far better knowledge of the game. In this latter respect Stanford stands to-day the superior of any of the teams in California. The large score made against the city team was due to her quarter-back's quickness of judgment. Three times Code gained nearly half the length of the field for his eleven by kicking on the first down aided by the fast offensive work of his ends, Wilson and Spaulding, in getting down on the kick. He worked his tackles when he saw he could make big gains with them, and handled the ball cleanly and swiftly. There was not the dash and individual plunge about the work of the tackles and backs that there is in the Berkeley team, but there was better team-play and evenness in its execution on the part of each of the Palo Alto players. They back each other up much better than the Berkeley men do and they know more football and make up their minds quicker and act with more determination. The Stanford tackles realize that in Burr and Hunt they will have opponents who will keep them up to their work all the time, and they are now putting up a game preparatory to meeting them. Corchran followed the ball well and was the immediate cause of two of Stanford's touchdowns on high kicks by Morse. It was such playing that gave Stanford the high score against her more inexperienced adversary. On the other hand the Olympic men, playing well at times as they did, lost all their advantage gained by hard work through inexperience and lack of team work. While they are earnest enough they have no unselfish spirit of devotion either to the game or to their club and care too much for their own satisfaction in the result of a game. They are too confident of their own ability individually and think the faults of the team rest with others, and so fail to work together. If they are to beat Berkeley they will have to learn two things—aggressive play and the spirit of assisting one another, whether it be in fighting to advance the ball or defend in their own goal.

Stanford afforded them a useful lesson in the spirit of unanimity of purpose and of that style of earnest play which grows better and better as the game progresses. Mr. Maynard, the Palo Alto Manager, and Captain Wilson have been at the bottom of this harmony and set a wonderfully needed example to other athletic organizations here. The University of California will do well to copy her younger rival in this respect, for if they lose at football this year it will be this and not the fault of their coaching. Confidence is one thing and over-confidence another. This was shown in Berkeley's second game with Reliance. It is the policy of the U. C. men to hold back their real strength and their listless play at times is very discouraging. They should never allow Reliance to score against them as they did on two occasions on last Saturday at the Piedmont grounds, Oakland. Trained as they are by daily practice they should have the quickness and determination to stop untrained advances on the part of their opponents; but they lack it. They may not think they suffer by loose play now, yet they most certainly will later.

One of the chief faults of the Berkeley Eleven is when the ball is kicked over to them that the backs do not mass in front of the man about to receive the ball ready to protect his return kick or to offer his interference should he run with the ball. The play of any set of backs is materially strengthened by the assistance which is lent them by their ends and quarter. It is noticeable how the effect of the play is influenced by the style of the Captain's own way of playing. Code's even fast work for Stanford, apprehending every slow move by his adversary, in contrast to Sherrard's determination to force matters by sheer strength. On the other hand, Benson's hard, quick sprints forward, now at the ends, now at the tackles, inspired by a momentary output of strength only to be followed by a relaxation in his whole team, as opposed to Fenton Taylor's slow, ponderous, but effective plunges repeated upon what is deemed the weakest point in the opposite rush line.

In their last game with Reliance Berkeley could not prevent Taylor's successful bucking through their line between Tufts and Whittmeyer, their substitute left guard and tackle. Burr and Easton were on the sick list, and it was on account of this weakness that Reliance scored from the kick off in less than four moves. Despite this Berkeley put up a better game than before and steadied down considerably as the game progressed.

To-day, at San Jose, the result of the Stanford-Reliance match will give a further line on the former's play. The Olympics, moreover, will put a stronger team in the field against the University men, and a better showing is expected of them than heretofore. Taking the play as a whole it appears that so far this season the work of the two college teams is more advanced than at the same period of time in years past, with, perhaps, a falling off in the play of the other clubs. One noticeably prominent feature of the play this year is the attention paid to kicking, both here and in the East. This leads to more open play, more interesting football, and teaches the new players the game in its best interpretation. It temporarily does away with that most objectionable side of inter-collegiate football, the mass and wedge plays, scientific in their way but most uninteresting to the average spectator. It affords the backs a chance to make brilliant returns in running and kicking, testing their nerve and playing ability to the utmost. By means of long kicks a team regains, in short order, the ground which an opponent has covered by the hardest kind of work, and so tends to bring out the generalship which is only too often neglected in a team. As Walter Camp said of the last Inter 'Varsity match, a long punt at one stage or another of the game would have changed the result completely.

* * *

Society and charity gave the impetus to some good, bad, and indifferent expositions of the National pastime at the Haight Street grounds last Saturday. As was expected the University Club nine outbatted and outfielded their less aggressive rivals from the Bohemian organization. Tobin, Chetwood, and Smedburg played to win, and, indeed, all the representatives from the Sutter Street domicile, in the language of the crank, put up gilt-edge ball and ran away with the score. Year by year these matches prove to be the means of more than keeping up the interest among gentlemen in a sport which professionals have tried hard to run into the ground. Surely the style of play in these games has improved. The reporters on the daily papers find only a chance to guy the players, but the spirit of rivalry springing from these annual contests will outlive such annoyance and prove of real influence in amateur sport in California. It is possible to see some good in all things, and why not in an amateur way in charity baseball?

* * *

The courts of the California Tennis Club looked very uninviting even to the enthusiast during the late wet weather, and solitary individuals in duck trousers defied the fogs which swept over the Olympic grounds with an irrepressible shiver, reminding one of East's confident answer to Tom Brown's expression of surprise that the young men at Rugby should wear light trousers in November. This past summer has been a dull season for tennis, and the present lull is far from reassuring. The tennis element is laboring under the disadvantage of having very little to look forward to in the immediate future. The California people offer no attractions just now with the idea of concentrating their energies on an open tournament for the last of the year. It would seem as if the Midwinter Fair would prove an opportunity for inactive tennis to receive a legitimate boom in California. It is to be feared that the paucity of new stars to volley and smash for the amusement of Society and tennis cranks has been the cause. When nothing more exciting presented itself to those who watch the daily practice on the California courts the other day than to see Taylor, the ex-champion, easily play around Driscoll in two sets, six-two, six love, one must acknowledge that tennis is uninteresting. Young Whitney is, for instance, an exception to the fact that there are few new men coming on. With the influx of visitors from the East and North a properly advertised tennis tournament held during the Fair ought to be a means of resuscitating the lifeless condition of the game. Invitations to such players as the Long brothers, Foulkes and Cuppage of Victoria, Cameron of Vancouver, Hurd and Mesern of Seattle, the doubles champions of the Northwest, Jack Anderson, of Tacoma, the single champion, and Ben Smith, the Portland player. Of these men, none of whom have ever played in California, Dan Long ranked fifth in England some years ago and has always been the champion of British Columbia since his residence there. Foulkes is second to him, and a year ago won the Pacific Northwest championship at Tacoma. Hurd is ex-champion of Yale, and with Mesern, a Harvard man, won back the doubles championship this year from Foulkes and Cuppage, of Victoria. These men, who play very fair tennis would, if entered, give not only new life to the sport here, but the Englishmen, the Longs and Foulkes, would give an international flavor to the play. It would not be a hard matter to arrange, and once effected tend to become permanent. W. B. GOODWIN.

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MASKS AND FACES

It would be the acme of foolhardiness for an actor of less than true greatness to appear before a foreign audience. In no other way is the genuineness of his art so impartially tested. He stands alone unsustained by the playwright. The wealth of imagery, the poetry of thought, the nobility of sentiment—all the appeals to the ear and the imagination that are the author's, but that becoming identified with an actor, color the effect of his work—all these are here but empty sounds. It is only by being absolutely true to nature that the actor can reach his audience. He must so vitalize his role that he will compel the interest commanded by a living personality.

The language of nature is universal. Every emotion has its natural symbol, and the alphabet of life, from ecstasy to despair, is learned only too soon by the people of any nation.

The actor, then, who hopes to speak intelligibly to the people of another land must, first of all, speak the language of life. To do this he must be master of every vocal expedient. His gestures must not alone illustrate—they must interpret—that his identity may be projected into the minds of his audience. In short, he must be great.

That collective "audience" that we have come to regard almost as a singular, pluralizes itself into all its distinct particles under the influence of a foreign star. There are the actor's compatriots, generous and enthusiastic, joyously responsive to the mother tongue, quick to see a point, instantaneous to reward it. These constitute a select set, and blessed are they that are of it. Beyond them is the larger throng to whom the language is a friend, an acquaintance, or a stranger. Here is to be found the young girl, fresh from foreign instruction, who ought to understand, and cannot see why she doesn't; the student, sore because he has not caught every point, and his companion boisterous because he has caught one; the man about town who understands the language when he speaks it himself, but who finds the actor's accent queer; the unhappy wretch who is always demanding explanations, and the obliging nuisance who is always vouchsafing translations; the man who understands nothing and is restive under his ignorance; the imaginative man who interprets according to his own fancy, and, last of all, that incomprehensible anomaly—the man who cheerfully pays a high admission price, seats himself comfortably, and reads his book of translation throughout the play. What actor can hope to focus the attention of such a strange multitude?

How thoroughly Coquelin fulfills the necessities of so difficult a task is evidenced conclusively by each new role that he assumes. But not until he has swept the compass of his art should one hope to form any profitable estimate of the extremes of his range. So unique is his position in the realm of eccentric comedy that one role is measured by another, until he almost becomes his own standard of comparison.

And Jane Hading? That she is beautiful and talented he who runs may read; but the full richness of her endowment has, perhaps, never displayed itself so convincingly as upon the Sunday night when she interpreted "Camille."

The night was wet and cold without and the Opera House empty and cheerless within. Penetrating draughts offered the spectator choice of pneumonia or neuralgia on the morrow. But the dreary emptiness of the house was cozy comfort compared to the dismal waste of stage, upon which the luxurious Camille lived her tumultuous days. A stretch of territory so vast as to attenuate the force of every exit and lend to each entrance an air unconsciously processional; a crying poverty of effects that set Camille's gorgeous raiment against a tenement background—an all-pervading suggestion of limitless space and limitless gloom—the self-confidence was strong that could hope to rise above it all.

But in Jane Hading's acting there was no indication of a consciousness of her disheartening surroundings. She filled the great stage with her throbbing personality until she dwarfed her environment into obscurity She seized the attention of her audience until attention became interest, interest sympathy, and sympathy profound pity. And all this was accomplished with no aid save that of her art and her inspiration. It was a triumph without pomp, but none the less a triumph.

Into her interpretation of Camille, Mme. Hading shows an earnestness that stirs the finer fibres of feeling. Other actresses have struck deeper, none truer chords. There is in her impersonation little of the physical, much of the ideal. With vibrating sincerity she depicts the anguish of a mind convinced, a soul convicted of sin that may know no expiation; and incarnates a touching tale, with heart-ache for its theme and heart-break for its end.

There is much that is similar in the external conditions of Camille and of Clorinde, the central figure in "L'Aventuriere." Both are women of the half-world, weary of the fever of their days and eager for repose. Both love and both are purified by their love. But the main-spring of their actions is as polar as head and heart. The nicer shades and variations of feeling arising from the different vital elements of their natures Hading portrays with unerring truth. Her Clorinde has little of the emotional quality that is the greatness and weakness of Camille. She is the self-reliant adventuress, sustained by a commanding mentality. Rarely beautiful, clear-sighted and controlled, hers is the lofty ease of practiced strength. Indulged, she is tender and gentle, but crossed, she becomes scornful and defiant; and repulsed, she is reckless and revengeful. Her repentance is not the love of virtue for virtue's sake. It is the repulsion of proud strength from a life of isolation, the luxury of which commands only disdain; and the fierce longing to know respect and experience the joy of being able to despise another. Her degradation itself she, perhaps, never fully realizes until the moment that Fabrice hurls at her her infamy. It was an electric moment. The startled retreat at his cry of outraged manhood, the accumulating fear and horror and ignominy that shatter the strength of the cowering creature and bend her knees until she sinks into an agony of trembling shame—what a picture it was! In that moment the mute eloquence of the crushed woman utters its appeal and compels a sympathy that is hers to the end, when, with a repentance that is more humiliation than contrition, she goes her way.

To see Jane Hading in any one role is to yield to the fascination of her sympathetic personality and the sweet contractions of her picturesque beauty. A face of intellectual intensity, tricked by dimples into soft confessions; lips now pressed in quizzical reserve, now breaking into a smile of intoxicating suggestiveness, hair and brow of a Madonna, eyes of an odalisque, to see her in one role is to respond to all this prodigal endowment of loveliness. To see her in many is to appreciate the intelligence, the spontaneity and controlled power that translate her impersonations into every tongue. HARRIET L. LEVY.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The regular stock season at Stockwell's will be brought to a close the coming week, when will be presented the emotional drama, "East Lynne." Monday evening has been set aside for a farewell benefit tendered Ethel Brandon. "East Lynne" will be continued for one week only; following this the combination season will open with the "County Circus." This performance is composed of farce-comedy and circus. During the performance a great many novelties are promised, such as a number of trick horses, bare-back riders, clowns, aeriel performances, brother acts, and a number of clever specialties. The most important feature of this performance will be that of a parade on the stage during the action of the play of the "County Circus." On Monday evening, December 4th, Mlle. Rhea will open in her successful play, "The Queen of Sheba."——

Frank Daniels and his "Little Puck" Company will follow Peter F. Dailey at the California. Daniels' engagement is, as usual, to last two weeks. "Little Puck" will be seen here in a spectacular way this time as regards scenery, calcium light effects, etc. As usual, Mr. Daniels has surrounded himself with a clever supporting company, who are said to play this famous funny farce better than any of their predecessors.——

On Monday evening, the 20th, Joseph Murphy, the eminent Irish comedian, will open at the Baldwin in "Shaun Rhue." Murphy is a great favorite with San Francisco audiences, and the fact that during his engagement popular prices will prevail at the Baldwin, will undoubtedly serve to pack the houses.——

During the past week Lecocq's sparkling operetta, "Pepita," has been running at the Tivoli to excellent houses. "Pepita" is a merry little thing and full of the most vivacious music. Fanny Liddiard and Tillie Salinger sing the leading parts and act superbly. Beginning on Monday evening, "A Night in Venice" will be presented, and "Said Pasha" is in preparation. The music of both is calculated to fill one's soul with melody.——

A "Country Sport," with Peter F. Dailey in the title role, has done an excellent week's business at the California. It will run another week, beginning on Monday evening. The company is particularly strong, and the wit that exudes from it new and sparkling.——

"Cleopatra" will be given on Monday and Tuesday evenings at the Baldwin, when it will be superseded by "La Tosca." This is one of Miss Davenport's greatest impersonations. In dramatic power the character of La Tosca, which is not unfamiliar to our theatre-goers, I think, excels all her other work. The play itself is one of Sardou's most powerful works.——

During the coming week Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, at the request of many of their friends, will present at the Alcazar "The Danites," a play in which they made a somewhat profitable hit a few years ago at the Old California Theatre. The season so far at the Alcazar has not been what it should be. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin deserve more liberal patronage on the part of theatre-goers.——

Harry Dam's play, "The Silver Shell," will be produced, I hear, in New York shortly by the Kendalls. Eventually it will be brought to this Coast, where the author began his literary career.——

AMUSEMENTS.

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I. String Quartet, (Op. 27) - - - - - - *Grieg*
1. Un poco Andante, Allegro molto ed Agitato.
2. Romanza, Andantino.
3. Intermezzo, Allegro molto Marcato.
4. Finale—Lento, Presto al Saltarello.
MESSRS. BEEL, WISMER, JAULUS AND HEINE

II. Songs (a) "Adieu, Suzon" - - - - - *Tosti*
(b) "Spring" - - - - - - *Henschel*
MISS SOPHIE NEWLAND

III. Elegie for Viola - - - - - - *Vieuxtemps*
MR. BERNAT JAULUS

IV. Aria, "The Tempest" - - - - - *Dr. Arne*
MISS SOPHIE NEWLAND

V. Quintet for Piano and Strings, (Op. 81) - - *Dvorak*
Scherzo (Furiant) Finale—Allegro
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CONCERTS.

No single performance of the Symphony Concert Series has attracted a larger audience than did the last. In a receptive mood the assemblage gave that sympathy which has much to do with success, and though more powerful programmes have been submitted none have been more readily welcomed. Beethoven's Second Symphony and the picturesque suite, "L'Arlesienne," of Bizet, were the orchestral contributions; Schumann's "Traumerei," and an *entr'acte* being the usual numbers intended to bait sundry portions of every well-represented house. Of the Chopin *E Minor* Concerto much was expected in direct proportion to such poetic grace and elegance as the player is supposed to possess.

Had the Symphony been the only number given by the orchestra no sign of improvement in its technical or expressive powers would have resulted, rather the reverse, but the Suite was played with a remarkable advance in *ensemble* feeling and more delicacy of shading than has yet been heard from the instrumentalists. Probably the Symphony, not a pronouncedly difficult one, was insufficiently rehearsed on that head, and the performance, considered a light task as given, its failure to interest proved the error and detracted from what might have been one of the most genial concerts of the whole series. Seeing that repetition of pieces like the Suite have been distinctly to the advantage of the composition and its performance it is to be wished a like fate will follow when some greater works are re-delivered. In its repertoire there are now several compositions, monuments of human genius, deserving all the Symphony or any orchestra may give to them in power, care, and certainty, and capable of standing the test of frequent performance.

The piano is one of the most popular mediums for conveying recreative talent, and in this and educational usefulness no musical instrument compares to it. With a literature beyond the bounds of any single artist to even fitly recite and a mechanical difficulty grown supremely exacting, its hold upon the cultivated increases yearly, so that the appearance of a virtuoso is the signal for keen curiosity and some genuine interest. Miss Augusta Cottlow attracted general attention coming with the heralding of much advertising, and appearing, above all, in the *E Minor* Concerto held with a special regard by all kinds of pianists. Technique and hand control is the first, though least, necessity for this work; the vivid and delicate imagination seem to be entirely unregarded in the usual recitations we hear. Without having every qualification the *pianiste*, who is at most still very young, gave forth an impression of extreme delicacy and unusual sentiment of a fine kind. Endowed with a hand rarely lissom and refined in texture, the just and lax finger method used expressed a fluidity of tone and facility of manipulation quite uncommon. After having developed an octave method which will match in naturalness and ease the hand and finger work, this young artist will have a capacity of the highest rank in full grasp. An artistic personality matched the fine ear and musical phrasing. Not power or nervous intensity promise to be the characteristic of her style, but a supple finish and a delicacy tinged with individual feeling and fancy.

An open meeting of the club of young *pianistes* calling themselves the Abbey Cheney Amateurs, deserves more space than can be given here, as their work is unique of its kind and of special interest to pianists in general. Trained by Mrs. Abbey Cheney, these young ladies possess a method which is more complete in every respect than the work which the average pianists bring with them from Europe under the sanction of alleged masters. With more or less individual capacity these students work out the philosophy and far-reaching practical finish of the ideas given them according to their powers so far that through their efforts a school of piano-playing is growing up which will inevitably become from its just and refined qualities the only one acceptable to cultivated ears. Misses Grace Harrison, Hilda Newman, Cameron, Wyman, Hope Cheney, Lillie Moulton, and Janet Cheney, assisted by Hother Wismer, violinist, took part.

"Pepita," a story made out into three acts with music from the pen of Lecocq, runs rigorously at the Tivoli. The imbroglio is not a particularly new one, but is managed with some skill and dressed becomingly in a highly-colored musical costume. For what light opera intends to be this piece is a fair specimen, and amuses the patrons of the house with a decided taste for careless lays, costumes, and well-drilled figures in chorus. Lecocq has the especial knack belonging to French comic-opera writers of making tunes to sparkle without a trace of heaviness or genuine sentiment. As foster sisters Miss Tillie Salinger and Fanny Liddiard play congenially, and the cast does the usual painstaking thing. Several numbers win ready popular appreciation.

At the next Symphony Concert will be given a Symphony by Tschaikowski, a tribute to the memory of the gifted composer. Mr. Minette's concert takes place in a few weeks at Golden Gate Hall, and will have a strong programme.

Kirby Martin

TAILORING A FINE ART.

In these days of ready-made suit sales it cannot be claimed that clothes make the man. The quantity of desperately cut coats and awkwardly hung vests that meet the critical eye seems to show that half the community is on the store clothes basis. However, no one with any sense of fitness or respect for the dignity of his appearance will ever descend to such dangerous economies. Between the coat that is made by a first-class tailor and that purchased at a forced sale the difference is monumental. Still, it behooves the man who would show his sentiments to have well-cut clothes. It is style that counts, and if you will go to J. Ulrich, Room 43, Crocker Building, you are sure to get the very latest in cut and pattern. Mr. Ulrich's clothes have ever been approved by "Him" in *Vogue*.

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

What shocking weather we have been having this week! Don't you wish some bright person would invent a pretty, tasty frock of some water-proof material, not long and yet jaunty, in which one could feel comfortable and yet look bewitching? I love the rain, but when it comes to draggling heavy, half-wet skirts over the sloppy, dirty pavements, it is rather out of the question to indulge one's amphibian tastes. Think, too, of the awkwardness of umbrellas. The sticks are so short that one's muscles become strained and tired, whereas if we were to return to those used in George III's reign, where the sticks were long, we should not take so many chances with our neighbors' eyes, besides being able to rest the umbrella-stick on our shoulders, so relieving the muscles of the arms.

Have you seen any of the new pinafore dresses? Here is a rather pretty one; a blouse of black satin, with large sleeves, the sides fitting beautifully to the figure. Over this a pinafore gown of almond colored cloth, finished along the top from shoulder to shoulder in a curved line with a pretty jet trimming and cut away back and front so as to show the sides of the well-fitting blouse beneath, all the edges of the cloth being bordered with jet trimming. Sometimes the skirt is complete in itself, at others it shows the edges of a black satin one beneath. It could, of course, be made with delicate contrasting colors and would look very sweet on some girls. A gray cloth dress was trimmed in front with graduated perpendicular bands of red and green shot crepe velvet—a new material—with sleeves and basque in the same. Another new material is shot velvet in two or three colors, which run into one another in wavy lines. A dress of this description was in green, mauve, and black, all interlacing one another that it was impossible to designate the dress by any color. The puffed sleeves were in watered green velvet, and the yoke as well, this being made in three points—a deep one in the middle, shallower ones at the sides. The waistband was of velvet, with two deep ends falling to the edge of the skirt. A large green hat with ostrich feathers completed this costume.

Wings are to be all the rage this winter, and our poor little birds, I suppose, must be ruthlessly destroyed. Women talk of purifying the press—why not make a crusade against implacable, uncompromising Fashion which rules us with an undisguised rod of iron? We wear immense sleeves one season, huge bustles another, skimped-in skirts so tight that walking is impossible, and yet we expect our brothers and husbands, yea, men in general who have not fallen victims to our wiles or have become accustomed to our whims, to respect us. We pride ourselves on our tenderness of heart, on our maternal instinct, on our sweet womanliness, yet, without a tremor, we see thousands of poor little nestlings deprived of their mothers. Is not Fashion, who says wings are all the rage, the modern Moloch? If we would, for a change, forego the privilege of our sex and reflect, think how very much more like angels we should appear; not less angelic because—let us say—in a condition of moult. Many women forget that to eschew wings does not necessarily forbid their doffing all feathers. Ostrich plumes, for instance, do not precipitate funerals in the ostrich family.

The wind of Fashion bloweth where it listeth and has sent us sequins now for dress decorations. Very bright and pretty are they. Sequins look like jet, but are a sort of gelatine composition, and are in every shade and color. I saw one very ornate dress of white broacade, whose entire pattern was outlined with these ornaments. Another moiré antique was black with the watering set forth with them in gold. It takes workmen many months to do this outlining, as it is entirely hand-made, every sequin having to be sewn on separately. I don't think I could reconcile my conscience to such gowns, such a superfluity of decoration not being in my eyes, at least, in accordance with good taste.

Red, apple green, or any other of those *outré* shaded stationery is no longer considered good form. Smooth and vellum finish in white or the delicate shades of pink and heliotrope is now the proper thing. An effective combination is the monogram in the left corner, the address in the right; "old English" letters in one's own handwriting is the most fashionable style for these. Red and blue wax for sealing is most popular, while white is preferred by those who in all things prefer to shine in the shade.

We all know there is no royal road to knowledge, but is it not discouraging to learn that Patti practices her scales every day over and over again? Albani has often to deny herself the pleasure of singing to her friends, while Paderewski spends fifteen hours a day at the piano; Sarasate is the only one who is like the birds, as he has such extraordinary facility that he has no tiresome, toilsome work and can do his best whenever the mood seizes him. He is the most agreeable of men—will play and play, and seemingly takes a child's delight in his own power and skill.

A pretty lamp shade is made to represent a rose, peony, or poppy. The wire frame is covered with India silk in whatever color one wishes the flower, and is edged with two frills of silk—one the color of the petals, the other green. The body of the shade is covered with shaded silken petals gummed on and graduating from three inches at the top to four at the bottom. A circle of green leaves at the top and two at the bottom finishes it.

THE REFLECTOR.

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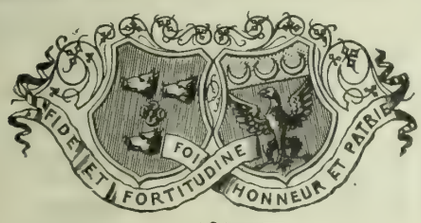

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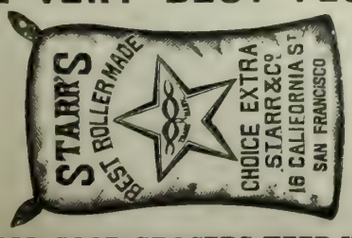

ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT

According to the pretension of a novel is the critical appraisement of its artistic value graded. To apply to the latest story of Archie Gunther the standard that one measures the successive literary efforts of a Henry James or a Stevenson by, would be as obviously absurd as to demand from a performance at the Wigwam the same degree of excellence that one expects from a production at the Baldwin. If "The Cliff Dwellers" had appeared without any especial heralding, one might be disposed to deal with it as a semi-successful effort at depicting certain conditions of American life. But it is given to the world as the typical Chicago novel—a brilliant rendering of life in an eighteen-story building. Its *dramatis personæ* are assumed to be more than the mere automata of ordinary fiction—they are representative of Chicagoans, the types of the men and women who have built up the great central metropolis. Under the circumstances, one reads with the degree of deliberation which the importance of the effort demands.

In the mere mechanical handling of scenery and arrangement there is considerable skill displayed. In the interweaving of plots and sub-plots one finds dexterity of arrangement and some dramatic effect, but in the composition of the picture there is a certain looseness which detracts from the *ensemble*. The canvas is too well-filled for the positive characterization of the various figures. In other words, it is a broad piece of scene painting, dashed in cleverly enough by the rapid head of a brilliant workman, but it is in no sense a great novel, or even a notable one.

Take for instance the character of the central figure, George Brainard. The type is that of the self-made millionaire—a man of powerful brain and strong will, unscrupulous, cruel, imperious, daring, veritably the modern commercial buccaneer who pursues advantages without sentiment. It is a familiar enough figure in all western cities. Yet in this rendering Mr. Fuller is too sweeping; there are no *nuances*, no gradations—the impression is that of a disagreeable ogre, and not of a human being. In the character of Ogden there is a similar indistinctness; instead of being an individual, he is the New Englander come to Chicago, successful for the moment, but caught in the relentless machinery of life and destroyed. McDowell typifies the real estate shark, Miss Wilde, the short-haired woman who dabbles in stocks.

On the whole, the effect of "The Cliff Dwellers" is distinctly depressing. The course of the *dramatis personæ* is a pronounced *decrescendo*. Even the vitality of Miss Cornelia McNab, the ambitious typewriter, does not relieve the painful pessimism of the climax—and she, the most human character in the volume, drops out after her marriage with Burt Brainard.

One cannot but think of Brainard in the hands of a Balzac—what a figure he could have made of him!

I make the sweeping assertion that anything well written upon the subject of pottery is bound to be interesting to every one; if the description of the pieces falls short one's imagination or memory can fill in the cracks.

The new translations of "The Faience Violin," by Chamfleury, is decidedly readable; the book is full of excellent studies of the collecting mania. It is not one of the author's best, however, it lacks much of his celebrated fineness of treatment, and the last few chapters drag heavily. Otherwise the story is typically French, and it contains some rhapsodies upon the burning and glazing of good bits of China which fire one with enthusiasm. Without some experience of the passion of collectors it is impossible to conceive of the madness it brings—truly "increase of appetite grows by what 'tis fed on," especially when served in well-preserved *faience* dishes. To the lover of pottery they are not mere pieces of china, they are light, life, food for the hungry eyes; your true collector would rather lose his best friend than deface a hair-breadth of the fine work.

Chamfleury was a connoisseur and well able to feel and express the appreciation with which he endows his character.

There's a gorgeous improbability about "The Translation of a Savage," the new book by Gilbert Parker. It is the tale of a young Englishman who marries out of pique an Indian Chieftainess, daughter of a Canadian aborigine named "Eye-of-the-Moon." He dispatches her garbed in the buckskin and blanket of her tribe to his parents—highly fashionable people, whose country seat at Greyhope is the show place of the environment. Of course, General Armour and his wife are horrified at the action of their son, but they make the best of the situation, meet her, and treat her with illimitable courtesy. She is educated, taught manners, and acquires accomplishments, and develops into a beautiful and charming woman of exquisite refinement who becomes the sensation of a London season. The narrative goes swingingly enough and the tale, on the whole, is rather well done, but it lacks distinction and all the other qualities that made "Pierre and his People" unique.

There is little to excite one about "Brothers and Strangers," by Agnes Blake Poor. The book contains some fair passages; it is marked by a certain orderliness of arrangement that one finds rather commendable. It is well written, if rather cold. One may believe in the intensity of Arthur Butler's passion for Flora, but there is little ardour about the expression of it. Still, the description of this village beauty is a very graceful and artistic passage; indeed, it redeems decidedly the story from the reproach of the commonplace—a charge one would have little difficulty in finding evidence to support.

The school of New England literature—distinguished for the distinct harmlessness of its tone—receives an addition in "The Petrie Estate." It is a nice kind of story, rather well told, with a pleasant plot and agreeable characters. Still, it is difficult to develop a special degree of interest in the *dramatis personæ*, who are too intensely proper for aught out of a Sunday school. They are invariably animated by the loftiest motives, express exalted sentiments under mild provocation, and altogether are calculated to appeal to the moral attributes of the eminently respectable communities they are written for. Withal, about the book there is a certain literary finish that redeems it from the reproach of absolute banality.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Cliff Dwellers," by Henry Fuller. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Brothers and Strangers," by Agnes Blake Poor. Roberts Brothers, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Translation of a Savage," by Gilbert Parker. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Petrie Estate," by Helen Dawes Brown. Houghton, Mifflin, publishers.

"A Faience Violin," by Champfleury. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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LOS ANGELES EVENTS.

LOS ANGELES, November 4th.—The arrival of Mrs. General Grant, Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., and five children, has been the topic of social interest in Southern California during the past week. The party went at once to Santa Barbara, where they had engaged rooms for the winter at the Arlington. They intend to visit all principal places of interest in the State during their year's sojourn in California. In their trip round the world, General and Mrs. Grant made a great many friends in San Francisco which Mrs. Grant hopes to renew when she visits there this winter. General Grant was always a great admirer of the Pacific Coast, and in referring to this the other day, his son, Ulysses, Jr., said: "In his younger days my father was stationed in Oregon, but had to pass through California to reach his post. He was charmed with California even then, and when he was appointed General-in-Chief of the army, expressed a regret at his appointment, as he had planned to make his home in California, which he considered an ideal residence State. We anticipate much pleasure from our prospective visit to San Francisco. It is one of the great cities, and while it has not the climate of Santa Barbara, it is a great city for recreation."

The Grant party will also spend some time at San Diego, where Jesse Grant resides.

The first notable November event to stir the sluggish tide of social dissipation in Los Angeles occurred Friday afternoon when Mrs. O. T. Johnson, of Olive Street, gave her friends a chance to welcome her home from an extended Eastern trip by holding a reception and also took this opportunity to introduce to the social world of Los Angeles Mrs. Fred J. Johnson and their friends, Mrs. Charles E. Kregelo and daughter and Mrs. Bingham, of Indianapolis, who have recently come to reside here. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Sr., will alternate for the winter between the city and their country home at Riverside.

Pasadenians are looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the arrival about the fifteenth inst. of Mr. Harry Brown Green, son of Colonel and Mrs. G. G. Green, and his Baltimore bride. The party will arrive in their private car and will take up their winter residence at Hotel Green which has been extensively improved and enlarged.

The Woman's Guild of All Saints Church in Pasadena is preparing to give an entertainment, a prominent feature of which will be the reproduction of some of the Midway Plaisance attractions. Some squeamish people might imagine that the dancing girls, International Dress and Beauty Show, and, perhaps, some other features of the Midway were hardly appropriate as a means to raising church funds.

SAN JOSE NOTES.

The most biting sarcasm on our multitudinous charities has been presented by an episode that ought to put our philanthropists to the blush. A poor, sick woman, whose painful illness baffled her physicians, unassisted as they were by such means as money would procure, was sent to the Sanitarium. Now, although this was built by the generosity of Mr. O'Connor, who poses as a great benefactor in San Jose, it is in no sense intended for the poor. For that, the good sisters in charge are in no wise to blame, but it was unfortunate that the poor woman was refused admission—was told when within the vestibule that money was the key that unlocked the door of this institution, and without it none could enter. On the sad journey back to town the poor woman breathed her last. So much for the charity of Mr. O'Connor. The reflection is forced upon one why all this parade of charity where none exists? In all this town there is not a place where a sick man or woman can receive the help they need, unless they go to the County Infirmary, and before the red tape is all unwound that opens the door of that mansion. Death would probably relieve the sufferer. Now, this is not an isolated case, nor have all the facts been told—this very case has yet sadder aspects. The woman had long been ill, and her poverty was extreme. She left two sickly, miserable children, and we have not yet heard that the Sheltering Arms have enfolded them, nor that the Pratt Home has received them, neither has the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society clothed them. Balls, teas, concerts, races, every possible means has been exhausted to gather in the shekels for sweet CHARITY'S sake; and the generous people of the Garden City are waiting for some one to enlighten them on the subject.

The fashionable church on the corner, with its old English porch and its chime has achieved a victory. One of the most bitter opponents, a lady devoid of religion, has not only been regathered to the fold, but enrolled in actual service of the sanctuary. A good many of the steady workers are wondering at her promotion and cannot account for it. They seem to see an unfitness in the appointment of one whose antagonism to religion has been so pronounced, to duties so sacred as the decoration of the altar.

That these notes may not be filled with disagreeables, I am going to paint a portrait of one of our belles, Miss Albertina Crandall—brunette, *petite, spirituelle*—one of the most charming of our many charming girls. She inherits her father's intellect and her mother's beauty. She is an enthusiast on the subject of music, and has been instructed by some of the most celebrated teachers in New York.

Miss Spencer is home after an extended visit East. Though not willing to desert California, she confesses to having found much to admire during her tour.

Morning concerts are said to be a promised feature of this winter's pleasures. It is a good plan, for the absence of the men will not be so marked. BESSIE.

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HAPPY IDEAS.

Mrs. F. E. Teast—Women are certainly scarce in the West.

F. E. Teast—Why do you think so?

Mrs. F. E. Teast—The men do women's work. A Western paper says, "Cross-eyed Tim cleaned out the Black Gulch Saloon in three minutes."—*Truth.*

'Twas Pope who said long years ago,
We care not when or how—
"Worth makes the man;" 'tis Worth, you know,
That makes the woman now."—*Vogue.*

Thespis—Why has Manager Hustler such a large transom over the door of his private office?

Ranter—That is a great scheme of his to get ads. He sends for the reporters, and while they are waiting in the anteroom he quarrels with his star, so that they can hear it all through the open transom and make big stories of it.—*Truth.*

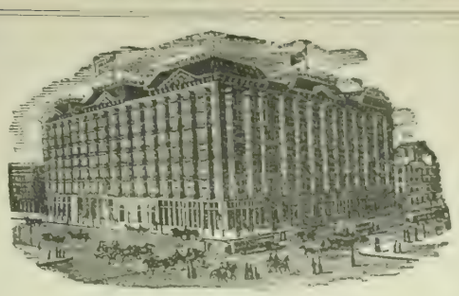
He—Why do you always wear a smaller hat when we take a box than you do when we sit down in the chairs?

She—There is no one behind me when I sit in a box. —*Truth.*

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of eternity—
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love, again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain
Unravelled from the tumbling main
And threading the eye of a yellow star—
So many times do I love again.
—*McClure's Magazine for November.*

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the center of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and earthquake proof. Has nine elevators. Every room is large, light and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way and tropical plants are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure rooms in advance by telegraphing.



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7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, ‖Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis.....	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
‡10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	‡6 15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*6 15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento.....	10.15 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose.....	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10.15 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge.)

‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz.....	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

6.45 a m	San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	2.45 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.06 p m
12.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	†7.26 p m

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From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—*6.00, *7.00, 8 00, 9.00, 10.00 and 11.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 and 6 P. M.

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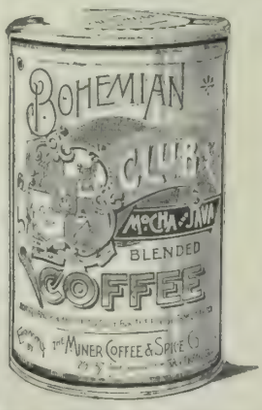

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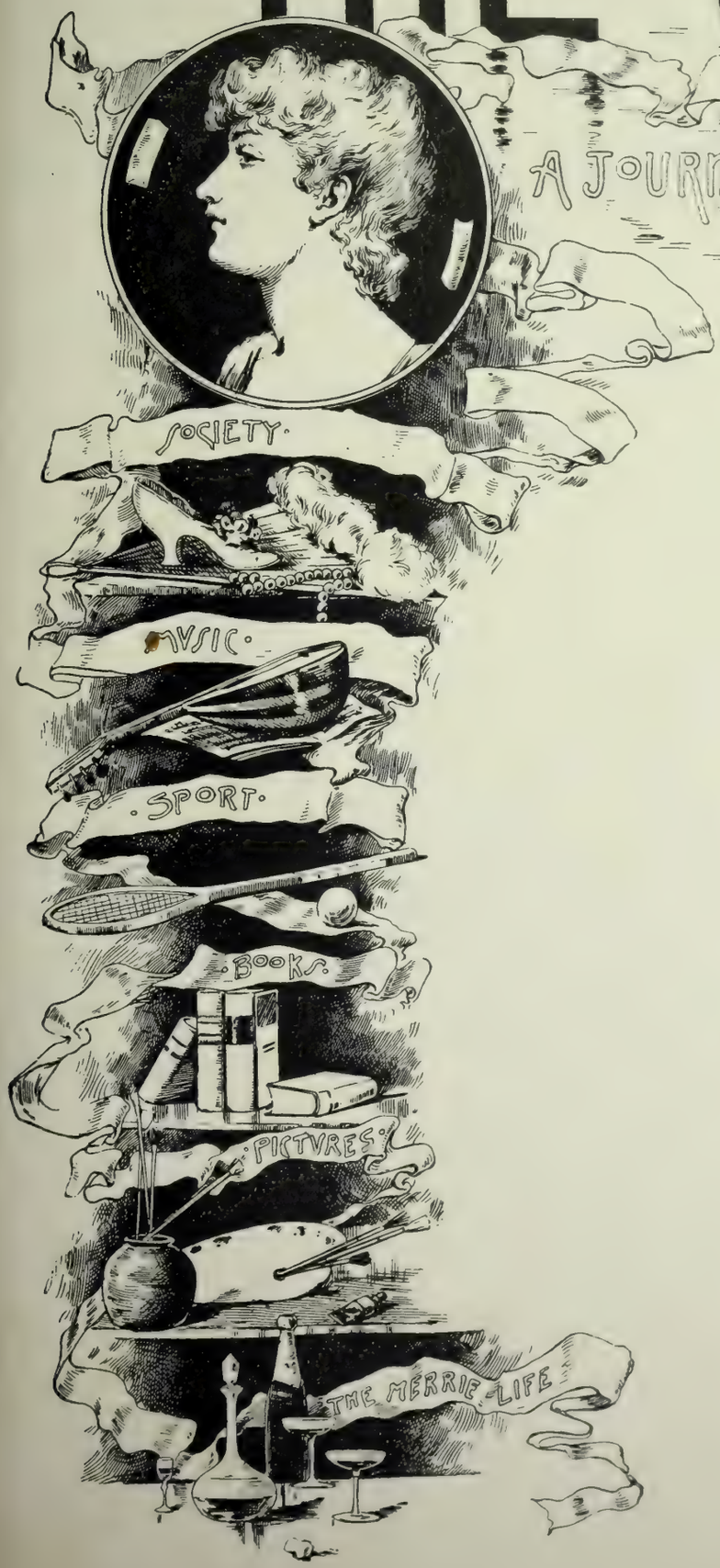

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 18, 1893.

THE KEEPER OF THE SEALS.

The bulky wig and trailing robes of the Lord Chancellor cannot conceal the benevolent features of Mr. Adolph Sutro, whose portrait appears upon the first page of THE WAVE this week. In more senses than one Mr. Sutro is the keeper of *our* seals. Every Legislature that meets attempts to make it lawful to kill his furry charges, and regularly he sallies forth and defeats it. If the Cliff House animals only knew how often he has saved their bacon, they would regard him more gratefully, even, than the baby seal which the artist has depicted him as holding in his arms. That seal, apparently, knows he is safe in Sutro's hands.

SPLASHES

THEY ARE eminently presentable maidens, the bevy of *debutantes*, whose worldly career begins this Winter. The climate is justified by their complexions and contours. Not in years, indeed, has the annual tribute to the social Minotaur taken so attractive a form. Even the captious admit there are beauties among these buds, and while that fascinating quality may be only "one layer," as the Japanese say, it induces the desire for introductions, which, even in these days, go far towards the making of belles. While it is customary in writing of the annual sacrifice to endow each maiden with all the accomplishments and a faculty at conversation that might not discredit Madame de Stael, it is seldom their intellectual achievements justify the optimism of these preliminary announcements. To the eye rather than to the ear they give joy and satisfaction, and whoever expects more asks too much. It is admittedly a presumption to expect bright talk from a girl of less than three seasons.

* * *

They come before the world in the guise of a happy family, this group of interesting young women. Some are dear friends—they are almost all schoolmates. One hears of no rivalries among them, and to Miss Julia Crocker is awarded the palm of supreme popularity. To the entertainments of one all the others are bidden, and the mere fact of two teas occurring on the same afternoon may be attributed to accident rather than put down to design. But this rare unanimity does not stop at mutual regard; it extends to extreiors. While one would not describe all the *debutantes* as heiresses, their proportion of riches is enviably large. Of course, Miss Ella Hobart, who is a millionairess in her own right, is the most fortunate in this particular, but Miss Murphy, Miss Crocker, Miss Taylor, Miss Goad, and Miss McBean rejoice in the possession of parents whose accumulations are extensive, and whose bank accounts are generally regarded as beyond the influence of depressions. In San Francisco, however, one rarely hears of a girl being courted for her money, and it seems the heiresses survive matrimony almost as successfully as their poorer sisters.

* * *

The palm of beauty is already awarded to Miss Mabel de Noon, who is a decidedly stylish-looking maiden with a swagger figure, and fine eyes. She is the dear friend of Miss Ella Hobart who is musical, jolly, and exceedingly good natured. She can play on several instruments and the summit of her aspiration is to be brilliant on the violin. Miss Miriam Moore's popularity is almost as pronounced as that of Miss Crocker's. She is tall and placid with soft dark eyes and a manner calm and reserved. Of her social success there is no question. She seems peculiarly fitted to adorn the handsome mansion on Pacific Avenue that the depression deprived her parents of. Tall, too, but fair is Miss Edith McBean. She is shy and reserved of manner, has been finished at Farmington, and offers a conspicuous contrast to her mother both in temperament and stature. Her type of face suggests delicate refinement, and it is set off by a *chevelure* of the palest blonde hair.

* * *

Of a different type is Miss Carrie Taylor, who is plump, piquant, and full of mirthfulness. Her good spirits are contagious, and she possesses the faculty of infusing a drollery into the most commonplace of her utterances that invariably sets her friends laughing. The faculty of fun is a rare and delightful one, and I am persuaded Miss Taylor will not have to complain of a lack of attention. Miss Cora Smedberg has fine eyes, an admirably moulded figure, and a face that is full of character. Her debut is accompanied by that of her brother Ren, who so distinguished himself at the Club base-ball match. There is also Miss Alberta Bancroft, a tall, intellectual maiden who has quite a poetic gift and inherits brains from both sides of her parentage. Miss Grace Jones, a niece of J. M. Burnett, is *spirituelle* looking, has reddish gold hair and soft dark eyes. Miss Ethel Murphy really made her debut at San Rafael. She is slim and graceful, talks with a very pretty Parisian accent, and sings charmingly the *chansonettes* of *la belle France*.

* * *

With Miss Julia Crocker, most of her friends are in love. She is small and dark, with bluish eyes and a fascinating manner. By mere force of it she has achieved a marvelous popularity, and if she wins the favor of the men as she does that of the girls undoubtedly she will be one of the belles of the season. From the various members of this very charming contingent Society expects entertainment. Already Miss Moore and Miss Murphy are giving teas, and Miss Crocker has issued invitations for a fancy dress party. And these, I am told, are but the forerunners of events to come.

* * *

THE ABSENCE this season of male *debutants* is a subject for serious misgiving. There are no new men to dance with the lately developed buds. To the list of "availables" the year has made no additions, and the question again arises—what shall we do with our girls? In the ranks of last winter's belles Hymen has made few inroads. They will bloom in beauty beside the recruits and compete with them for the favors of the interesting army officer, the intelligent Mare Islander, and the rare shy civilian, who will form the current coin of social intercourse. The upgrowing youth of *le hig lif* does not develop, it seems, the Terpsichorean tendency the sex has a right to expect. Of dancing material in the second and third cuts there is an amplitude, but the *personnel* of the Friday Night Club continues unchanged. The condition of affairs is sadder than the mere outsider realizes, for imagine the number of charming creatures condemned to comparative isolation and certain boredom

by the limitation of their male acquaintance list.

* * *

It is about time an effort was made to introduce new men to the notice of our belles. If some effort in that direction is not made Society must soon come to a standstill. The temperaments and characteristics of the young gentlemen whose vogue has continued for so many seasons gain familiarity rather than interest as the months pass by. It is not the rising lawyer or even the aspiring business man one meets in what are known as "the halls of pride and pleasure." The average male is in "the swim" by reason of relationships or parentage rather than because of inherent fitness. Distinction in the line of professional or commercial effort is rarely made to subserve the interests of the smart set. Entrance to its ranks is the result of an apprenticeship served at the skirts of some energetic matron or a *passé* maiden who excuses as she introduces and invents a pedigree or a bank account as the pretext of her favor.

* * *

TEAS are decidedly in vogue. Beside the formal affair for which cards are sent out, there are innumerable minor ones whereat the participants are strictly feminine. They are hardly sensational these gatherings of girls, but, judging by the popularity of the function, there must be some esoteric interest attached thereto which eludes the mere male observer. At this stage of the season an immense amount of calling is being done. Men, maidens, and matrons are putting themselves into social circulation, and are fulfilling their obligations with praiseworthy promptitude. The result is considerable activity, though it did not express itself in entertainments of any magnitude during the past week.

* * *

The new club-house at Burlinghame rapidly approaches completion. It is a graceful edifice of considerable architectural pretensions and will add another to the many attractions of the tract. Though a few men are still residing there, the season is practically over, and they are to return to town, I believe, in the near future. It is a little dark for polo excursionists in the afternoon, and of late, indulgence in practice games has been confined to the Sabbath. The Will Crockers had a small party at the club-house last Sunday. It included Mr. Garrison, of New York, and Mr. Brennig, who had charge of the Java exhibit at the Fair. Mr. and Mrs. Swan are at present among the visitors.

* * *

There was an interesting gathering at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bonnell on Gough Street last Monday night. It was the first opportunity the friends of Mr. Al. Bonnell have had of congratulating him on his marriage, the ceremony that united him to Mrs. Isabelle Hall having been performed at her home in San Jose. The bride is decidedly handsome—a blonde with reddish gold hair and a superb figure. She wore a gown of blue silk trimmed with gold, and was enthusiastically admired by the intimates of her husband. After the inevitable congratulations had been paid the gathering sat down to a substantial supper at which flowing beakers were emptied in honor of bride and groom.

* * *

This afternoon the event will be the tea given by Miss Ethel Murphy at her home on California Street near Gough. The reception proper is set for the hours of five and seven. From nine to eleven there will be dancing. Miss Murphy will be assisted in receiving her numerous guests by a number of well-known girls. Another *debutante*, Miss Miriam Moore, gives a tea this afternoon. As she is already a belle she will undoubtedly have a large gathering at her home on Broadway.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Arnhold returned from their honeymoon tour in the latter part of last week, and entertained in their rooms at the Palace Hotel a large number of callers. Quite a number of the guests at the wedding were there to renew their congratulations.

* * *

By the musical, little Miss Cottlow is being extensively entertained. She is a winsome little maiden whose talent is undeniable and the critical listen to her for the artistic interpretation of the masterpieces which she gives. Indeed, she is more than a mere prodigy. Colonel Fred Crocker gave her a dinner last week; on Sunday afternoon Miss Kline had a reception for her; on Monday Miss Withrow gave Miss Cottlow a reception at which all her pupils assisted, and on Thursday afternoon, at Mrs. John Vance Cheney's, she was the centre of a very admiring crowd of musical people. She has certainly created a *furor*.

* * *

On Tuesday evening Miss Lulu Richards had a *musicale* at her home on Pine Street above Van Ness. There was some excellent playing and singing followed by a pleasant supper.

* * *

Next week there are events for almost every evening. The night of Tuesday is set for the marriage of Miss Viola Hyman to Mr. Al Rich; the same evening for the marriage of Mr. Fred Hood and Miss Alice Mau. On Thursday night occurs the fancy dress ball at Mrs. Clark Crocker's. It promises to be a very jolly affair and will give the *debutantes* a chance to depart from the conventionalities of ordinary ball costumes. Fancy dress is not *en regle* but masks and dominoes are essential.

* * *

The initial party of the Nos Ostros Club, in the Maple Room at the Palace, went off with plenty of swing. There was an interesting gathering at it of young people, married and single, and quite an array of really pretty girls. I believe the palm in that regard was awarded by a distinguished critic among the guests to Miss Burroughs, Miss Nellie Guesti, and Miss Sexton, who looked charming in handsome gowns. Among the married contingent Mrs. Howard Taylor and Mrs. Goucher were most admired. The Club, I believe, purposes giving a dance every month throughout the season.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries go East on Wedneseay next, and will probably spend the winter in New York. For some months past Mrs. Fries has been very unwell and a change is necessary for her. As soon as she recovers her accustomed health they will return to San Francisco.

* * *

Miss Eugenia Chapin is to be married early in February to Ensign Harry George of the Navy. The bride elect is now visiting friends in Cincinnati. The wedding will take place at the home of her sister. Mr. George is to be stationed at Mare Island next year, and he and his wife will reside there.

* * *

THE DANCE at the Pleasanton on Thursday night was really a great success. Any number of pretty women in swell gowns were there and the decorations succeeded in being effective without the sin of over elaboration. A capital supper and excellent music were features. There were so many decidedly good-looking girls among the dancers that it is hard to do the subject justice without running into space. Miss Loreña Barbier in white satin and dotted chiffon, looked really charming, so did Miss Lena Dieke, of Oakland. She is really a magnificent-looking young woman and her fine figure was displayed to advantage in a swell gown. Another pretty girl, Miss Annie Keene, a slight graceful demi-blonde, wore white silk and lace. The Misses Carrie and Ella Malott, daughters of an Indianapolis banker, had many admirers.

* * *

Among the matrons pre-eminence must be accorded Mrs. Al Bonnell, who looked charming in white silk, and Mrs Eugene Davis, who was also in white, trimmed with point lace—a very effective gown. The party broke up about one o'clock and was certainly one of the most brilliant ever given at the Pleasanton.

* * *

The annual ball of the Harmonie Club will be given on the evening of Saturday, November 25th. It is to be a big affair, I believe.

* * *

Miss Cunningham has sent out invitations for a dance at her home, 1939 Clay Street, Wednesday evening next.

* * *

Mrs. Moses Coit Tyler, wife of Professor Tyler, the historian of Cornell University, with her daughter, Miss Jessie G. Tyler, arrived in San Francisco last week. They are to spend the winter with Mr. Edward Tyler, at 1906 Laguna Street.

* * *

IS THE PAVILION "hoodooed"? In no measure commensurate with its deserts is the patronage accorded the Nuremberg festival. I fear its financial results will be as disastrous as the consequences of the "Circus Maximus"—by far the most elaborate entertainment of its kind ever given here. Both

were extensively advertised; the effort to merit success was painstaking and worthy, yet the populace refused its presence, and instead of replenishing a depleted treasury the enterprise created a debt. The beauty and interest of the Nuremberg show is distinct. It is an admirable reproduction of the old castle, and the decoration of the booths is both elaborate and beautiful—yet, enough money was not taken in on the opening evening to pay the gas bill. Perhaps the times are out of joint for festivals, and the spare American dollar is being treasured for the Fair to come. Yet, the beneficiary is deserving, and a financial failure is sincerely to be deplored.

* * *

The average of feminine charm in attendance at the entertainment is not especially high. One ranges from booth to booth vainly searching for a redeeming beauty, but the belles shine because of background rather than on account of inherent glamour of complexion or positive regularity of feature. However, there was much to reconcile one to the absence of loveliness. The music was decidedly passable; the dancing quite interesting, and the singing rather above the average. In the Terpsichorean efforts of a funny little maiden whose purple gown and long loose gloves served to set off the extreme attenuation of her figure, I was quite interested. She really displayed a degree of artistic ability. It seems a pity the festival could not be continued a week or so longer. In time the public must recognize its merits and then there would be no lack of audience.

* * *

THAT THE opportunity is not vouchsafed me to do full justice to the World's Fair entertainment must be a subject of regret to my readers. Occurring last night, however, it is a trifle late for the issue and must await proper consideration next week. Being under the patronage of Mrs. Ben Morgan and Mesdames Watt, Watkinson, and Orestes Pierce, Miss Bessie Wheaton, Miss Daisy Ainsworth, and the Misses McKee it could hardly fail of success. In the preparation of the *mise en scène* no money nor pains was spared and certainly the Merritt mansion has undergone a most agreeable transformation. I sincerely trust, however, no one may be crushed to death on the stairs. In the various stalls were any number of pretty girls costumed in the garbs of all nations, and if their fascinations are as potent as their faces are interesting charity should reap a golden harvest. But harvests of that kind are hardly the rule these days.

* * *

OVER THE revival of the Assembly Club there is proper astonishment in the circle of its old membership. The organization came into being first in the winter of '90, and after existing through the following season was reanimated in '92 for a single entertainment. That was the charming dance which the "Gentlemen's Club" gave. At the time the suggestion of a return party by the girls was seriously considered, but came to as little as such propositions generally do. The new organization is to be known as the "Club of '93," and purposes giving three dances, the first on November 24th, the second, December 22d, and the third, January 26th. There is every prospect for the success of these affairs as in the absence of the cotillions they will be the only big dances of the Oakland season. Already the membership roll assumes interesting proportions. Young men alone are eligible. The affair, I understand, is in the hands of Mr. Bert Gaskill.

* * *

On Tuesday evening a euchre club, which is now in the fourth year of its existence, met at the home, on Boulevard Terrace, of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Minor. It is composed of some thirty rather youthful married people, and meets fortnightly at the houses of the members. The spirit of chance is sufficiently fanned by the fact that silver forks and spoons are offered to the winners on each meeting. These solid reminders of success become disseminated among the thirty during the card season.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Daisy Kidd and Woodbury Bunnell was very quietly solemnized on Tuesday, November 14th. The extreme simplicity of the ceremony was due to the unavoidable absence in the East of the mother, father, and brother of the bride. The marriage took place at the home of the groom on Telegraph Avenue, and the bride was attired in a traveling gown. Mr. Bunnell is the second son of George Woodbury Bunnell, formerly Professor of Greek in the State University. The bridesmaids were Miss Esther Kidd, sister of the bride and Miss Adelina Bunnell, the groom's sister. The ushers were Edward and George Bunnell. After a few days spent at Monterey, Mr. and Mrs. Bunnell returned to Alameda, where they have already furnished a home.

* * *

OAKLAND'S ELECT was very fully represented at the marriage of Miss Maud Wyman and Dr. Duncan Eberts, at St. John's Episcopal Church, Wednesday last. It was a noon wedding, and the pews were filled with an assemblage of matrons and maidens whose number made the absence of men conspicuous. The Oakland man, it may be observed *en passant*, is not given to attending day ceremonies. He toils during the hours of sunlight, and may be depended on as a social factor only after dusk. The decorations were in no sense elaborate—the inevitable palms and ferns decorating the chancel. The bridal party put in an appearance shortly after midday. The ushers, Messrs. Brayton and Ames and the two brothers-in-law of the bride, led the way up the aisle; Miss Ethel Wyman, who was maid of honor, followed—there were no bridesmaids. Father Akerly performed the ceremony, the bride being given away by her brother-in-law, W. J. Taylor. In her long white silk gown she looked exceedingly well, and the veil set off her brunette beauty to the best advantage. The usual reception followed, and the happy pair are now off on their honeymoon.

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On Thursday last Mrs. W. E. Dargie gave one of the most successful luncheons of the season. It is not easy to make a lunch unique and delightful as this one was, but the hostess displayed tact and originality and certainly succeeded in a marked degree. The decorations were all in violet—a table cover of violet silk with lamps and candles beaming under violet shades, masses of the fragrant bloom disposed around the room; the favors were violet sachet bags with the names in pretty gilt letters. Quite an elaborate *menu* was served and after its disposal came music. The guests were all from the neighborhood of Mrs. Dargie's Jackson Street home.

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AT BERKELEY this week little has been talked of except the theatre party which is to follow the great football game on Thanksgiving eve at the Grand Opera House in this city. Not only is the entire town going to attend, but there are already signs of a corner in the chrysanthemum market. You must know from this that the demand for yellow chrysanthemums as large as dinner plates is simply fearful. Whether Berkeley will feel happy on that night or not is at present unknown, and it is barely possible that some of the side-splitting football gags that have been prepared will go to waste; but the alumni are going to make the best of it anyhow. During the past week Managers Jewett and Lang have been as busy as bees in spring time, and the results of their work are now beginning to be apparent.

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Over 800 students have already engaged seats, while Colonel Edwards, Professor Soulé, and some of the other members of the faculty have organized parties for the evening.

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Lester Herrick, formerly of the Jackson Street Minstrel Company, which was the chrysalis from which the Charity Company butterfly sprang, is to be stage manager. Alec. Rosborough, the Tax Collector of Alameda County, also a Jackson Street Minstrel, is to be one of the end men, and the Glee Club and Banjo Club of the University will make music. The farces are all original and they say very funny. Two boxes will be occupied by the Berkeley football eleven and two by the Palo Altos. The Reliance Club of Oakland has bought sixty seats and the Grand Opera House will certainly be ablaze on Thanksgiving night, especially if Berkeley wins that game.

* * *

THE NEW Receiver of the Pacific Bank is not having a very successful chase in his pursuit of the debtors of the institution. Every time he asks one of them to settle he is met with the same answer: "I shall decline to pay anything until I can get a receipt from the Board of Directors as well as from the Bank Commissioners." Of course, in the present state of the litigation over the Bank's

affairs this is impossible, and therefore Mr. Farnum is as far from effecting a liquidation of the affairs of the broken depositary as ever was his predecessor, General Willey. So long as the debtors refuse to settle until the Board of Directors indorse the acts of the Bank Commissioners, there will be no progress in winding up the affairs of the institution. The McDonalds still hope to get control, and no debtor can be brought into Court with any prospect of forcing a settlement until the case before Judge Hebbard, of the Superior Court, is pushed to final judgment, which may be for years and may be forever.

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But it was not to descant upon the probability that Mr. Dick McDonald will be as old as his father long before the assets of the Pacific Bank are divided up among the lawyers who are fighting over its defunct carcass that I began this story; I am perfectly willing to leave that matter to unborn historians. What I started out to do was to relate a bit of amusing news—namely, how General Willey lost his head and why Tailor Litchfield sued him for a suit of clothes. The truth concerning either of these important affairs has never yet seen the light of day. To begin with, then, when Willey temporarily took charge of the Bank and sought to hold the fort for the Bank Commissioners against Sheriff McDade and the McDonalds, he dabbled a little in journalism. From him the *Chronicle* obtained the list of depositors which constituted that journal's first big bank "scoop" upon the *Examiner*. This was followed by a list of the bank's assets, which contained the names of all the "Monarch's" employés who had been accommodated by the McDonalds. These two journalistic *coups*, executed by the *Chronicle* within three days, set the *Examiner* entirely by the ears. Both were attributed to Willey, but I am told on credible authority that he was responsible for only one of them. The assets were published by Dick McDonald.

* * *

What the latter's object was, unless to throw mud upon those to whom he had loaned money without security, I am not informed. But the "Monarch" thought Willey was furnishing its rival with ammunition, and it set about procuring his scalp without delay. It is here that Tailor Litchfield appeared upon the scene. It seems that Mr. Litchfield, having nothing to do as Railroad Commissioner, aspired to become Receiver of the Bank himself, and when he discovered that Willey had beaten him out by a length, he bethought himself of a bill for a Willieboy coat and a pair of long-enough-to-be-turned-up-at-the-bottom trousers which he had constructed some months ago for the General. The thought seems to have entered the mind of the "Monarch" at about the same time, for soon after the triumph of the Bank Commissioners in the Supreme Court, the ejectment of the Sheriff and the appointment of Willey as Receiver, Litchfield, like the wrathful tailor that he was, entered suit in the Justice's Court.

* * *

The publication of the fact that the new Receiver had been sued for a suit of clothes, with all the attendant circumstances, implying on the part of the General a state of most abject impecuniosity, followed immediately. Next the *Examiner* presented the General's "record" as Surveyor General, and then gave an account of his participation in the construction of the Ione dam. These three attacks sent the Bank Commissioners to grass—not because they had lost confidence in Willey, to whom they frequently renewed their allegiance during the journalistic disturbance, but they could not continue as Receiver a man who was being attacked. The business in hand was too delicate. So the General stepped down and Mr. Farnum stepped up. At one time, I am told, the Bank Commissioners contemplated offering the position to Mayor Ellert, but, for some reason, at the last moment they changed to Farnum. This story has two morals. It illustrates the power and ingratitude of the press—the power of the *Examiner* in shelving General Willey, and the ingratitude of the *Chronicle*, for whose glorification he lost caste with the "Monarch," in not flying to his rescue.

* * *

AS AN ADMIRER of entertaining complications I must express my regret that the dailies did not display the details of the terrible contest between Rosencranz, Attorney, Mills Building, and Dr. Levy, of the Geary Street Synagogue. Whoever said "charity began at home" doubtless had in view an experience similar to that over which the good Rabbi is still suffering. He came to the rescue of a compatriot, and fell into the toils of a money-lender whose flinty heart knew not the meaning of mercy. The story runs very much on these lines: An aspiring young Hebrew, whose pecuniary means were hardly adequate to his tastes, found temporary relief in the assistance of Rosencranz, Mills Building. Rather a seductive pastime that of borrowing—it is a game one tries several times before consequences develop. Happy over his first effort, the youth hied a second time to the discounter and made out promissory notes for $250, for which he was given in gold coin seven double eagles and subsidiary fives to the amount of $160. That was more money than he had ever handled before.

* * *

With an enterprise indicative of blind optimism rather than discretion, this interesting youth's initial operation took the form of matrimony. He found a maiden willing to link her fate with his, and to Dr. Levy they repaired for the appropriate solemnization of the rites. After they had been tied as fast as the Mosaic law permits, the young man begged the ear of the Rabbi and poured into it a recital of his liabilities. It must have been a mournful statement, for the Rabbi was moved to the verge of tears, and consented to interpose between the borrower and Rosencranz, Mills Building. To this individual he made his *devoirs* on the following day, enlisted his sympathy on behalf of the newly-made groom and his bride, and was so moved by his own eloquence that he actually offered to shoulder the debt, paying it off in monthly installments of ten dollars.

* * *

For two months the half eagles developed themselves with precision. Alas! the third pay-day came and went without his appearance. A certain grace was given by Rosencranz; then followed application to the reverend gentleman, who pleaded poverty in extenuation of his failure. The various phases of the complication began then to materialize. Hard times delayed still further the installments. Impetuously, then, Rosencranz, Mills Building, turned over the Rabbi's engagement to his factotum, Morgan, who proceeded legally against the charitable Levy in the Justice's Court. Heavens, what bitter things they did call one another! Such an interchange of compliments and invective is rarely heard, even in that arcana of petty debt. However, peace has been restored, or at least an appearance of it, and I trust Rosencranz, Mills Building, will yet see his coin.

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THERE WAS something Napoleonic about Mayor Ellert's Bush Street Railroad exploit on Saturday last. For five or six years the tracks of this railroad have reposed on Bush Street without a shadow of a right. If they have ever served any purpose except to prevent the Market Street Company from securing a franchise for a road that would compete with the Sutter Street Cable Company, nobody has discovered it. No public official has ever seemed to possess the courage to tear them up, until Ellert arranged his *coup* of last week. His Honor's plans were quite clever. He did not begin the work of removing the rails until all the Superior Judges were thought to be in the grand stand at the race track. Nine Saturdays out of ten every Judge could have been counted upon to be away from the City Hall, but, unfortunately, Judge Slack was found by the Sutter Street Company's attorneys, and an injunction was procured. But for Judge Slack's extraordinary attention to duty, the Mayor's men would have had all the rails up. Why he, too, was not at the race track, I think, requires explanation.

* * *

Now that the tracks are up and the lonely Bush Street horse car no longer makes its daily trips, however, it is well enough to set down the history of this most remarkable franchise. It is doubtful if a more laughable railroad was ever constructed anywhere. The trunk line proposed by Colonel Sellers to the town of "Napoleon," which he frequently built upon his dinner table out of knives, forks and spoons, was not more ridiculous. The franchise was obtained in 1885 from a Board of Supervisors in which the late William Higgins handled the Ring. The

applicants, Abner Doble, William Center, *et al.*, were dummies selected by R. F. Morrow and Maurice Schmitt, of the Sutter Street Cable Company. At the time it was feared that the Market Street Cable would eventually be projected out Bush Street, and the scheme was to tie up that thoroughfare in the interest of the Sutter Street road. No sooner had the franchise been granted than the grantees assigned it to Morrow and his fellow schemers.

* * *

It was said that certain of the Supervisors divided among themselves the sum of $10,000 which was paid to secure the passage of the ordinance, but of that I do not know. Mayor Pond refused to sign it, and the nine votes necessary to pass such a miserable fraud of a privilege must surely have cost something. The road has never been anything but a dummy; in fact, it was never the intention that it should be aught else. The point upon which Mayor Ellert relies to dissolve the injunction, I am told, is a strong one. As originally passed the franchise contemplated the construction of a cross-town line. This part was abandoned, because the Sutter Street officials did not consider a dummy necessary to protect its Larkin Street branch. But although the resolution of abandonment was passed by the Supervisors it was never signed by the Mayor, as required by the Code. This is the point of the whole thing. The failure of the Sutter Street Company to build the cross-town branch, which was never legally abandoned, has forfeited the entire franchise.

* * *

THE LATE President of the German Bank, Lawrence Gottig, was in many respects the most remarkable banker of his time. He built up a conservative and reliable banking institution upon methods entirely at variance with the usual cold-blooded system employed in that business. A savings bank usually possesses neither heart nor soul. But Mr. Gottig for nearly two decades has maintained both those organs in the German Bank. I am told that not only was he exceedingly kind and considerate to all with whom he came in business contact, but that he never foreclosed a mortgage until all other methods of getting his money had been exhausted. This is equivalent to saying that he never oppressed a borrower or took advantage of the misfortunes of a mortgagor. I have heard of one other similar banker. It was said of the late Chancellor Hartson that when he ran a bank at Napa, if it ever became necessary to foreclose he sold the mortgage to somebody else in order to get the legal proceedings off his conscience.

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The indirect cause of Mr. Gottig's death, I understand, was excessive smoking. For years the stolid, kindly old man has literally lived in an atmosphere of cigar smoke. As in General Grant's case, however, the nicotian weed finally triumphed, and a cancer was formed at the root of the tongue. Shortly before his death an operation was performed at the German Hospital, and an attempt made to extract the cancerous growth. But the surgeons failed, as they nearly always do in such cases. A man's physical vigor at sixty-five is not equal to the strain. It is said that Mr. Gottig displayed wonderful nerve under the knife, however, and but for his advanced age would probably have survived. It is a pity that so useful and so kind-hearted a man could not have been spared longer to the world.

* * *

IN THE INTERCHANGE of discourtesies between bench and bar the advantage of the former is apt to chill the wit of the most daring at the latter. There are instances, however, when the Roland of the judge has been met with an Oliver from the attorney and contempt proceedings have not intervened. Some days ago there came up for trial in Police Court No. 1 a cause in which A. B. Treadwell appeared for a defendant charged with inflicting grievous bodily injury on the person of some unoffending bricklayer. Rather an uneasy person is said Treadwell, given to fidgetting and nervous movements of a distracting kind. He kept opening and closing his books, twisting in his chair, and emitting sounds of a character calculated to disturb the serenity of Judge Joachimsen, who is fond of preserving a proper degree of silence in his tribunal.

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His frowns seemed quite powerless to reduce to innocuousness the offending attorney, and before speaking he wrinkled his brow until it resembled a section of corrugated iron. Finally his patience gave way, and he said:

"Mr. Treadwell, I must ask that you keep still. If not you will have to try this case elsewhere."

As the rebuke was uttered Treadwell rose to his feet and pointing a long forefinger at the bench, ejaculated fiercely:

"You impertinent scoundrel!"

The eyes of the Judge fairly glowed:

"Mr. Bailiff, Mr. Bailiff. Where is the bailiff?" he cried in wrathy tones.

"You unconscionable bully," continued the attorney, again leveling his finger at the jurist.

"Will someone call my bailiff and tell him to throw this man out. Why does not someone bring him in?"

The judicial eyes absolutely blazed at disrespect so glaring.

* * *

Quite unperturbed, his menacing hand still extended, Treadwell continued, raising his voice:

"You white-livered ass."

At that instant the missing bailiff rushed madly in.

"Arrest that man," shouted the Judge; "arrest him, and I'll sentence him for contempt."

The functionary advanced.

"These, your Honor," continued Treadwell, as calmly as though the Judge were not standing on his chair, or the Prosecuting Attorney advancing on him with the bailiff; "these were the epithets which the plaintiff over there used to this defendant, my client, and judging by their effect upon your Honor, you must admit he was justified in using the violence with which he is charged."

The Court collapsed.

* * *

THE CHILDLIKE and bland Mongolian, Mr Chan Pak Kwai, who has left the country to evade the responsibility of importing 400 Chinese in violation of the Exclusion Act, is not a stranger to Californians. Chan is a speculator of great acumen, and like his prototype, Little Pete, does not mind taking chances on a term in State Prison occasionally. He came here the last time with a body of his countrymen to give a Chinese show in the Midway Plaisance at Chicago. Having completed his contract he now turns the Mongols loose, or contracts for their labor, and skips by the light of the new moon, in plain violation of the statute for such cases made and provided. If this operation alone constituted Chan's entire record, it would entitle him to high rank among clever Caucasians, but he has other sharp deeds emblazoned upon his escutcheon. A few years ago Chan acted as interpreter for the Bank of California. He is a smart fellow and speaks English perfectly.

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This was before the passage of the Restriction Acts and while the Chinese question at the East was entirely anti-Californian. Chan conceived the idea of organizing a band of Mongolian lecturers, and proceeding to the States to discourse in English upon the outrages committed against their countrymen on the Pacific Coast. He took two white newspaper men into his confidence, had several lectures written upon the all-absorbing topic, and tipped the Six Companies off for about $6000. With a band of educated Mongols, he set out for the East, but the thing fell through conveniently at Omaha, and Chan divided the money and came home.

"The truth of the matter is," he told me once, "a Chinaman is a blamed fool. I couldn't get one with sense enough to lecture in English, and when those who were selected to talk like parrots got before the audiences they killed us dead. Somehow, the Chinese, with rare exceptions, do not catch on to English."

* * *

AFTER THE expulsion from Rome of Lucius Tarquinius, the seventh King of the Romans, and the establishment of a Republic, the people elected two officials and called them Consuls. These officials had the same badges and nearly the same powers as the Kings, and were as a rule selected from the educated, patrician classes. But their authority was soon impaired by the Tribunes, who began with the veto power and finally usurped nearly all the functions of the government. At first the elections which took place annually were conducted with order and decorum. Then the Tribunes, in their scramble for office, resorted to various violent expedients to

secure votes. Riots were frequent and scarcely an election was held that did not result in bloodshed. One device of the plebeian politicians was an annual corn distribution by which the voting mob was lured into camps hostile to the patricians. After awhile the corn distributions became a feature of every campaign. In the beginning the mobs dispersed after each election satisfied; but in the end they learned their value and lingered in Rome.

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Finally they refused to disperse at all, and between elections made demands upon the Government similar to those known in our day as "beer or blood." Ultimately, therefore, the successful candidates were compelled to make the Government feed and provide a circus for the "unemployed." Is there not some resemblance between this history and that which certain demagogues are now seeking to make out at the Postoffice site? Several hundred idle men have recently assembled in this town, not for campaign purposes, it is true, but because they know the community will provide for them. At first they pretend to desire employment, but, upon its being offered, a large majority refuse to embrace it upon the flimsy pretext that it is beneath the dignity of an American citizen to work for less than two dollars a day. The Roman "citizens" used to aver that it was beneath their dignity to work at all. This is probably what the Romans at the Postoffice site really mean.

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But the most significant of all the moves made by this dignified band of idlers is their repudiation of the protectorate of the Salvation Army because it is a foreign organization. The idea of a tramp refusing food because it is tendered by a foreign hand! I understand that the humor of this situation has already penetrated the thick official skull, usually proof against all absurdities, and that in a few days Chief Crowley will begin the work of clubbing these independent "citizens" out of town. It should have been done the moment it was discovered that they wanted free soup and not work.

* * *

THE APPOINTMENT of Mr. William D. English to the position of Surveyor of the Port will doubtless, as some of my Democratic contemporaries have remarked, give general party satisfaction, and yet I firmly believe that if there had been any method by which the party could have thwarted the appointment it would never have been made. Mr. English, I am impelled to say, is a conspicuous instance of the ingratitude of a Republic. Ten years ago he was possessed of considerable wealth, and had he been as selfish as most men he would now be well provided with worldly goods. But for a decade he has wasted his time and money in a vain attempt to establish "Democratic principles," in California, until now, I understand, he is penniless. On one occasion he asked the Democracy to nominate him for Governor—the only favor, I believe, he ever solicited at the hands of the party. Of course, he received a kick for his pains—the most faithful party servitors always get that—and large numbers of persons for whose official advancement he had worked for years did most of the kicking.

* * *

A close inspection of Mr. English's career will, I think, result in the conclusion that his theory of life is wrong. He has proceeded on the assumption that gratitude is an integral part of the average human equipment. Such, however, is not the fact—especially not in politics. As a rule in this wicked world, those whose obligations are the weakest are usually the strongest friends, and *vice versa*. Mr. English, indeed, is a living exemplification of this fact. When Cleveland first ran for President English supported him enthusiastically. He carried the party banner through dust and grime from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Si——well, he carried it everywhere, and expended his money freely. Cleveland rewarded him with not even a peanut. When the great New Yorker ran a second time English opposed him. He went to the Fresno Convention prepared to defeat the election of a Cleveland delegation to Chicago, and but for the overwhelming sentiment in favor of the President he would have accomplished his purpose. As it was, he made a wry face and acquiesced. Now Cleveland appoints him to a prominent and lucrative office. Truly, the paths of politics are winding and devious.

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I SHOULD like to know how Rev. W. A. Gardner, pastor of the West Side Christian Church, discovered that the journalists of this town spend their nights rioting at the Press Club? Did the reverend gentleman ever attend a jinks at the Pine Street temple of genius, or listen to the sombre and melancholy proceedings on the occasion of a "Late Watch?" Certainly he could never have gathered the idea that the journalists assemble nightly about the green table and woo the god of Poker, merely by casually dropping into the Club with a member and taking a social nip. For the information of Dr. Gardner, who is evidently a victim of misplaced confidence, I will say that the Press Club of this city does maintain a bar, but it is chiefly for ornamental uses. No member, so far as I know, was ever seen to drink anything but soda water over it, and as for cigars only the mildest brands are sold.

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Compared to the bars of the Bohemian and Pacific-Union Clubs, to both of which associations large numbers of churchmen belong, the Press Club bar is a mere shadow. A mere symptom of a bar, as it were. As for pedro and whist levees, billiard debauches, etc , etc., no such things are known within its sanctimonious precincts. If Dr. Gardner will drop into the rooms after midnight some evening he will find the place a veritable graveyard, suggestive only of spectres and spiritualistic seances. If this is not a fact you may, as Sir John Falstaff would say, take my brains out, butter them, and give them to a dog for a Thanksgiving dinner.

* * *

THE VERBAL duel between Richard Harding Davis, the author, and Edward W. Townsend, formerly of this city, is laughable even at this distance. Perhaps had Mr. Davis attempted to slap Mr. Townsend's face, as he intimated he would do in his type-written challenge, he might have aroused a tougher customer than Townsend's physical proportions outwardly portray. In his youth Ned was a barn-storming actor, and his hardships upon the road made him rather active and sinewy. When he left here about two years ago he was a somewhat clever boxer, and, as I can testify, was able to hold his own with many men physically his superior. Therefore, I am inclined to think that unless Mr. Davis has recently been punching the bag, his size would not have availed him much in a contest with the active Californian. Ned could easily have led, ducked, and countered in a manner calculated to open the author's eyes and, mayhap, close them.

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Townsend's "Major Max" stories are not entirely new to Pacific Coasters, however. He wrote under that name for the *Call* ten years ago, and in doing so developed a knowledge of the culinary art truly remarkable. As we knew "Major Max" he was constantly instructing "Mrs. Max" in the art of concocting toothsome dishes, cooking wild ducks, making spicy sauces, and preparing salads. For months, at intervals, Townsend wrote these articles without attracting attention. Finally one day he was sent to Sacramento to report the Legislature. Shortly after his departure the boys in the *Call* office dished up a "Major Max" article on their own account. In it they gave a description of "Mrs Max's" relief at the Major's absence and her joy at the prospect of having a rest from his incessant culinary clatter. It gave also a detailed account of a corn beef and cabbage dinner to which she had invited all her female friends. This wound up "Major Max" in San Francisco. Townsend never attempted him again.

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CHIEF CROWLEY is really a subject for congratulation. He has moved his department with all its attendant smells to the New City Hall, and not a smell has escaped. This is a record of which he certainly ought to be proud. I observe, however, that already the pure and undefiled officials at the big building are fortifying themselves against contamination. City Attorney Cresswell, who shivers with feminine nervousness and wraps his snowy skirts close about him whenever he passes the Police Courts in the northwest wing, objects to the influences that are likely to be exerted in the City Hall by Chief Crowley's department. He thinks measures should be immediately set on foot to provide the police with a separate building where their low com-

panions will not degrade the morals of the civil officers of the Government.

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I disagree entirely with Mr. Cresswell. I hail the arrival of the Police Department at the New City Hall as an undisguised omen of progress. Being so close to the civil officers the police will now have no difficulty in watching them as they should be watched. It has heretofore been the custom for every retiring administration to steal all the stationery, spittoons, stools, and other supplies furnished by the Supervisors during their two years' term for transacting the public business. The police can now apprehend these thieves. Once in about two years certain persons (supposed to belong to the Government) have stolen all the lead off the roof and such brass and copper pipe as was accessible in the basement. This may also now be stopped. In fact, all kinds of municipal larceny may be checked if the police do their duty. Of course, if Mr. Cresswell, who I know to be a gentle and delicate flower, cannot stand it perhaps the Supervisors (I say this without desiring to be funny) can be induced to accept his resignation. A man who has resided as long as Mr. Cresswell did in verdant Nevada can hardly be expected to escape contamination almost anywhere.

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AT THE funeral of Walter B. Lyon, the eminent Odd Fellow, the other day, a gentleman named Barnes appeared and made a feeling address. At least that is the way my esteemed contemporaries described it. I notice, also, that most of them referred to him as General Barnes, which, as Uncle George Bromley would say, reminds me of a story. This Barnes is not General Barnes at all, but Colonel W. H. Barnes, a temperance advocate and for many years a writer of fraternal news for the press. Before Governor Perkins appointed Lawyer Barnes Major-General of the militia, he was a Colonel also, and many were the funny mistakes the papers made in attempting to keep the two separate. In those days Colonel W. H. L. Barnes and Colonel W. H. Barnes, to the great public, were synonymous. The latter was rather proud of being mixed up with his great namesake, but the real Colonel of the militia was constantly kicking about it.

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One night Colonel W. H. Barnes lectured on temperance at Silver Star Hall to a crowd of Water Front *gamins*. Along toward the end of his discourse, having dilated at length upon the evils of strong drink, the Colonel drew a jack-knife from his pocket and began an entertaining object lesson.

"What is this?" he asked.

A hundred voices responded simultaneously and without hesitation, "A knife."

"What is this?" continued the Colonel, opening a blade.

Again, in chorus, "A blade."

"What is it used for?" asked the Colonel. There was a long pause. The *gamins* were plainly stuck. Finally a shrill treble in the rear of the hall shouted: "To cut tobacco with."

The roar that followed was deafening. Next morning one of the papers described the discomfiture of Colonel Barnes, the lawyer. Late in the afternoon of that day this Colonel was heard to say at the Bohemian Club, "I wish that man would either die or go East." But the prayer appears to have remained unanswered. Colonel W. H. Barnes has now been promoted, and the papers have begun to write him up as "General Barnes."

* * *

BIG MEN are not always as comfortable as they look. Mr. Heffelfinger, the giant football coach, who weighs an eighth of a ton and stands nearly seven feet in his stockings, occasionally has a painful realization of this. A few days ago he was invited into an Oakland drawing-room, and being somewhat confused at the strangeness of his surroundings, sat down in a gold leaf chair. Heffelfinger's blushes were almost sufficient to veil the disaster that followed. But the charming hostess smiled as she ruefully gathered up the fragments. When the big footballer sits down in Oakland drawing-rooms nowadays, he first carefully inspects the chair.

* * *

THE YALE CONTINGENT goes in to do or die in the graduate base-ball game, and the Harvard men will have to play ball from start to finish this year. The manager intends playing matches previous to the grand fixture in order to school his pupils, but fair Harvard, having seen victory perch gracefully on her banner for the past two years, does not propose to stand idly by and permit herself to be humbled to any great extent. The fact that Harvard graduates outnumber the Yale men five to one in San Francisco has been heretofore to her advantage, but the presence of several of the Yale football coaches in the nine may have the effect of counterbalancing that advantage for once. The Harvard victory is getting monotonous. The opportunity afforded the Society girl to sport the colors of her favorite college is not to be passed over, and Society will do its duty nobly, as usual, in a brave display that will most likely quite outshine the attempts made to play base-ball.

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The game is to take place at Central Park on the twenty-fifth instant, commencing at two P. M. Of course, the audience will be numerous, if for no other reason than that Heffelfinger, Norton, and Bliss will participate on the Yale side. The proceeds, I am told, are to be used to endow a scholarship for some aspiring young student at either Palo Alto or Berkeley who may desire to extend his course to Yale or Harvard.

There is one element of the charity base-ball that seems always out of place, and that element is composed of the two professional catchers employed by the rival nines in these games. Why not play without them? They have in the last two Yale-Harvard graduate matches won or lost the game for their respective sides.

* * *

I HEAR there is trouble in the wind at Berkeley. As usual it is about a tippling Professor. It seems a State law prohibits the sale of cheering beverages within a mile of the University, but that nevertheless there is a place within a hundred feet of the boundary fence where by means of a system of winks you may call for cold tea and have anything inserted in the cup you designate. It is said that the students are not the only ones who drink cold tea and practice this language of winks. A "prof" has been known occasionally to drop in and show remarkable familiarity with it. At all events, whenever the keeper of the place is hauled up before the authorities, as he frequently is, nobody appears against him. This is alleged to be a suspicious circumstance.

* * *

A few evenings ago an instructor at the University, formerly a student in Germany, where he acquired an unholy thirst for cool, sharp lager, alighted near the refectory from an electric car. There were two prying co-eds upon the car, but he did not observe them. They saw him glance about searchingly, pull himself together, and disappear down a flight of stairs. The co-eds, not satisfied with this evidence of his thirst, awaited his reappearance, and added to his confusion by looking him over suspiciously.

"Oh! ah! — ladies — yes," he stammered, "went down to leave my grip, you know."

The co-eds say the grip was a bluff. But, by the way, how these lovely girls do enjoy the misery of our unfortunate sex!

The Witness.

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THE WAVE
A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 18, 1893.

A RUINED PARTY.

Whether the members of the Board of Supervisors are personally liable for the deficit in the City Treasury, now aggregating $400,000 and still in process of enlargement, is not nearly so interesting as another subject to which I now desire to direct the attention of the late Reorganized Democratic bosses. I refer to their refusal, before the last election, in response to a general demand by the real leaders of the party to nominate ex-Supervisor Colin M. Boyd for Mayor, and their declination afterward to place Supervisor Christian Reis at the head of the Finance Committee. I strongly urged both of these things, and I now firmly believe that had either of them been done there would now be no deficit. In the first place, Boyd would probably have been elected. In the Mayor's office his knowledge and experience might, and undoubtedly would, have saved the party from its present predicament. Mayor Ellert could have steered the Supervisors clear of many a shoal, but, being a Republican, the Democrats until recently have not sought his advice on fiscal questions. But, anyhow, with Reis at the head of the Finance Committee the present financial trouble would have been avoided.

In my opinion it is useless to discuss the personal liability of the Supervisors. Their bondsmen would never pay for any of their laches without a contest involving a century of litigation, and even if they could be made to disgorge at once all the bonds added together do not equal one-fourth of the deficit. Some of the Supervisors are rich, but if my memory is good all the wealthy ones, except one or two, are absolved from responsibility by having voted against the measures of the Finance Committee. The cold fact of this whole matter is, that on June 30th next the city of San Francisco will have a floating debt of half a million dollars, and the Democratic party will be a dead cock in the pit. It is not without some pride—as my esteemed contemporaries of the daily press occasionally remark when their predictions are realized—that I lay the flattering unction to my soul that if the Democratic bosses had taken my advice last year the party would not be in its present fix. After all, there is no imbecility that equals political imbecility.

THE MORALE OF PUGILISM.

The proposed fistic debate between Mr. Mitchell, of England, and Mr. Corbett, of California, at New Orleans, has precipitated in the Eastern newspapers a verbal debate relative to the morality of prize-fighting. The religious disposition of the Press east of Chicago has produced a sort of half triumph for the anti-pugilistic side of the argument—that is, the newspapers which maintain that prize-fighting is a brutal sport are more numerous than those which apologize for it. In Chicago and westerly, on the contrary, the pastime has found many advocates. The Press of Chicago was inclined at first to frown upon the Mitchell-Corbett mill, for the reason that the Californian has openly declared several times that an honest pugilist never has a fair chance in that town, but the general principles at stake have, I believe, finally come in ahead. Perhaps the Chicagoans recognize the absurdity of the argument which would place them in opposition to prize-fighting.

As a matter of fact, there is a great deal of maudlin sentiment wasted on the subject of pugilism all over the country. The spectacle of two men stripped and paid to batter each other is not much more brutal than that of eighteen men on the base-ball field breaking each other's fingers, arms, and legs, or twenty-two upon the foot-ball campus gouging out each other's eyes in a scramble to obtain possession of a rubber spheroid. Statistically, I think, base-ball and foot-ball will show a greater amount of physical damage than pugilism. The really degrading feature of fistic debates in these days is not the danger of injury or death to the participants, but the conditions under which most of them take place. If prize-fights did not assemble together so many short-haired, loud-smelling alleged "sports," and did not present so many opportunities for gambling and robbery, there would, in fact, be no well-grounded objection to them. An honest boxing contest, nowadays, is practically unknown, and in my opinion if the church people of New England would take an interest in this Corbett-Mitchell mill and see that it is fought fair, they would be doing everybody who would like to bet a few dollars on either of the men, a most invaluable service.

THE CUNNING OF WIDOWS.

Within the past six months an unusually large number of wealthy widows in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, have shed their weeds of mourning and taken unto themselves new husbands. The number has been so large, indeed, that it has spread dismay throughout Northwestern social circles. Everywhere marriageable young ladies, to use an expressive Western euphemism, are "kicking," and in some portions of Milwaukee certain papas and mammas have recently seriously considered the advisability of inaugurating a widows' boycott. The argument used to sustain this movement is, briefly, that the widows who have lately remarried in such large numbers are wealthy and able to get along without a man, and for using their money to secure a second husband when there are so many young women unable to secure a first, they are justly censurable.

An interesting sociological question is presented by this protest. To a man in California it would seem anomalous that widows, whether rich or poor, should be able anywhere to corner the husband market, and yet that appears to be exactly what they have done in Wisconsin. In the race for husbands in that State, according to the published accounts, the maids have been left far astern. But one need not search long to discover the reason for this apparently peculiar state of affairs. Widows everywhere, I imagine, in proportion to their numbers, are more successful in finding husbands than unsophisticated maids. This is not because they are richer, or more charming, or more intelligent than their unmarried sisters, but because their conjugal experiences have taught them how to entrap the male brute. Man is a selfish, conceited animal. The woman who makes him think he is her god, and that he ought to be the annointed of Heaven, will quickly win him. Women are ensnared through their unselfish love and devotion; men through their overweening vanity. Widows discover this, and when they enter the lists for the second race the maids are no match for them. It is quite as easy for the latter to master this form of flattery as for the widows, and herein lies the remedy for the unfair competition that has been forced upon the unmarried ladies of Wisconsin. Youth, beauty, and innocence are all on the side of the maids. What they need simply is to understand the nature of the animal for which they have set out to hunt.

THE PURITY OF THE PRESS.

The sermons preached on Sunday last by the clergymen of this city and Oakland upon the "Purity of the Press," demonstrate more than any thing the church has lately unitedly attempted that it is yet capable of achieving results. In all my reading—and I have endeavored to read every sermon published—I have not encountered a single narrow or bigoted discourse, nor one that did not show more thought and contemplation than is usually discovered by pulpit orators. Perhaps this remark is the result of the narrowness of my own doctrinal accomplishments, but I believe I may truthfully say that the clergymen of Oakland and San Francisco clearly understand the relations of the press to its patron the public. I think it may also be truthfully affirmed that our preachers know the real causes of a corrupt press. With one or two exceptions the discourses printed on Monday hold the people themselves responsible for the principal evils that exist in society. As one speaker put it, if there were no crimes or scandals to record the sensational press would have nothing to subsist upon.

The broadest, most liberal, and most comprehensive sermon of the lot was that delivered by Rev. Charles W. Wendte, the Unitarian divine of Oakland. This gentleman has given us so clear and thoughtful an analysis of the many-sided duties and responsibilities of a newspaper, that I am certain if he has not already been an editor, that he would make a most discriminating and sensible one. As Dr. Wendte says, if there was no demand for the sensational details of daily history they would not be published and offered for sale. The only way to stop their

publication, then, is to destroy the market. That can only be done by improving the morals of the people. It is useless to rail at a corrupt Press so long as there are suicides, murders, scandals, defalcations, and emblezzlements. The first to denounce a paper which did not print such news would be the very people who are now signing the "purity" petitions.

Rev. Dr. Wendte has noted what many other thinking men have also observed, that the press is passing through a rapid process of development in this country, and in time is certain to work out its own salvation. Newspapers which, even now become engines of private malice or are conducted by men without character are devoid of influence, and, though sometimes successful business enterprises, are rarely anything more than money-making machines. But the demand for accurate and reliable information, for the opinions of noted men and women—expert testimony, as it were—is constantly increasing. Publishers are certain in the end to find their reward in furnishing correct, clean, and well-written news, and while there will always be a market for journals containing accounts of the debasing events of daily life, they will eventually be patronized only by a limited class. The really great and profitable journals will be honest, pure, and reliable. It is for the Church, as Dr. Wendte says, to hasten the dawn of this era, which is certain to come unless there is a reversal of the wheels of progress.

MISTAKES OF THE POLITICIANS.

In the defeat of Isaac S. Maynard for Judge of the New York Court of Appeals last week there is an interesting political lesson. Maynard was nominated by the Democratic machine politicians, who belong to the Tammany Hall organization, as a reward for his services in stealing the New York Senate. For many years the legislative apportionment of the Empire State has kept the Democracy out of control of the Senate. The party has often elected the Governor and Assembly, but the Upper House has always eluded its grasp. In this way the Republicans have prevented a partisan gerrymander. But last year the contest was exceedingly close—so close, in fact, that half a dozen seats in the Senate, to which Republicans had been elected on the face of the returns, but which were in dispute, would decide it. Senator Hill and his cohorts, who belong to the "anything-to-win" breed of statesmen, determined to steal the contested seats, and so, while the cases were on their way to the Court of Appeals, Maynard, then Assistant Attorney-General, abstracted from the records some of the evidence necessary to establish the claims of the successful candidates. For this offense, afterward proved against him, the New York Bar Association formally recommended his disbarment.

Senator Hill, however, backed by the Democratic machine, boldly espoused his cause. He contended that the Republicans had maintained their party embargo by fraud, and that if fraud was necessary to checkmate them, it was morally justifiable. New York has indorsed Hill so many times that it was generally believed this desperate logic would prevail. But the Tammany leader went too far. The Democratic voters of the Empire State are not particularly squeamish, and might have swallowed Maynard in some subordinate political capacity, but to place him upon the bench of the august Court of Appeals, which in dignity and learning stands second only to the National Supreme Court, was asking too much. The way in which Maynard was "scratched" demonstrates that the Democracy of New York distinctly disapproves of his method of winning legislative contests.

Further than this (which is decidedly creditable to the political morals of the Empire State) the result in Maynard's case illustrates strikingly the mental weakness of the partisan politician. Within the narrow compass of his operations, surrounded as he is by those who look only to the end and not the means, he is too apt to think that the voting people, having once indorsed his policy, are prepared to follow wherever he may lead. Senator Hill has discovered that there is a limit to the "anything to win" game, and in a way, too, which probably concludes his political career.

DR. GARDNER, of Sacramento, who has just returned from an extensive tour abroad, announces to a reporter of the Sacramento *Bee* that the American cocktail is far superior to the European variety. This is really comforting intelligence. Americans traveling in foreign countries should make a note of it, and carry their own cocktails from this side.

THAT Joe Choynski, the California pugilist, should be drugged by a confidence man in New York and robbed of $1500, at this distance seems incredible. From his youth Joe has been esteemed in this region to be possessed of a species of knowingness which made him proof against any such experience. However, perhaps, after all, compared to New York, San Francisco is a country town. Our smartest men fall flat in the great metropolis. If Joe Choynski can be taken in and done for, there is no hope for our lighter weights.

IN COMMON with all citizens who thrive best in peace and quietness, I desire to remain on terms of perfect amity with all men. But if the reporters upon the daily papers do not quit appending to every suicide the words "the body was taken to the Morgue," I shall soon apply to the Supreme Court for a writ of prohibition. Where on earth do these gentlemen think the body can be taken if not to the Morgue? To the boneyard? To the glue factory? To the soap works? To be constantly affirming that the body was conveyed to the Morgue, however, is not much more monotonous than to be incessantly repeating that all pistoling (both suicide and murder) is performed with a weapon of thirty-eight calibre. Everybody knows that no self-respecting suicide or murderer ever thinks of using any other calibre, and why repeat the information constantly? If this hungry attention to correct details continues, I shall not be surprised to soon hear of the daily papers holding back their presses each morning sufficiently long to announce that the sun has safely arisen.

THE *Examiner*, which is greatly elated at the result of the Eastern elections, will do humanity an inestimable service by explaining how the people reasoned when they voted the Republican ticket in order to rebuke Cleveland's financial policy. The elections may express anger at the non-repeal of the McKinley Act (which, by the way, the Democracy never promised to accomplish in extra session) but they are certainly not a rebuke to the financial policy of the admisistration. On the contrary to most people they would seem a distinct indorsement.

THE SPECTACLE of M. B. Curtis, the actor, speeding East in a Pullman car, surrounded by merry companions, champagne, and cigars, and John McNulty, the 'longshoreman, standing upon the scaffold with a rope about his neck, make two judicial pictures that are calculated to shake one's confidence in the blind goddess. There is not the slightest doubt but that if John McNulty were possessed of $100,000, and M. B. Curtis were as penniless as he ought to be, the spectacles would be exactly reversed. It seems as though hanging for murder is played out in San Francisco—unless the murderer is poor.

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SOME LIVE TOPICS.

BY JOHN P. IRISH.

I am in receipt of an essay by Mr. David Lubin, on the "Revolutionizing of the Distribution of Wealth by moving farm products as mail matter at a uniform rate for all distances."

Mr. Lubin proposes National legislation freeing from taxation all land tilled and used by American citizens, and then National legislation to transport all products of the soil as mail matter through the Postoffice department, at a uniform rate of postage regardless of distance.

He says that these two measures are necessary to protect the farmers against peasant and coolie labor and to give them a share in the profits of Government Protection heretofore enjoyed exclusively by the manufacturers.

He describes the process as simply buying and licking a stamp and sticking it on a box of fruit and mailing the same like a letter, and for the same postage whether it is from San Jose to San Francisco, or from Santa Clara to Chicago.

Several obvious economic laws are ignored in Mr. Lubin's proposition. The assumption that our farmers must be protected against the coolie farm labor of China, the ryots of India, the fellahin of Egypt, and the moujiks of Russia, because all these work cheaper, is untenable. An examination of this form of labor will prove that it is paid everywhere according to its productive power. As we start with the labor that almost tills the soil by scratching with its hands, so crude are the implements used, we find there the lowest wages and the lowest productive power; going forward we find wages increasing with the variety and efficiency of implements used, and rising with the productive power of labor. Concurrently we find the prices of labor's products going down as productive power and wages go up. Mr. Lubin is solicitous for the wrong man. Coolie, ryot, fellah, and moujik need protection against the skill and labor-aiding implements of the American farmer, for these are the factors of that cheapened production which has lowered prices. If the farm products that issue from skilled rural labor, aided by modern implements and modern cheap transportation, were withdrawn from the market, prices would advance, even though an adequate supply might come from the fields tilled by cheap labor, for the product of such labor is costly.

As I deny Mr. Lubin's premise major, his premise minor, perhaps, needs no attention, but I desire not to pass it. It is that prices of farm products will rise as transportation cost lowers. Transportation was never as cheap as now, nor prices as low. Prices have been falling for thirty years, but the cost of transportation has in that time declined faster than prices. According to Mr. Lubin's minor premise we should have had falling prices associated with rising cost of transportation, but the fact is just the other way.

With his premises denied, it may seem unnecessary to farther discuss Mr. Lubin's plan. He looks abroad into the activities of the rural world and sees the farmer burdened unduly, while the manufacturer, petted and protected by the Government, seems light of heart and carefree. It does not occur to him that a paternal Government has put the burden of the manufacturer upon the farmer and that the remedy is to make the manufacturer carry it himself. Not seeing this he proposes that the Government shall prop up the farmer, give him crutch and cane, pad his back, and help him carry it.

To free land of taxes and turn turnips and pumpkins into mail matter by Act of Congress are things impossible under our present form of Government. They must be preceded by changes in the fundamental law which would mean a complete revolution, and, when effected, the cup of bliss would not be filled by the privilege of mailing a potato to Milpitas or Milwaukee for the same postage.

* * *

There is one loud roar in the election returns of last week; it is the demand for sound money. The Populist party was left dead on the field, under the heel of the people who make that demand. The Democratic party was hided from neck to heel with an admonitory hickory, to remind it of Jackson and advise it to support the President in his effort to finally secure sound money. The Republican party was patted on the back because its Senators from all the Eastern States, with one exception, and from Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and Nebraska solidly supported the President in carrying out the pledge of his platform for sound money.

In the Western States named, the Populist hay-straw-and-turnip money theory fell with a dull, sickening thud.

The Democratic party, from Jackson's time until now, has won always when it stood for sound money, and has lost always when it did not know the difference between a cabbage leaf and a dollar.

It is not the President's fault that Democratic Senators gave the Republican party a chance to appear as the champion of sound money. These things teach and exhort.

* * *

Governor Pennoyer, of Oregon, will hold his local Thanksgiving on the 23d instant, and will chew turkey and the cud of reflection upon the less holy, one week in advance of the National Thanksgiving proclaimed by the President.

On the latter day he will probably feed upon the flatulent cabbage and corn beef and defy the President by toiling and declining to be grateful to Providence.

Meanwhile the mules of Oregon will rejoice that they are removed one cross from the Governor.

* * *

In these columns three months ago, I said that the best interests of Hawaii and of the United States required that the former be under an independent government, initiated and supported by a majority of its people, and established as an international neutral—the Switzerland of the seas.

This was repeating a statement of the case made when the blue jackets from the "Boston," by order of Minister Stevens, overthrew the government to which he was accredited and put an alien mob of adventurers in possession of a country with which we were at profound peace. This atrocious piracy was sanctified by the shelter of the American flag, identifying that standard with an act at which Timour the Tartar would have blushed. A committee of the alien mob proceeded to offer the country for sale to the United States, with the threat that unless we purchased they would proceed to peddle it in the markets of the world. When one remembers that they were retaining their stolen commodity only by wrapping it in our flag, this threat refrigerates like a breeze from the poles.

President Harrison seems to have been impressed by it to the extent of hastily concluding a treaty with the buccaneers to annex the stolen country. His party in the Senate was not impressed by the proceeding, and though it had nearly two months for action, it permitted the treaty to lie unapproved.

President Cleveland instituted inquiry which developed the facts, and now Secretary Gresham has recommended action to undo the outraged connived at by his predecessor.

The effect will be to permit the Hawaiians to make and maintain their own government, and to positively neutralize that government.

This is the policy of a strong and just power, a restoration of our National honor, and an impressive act which determines the attitude of all the world toward Hawaii more thoroughly than by armies and navies, and great battles.

It is so conspicuously honorable to President Cleveland that it rouses the rage of his enemies. The San Francisco *Examiner* initiates the ululation and it is echoed by the unpatriotic portion of the press. The *Examiner* is especially disturbed that a Republic like ours should aid in setting up a monarchy, and clinches its complaint with this profound observation:

"The undoing of wrong is a fine thing, but if our Government begins the noble work, how can it consistently stop until it has handed back the American Continent to the Indians?"

That is to say, the *Examiner* is of the opinion that "our Government" stole this Continent, and until it hands back the same is in duty bound to go on stealing everything it can lay hands on. As a statement of fact and an expression of policy, this is worthy of its source.

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STAINED GLASS.

BY WILLIS POLK.

Stained glass and pure consciences, or stained consciences and "art" glass, is the question. Barrooms, saloons, and other places of public resort are involved. They seem to set the fashion in stained glass. The modern American production, "art glass," is the bastard offspring of medieval stained glass. Stained glass was the invention of the English builders of her Norman and Edwardian cathedrals. In these churches, and especially in the later development of the transition period, where all the decorations, architectural, were formed by moldings, columns, and carvings, light and shade was the principal result. To soften it and give a variety of color pleasing to the eye they resorted to staining the glass.

In our homes of to-day, generally furnished with but poor taste, perhaps it is well that the gaudy colors that usually abound should be somewhat obscured by stained glass, but why in the name of the eternal verities the invention of "art glass" was embraced as an expedient, does not seem clear. Art glass has followed the usual path of all artistic endeavor B. W. C. E. (before the World's Columbian Exposition), that is, all artistic endeavor B. W. C. E. has been inartistic. At one time in the world's history it was considered beneath the dignity of a gentleman to engage in the pursuit of architecture, or any of its sister arts. But during this period some of the greatest cathedrals of France and England were built by ignorant stone masons; again, some of them were built by the Bishops of the church, who were accomplished architects. In Italy, where the classic forms prevailed, when work was in the hands of the ignorant, the very worst results were achieved.

In any decorative work artistic results depend upon the education and gentle manners of the artisan or designer. In stained glass but few men in this country of scholarly accomplishments have devoted themselves to its production. Hence the horrible result. Simplicity in this, as well as in all other arts, is the secret of success. Meaningless and grotesque designs in the most inharmonious colors seem to have been the chief aims of all art glass manufacturers. This is also true of all other arts B. W. C. E., as I have said before. Now, however, we are to have a revival of the good and true. The effect of the Chicago Exposition will undoubtedly have a marvelous effect on all the arts. That is, it will create artists and spur them on to conscientious efforts.

We have already had some notable workers in glass, for example, every one knows of Tiffany's work. In fact, San Francisco can boast of a Tiffany window or two, and then right here at home we have Bruce Porter, and he has done some very good work. But should every one having a stained glass window, or, more commonly, a door in his house, cause it to be removed, ninety-nine out of every hundred would not know how to have it replaced; but then, plain window glass is very cheap, and available. But, dear me! It is *so* cheap. If it is too cheap, and one is unable to get good colored glass, why we still have left plenty of simple designs in clear leaded glass, or leaded glass in plain colors. At the same time, there are about twenty art glass factories in full operation in this city grinding out their horrible designs, much to the joy and gratification of their patrons. But the time will soon come when "art glass" will even be unpopular in barrooms, saloons, and other places of public resort.

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Wm D. Johnston

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"TWO bonnier babes," said the gray old midwife, bending thoughtfully over them, "I never before assisted into the world."

The mother, lying wan in her bed, smiled happily.

"So bonny are they," said the wrinkled beldame, "that I will give to each of them one of my choicest gifts, something they will still keep hugged to their hearts when they are as close to the gates as you or I."

"And how close is that?" asked the mother, growing whiter.

The wise old midwife turned from the bedside and bent above the infants, mumbling to herself.

Presently the mother started up from a doze. There was no one in the room but her married sister. "I dreamed Death was in the room with me just now," said she, "and he had an old woman with him whom he called Sister. She seemed to be giving my babies something, but what it was I don't know. At first I thought it was a plaything, but now I think it was a sorrow. At least....."

"Dear! Dear!" cried her sister, in alarm, as if she saw the spirit drifting beyond her ken.

"My babies!" whispered the mother.

And presently she was "at rest."

* * * * * * *

Rick and Dick grew up somehow. Though motherless and fatherless, they were not quite friendless, and in the struggle for existence they held their own and kept alive.

A more agreeable and cheerful fellow than Dick it would have been impossible to find, according to his companions. He seemed dowered with a disposition so equable and contented that it was a pleasure to be with him, and he radiated cheerfulness like a fire. Moreover, he was in thorough harmony with his surroundings. He found fault with nothing in the structure of society, and desired no change either in laws or institutions; everything was ordered wisely, and was ordered for the best. In fact he was the Spirit of Content personified, and much patting on the back did he get for his reward.

"We must give him a helping hand, must push him forward, you know," said the Community, beaming on its cheerful young champion.

And Dick took the "pushing forward" with admirable self-composure, and certainly seemed to deserve all he got.

As for Rick, the Community would have nothing to do with him. He was not quite an out-and-out pessimist, it was true; but he seemed to look on the Community as a most clumsily-articulated creature—a thing of shreds and patches, and the Cheap Jack of shams. He was always putting his finger on this spot or that; hinting that here was a weakness, and there..... something worse. Every advanced thinker, and the majority of theorists, could count on finding a sympathetic listener in him; and not infrequently they found in him an advocate also; such an arrant anti-optimist was the pestilent fellow. As if Civilization, after thousands of years of travail, had produced nothing better than a clumsy abortion with the claws of an animal and the tastes of a Jackanapes! Why, the man must be mad, to have such irregular fancies! It was a pity laws against opinions were not oftener put in force; then, a click of the guillotine, and the world would have peace!

Rick listened grimly, and made a note of the imagery. "You will remember it better in black and white," said he.

* * * * * * *

In the course of years Dick became a churchwarden and a philanthropist (he took the infection very mildly and in its most agreeable form), and a highly respected gambler on, or rather member of, the Stock Exchange. He was also joined "in the bands of holy matrimony" to a buxom young widow who was left-handedly connected with The Aristocracy Itself! The lady brought him a most desirable fortune to start with, and after some years made him a present of twins, so that Dick was now a notable man among his acquaintances, and had the ambition to become a bigger man still, by and bye; a Common Councilman certainly, and an Alderman, perhaps!

Meanwhile Rick had developed into a musty *savant:* a fellow whose tastes, if you might call them such, were of the most *outré* order—in advance of everything that was sober, respectable, and conventional; and in aggressive alliance with everything that was disturbing and that was maliciously and wickedly critical (said the saints).

"The kernel of his life is unhealthy," said his brother; "it has a deadly fungus growing in it, I am afraid."

"The fungus of discontent, dear friend," said the clergyman.

"I am afraid so," said Dick, with a prodigious great sigh. "Still, we must none the less pray for him unceasingly, for prayer availeth much, as we know."

The clergyman dramatically clasped his white hands together, looking up as one who speechlessly admires.

* * * * * * *

Rick sat musing in his gloomy study: thinking of the ladder he had climbed, and of the scenery of his life that now stretched out like a map before him.

Presently the study door opened softly, and a Figure came in and took a chair at his side.

"You have come, then!" said Rick. "I thought your coming must be near."

"Shall we start?" asked the Figure.

"I am ready," answered Rick.

And they passed out together into the deep black night.

"Come, take my arm: we will call together for your brother."

"He has so much to make him happy! There are the little ones and his wife! Could you not delay a little?"

"He must come with us to-night."

Dick was attending a banquet which was being given in his honor to celebrate his recent election as a Common Councilman, and the lust of life was in his every vein. But in the act of responding to the toast of the evening he was suddenly attacked by a fit of apoplexy. He staggered, and fell back—and they perceived that he was dead.

* * * * * * *

It was a bleak and a very depressing journey to pass nakedly and alone from the warm, well-lighted, and flattering banquet, and, most of all, from the comfortable and familiar earth, up to the Doomsman and the Bar beside the Gates. If he could only have had a friend or two at his side!

On the way up, just as he was nearing the gates, Dick overtook Rick, who was a little way ahead of him.

"Come, let us go up together," said Rick.

At the gates, however, Dick began to grow uneasy. His brother's reputation on earth among "the godly" was a curiously unwelcome memory to Dick now the Bar was so near and the Doomsman in sight.

"You go first," said Dick to his brother, falling behind as if to dissociate himself from him.

Rick passed the gate and stood silently at the Bar.

"Place the brothers side by side," said the Doomsman sternly.

"If you please," began Dick, stumbling in his speech, so afraid was he of being confounded in the judgment of his brother. "If you please....."

Said the Doomsman: "Let the Advocates state the case."

The Black-robed Advocate claimed Rick boldly. The verdict of Rick's fellow-citizens, he asserted, was emphatic on the point that Rick was legitimately his. And he went with the majority, and claimed a verdict accordingly.

The White-robed Advocate advanced, more hesitatingly, that Dick presumably should go with him. The Community, he averred, had long ago decided that only in this way would justice have its due.

The Doomsman's verdict was simplicity in itself.

A nature so contented, and so little given to fault-finding would be the typical one for the Black Advocate's household, said the Doomsman, humorously contemplating Dick. "Take him away with you," said he to the Black Advocate, "the man will give you no trouble, as you know.

"But that restless, fault-finding fellow there," and he indicated Rick with a movement of his forefinger, "it would need a faultless abode like yours to satisfy him," and he signed to the silent White Advocate at his side. "Take him, he is yours," said the Doomsman solemnly.

And with that the Advocates departed with their awards.

Sold by all Liquor Dealers and Grocers.

AMATEUR SPORT

Unfortunately for the enthusiast the game of football arranged for November 8th between the Stanford 'Varsity and part of their second eleven to be assisted by Messrs. Hefflefinger, Norton, Bliss, Tobin, Goodwin, and Smedburg, was not played, the Stanford manager fearing to let his team's real strength become known. This game, far better than the regular matches of the following Saturday, would have placed the football situation in its truest light. However, from the score the Palo Alto men piled up against the Oaklanders a week ago at San Jose it would seem as if their strength had not been underestimated. They are the best of the four elevens to-day without a doubt.

The signal victories over both the athletic clubs, as compared with the correspondingly erratic and hard-earned victories of their rival at Berkeley over the same clubs point to no other conclusion. But there is this to be said about the U. C. men when comparing the two Universities to-day, and that is that unquestionably the Stanford team will not improve on its present standard of excellence to any great degree. On Thanksgiving Day the latter will be in better condition physically perhaps than at present. More practice will have rendered them still better acquainted with one another's play, but their marked improvement will be slight and accidents may materially weaken one part or another of their team. On the other hand, the lesson that the five touchdowns and many times five yards made against them in the last three games ought to have the effect that is to be desired in awakening Berkeley to a realization of their present inferiority to Stanford as a team and in team play.

The fact that except in their first game against Reliance the team representing U. C. has been largely a substitute one should also be taken into consideration. This has been unfortunate in more ways than one. It has undermined the confidence of the regulars and distracted their attention from their own game to watch the mistakes of these substitutes. Repeatedly they show how disgruntled they are at the poor play, never taking the fault as individually their own, but eying a newcomer in their ranks with distrust. There is no steady swing to their play, and no true football style in their manner on the field. That they will improve rapidly in the next ten days one may reasonably be assured of, and this week's practice will show whether they can rise to the emergency into which their past over-confidence has brought them.

* * *

The Reliance men put up a stiff game against Stanford in San Jose, and have certainly improved over their initial appearance at Central Park, but their readiness to indulge in rough play was against them and resulted in their being met with their own style to their subsequent disadvantage. The hot weather told on the players towards the last half of the game, and even Stanford grew slow and listless, but they managed, it is to be noticed, to add eighteen more points to the hard-earned sixteen they had scored in the first half of the game. With the ball at the kick-off, Reliance did not gain much on a wedge and lost the ball almost immediately to the college men. From this time on they played chiefly on the defensive, seldom massing at the right time when the ball did fall to their lot. Against the fast play of Stanford the beefy rush line of the Oaklanders was ineffectual, and their game settled down into mere resistance.

The Olympic men surprised everybody by their improvement in team play last Saturday against a weakened Berkeley line. Hefflefinger's presence at left guard had the effect of waking up the men and giving them unusual confidence, and with Smedberg at quarter they put up an entirely different offensive game than previously. Sherrard's work at the end was excellent. He kept his team up to their work, setting them the right sort of an example by his stubborn defense and fine interference. He made a touch-down for his side in the last half when his team was without Hefflefinger's support in the centre. The city men are improving, and need only to learn to get over their faults of hesitation and unsteady blocking to make a really fair team. Their work in the rush line in making holes is very good, and they shoved the backs through the Berkeley line for quick, low plunges in good form. The backs played in very good form, particularly Morse and Miley, the former in kicking and running the ends being especially noticeable.

In the wedges and through the centre Miley lunged forward over his opponents in good shape, repeatedly advancing the ball after being tackled. The U. C. at times played well, but was very unsteady. Wilder did not keep his men at it hard enough and failed to get the work out of them at the right moment. His play is typical of that unsteadiness so characteristic at Berkeley, and they seem unable to realize this, their chief fault. The fumbling was simply awful, being due to the uncertainty in the manner in which the ball was put into play and was inexcusable at this, the ninth hour.

It seems a pity that no tricks have yet been developed in the game supplementary to the Thanksgiving Day championship. No attempt has been made at working out new opening plays or any Deland tricks. It is to be deplored, as there is plenty of room for such improvement in the team play. It has been found that open tricks of five or six years ago when suddenly introduced into the regulation line bucking and end running of to-day have been most successful in the first few attempts. Success by means of tricks braces a team up wonderfully and tends to rattle their opponents.

The kicking improves as the season advances. Kennedy, Ransome, Oscar Taylor, and Olympic Morse show this especially. "Brick" Morse sacrifices distance to quickness in punting, and is lamentably weak in his style of holding himself. No attempts have been made to kick goals from the field, a feat difficult in itself, but a possible solution of the problem offered a team with the referee's cry of "Third down, no advance, five yards to gain," when inside their opponents thirty yard line, ringing in their ears. If all the good things in football play are to be reserved for Thanksgiving Day surely the public will get a treat if the play is fast.

* * *

The announcement of an entertainment to be given at the Grand Opera House on Thanksgiving night by the Alumni Glee Club of the University of California, reminds us that there is another branch of amateur sport in California little brought as yet into prominence. This minstrel entertainment is for the benefit of the University Boat Club and deserves a successful patronage. The Club already has built and holds ready for occupancy a well-appointed boat-house on the Alameda Creek, adjoining the quarters of the Columbia Rowing Club and the Oakland Canoe Club. This house, of course, is the beginning of rowing at Berkeley, and the next few steps taken by the U. C. men should be cautious and timely, or the result may permanently cripple this infant branch of student athletics. Both at Oxford and Cambridge, as well as at Yale and Harvard, a position on the 'Varsity crew is the highest athletic distinction in college, and victory means more hard work and self-denial and endurance than in any other department of college sport. But the financial question in boating is always the thorn in the side. Perhaps it may not be too presuming to offer some suggestions as to the equipment which would be most practical for the new Club to start out with.

Taking everything into consideration, it would seem well at first to purchase a Water's paper eight-oared shell, in sections for transportation, and at once inaugurate an annual contest with Stanford on some accessible course of at least two miles or three if possible. With the Stanford race as an annual fixture assured, the management might institute matches in fours with the Columbia and other local clubs, and add to their equipment as follows:

Second to the paper sectional eight they should have built an eight-oared barge sixty feet long, not less than twenty-five inches and not more than thirty inches broad, in which to do the bulk of their preparation work. Such a barge would cost about four hundred and fifty dollars. An annual Freshman race with Stanford would also tend to keep up the number of available candidates for the 'Varsity, and if rowed at such a time as not to interfere with the 'Varsity work might be carried out through the medium of the 'Varsity equipment. A pair-oared gig about twenty-seven feet long and at least thirty-two inches in breadth is an almost indispensable adjunct to a crew.

Two, four, or six-oared paper barges, boats a little stronger and wider than a shell, would give an opportunity for the formation of class crews and fall and spring regattas to teach the young idea how to swing, shoot out his hands, keep his blade well covered and control his slide on the recover. It might be well to suggest that if the two universities joined hands in getting such a man as John Keast, of New Haven, "Bob" Cook's boat-builder whom he brought back from England with him in '76, to come out here and build two eight-oared barges, and two pair-oared gigs (rigged double starboard or port stroke) they would start in with an equipment which would outlast all the paper shells ever made. The club which will sport the best equipment will unquestionably possess a decided advantage over its rival, and the green and clumsy novice at rowing is as likely to put his foot through the bottom of a boat as he is to think that because he can break a sweep off at the button in one tremendous lunge he is the strongest man in the boat. Paper shells, and cedar for that matter, too, require great care, and the 212 pound racing eights of to-day are never at their best after a month or two of rowing. But be these things as they may, an annual race in eights is the first essential.

W. B. GOODWIN.

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MASKS AND FACES

To an American audience uncertain of its knowledge of the French language, and compelled for a better appreciation of the play to read it before the performance, the Coquelin-Hading season has not been without its lesson of profit.

The average play-goer seeks entertainment only. The source that awakens his emotions is a matter of indifference to him as long as these emotions are pleasurable. He rarely analyzes the play, because such an analysis would involve mental effort and, perchance, self-contempt. The play to him is the combination of plot, dialogue, actor, and setting, and he yields to the effect of the *ensemble*. His critical faculties, often clear by natural endowment, and made keen by experience, act unconsciously, not because of his will to exercise them. He enjoys himself or he does not enjoy himself—that is all. He rarely attempts to separate the plot from the *mise en scène*, the actor from his role. Should the plot interest him, he is pleased, and the actor comes in for a share in his pleasure. Does the actor fail to please him he has not enjoyed himself and the play is condemned.

What has the playwright sought to effect and has he accomplished it? What are the social problems he tried to set forth and has he used the best means to solve them? How far does the actor fulfill the intention of the author, and how true is he to his art? With these and similar questions the average play-goer has nothing to do. It is to avoid the exertion that would be entailed in the solution of them that he has come to the theatre. He seeks relaxation and amusement. So he simply yields himself to impressions, is interested or bored conformably to his fancy, and judges the acting as good or poor according to the state of his finances or his digestion.

The short season of foreign plays that have filled the boards of the Grand Opera House the last two weeks, has unconsciously forced the spectator into the exercise of his analytical talent. And in this way the French comedians have received more critical appreciation than is ordinarily accorded to native actors.

A doubtful mastery of the French tongue obliged the spectator to read the plav. To read the play was to communicate directly with the author without the mediation of the actor's art; it was to read words often cold and lifeless, the dialogue of intangible, unembodied beings. It followed that the spectator naturally sought to catch the spirit of these characters and embody them within the shadowy outlines indicated.

To cover this ground himself, to vitalize these characters in his own imagination was to prepare the play-goer for the most profitable appreciation of the actor's accomplishment. For, after he had tried in vain to imprison in human frame the elusive airiness of the audacious valet of the "Precieuses Ridicules," and had finally decided upon the impossibility of the conception, there capered upon the stage, in mocking contradiction of his feeble imagination, Mascarille himself, brazen self-possession and airy effrontery incarnate.

Play-goers—and there have been many—who have had this and similar experience have not been slow to divest the comedian of externals and yield a wondering admiration to the truth of his impersonation and the finish of his execution.

In these days and in this land where a star rests for years upon one successful impersonation, the versatility of Coquelin is well-nigh incredible. It is true that we heve occasional stock companies in which the well-intentioned actor powders his temples and becomes the lover, or points his goatee and becomes the villain. But Coquelin's change of role is something more than a change of make-up; it is a change of the man. Within the vestments of the church lives the false priest; beneath the extravagant fripperies of fashion bounds the heart of the mercurial valet.

So truly does the voice of nature speak through these characters that at a glance one recognizes not only the man, but the type. So truly do his characters become living personalities that a preference for one rather than another is based more upon the spectator's natural inclination than upon the actor's achievement. Annibal pleases one, Tartuffe another; but the question is not here as elsewhere one of the actor's impersonation, but a preference for the man impersonated. The characters themselves are all as living as life, and as in life, the impudent bully amuses one; another prefers the wily hypocrite.

The Tartuffe of Coquelin is particularly worthy of notice as it is conceived along original lines. He is not the oily, unctuous, nor the purring, nor even the cringing hypocrite that the imagination has been wont to depict. Flabby cheeks, fishy eyes, lips drooping in mock humility, and above all an overmastering effect of sensual satiety are the outward denotements of this cherubic scoundrel. But no, not scoundrel, and herein lies the peculiarity of Coquelin's impersonation. Beneath the pious impiety of the deceiver is a chuckling appreciation of his own hypocrisy. The effect of this is to make the audience laugh at him as a rogue, rather than recoil from him as a monster. The interpretation is open to argument, but the identity is splendidly sustained.

If one seeks the limit of Coquelin's range, and it is a range of unusual breadth, he will find it somewhere in the domain of the finer emotions. Pure laughter the comedian evokes at will, but to call forth the smile that hides a tear is just beyond the boundaries of his best achievement. The heart that beats so warmly beneath the rags of the starved Gringoire, the soul that glowed with a universal sympathy behind a face of simple ugliness, surely deserved a more tender tribute than a smile. One misses the suggestions of poetry and pathos that make the tale so touching.

But within the realm of broad comedy Coquelin holds undisputed sway. There is no note in the gamut of humorous emotion that he does not strike with unerring precision. The flexibility of his voice is only paralleled by the mobility of his face and the endless resources of his conception.

Impersonating as he does characters of extravagant drollery, it is remarkable that they never run away with him. But even in his broadest effects, his abandon is controlled. So perfect is his appreciation of the finest shades of humor, so unlimited are his means of expressing them—whether by voice or gesture or facial play—that there is no room in his art for exaggeration, no necessity for that strain for novelty by which lesser actors hope to arouse the interest that their art cannot excite.

When one considers the versatility and truth of his impersonations, and the exquisite finish of his technique, his suggestive originality and faultless elocution, praise too warm cannot be given to the actor, who in these days of tricks and effects is always and entirely the artist with never a taint of the charlatan.

HARRIET L. LEVY.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Peter F. Dailey, who has had two successful weeks at the California, will give way on Monday evening to Frank Daniels, the inimitable comedian, in "Little Puck." The scenery brought by Daniels is new, and the play is said to have been greatly improved. Bessie Sanson has a new song, "Marguerite of Monte Carlo." Adele Farrington Dunn, a phenomenal contralto singer, is also included in the cast, which embraces Leona Amrose, Julia Lee, Lillie Rock, Viola Carleton Canfield, Anna O'Malley, Rose Mitchell, Frank Girard, Tony Williams, Daniel Baker, John Canfield, Thomas Nelson, Oliver Howe, James Grant, Walter Long, and others. Chas. Zimmerman, who composed and compiled all of the catchy music in "Little Puck," will be in the conductor's chair. There will be the usual matinees on Saturday, and the usual Thanksgiving matinee.——

Lovers of artistic stage work, of whom there are more in San Francisco than any other city in this country, will welcome and appreciate the charming comedy, "The Laughing Girl," which will be seen for the first time in this city at the Bush Street Theatre, on Monday week.——

Miss Davenport concludes her successful engagement at the Baldwin this evening with a performance of "La Tosca." On Monday evening the eminent Irish comedian Joseph Murphy, long a favorite with San Francisco theatre-goers, will appear after a long absence. Mr. Murphy opens in Fred. Marsden's well constructed drama "Shaun Rhue." In the second act of this piece he will sing his famous song "A Handful of Earth." During Mr. Murphy's engagement popular prices will prevail—which is the first time the Baldwin prices have been reduced under the management of Al Hayman. They will be as follows: 25, 35, 50, 75 cents, and $1.00.——

A "Night in Venice" has drawn good houses at the Tivoli during the past week, and there seems to be no good reason for its withdrawal. But novelties crowd upon this pleasant little temple of music constantly, and on Monday evening "Said Pasha" will be produced, in which Mr. Ferris Hartman will reappear.——

The American Extravaganza Company, under the management of Mr. Al. Hayman, will give "Sinbad" at the Grand Opera House, beginning on December 9th. The production is one of the most extensive on the road.——

Mlle. Rhea and her Eastern Company will open in the "Queen of Sheba" at Stockwell's on Monday evening, December 4th.——

The Stockwell Company will give way on Monday evening at Stockwell's to "The County Circus," a performance introducing a complication of talent ranging from the clown to the trained horse, including a number of clever comedians, specialists, and tumblers.

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AMUSEMENTS.

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FOOTBALL

TO-DAY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1893

RELIANCE

VS.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

3 P. M.

PIEDMONT GROUNDS

OAKLAND

Take Piedmont Cable Cars—Washington and 8th Sts. Two o'clock Boat.

Concerts appear to be coming thick upon the public ear. What with the continuance of such performances as the Symphony, Saturday Popular, and Wilkie Ballad Concerts, not to mention the series of recitals given by Miss Augusta Cottlow, the forthcoming reappearance of Mr. William H. Keith, and regular events like the Loring Club and Philharmonic Society's public displays we are by no means neglected. All these efforts are tending to increase the public receptive capacity, and if sufficient support is accorded we shall be in possession of something like an agreeable musical atmosphere. Still another series of recitals with a high standard is proposed. Messrs. Landsberger and Fleishmann announce four concerts, to be given at intervals of three weeks, at the Golden Gate Hall, with programmes especially chosen to bring forward interesting numbers unspoiled by ceaseless repetitions. The subscription is an excessively light one. Mr. Heine assists throughout.

Of principal interest to the public lately have been Augusta Cottlow's, the juvenile *pianiste*, concerts. The style she exhibited in the public debut here, in Chopin's *E Minor* Concerto, runs through all her playing. With a finished technique in many surprising respects for one so young, a remarkable self poise suspending itself everywhere, her playing is now at a point where the highest *finesse* and delicacy may be predicted. Time and development alone will show if the greatest heights of art are within the power of this talent to accomplish. Every point of the creations played were intimately studied under the guidance of refined judgment, and to this training the young artist owes a long debt. Mr. Wolfsohn, of Chicago, is responsible for that development. The future of this *pianiste* ought to be of much interest to the world of players here.

Such an eruption of musical energy as we are possessed of strikes prematurely in remembrance of the Midwinter Fair. Special provision for musical needs of Fair guests has not been of the coruscating kind; indeed, the musical illuminations promise something of a damp display. The opportunity to bring out artists of celebrity whom we have not been privileged to hear is at its best just now and should be taken advantage of. There are numbers of rising people in the East who would undoubtedly be willing to spend a few weeks in California at the Midwinter season.

Lesley Martin

The Chevalier De Kontski, the eminent pianist, has been tendered a concert by a number of prominent Society ladies and gentlemen, to take place at Union Square Hall, Monday evening. Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher, Donald de V. Graham, Louis Heine, and R. Fletcher Tilton will assist.

For his concert next Saturday afternoon, Giulio Minetti offers a programme out of the common, and made up entirely of the Italian method of composition. A quintette for strings, by Bazzini, which won the first prize at the Milan Quartette Society, will be given for the first time, two of Boccherini's delightful compositions will be played, and Mr. Minetti will render Viotti's Twenty-fourth Concerto. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Friday morning, November 24th.

Purchasers of household [illegible] remember that Sanborn, Vail & Co. sell ready framed pictures at prices ranging from twenty-five per cent to fifty per cent less than they could be bought [illegible] They are the largest manufacturers of picture frames on the Coast.

"APOLLO'S GARDEN."

Verse of my own! why ask so poor a thing,
When I might gather from the garden-ways
Of sunny memory fragrant offering
Of deathless blooms and white unwithering sprays?
Shakespeare had given me an English rose,
And [illegible]
Or I had brought you from that dreamy close
Keats' passion blossom, or the mystic blue
Star-flower of Shelley's song, or shaken gold
From lilies of the Blessed Damozel,
Or stolen fire from out the scarlet fold
Of [illegible]
Though all this flowery largess waited thee
That you should ask a paltry weed from me!

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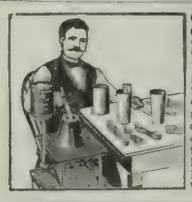

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

At last we are to have a comfortable, sensible fashion, and may travel along our dirty, mud-covered pavements without a qualm. The latest dictate prescribes that every skirt must be short and just reach the instep. Only those who are quite out of the running will wear long dresses this season. It has its demerits, however, for woe be unto her who has an ugly foot; she simply must expend a small fortune on shoes, for that is her sole safeguard.

They say a lady is known by her gloves and shoes, which, like most platitudes, is obvious, as instinctively one desires to be neatly shod and gloved. Speaking of gloves, I saw myriads of them to-day in O'Connor & Moffat's, in the loveliest shades and hues, with buttons to match the stitching. The shades of purple were simply superb, so much so that I spent quite a large proportion of my allowance by presenting myself with some beauties. I never wonder at Eve's fall when I go into a store, but think the Devil would need a seal-skin, a ruby ring, or some such trifle to tempt the modern woman. Perhaps the apple was, after all, but an allegorical allusion to some antediluvian frippery, or, perhaps, Moses, being a man and not understanding to what temptations femininity is subjected at the sight of lovely objects, thought there would be a much greater moral drawn from that which to him would have proved irresistible.

Have you been to see Hading? She has such glorious gowns, but says, alas, that no matter how handsome the profits of her American tour, her dressmaker, not she, will be the gainer thereby. She has such rich materials in her frocks, and a great deal of that embroidered *mousseline de soie*, which is so expensive that were there dollars for every bead and spangle it would just about cover the cost. One simple evening dress of hers I admired immensely; it was of a pure white crêpey material made over silk, with a number of tucks above the broad hem of the skirt; then the bodice was plain and full, not cut very low, with a large ruffle falling all around. The sleeves were in large puffs to the elbow, but were tucked from that point to the wrist, and were finished off with a fall of lace over the hand.

Her wedding dresses are magnificent, and sufficient to tempt one to matrimony. They are usually brocades, and very richly trimmed with lace. She apparently has a preference for long streamers in front with which she toys constantly and so manages to lose her hands, or, I should say, the sense of possession, which, for a large woman, is often a difficult task.

That embroidered silk muslin that is so much used in Paris will never, I fear, become popular here, it is so frail and so costly. Madame Biber brought a great quantity with her from abroad, and it would simply cause a very ordinary person to look regal, it is so *chic*. She has some in pale pink covered with a sort of greeny-gold spangles. The loveliest was of a peach and green changeable silk. She has also some indescribable shades of brocades. I have seen nothing in the shops here to compare with them. One dress I admired was for a prospective bride; it was of mignonette green brocade trimmed with sable and golden brown velvet. There are two collar capes made short, one below the other, and edged with fur. The fur follows the line of the front. A soft collar of full brown velvet envelopes the throat, while in front is a knot of *point de Bruges* lace. (That is the latest real lace and is a thing of beauty.) The skirt had bands of fur around the bottom and hangs very full. The sleeves were of the brocaded silk in immense puffs, but from the elbow to the wrist of the brown velvet edged with fur. I have seen no dress on which fur is not used, either to a greater or lesser extent, and, indeed, one is simply nowhere without it.

The newest fur is "*brutchuveny;*" it is softer than seal, and black in color. In Paris dress bodices are made of it and combined with heavy cloth; the skirts trimmed with the fur are said to be the richest looking gowns of the year. Fur collars, which are in reality capes, cut short at the shoulder tips, but slope down toward the waist in the back and front. They look like pelerines and are not stylish at all in effect, having a tendency to foreshorten the lines of the figure.

Flannelette for underwear is very popular, and, while light, is warm. It does not irritate the skin, as do most woolen goods. For my part I can never endure the tickling produced by any kind of wool, and have been obliged to eschew it, in spite of susceptibility to cold; nevertheless I am going to try the flannelette. It is much used for breakfast frocks. Here is a pretty one in white: A yoke covered with embroidery, as are also the front breadth and sleeves. A wide, full ruffle embroidered above the hem falls round shoulders, while it fits tightly at the waist and is belted in. The skirt is embroidered around the bottom.

You know who Lord Terence Blackwood is? He was married recently to Miss Davis in Paris. Their bridesmaids were so prettily dressed, striped liberty silk made *a la Directoire*. Each dress had for the ground stripe green, and each bridesmaid had pink, peach, or yellow stripes as she preferred. They say it had a most charming and piquant effect.

Did you ever hear of a girl piano tuner? I have a friend who has just finished her course in a manufactory; she says it is easy and delightful work. One requires a musical and correct ear, and ordinary intelligence. It is rather varied, too, and quite interesting, though I cannot see in what way. It has an advantage in not being so crowded as most professions. Her fellow students were uniformly courteous she told me, and she found immediate employment in the factory where she studied.

While there are so many footholds for women who wish to work, I cannot understand why so many will teach, which is, perhaps, the most poorly paid profession there is, and one in which there is least hope of advancement. THE REFLECTOR.

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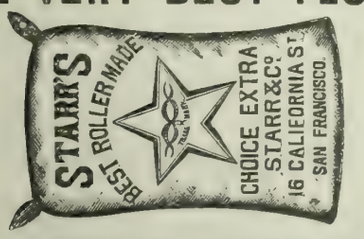

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LIBRARY NOTES

Happy are they whose parents have striven and gained place in the world's esteem. For them the battle is half won ere it is waged; their arms prevail by mere force of demonstration. In literature as in life the heat and burden of the day falls on those whose way no eminent relative has smoothed by fact of prominence. If Mr. Benson, author of "Dodo," were not the offspring of the Archbishop of Canterbury, I wonder who would have heard of his book? The merest thread of a story serves as the framework for the high-strung, fluent gabble of a brilliant young woman who shines as a social leader in a select London set. Unpardonably fascinating and exceedingly pretty, she has an admirable husband and the most constant of lovers, and, strange as it may seem, she does not appreciate the rarity of her combination. It is true the husband is too good to talk to or live, but these little drawbacks are counterbalanced by the blindness of his admiration, and the possession of millions and a title. As for the lover, he sets off the stupidity of the other by being talked at through endless and measureless paragraphs. His position appears that of chief listener—a debatable privilege whose possession the author and the *dramatis personæ* consider enviable. That it is a bit of cleverness to reproduce thus exactly the attenuated thought and the rapid, *staccato* utterance of this drawing-room heroine, I am willing to concede, but, alas! there is nothing else in the book; all the others are either foils or listeners, and the latter cannot be said to do much good for themselves. As a picture of London Society it is not more exhaustive or more authoritative than scores of equally authentic *chef d'œuvres* that have preceded it, and unless one is willing to discover the very perfection of nonsense talk, there is no reason for admitting the perusal of "Dodo." Still, the seven editions and the Archbishop of Canterbury are solid facts.

From the literary point of view there is no comparison between the rendering of London Society presented by Mr. Benson and that of New York which Mrs. Burton Harrison offers in "Sweet Bells Out of Tune." There is a fascinating shallowness about the latter book that is genuinely entertaining. It is cleverly constructed, is full of small talk, smart people, and change of scene. Each chapter is a new picture out of the social kaleidoscope, and one cares far less about the mild misfortunes of Jack and his highbred, beautiful young wife than for the diverting framework in which these favorites of fortune have their being. Considering the story as a whole, it is impossible not to admire the dash and skillfulness of Mrs. Harrison's literary manner. There is no depth to her tones, but there is glow and brilliancy in her colors. The canvas is well filled and the composition is excellent. They are but painted people, it is true, but then the clever little strokes are deft and accurate; so why not take what is given? One might imagine that the authoress would have spared herself the exertion of importing from Nevada the ridiculously rich mother of the hero. One finds more money and even greater vulgarity in the environment of Chicago nowadays. As for the English chapters, while extravagant and amusing, they are obviously "dragged in," and the episodes have the disadvantage of familiarity. The illustrations by Mr. Gibson are really capital, but the bride reads very much prettier than she looks in the frontispiece.

The amazing fecundity of Marion Crawford must excite the envy of his less versatile contemporaries. That full, flowing style of his is equal to Society the world over; he knoweth not the terrors of geography, and his historical details have the accuracy of intuition. It is impossible to imagine him taking the time to acquire them by mere reading. The last effort of this accomplished novel-manufacturer is "Marion Darche." The name, perhaps, suggests an addition to the Italian series, and I have no doubt the ill-natured will insist the resemblance stops not there. As a matter of fact, the *mise en scene* is a New York [illegible] the heroine is an Americanized Corona—afflicted with an odious husband and a father-in-law the author pronounces a bore. One cannot easily persuade one's self Mr. Crawford has expended in the construction of this tale an effort sufficient to reconcile his admirers to the weakness of subsequent stories. It is difficult to be deeply interested in a heroine whose immobility is set forth with so much circumstance. She is large, [illegible] and [illegible] purpose, she rises superior to temptation, as though resistance were a matter of temperament, and is finally married to a man whose individuality consists mainly in his love for her. In several of the situations and in the character of Vanbrugh, Crawford rather redeems himself from the reproaches of his more critical readers. Between Marion and Brett there are passages of power. The last visit of John Darche to his father, when, with the aid of his wife, he escapes from the policeman escorting him to prison, makes a most dramatic situation—one, indeed, difficult to forget. It is a pity the plot is justified by so much tradition. "Rellen" by [illegible] is the kind of novel one would find alluring on a cold day. There is some charm about the sentimentality of the heroine whose gentle impressions and opinions are given more space to than the value of either deserves. It is not impossible to work up a mild degree of interest in the development of Richard, whose precocity is not altogether without interest, but, even then, the excuses for reading must sound trivial and succeed in being so. Still one might forgive much of it were it not for the banality of the conclusion. The spring dress and Charley were too obviously led up to.

ORACLE, K. B.

The ability of Miss Susan Coolidge as a writer of short stories is not gainsaid even by the captious. In "The Barberry Bush" she has written a series of really interesting tales about girls for girls. However, it is not necessary that one be a maiden to find the book charming. Nowadays everything is in the telling of the story, and the authoress knows how. (Roberts Brothers, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson).

To the young gentlemen of leisure who have not yet found "Robin's Recruit" by A. G. Plympton, I venture to suggest an immediate search for the story. It is very nicely done, full of the type of incident in which boys delight and is illustrated with pictures alone worth the price of the book. The scene is laid in Texas and there are fights and drills and battles of various kinds illuminating the pages. (Roberts Brothers, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.)

A great deal of valuable information is condensed into Geo. H. Lewis' new book on the "National Consolidation of Railways." To this important and interesting question the author has devoted time and thought, and the result of his labors may be read with interest by men who consider transportation issues of sufficient importance to warrant study. The problem is reviewed in its different features. The practice of watering stock is condemned and the effect of it shown very lucidly and logically; the question of rate disturbances is dealt with; the efficacy of the interstate commerce law is discussed, and in conclusion Mr. Lewis masses his facts and figures to show that consolidation is inevitable and the only true solution of the much vexed railroad question. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject. (Dodd, Meade & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.)

A book of "Comic Tragedies," by Louise M. Alcott, has just come out. It is easy to persuade one's self into reading the volume, though it is meant for young people exclusively. They are very clever in their way, and just the thing for "Little Women" to act on winter afternoons when the midwinter rains are beating against roofs and windows, and the fog drizzles sadly through the Golden Gate. (Roberts Brothers, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson).

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Dodo," by H. C. Benson. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Sweet Bells Out of Tune," by Mrs. Burton Harrison. The Century Company, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Marion Darche," by F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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SAN JOSE NOTES.

For lack of social gatherings those whose yearnings are for companionship have exhausted their brains and at last hit upon the stale plan, worn out and discarded among the older civilizations, of "mothers' meetings." It is enough to make one burst one's stays with mirth to think of what the *Mercury* calls "our most fashionable ladies" organizing to learn how to manage their young sons and launch their fair daughters on Society.

There are a few ladies in this town who seem to have been gifted with that knowledge and did not need to hold a *seance* to know what to do—notably Mrs. Ogier, whose charming daughters are cultivated, elegant, and who appear equally well entertaining their own friends or being entertained in other houses. Then there is Madame Mauvais, whose daughters add to the French *esprit* an American knowledge of life, who dress in perfect taste, and never violate *les convenances*.

Another of our young belles is Miss Freda Hoffman, a perfect type of the German blonde, yet with a liberal admixture of Spanish which is captivating. She is musical and also bright in conversation. Mountain View claims her now, where, amid the beautiful setting furnished by the pretty home of Mrs. Martin Taaffe, she devotes herself to friendship and music.

We seem determined here to prove that "the world does *not* move, for all the teachers are forgetting the advancement made in their calling and giving themselves up to the study of *Froebel*. Surely we have learned a little since Froebel's time; if not a good deal of gas for nothing.

A handsome wife is ornamental no doubt, but troublesome to guard. This an aphorism the truth of which one of our once leading citizens begins to realize. He does not lead now, alas, for the mighty have fallen, and really the insignificance of the actors takes my story hardly up to the dignity of a scandal. But people will talk you know, and when one sees a husband, himself unblessed with even the ordinary attributes of beauty, endowed with a pretty wife, one begins to believe that rumor is not altogether a lying dame.

This interesting twain, it seems, took to their fireside an agreeable young man whose people in the Garden City are a trifle better known than some of the others. Hardly an addition to the ordinary well regulated family it seems he devoted a fair amount of his time to pursuing the intricacies of a new cocktail route—quite an engrossing occupation by the way. But he was made much of, for his delectation new furniture was purchased and the walls of his sleeping apartment hung with a special variety of paper. The effect whs charming though the results of all this attention are a trifle embarrassing. Though the erstwhile prominent citizen and his pretty spouse had been married some years no offspring blessed their union. One might imagine he would rejoice at a change but the interesting realization that he might soon give a hostage to fortune seemed to perturb instead of delighting him.

If never before, he appreciated Barney Murphy's version of Judge Belden's choicest story. Alas. But he took the matter less philosophically than the lamented jurist and bundled the young man out bag and baggage. Actually they never speak now as they pass by.

Who is it?

Another good story is told upon one of the men who helped to pay for Harry Edward's character. It seems that this reputation buyer determined to visit the World's Fair a short time ago, and to do this it was necessary, in his judgment, to leave his youngest son here to manage the large dairy of the father. The boy received positive injunctions to be careful in money matters, and to be prepared to render a strict account. When the old gentleman came back he called for his shekels, but the youngster, like the prodigal son of old, had indulged in riotous living, and had nothing left but memories of pleasant times. A good mother's prayer preserved him from a father's wrath, and between gasps the old man could only utter: "Well, that boy must have had an H of a time in San Jose." The boy's reply is worthy of a Spartan's son. "Maybe I did," he says, "but then the old man had an H of a time in Chicago."

I wouldn't be profane, but the girls on the lower end of Second and Third Streets are using the story without scruple, so why not I? BESSIE.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

I used to think a man who went
To "afternoons" and "teas,"
And whose unbroken days were spent
In such pursuits as these,
Could never win respect from curt
And more unsocial men,
Who hate the rustle of a skirt,
And love a quiet den.

For in the babel and the waste
Of feminine chit-chat,
One feels his consciousness effaced,
And wonders "where he's at."
Yes, after all, I often go,
And hope to meet—a girl!
For in a crowd of women, lo!
One sometimes finds a pearl!

—*Vogue.*

He (fervently)—Dearest, do you love me so much that you would rather be miserable with me, if you had to choose, than happy with any other man?

She—Why, darling, haven't I said that I would marry you?—*Vogue.*

The Rejected One (after painful pause)—I think, on the whole, I will accept your offer to be a sister to me—but on one condition.

The Rejecting One—What is it?

The Rejected One—That you let me be your little brother. Then I can get even on some of my successors.—*Vogue.*

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A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

While it is true I have been chosen the President of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, vice M. A. DAUPHIN, deceased, I still retain the Presidency of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing Company, so that all proposals for supplies, machinery, etc., as well as all business communications on other subjects, should be addressed to me here as heretofore.

After January 1, 1894, my business will be removed to Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Central America, and will there go on as now without any break.

PAUL CONRAD,
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7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, §Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis.....	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
‡10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	‡6.15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*6.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento.....	10.15 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose.....	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 a m
6.30 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	10.45 a m
6.30 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
6.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10.15 a m

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‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

6.45 a m	San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	2.45 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.	5.06 p m
12.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 a m
‡11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	‡7.26 p m

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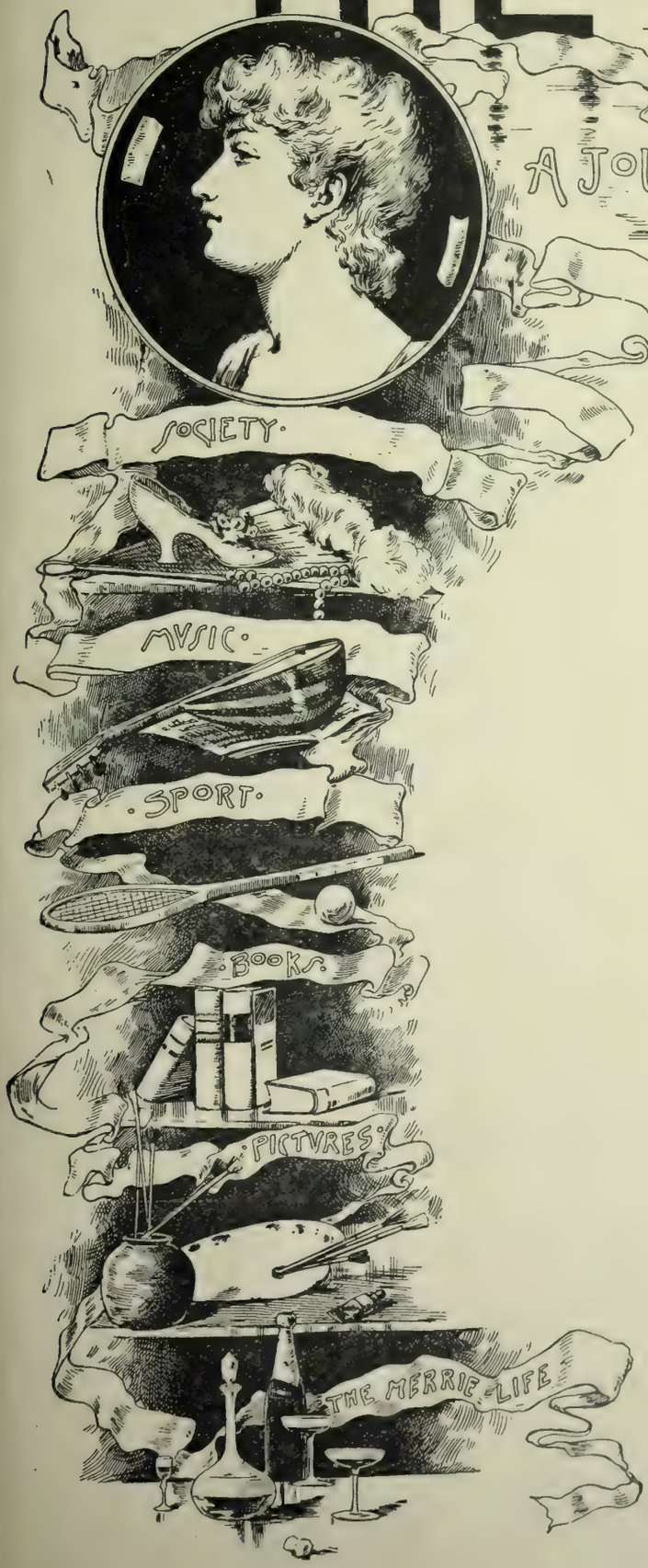

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 25, 1893.

OUR OWN ST. ANTHONY.

The jury in the recent *Examiner* libel suit did not vindicate the character of Mr. Martin Kelly, but the fact that Martin in that litigation claimed to possess a character capable of vindication—in itself an extraordinary circumstance, which, naturally, has taken the town completely by surprise—seems to be sufficient justification for representing him upon the cover of THE WAVE this week as the good St. Anthony. It will be recalled that this excellent saint resisted all temptations. No doubt had fire engines existed in his day he would have resisted the temptation to steal them also; therefore, this character seems to fit Mr. Kelly at the present time. Whether or not it is true, the fact evidently is that Martin thinks he is a better man than St. Anthony.

SPLASHES

THE SEASON opens with a fusillade of teas. An unwonted activity in the direction of afternoon receptions has been developed thus early, the *debutantes* setting the pace. A gathering of one kind or other has occurred each day, and the coming week promises to be equally rich in events similarly mild. About teas there is little that is distinctive save background; in the *personnel* of the guests there is, of course, a mild variation. The decorations are the identical palms, ferns, and chrysanthemums—there is a coincidence about the refreshments that is distressing, and the music rarely escapes from the fixed standard. Still, the form makes but little difference; it is the gathering that is important, and in that particular the week has been effective.

* * *

The Murphy tea was as elaborate as an affair of its type could be. Though the Pratt house on California Street, which Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Murphy have taken for the season, is hardly spacious enough for the accommodation of a large crowd, it served the purpose admirably. The decorations were very handsome and the refreshments excellent. During the afternoon several hundred people paid their respects to the *debutante*, Miss Ethel Murphy, in whose honor the tea was given. Among them were more men than Society has gathered in months—much to the relief of the girls, who have alleged the species almost extinct. There were any number of pretty women present, notably among whom was Mrs. Lieutenant Fechtler, *née* Morrow, who looked exceedingly well.

* * *

Though there was little room for dancing in the apartment consecrated to Terpsichorean revelry, the party which followed the tea went off with swing. The young hostess had the assistance of Miss Banning, of Los Angeles, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Ethel Cohen, and Miss Grace Jones, and had every reason to congratulate herself on the success of her initial entertainment. There was a capital supper at midnight. During the afternoon there was music in a parlor devoted to that purpose. An interesting programme was presented by some talented people, and proved a popular innovation.

* * *

WHAT MALICIOUS SPRITE presided at the birth of "Bluff King Hal?" That unfortunate opera is about to precipitate another social cataclysm. Not content with sowing discord in the Bohemian Club and arraying the high lights of the art and musical worlds on either side of a chasm it is again a cause of contention between personages of prominence. The admirable purpose of aiding the Children's Hospital by a revival of the Stewart-O'Connell masterpiece suggested itself to the amiable vocalist Donald de V. Graham. Though the original cast is somewhat scattered and the scenery has served other purposes, there is no doubt the accoutrements of the foresters and the equipments of the principals would be found serviceable enough for the display of fresh charms. Besides, the mantle of charity covereth old clothes as effectively as it does the traditional multitude of sins.

* * *

There is a difference, though, between an ambition and its realization. Time had not healed the scars of that original rupture. Neither Joullin nor Stewart evinced any eagerness to assist Graham in his effort at the recrudescence of the Bluff King. Even the enthusiasm of Louis Sloss hardly made up for their defection. Owing to other difficulties of a similarly dispiriting nature, the English barytone found it necessary to apply to Fred Zeile, President of the Art Association, for a copy of the score. Instead of receiving an immediate response which the urgent tenor of his letter seemed to demand, he was kept awaiting days for a reply, and then was informed that the MSS. had actually been burned. Mr. Zeile made no secret of its fate. With his own hands had he consigned his copy of the masterpiece to the flames.

* * *

One may not even now forget the historic row between composer and Association; how the Art Directors accused Stewart of a breach of faith, and he complained of ingratitude; how the friends of both rallied to either side. Then it was that Joe Redding declared war against his erstwhile intimate, and Joullin vowed never to sing in another opera. About that time the score was turned over to Zeile and sacrificed at the altar of the Association's wrath. However, the efflorescent English vocalist is not satisfied. That a mere president should dare desecrate a musical masterpiece he does not believe. He declares it is a base attempt to thwart his lofty purpose. Before announcing to the world the callousness of Zeile, his indifference to charity and music, Donald will give him another chance. So it is now Graham *versus* Zeile, with an interesting possibility of the participation of the Children's Hospital ladies in the contest.

* * *

NOWADAYS NOTHING happens in the Bohemian Club. It is true the new building grows apace, but the cost of the foundation is a subject for melancholy figuring; the interest, whose payment the institution is responsible for, will be something prodigious, and dues do not nowadays develop with the regularity of yore. There is material for melancholy contemplation, too, in the costliness of Joe Redding's jinks. Actually that redwood entertainment made away with $3000—a sum that looks as large as Mt. Diablo to the ordinary Bohemian, whose salary has suffered abatement during the stringency. Besides, there is an earnest, and it seems unsuccessful, effort at discovering the difference between the 50 cent lunch of to-day and the 35 cent repast whose plenty gladdened the toiler six months ago. The consensus of opinion appears to favor the old *régime*, and if some diversion is not created the members

will be passing resolutions against the Directorate.

* * *

In fact, the Board does not enjoy positive popularity at the moment. There is an impression that the time has come for another jinks, or at least an entertainment of some kind if for no other purpose than to take the edge off the base-ball defeat. Failure is such an unaccustomed experience on Post Street that it is felt the institution should show its superiority to mere athletics by some exhibition of its specialties. However, something may occur ere long to redeem the prevailing monotony, and then the sun will rise and set as before. In the meantime, if the powers that be desire to retain the reins after April, they should make friends with the Mammon of Iniquity, and put the lunch back to thirty-five cents.

* * *

AT THE Press Club the Christmas jinks has been set down for the third Saturday in December. The affair has not yet assumed the form of a general plan, but if the rumors that are emanating from the Entertainment Committee are to be credited, it will be an old-fashioned revel. The entertainments of the Press Club are justly famous. There is no organization in town that contains so much ready-made talent available at short notice, and as all these clever fellows have been bottled up since April 1st last, when the fool revels took place, a brilliant effusion of wit may be anticipated.

* * *

THE FIRST dance of the Friday Night Club takes place on the evening of December 1st, at Golden Gate Hall. Besides being an event intrinsically interesting, it marks the formal opening of the winter season—the first gun of the social campaign. There is every indication that the success of former years will be repeated, and that the dances of the organization will continue the most brilliant affairs of the winter. In the list of membership there have been modifications; those who did not respond in time to the intimation of the manager have been dropped; no new members, save *debutantes*, have been admitted. This year the rules are to be strictly enforced and no invitations may be issued to any resident of the State, owing, I am told, to the abuse of that privilege by certain people last season. The affair on Friday next is an assembly; the first cotillion is set for December 22d. Huber directs the music and Ludwig & Wheeler the supper.

* * *

THE Moore tea, social experts declare, was a model for all tea-givers to follow. It was very swell and very smart. While the new home of the family lacks the splendor of the Pacific Heights mansion, it is a very pretty modern house and is charmingly furnished. It was decorated, but the flowers and foliage were not too obvious—a merit floral adornments are not in the habit of possessing. A number of attractive women and pretty girls assisted the hostess and Miss Moore to receive their numerous callers. On Tuesday Mrs. and Miss Tobin gave a tea at their residence on California Street. Miss Sperry, Miss Agnes Bailey, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Deming, and Miss Mae Dimond assisted their hostesses to receive. There were refreshments, of course, and music by Huber.

* * *

On Wednesday Mrs. Peter Donahue gave a lunch at her home on Bryant Street. Miss Hilda Macdonald gave a tea at 2219 Scott Street from four to six. In receiving her guests she had the assistance of a dozen of her intimate friends. It was a girls' affair. On Thursday Miss Lillie Lawlor gave a tea at her pretty home on Broadway. On Wednesday night Mrs. H. M. A. Miller had a dinner followed by a theatre party. Miss Gwin gave a progressive euchre party at the Coleman residence on the corner of Sacramento and Hyde Streets, in honor of Miss Grace Jones, a niece of Winfield Jones, who is to spend the season here. After supper there was a small dance.

* * *

Under a bridal canopy of bamboo, ferns, chrysanthemums, and lilies, Mr. Rich and Miss Hyman were married by Dr. Voorsanger. The congratulations that were showered on the groom meant something, for his bride looked superb in her gown of heavy white silk. It set off her magnificent figure and brunette beauty to the best advantage. The maid of honor shared the admiration which the beauty of the bride evoked. Miss Rose Rich, under ordinary circumstances a handsome girl, looked splendid in a pale yellow satin which hung in straight folds from her shoulders. She is a brunette of the gypsy type with admirably moulded arms and neck. Miss May Slessinger was bridesmaid. After the ceremony there followed dancing and then a fine supper by the *Maison Dorée*. A feature of the repast was an exquisite white wine of the most admirable bouquet and flavor for which the *gourmets* deserted their champagne. The presents were magnificent, the most notable being a clock and candelabra of gold and a huge chest of silver.

* * *

Mr. Fred Hood and Miss Mau were married with due ceremony at the residence of the Mau family on Broadway, Tuesday evening last. Dr. Mackenzie performed the ceremony, the uncle of the bride, Hermann Sadler, giving her away. In her wedding gown of white *faille francaise* Miss Mau looked charming; she was supported by her sister, Miss Julia Mau, who was maid of honor, and by Miss Agnes Sadler and Carrie Hood, who wore gowns of yellow silk. Little Miss Edith Mau and Master Charley Bandmann preceded the bridal procession. Mr. J. R. Lippo, of Santa Rosa, was best man. After the congratulations the guests commenced dancing—indeed, the spacious parlors and roomy hall are admirably adapted for entertaining on a large scale. The affair went off with plenty of swing, Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra supplying music. A little after eleven there was an excellent supper served in the dining-room, whereat the health of the happy pair was drunk in bumpers of sparkling *Roederer*. Mr. and Mrs. Hood are to reside in Santa Rosa, were he is a U. S. Gauger.

* * *

Two entertainments were given in honor of the great French actor Coquelin. Dr. de Marville had a breakfast for him at the *Maison Riche* on Saturday—a very elaborate affair, at which the eminent artist met a dozen notable San Franciscans. He complimented the *menu* as worthy the *Café Duval*. On Sunday Mr. and Mme. Adolphe Roos gave Coquelin and Coquelin *fils* a luncheon at their residence, 1362 Post Street. A few of the most prominent members of the French colony were invited to meet them. The great comedian is a capital and fluent talker, and has the happy faculty of evoking the wit of others. It can readily be imagined that the affair went off charmingly and that the hours passed like minutes. The table decorations were interesting—being done in tri-color suggesting the tremendous success the artist had achieved in "Thermidor" the previous evening.

* * *

For to-day the event *par excellence* is the Harvard-Yale base-ball game at Central Park. There is sure to be a large and enthusiastic crowd there. Mrs. McKenna gives a tea to introduce her beautiful daughter, Miss Belle McKenna. The McBeans have a tea at which Miss McBean and Miss Sara Collier will make their formal debut. There is also the Henry Davis tea at which Miss Florence Davis will be introduced to Society. There is evidently no lack of entertainment for those who go out.

* * *

There was a hop at the Presidio Tuesday evening last, in honor of Lieutenant and Mrs. Nolan *née* Kimble, of Chicago. There is to be a bazaar at the Presidio under the auspices of Mrs. General Graham on December 2d. The circle of girls calling themselves "The Circle of King's Daughters" are to assist.

* * *

IN Alameda there is really quite a little going on. The second Friday Night party came off in due season, and was an enjoyable affair. The hall never looked better, and there were several new gowns and pretty girls out. One of the events of the evening was the entrance of a certain young Oaklander, who at home is the pink of propriety and whose family is very correct, with—whom do you think?—a pretty little typewriter whose acquaintance he made on the boat. The Alameda sense of the fitness of things, which is very acute, was dreadfully shocked. The young man don't want his Oakland friends to know anything about it.

* * *

The football game in Oakland did not call out so many people after all. A goodly number were at the Merritt house, and many more were resting for the evening, for Oakland is unused to two whole nights of gayety in succession. Heffelfinger was playing in

the city, so the audience was small. The girl friends of the Reliance went home jubilant, and the University girls were crestfallen, for Hunt, the darling of the college, had broken his leg, and they felt that the fate of the Thanksgiving game was thereby sealed. The blue and gold trailed in the dust.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Bess R. Mosgrove and Mr. Theodore Poindexter is announced for early in December and to take place in Los Angeles. Both parties are well known in this city. Miss Mosgrove is a daughter of the late Samuel Mosgrove, formerly of this city, and Mr. Poindexter resided in Alameda until very recently. The ceremony, in consequence of the recent death of the bride's father, will be very reserved, and will take place at the residence of her uncle, Mr. Henry Mosgrove, 903 South Olive Street.

* * *

ALTHOUGH University football stock has fallen somewhat during the past week, there has been a decided rise in that of the University Minstrels. In fact, I am told, interest across the bay, not only in Berkeley, but in Oakland as well, has been about evenly divided between the great game which takes place at Haight Street Park on Thanksgiving Day and the great ebullition of wit which will take place upon the Grand Opera House stage in the evening. Every seat has been sold, every chrysanthemum in Berkeley and Oakland contracted for, every spike-tailed coat within fifty miles of the bay freshly ironed and brushed, and the run on white neckties and pearl-gray kids has been simply awful. If the audience does not beat that which crammed the Grand Opera House on the occasion of Patti's last farewell but one, then figures have certainly become untruthful.

* * *

I am credibly informed that in anticipation of this event the wits of the University have been as dumb as oysters for three weeks. All their bright "ideas" are being stored up for this occasion. George Koppitz, the famous star of the Alameda minstrels, will be the end man. Alexander Rosborough will sing an original football song. Joe Pierce, the U. C. centre, who is laid up this year with an injured knee, Waldo Johnson, long, lean, and witty, and Sam Pond, son of ex-Mayor Pond, will all appear, with Lester Herrick, of the Charity Company, as interlocutor and stage manager. The Glee Club and Banjo Club completes the *ensemble*. Beyond all question the entertainment will be the swellest thing ever given by the University boys.

* * *

The wedding of William Carey Jones, the bald and genial Professor of History in the University of California, was celebrated in Sacramento on Sunday. The bride, Miss Ida Butterfield, a *protege* of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, arrived from the East with that lady and the marriage was celebrated without delay. There are many of Professor Jones' former students who reside in Sacramento and these were all bidden to the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Jones and their friends came down to San Francisco on the afternoon train and then left on their wedding journey to the southern part of the State. They are to reside, of course, in Berkeley. This is Professor Jones' second matrimonial venture. His first wife, Miss Alice Whitcomb, was a classmate of his in college. He met Miss Butterfield in Europe, where she was traveling with Mrs. Hearst and the engagement was formed there. Upon his return everyone remarked that the Professor was looking ten years younger. The reason of this rejuvenation has now transpired.

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IT MAY seem a little late to comment on the World's Fair entertainment, but as I am persuaded my impressions will have more point than those that are elsewhere expressed, it would be rather remiss to abstain merely for that reason. It was really a very elaborate affair—fine decorations, pretty girls, and all that, but the crowd did not gather. Perhaps there were two hundred people there on Friday night, and a few over that number on Saturday, but they only filled the rooms up; so the beneficiaries can hardly be congratulated on the financial result. Some of the booths, of course, did a fair business, so the total returns must not be calculated on the mere gate receipts.

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However, the scene was quite a gay one. The French room was entrancing in its decoration of pink hollyhocks and pale blue ribbons. It was further beautified by at least twenty pretty girls in powdered hair and pompadour gowns. Miss Nellie McKee made a beautiful Marquise and was much admired. Miss Minnie Bailey looked very well in pale blue with white puffed hair. She seemed the recipient of a good deal of attention, while the girls rather shunned Mr. Clift since the facts of the recent sundered engagement leaked out. The Turkish room was the one in which Dr. Merritt died. Very appropriately it was draped in red, and was perfect in appointments and decorations, but the maidens in it were hideous in their loose dresses, which were not in the least Oriental. One lady of mature years wore a modern American gown and a fearful and wonderful head-dress of sequins. Bessie Wheaton and Kate Clement dispensed lemonade and did a rattling good business. Mrs. Wheaton looked in everywhere and received a pretty little sonnet through the postoffice entitled, "How so Fair?"

* * *

The Japanese room was artistic, and the Hutchinson girls, Florence Dunham, and Myra Prather made fetching Japanese maids, and dispensed string music and tea. The Midway Plaisance was something of a fake. One young woman, supposed to be a fortune teller, with a cap very much over one ear, could never be found at her place of business. The postoffice seemed to do an active business, and though all of the letters were not witty, many of them were very pat. Miss Pringle, in the German room, wore a remarkable gown, evidently original and not mere imitation. She also wore a false nose, very red and very broad, and looked typically Teutonic. Comparisons are odious, always; nevertheless there were many people who thought that the loveliest girl in a galaxy of pretty young women was Miss Helen Kline, of Berkeley. Miss Kline is young, and has yet to make her debut, but she has a beautiful face, with regular features, and large dark eyes. Her manner is most agreeably unaffected—itself a distinct charm.

* * *

Sir Heffelfinger has been the guest of honor at two Oakland gatherings this week. One was an afternoon reception given at the Souther Farm in his honor by Miss Bonnie Tompkins Mr. Heffelfinger and Mr. John Burns, Miss Tompkins' *fiancé*, were classmates in Yale. There were a number of guests present, although it was afternoon. Entertainments at Souther always have to be in the day time, because the trains do not run out there after dark. The other affair was a lawn tennis party given by the Hushes and Magees at Etnemere.

* * *

Mrs. R. T. Brown, of Lake Street, gave a charming little "afternoon" to twelve of the Jackson Street cronies. It went off very well, and is likely to be repeated in the neighborhood. There is also an ultra-fashionable whist club composed of the Jackson Street matrons, which meets in the afternoons. Mrs. Folger is the leader of the affair.

* * *

Miss Ada Russell, one of Alameda's nicest girls, is making an effort at enlivening the tedium of the season. She gave a very pretty and well-arranged dancing party the early part of the week, and finished off with a tennis party on Saturday. If all the Alameda girls would but do half as well, I am sure the Winter would hardly drag as it promises to do.

* * *

The event of last week at Alameda was the german given by the Ladies' Annex of the Tennis Club. The *ensemble* was unique. Each maiden invited one man, thus excluding the possibility of rivalry from exterior fair ones whose necks and arms have not been ravaged by the sun, and whose attentions to the active player are so fatiguing. The consequence was a similarity of complexion among the dancers that at least was reassuring. The four Sherwood sisters were among the guests. The characteristic of the gathering, one of the members very pertinently remarked, was that the ages of the men averaged from twelve to twenty; those of the women from twenty to thirty. But one grows accustomed to that in Alameda—the men are all boys.

* * *

OVER THE PAUCITY of *debutantes* in Oakland there are few expressions of serious sorrow. There is no lack of femininity in that happy region over the water. Even the unwonted activity of Hymen has made but slight inroads in the mass of available matrimonial material. It is rather a relief, therefore,

that no new accessions will add to the perplexity of the available male. However, a season without "buds" would subject itself to serious scrutiny, so I am glad to learn that there are to be a few "coming-outs," but without the sensational features that add interest to the debut of demoiselles.

* * *

Miss Clare Tucker and Miss Myra Prather are the two whose identity is first suggested. The former is very pretty—as beautiful as her elder sisters, who were the belles before their marriages. Miss Tucker has returned from a European tour and is quite an accomplished musician. She has large dark eyes and curly blonde hair and rejoices in the possession of two wealthy sisters, under whose auspices she will appear. Miss Prather is not as pretty as her sister, Mrs. Harrison Clay was, but still is a very attractive girl. She has not the brilliant complexion that made Nannie Prather a marvel, but she has the same fine eyes and hair. She, too, is fortunate in having a wealthy sister-in-law who is to give her a coming-out party.

* * *

Another candidate is Miss Minnie Bailey, who, as a matter of fact, made her debut at the very end of last winter. She has been in Society but little, however, and practically this is her first season. It was at the reception Mr. and Mrs. Bailey gave that her engagement was announced, and though the episode created more than a passing breeze of discussion, I am quite positive it will add to rather than detract from her popularity. She is hardly a beauty, is Miss Bailey, but has charming manners and an abundance of tact, and besides is an heiress. Josephine Chabot is the last *debutante*. She is a striking-looking girl, tall and dark and forceful. She usually wears Spanish combinations of color, and dresses with exquisite taste. Unlike her sister, Mrs. Knight, Josie eschews the flippant and goes in for the intellectual. She is a good talker and a sprightly dancer and is said to have inherited her mother's strength of character.

* * *

THE misfortunes of Mrs. Rey Wilson have not gone unnoticed in Oakland. That very presentable young person enjoyed considerable vogue in certain select social circles across the bay and was vouched for at one time by a celebrity no less pronounced than Mrs. Pedar Sather. It seems the winsome milliner won not only the hearts of the men but those of the women, too. She lived at a fashionable boarding-house and was taken up by several people whose friendship is now easily gained by forgetting that fact. Her business mishap won her considerable sympathy and no little assistance, but the culmination of her triumphs was in persuading Mrs. Sather to chaperone her at Castle Crag. It developed that for her no especial necessity of chaperonage existed. She was eminently capable of caring for herself.

* * *

THOUGH HE IS not undergoing a great deal of wining and dining at the hands of the current San Franciscan, Admiral Skerrett is a personage of some naval consequence. He has sailed the high seas under the stars and stripes for many a year and but for an accident would long ago have gained the rank to which he has so recently been promoted. He goes to Yokohama to command the Asiatic Squadron. Skerrett is an Annapolis man and was always noted for the peculiar ardor of his abolitionist tendencies. Indeed, some of his superiors hesitated not to say that the young man would not gain anything in particular by his extreme partisanship. Strange as it may seem, events proved them true prophets, but in a way the reverse of their prediction. At the critical moment in his life there came an interference that well nigh blighted his career.

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Mrs. Skerrett was as ardent a Southerner as her husband was an abolitionist. Of her sympathies she made no secret; she was uncompromising. When the war of the rebellion commenced, her husband, Captain Skerrett, was off on a foreign cruise, and she took advantage of his absence to write, in his name, a letter to the Secretary of the Navy resigning his command in order to join the South. In good time he returned to Washington, and, quite unconscious of the decisive step his wife had taken, reported to the Navy department delighted at the prospect of active service. He was coldly received; he was asked to take himself off as soon as possible. He asked what it meant and was given his wife's letter. Of course, he withdrew it, explained the circumstances, protested his loyalty, but though they accepted his services, he was not trusted. Those were the times when faith was a serious consideration.

* * *

The result—he was kept out of the conflict; his commands were unimportant vessels; he had trivial duties to perform and it was not until the close of the war that he was permitted to aid in actual hostilities. Of course, his promotion was delayed and that is why Admiral Skerrett, though he has so recently been promoted, will have to retire from active service within a very few years.

* * *

I am told that Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Buckley have delayed the date of their return to San Francisco and do not expect to be home before January. They are to reside at Livermore, and I am assured by competent authority that life under his own vine and fig tree is all the ex-boss desires. In this connection it may be interesting to correct the current impression that ascribes to Mr. Buckley the possession of half a million dollars. Those who know estimate his political winnings at less than half that amount. However, with $250,000 the wolf is far removed from the door.

* * *

EX-JUDGE COONEY, victim of more good stories than there are spokes in the Ferris wheel, has heaped coals of fire on his calumniators. He figures as hero in the best law tales of the year. True it is that the earlier passages of the episode may be construed into a reflection on the ex-jurist's powers of pronunciation, but the tables are so neatly turned on his critics by the conclusion, that I think it is safe to figure him victor. The cause in question was a proceeding in insolvency, the case of a debtor striving for a release, with a bevy of creditors determined to frustrate his desires. For the most relentless of the latter appeared ex-Judge Cooney, solemn as an undertaker, who, in tones as ponderous as a gravestone protested "aginst th' relase of the bankrhupt."

Judge Greene was on the bench, and to him the melancholy jurist addressed himself.

"I would like t' read t' yeer Honor an ixtract from Browney, on Fraud, that I may say bears dhirectly on th' case," he said.

"Who?" rather testily inquired Judge Greene. "I know no such authority—Browney did you say?"

"That's th' name—Browney. 'Tis a bo-ok will-known to most of th' Binch and all of th' barr, but may be it has niver been brought to the ittintion of yeer Honor over here." The ex-judge was charitably sarcastic.

* * *

"Let me see the book," impatiently ordered the Court. The debated volume was handed to him.

"Why, this is 'Browne on Frauds,' not 'Browney,' Mr. Cooney."

"Indade, and wid rispict to ye, Judge, 'tis spelt B-r-o-w-n-e, an' I make that Browney." Cooney looked triumphantly round and was rewarded with a general titter.

"But the final 'e' is not pronounced in such words. Take my own name, for instance — G-r-e-e-n-e — would you call me 'Greeney?'"

"Shure, yeer Honor, I'll wait till I see how ye decides the case."

* * *

IT IS SAID that a really great man is never disconcerted by his surroundings, no matter how cleverly they may have combined to disturb him. This is only another way of saying that great men always possess well-balanced temperaments. If the saying is true, Martin Kelly, our highly esteemed Republican boss, must possess some of the elements of greatness. For two weeks, ending on Saturday last, he was engaged in a deadly struggle with the Monarch of the Dailies (to say nothing of the Potentate of the Weeklies thereto attached) and yet during that exciting and turbulent interval he found time to attend to his usual political duties. Indeed, the attempt to vindicate his character in the Superior Court by the usual expedient of a libel suit, does not seem to have interfered at all with the elaborate plans which, I am informed, he has laid to ascend the political throne next year.

* * *

One night last week several leading Republicans assembled at B'nai B'rith Hall for a private "conference." The purpose was announced with considerable gusto to be the re-uniting or re-cementing of the party of

Lincoln and Grant in this town. Among the eminent and patriotic Republicans present were Mr. Mike Dunn, Mr. George Dixon, Mr. Sam Thornton, Mr. John Martin, Mr. W. A. S. Nicholson, Senator George Williams, Senator W. O. Banks, Mr. Henry Gallagher, and others equally as disinterested in and anxious for the triumph of the principles of the grand old party. A pronunciamento was adopted declaring that personal aggrandizement in the future must be subordinated to the promotion of Republican principles, and resolving that hereafter all the patriots thereat assembled shall holler for harmony and work to secure the nomination for office only of "honest, loyal, and capable Republicans." The Republican County Committee (notwithstanding this declaration, if observed, would bar out every man who voted to pass it,) was promised an enthusiastic support in the maintenance of these doctrines.

* * *

Prior to adjournment the symposium elected Colonel Sam Brown, President, and Maurice L. Asher, Secretary, and agreed to meet again in one month. In common with many of my fellow-citizens I was considerably impressed with the high-sounding professions of this movement. Of course, the last time I heard of Senators Williams and Banks they were before the Wallace Grand Jury upon charges of having been members of the Senate "Combine" of 1891. And so with Mike Dunn. When last heard of he was doing yeoman's service in Police Judge Love's Court, extricating lodging-house "stuffers" from the toils. However, I am disinclined to cherish resentments, and when men show signs of reformation I am the first to welcome them back to the fold. So I was inclined to hold that these gentlemen and the others whom I have formerly identified in politics as being out for what is vulgarly called the "stuff," should be freely pardoned. While the lamp holds out to burn, etc.

* * *

Subsequently, however, this charitable decision received a severe shock. Of Martin Kelly I never dreamed. The trouble with the *Examiner* seemed to remove him temporarily from the arena of suspicion. But, I am credibly informed, that he and his partner, Mr. Phil Crimmins, planned this entire affair. Having brains but lacking popularity—the portion, sad to say, of many great men—Martin, so far, has not appeared in the business. But the handiwork of his partner is stamped all over it. In fact, some of the "boys" interested in the movement do not deny that Crimmins is bossing it, though all with one voice denounce, as an unmitigated untruth, the charge that Kelly has been consulted. The fact is, however, that the "conference," into which several good and unsuspecting Republicans were lured, is a play of the old firm of Kelly & Crimmins.

* * *

But the plans of the "United Republicans" will never work. The Non-Partisans are masters of the political situation in this town, and until they are placated there is no chance for Republican success. Although not in any sense the custodian of the secrets of that party, I may express the prophetic opinion that no fusion of which Kelly and Crimmins are a part will ever be effected. The elements are such—it is a work, as Sam Rainey would say, of supererogation to outline them—that they cannot mix with those bosses. If the Republican party in San Francisco enters the coming contest with Kelly and Crimmins at its back, it will cut no greater figure at the ballot boxing a year hence than the "Old Democrats" did in November, 1892. It will be remembered that the "Old Democrats" never knew they were alive.

* * *

THE FACT that Secretary of State Waite has lately repainted the Capitol at Sacramento, and had the gilded globe upon the top of the dome freshly coated with gold leaf, reminds me of an important historical incident which, as a veracious witness, I am bound at this time to put on record. When George C. Perkins, now Senator, was Governor, Colonel Dan Burns occupied the office of Secretary of State. The Capitol was painted during the administration of Perkins, and while the golden ball was being gilded, one day the Governor and Dan discussed its dizzy beauties from the green sward below.

"That's two hundred and fifty feet high," remarked Dan, giddily. "I'd like to go up there."

"But you haven't got the nerve to do it," commented Perkins.

"Nor you, either," mused Daniel, casting a sidelong glance at his Excellency.

"You harbor no metal in your pocket that says the same," absently remarked the Governor.

* * *

"Oh, yes, I have," cheerily replied Dan. "Here is a twenty. It will buy two bottles of ink and a dinner at the Hotel de France, and it is shouting loudly that you don't dare go up to that ball."

"Done," said his Excellency. And with that he hurried into the Capitol. Dan watched the apex of the dome until he espied the Chief Magistrate of the State emerge from the lookout, grasp the rope ladder and slowly ascend to where a man was at work regilding the ball. Two hours later when the Governor and the Secretary of State sat down together at the Hotel de France to devour Dan's double eagle, Perkins said, quietly:

"Guess you didn't know, Dan, that I was once a sailor lad. Many's the time I've helped reef the main royal topsail in a piping gale, and never slipped a noose. That climb over the dome was a real pleasure."

* * *

SOME STRANGE things happen in these degenerate days. Up to Saturday last I regarded the personal relations of Mr. Billy Foote, the lawyer, and Mr. C. J. Stillwell, the *Examiner* detective, as irrevocably settled. That they would ever again speak as they passed by seemed to be an event as distant as the Polar star. But, as Mistress Anne Page remarked, may I be set quick in the earth and bowled to death with turnips if they have not spoken. Nay, if they have not hobnobbed, and whispered together, and smiled, and slapped each other upon the shoulders, and called each other, according to the California custom, "old rascals," then I am a bale of Contra Costa County hay. It is less than six months since these two gentlemen were warring at Fresno over the scalp of one Richard Heath. On the witness stand Mr. Stillwell intimated that Mr. Foote was no lawyer (a most damaging assertion in view of the fact that Mr. Foote claims to be one); and Mr. Foote in return intimated that Mr. Stillwell was neither a reporter nor a detective, but rather a blackmailer.

* * *

I remember that Mr. Bierce took a hand in the fray and received rather gallantly a centre shot from Mr. Foote. Also that the *Examiner* itself drew some suggestive comparisons between the relative honors of lawyers and journalists; and as for Mr. Stillwell, he gave Mr. Foote a column and a half roast on his own account. But it appears that this sanguinary affray consisted entirely of words, words, words. For proof of this listen: One day last week Mr. Stillwell and Mr. Foote met in the Superior Court in connection with the Martin Kelly libel suit against the *Examiner*—Mr. Foote as attorney for the paper and Mr. Stillwell as compiler in chief of the evidence. I tramped out to the City Hall to witness the tragedy, deeming it impossible that these gentlemen should pass another day beneath the same roof without shedding each other's gore. But there they were, billing and cooing like two June bugs in a rug, and swapping such salutations as "Good morning, Billy," and "How are you, Charley?" Do these two gentlemen belong to the grand army described by John P. Irish, "Whose mouths are filled with bloody war, but whose swords are always sheathed, and whose private graveyard no man has ever discovered?" It looks that way.

* * *

ONE of the remarkable men of the time is Peter H. Burnett, first Governor of California. On the 16th instant, at the residence of his son in this city, he celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday, having outlived nearly every one of his contemporary politicians. Although somewhat feeble, I am told that the old gentleman still reads, thinks, talks, and enjoys life. California has had eighteen Governors (not counting the incumbent) since it was admitted to the Union, only six of whom, including Governor Burnett, are still alive. These are John G. Downey, F. F. Low, Romualdo Pacheco, George C. Perkins, and George Stoneman. Downey and Pacheco were Lieutenant-Governors who succeeded to the office by the election of Latham and Booth, respectively, to the United States Senate, and, therefore, Governor Burnett has outlived of the regularly elected Governors all

but three. Mr. Burnett is a native of Tennessee, and in 1807, when he was born, the entire West—now teeming with people—was a howling wilderness full of bloody-thirsty Indians and beasts of prey.

* * *

I do not know to what to attribute his longevity, unless to the fact that he is a cross between a lawyer and a newspaper man. It seems that whenever a man is found capable of following the combined professions of law and journalism, his constitution is of leather; it resists cold, heat, snow, and ice; Indians will not kill him nor wild beasts eat him up. In 1839 Governor Burnett edited *The Far West* at Liberty, Missouri, which, perhaps, explains his wonderful grip on the world. However, what a panorama of life has passed before the eyes of this venerable man! On December 10, 1849, at the first Gubernatorial election in California the vote was as follows: Peter H. Burnett, 6783; W. S. Sherwood, 3220; John A. Sutter, 2201; W. M. Steuart, 619; John W. Geary, 1358; scattering, 32. At the last election the totals were: H. H. Markham, 125,129; E. B. Pond, 117,184; John Bidwell, 10,073. The comparison is certainly striking, considering that but forty-four years have elapsed between the two elections.

* * *

THE SELF-ABNEGATION of the Democratic State Central Committee in refusing to fill the five situations placed at its disposal by Mr. Welborn, the new Internal Revenue Collector, to my mind portends grave political disaster. I say this, because to imagine the State Committee declining a seat at what Br'er Geary of the Geary Act calls the "pie counter," is to imagine that within that body all public spirit is dead. And with a dead committee what chance is there for party success next year? Mr. Harry Zemansky, the lonely Democrat who was indorsed for a position, is a very deserving gentleman. He has devoted his energies to the service of the party for years without hope of reward, and, like all who manifest in politics such singleness of purpose, his expectations of getting nothing have usually been realized. I rejoice to know that at last an ungrateful party has recognized him.

* * *

But is Mr. Zemansky the only Democrat in this town who is entitled to an office? I trust this question cannot be answered in the negative, for if it can the Democratic Party is certainly a dead cock in the pit. What has become of the Democratic County Committee? It consists of 450 men, and I assume that its membership is still intact, for Democrats never die on the eve of a campaign. At last accounts, it is true, 425 of its members were in office, but where are the other 25? Are they aware that Internal Revenue Collector Welborn has placed five appointments at the disposal of the State Central Committee and that only one has been accepted? There is something wrong here. The State Central Committee is certainly nutty.

* * *

THE Davie Transportation Company, which was started on jawbone and maintained on wind, has, I observe by the public prints, gone up the flume. This is really a regrettable circumstance. In the first place, it will deprive the newspapers, which for six months past have found their profit in "fighting the railroad," of a great deal of news; and, in the second place, if "Old Pard" Bassett and Mr. Davie do not soon find something upon which to exercise their jaws there will be two dead men in this town. I regard it as simply impossible for them to be engulfed by silence without a fatal result. For six months they have been unloading daily ten tons of gab to the reporters of at least four newspapers, and to suddenly choke them off can have but one logical result—a terrific explosion of Water Front gas.

* * *

But it was inevitable from the first that the Davie Company should fail. Any business enterprise based upon sentiment and bluster must in the end collapse. In this practical world traveling people are given to patronizing those who afford them the best accommodations. The mere fact that the Davie Company chartered a lot of worn-out asthmatic bay tubs, and threw to the breeze a sign that it was "fighting" the Southern Pacific, did not entitle it to public patronage. On the contrary, the latter proceeding was a tolerably valid reason why sensible people should give its boats a wide berth. No legitimate business resorts to any such tactics to achieve success. Having been a mere blackmailing scheme, designed to break into the ferry privileges of the Southern Pacific, or secure from that corporation a good round subsidy, it was quite natural that the Company should fall into the hands of the Sheriff. But the amount of the attachment was rather small. Think of it! A great transportation company bursts for the want of $174 with which to pay a coal bill!

* * *

THE MOST important event in journalism during the week has been the accession of Mr. E. H. Clough, the famous Oakland journalist, to the Populist party. Mr. Clough was recently a Democrat and as such has been writing able articles in behalf of the imperishable principles of that party for the Oakland *Times*. Before he became the editor of the *Times* Mr. Clough was a Republican, and as such composed large numbers of equally as able articles in behalf of the also imperishable principles of that party for the Oakland *Tribune*. Before that he was a Greenbacker, and wrote even more ably in defense of the principles of that party. I am also informed that at one time Mr. Clough was a Prohibitionist, and as such wrote—but why continue the description? Mr. Clough is a very versatile journalist and can write on all sides of every subject at a moment's notice. In short, I am told that he can go to bed an aristocrat and arise an anarchist.

* * *

Nevertheless, I believe the Oakland *Evening Citizen*, the Populist journal in which Mr. Clough will hereafter enlighten the universe, is destined to be a howling success. That belief, however, does not shake my conviction that the addition of Mr. Clough to the Jerrysimpson party is fraught with great danger. As a matter of fact, this able journalist is a "hoo-doo" of the first magnitude. Soon after he joined the Greenbackers, in 1880, that party went under a cloud from whence it has never emerged. In 1884 he supported Blaine, which immediately settled that gentleman's hash. In 1888 he argued long and ably in behalf of Cleveland. That seemed to be sufficient; Mr. Cleveland was knocked into a cocked hat. Now that he has joined the Populists I predict—basing the prediction upon Mr. Clough's disastrous political record—that that party will not last another campaign.

* * *

IT WAS in the Supreme Court during an examination of students for admission to the Bar, and Justice McFarland was catechising a young man with watery eyes and a weak, blonde mustache upon Blackstone. The Judge is a great student of the immortal William himself, and if an embryo lawyer answers promptly a few questions based on the commentaries, he quickly drops him with a self-satisfied air which says, "You'll do." But the watery-eyed young man was a frightful case, and the old gentleman's choler had been kept down with considerable difficulty. Finally he said, with a despairing intonation:

"Well, can you give us any of the canons of descent?"

"I—I—I—your Honor," hesitated the young man, now thoroughly rattled. "The—canons of—descent?"

"Yes, (severely) there were seven of them at common law. Mention one canon."

"Really, sir—if you will excuse me—but—oh, I do not remember reading about any such artillery in Mr. Blackstone's book."

Justices De Haven and Fitzgerald smiled, and Justice McFarland, taking a fresh quid of tutti frutti, called the next man.

* * *

FOOTBALL is going to cut so wide a swath in this town for some time to come, that I trust a few remarks for the welfare of the game will not be treated as an impertinence by those for whose benefit they are given. A person only needs to attend one of the weekly contests now taking place to discover that the management of all of them is not what it should be. There are delays, bickerings, and distracting influences, which should be eliminated at once. In fact, to postpone their elimination means only that the cultivation of the sport is to be postponed. At present (begging the pardon of all concerned) the umpiring and refereeing is most unfortunate. It is a maxim of football that slack rulings

are followed by slack play, and slow play makes the game far from interesting. Why, may I ask, should there not be a scheduled list of umpires and referees, with their alternates, for the entire season? Such a list could be made up of men whose only interest would be the joint interest of the teams playing and the pleasure of the spectators. They could meet, form a society, and discuss the best means to insure a proper interpretation of the game. Good rulings, promptly made, would, I am sure, have an immediate effect upon the players. The power of concerted action by a society of umpires and referees would relegate chagrin and murmuring on the field to the domain of the lost arts. At the present time between the solemn wisdom of the reportorial critics of the daily press, the partisanship of the spectators, and the faulty administrators of the game, football is getting decidedly the worst of it.

* * *

I am of the opinion that the old heads should take hold of this matter immediately. There is a silver football upon the mantel of the University Club, which would seem to indicate that the graduate college man is not a stranger to the game. Why should not this reform come from that quarter? I remember the first Stanford-Berkeley match in this city. The teams had trained for two months, and finally, on the momentous day, had loomed up at Central Park before a tremendous audience. Expectancy, like morning on the misty mountain tops, stood on tiptoe. The bleachers were a sea of sealskins and fans—a striking climatic contradiction. The awful hour had arrived. The stalwart, sinewy twenty-two had marched upon the field, when lo! it was suddenly discovered that no one had thought to bring out a football! A solid, breathless hour was consumed in procuring one.

* * *

THE LATE William T. Coleman was distinctly the best citizen San Francisco ever had. Saying nothing about the heroic figure he cut in the history of the State, nor about the service he rendered to Society by leading the various rebellions in this city against lawlessness and murder, his business enterprise and public spirit were more pronounced than those of any of his contemporaries. To every thing that promised to advance his adopted city or promote its welfare Mr. Coleman was always a liberal contributor. In fact, he was ever foremost among the little knot of merchants but for whom the town would long since have fallen into innocuous desuetude. Of his public services it is not necessary to speak. History will place him, I think, first among the Pioneers of California.

* * *

Shortly after Mr. Coleman failed a few years ago, (in consequence mainly of some unfortunate ventures in borax) I called on him one day at his office. He appeared considerably discouraged and talked despondently. I asked him what he next proposed to do. "Pay my debts," he answered promptly; and then he added, as a thought of his age and diminished strength dawned upon him, "If I live long enough." Evidently he has lived long enough, for I am informed that he left behind between $750,000 and $1,000,000, having settled with all his creditors in full. His estate consists chiefly of the Armory Building, on Post Street, the property at 112 Turk, and at the corner of Third and Stevenson Streets, the University Club Building, and his own residence, worth in all, perhaps, a quarter of a million. Besides, he owned a piece of land in Kansas City worth half a million, and was the possessor of considerable bank, water, and other stocks, and some cash.

* * *

THE AGE of revolutions seems to have gone by in so far as journalism is concerned. There were times when the *Examiner* furnished the Press Club conversation and when fixed stars had their orbits altered for them at least once a month. Nowadays, the *personnel* of the several editorial establishments remains much the same the whole year round. One hears occasionally of a city editor degenerating into a reporter or *vice versa;* or of some gifted "itemist" becoming a "special." The latest gossip of the editorial rooms announces the retirement of Ed F. Moran from the *News Letter* and the appointment of W. C. Morrow in his place. Mr. Morrow is the well-known story writer. Mr. Moran has done some clever work on Mr. Marriott's paper and goes, I believe, to the *Examiner* as a special writer. The "Monarch" promises a brilliant New Year's edition this year—as full of good things as ever, and something especially swell in the picture way.

* * *

Some notable editorials are appearing from time to time in Mr. Hearst's paper. Ambrose Bierce no longer limits his contributions to "Prattle," but has been guilty of some of the strong expressions of opinion that have recently appeared on page six. McEwen has never written better than at present. He is easily the most voluminous of local journalists, and his brilliant individuality betrays itself inevitably in the happy phrases and neat verbal combinations in which his prose abounds. It would be difficult to excel the sarcastic banter to which he has treated the lady press reformers. Another notable bit of writing was the sketch of Martin Kelly, which covered the front page of the supplement. That, too, was from his fertile pen, and was certainly a notable piece of writing.

* * *

Mr. Garrett is running the local room of the *Chronicle* under high pressure. While the supply of good stories has rather fallen below the record of preceding months Mr. De Young's journal is kept interesting and vivacious, and will be while competition continues to be exciting.

* * *

THERE is a certain family of girls in Oakland who offer a glittering example to all Society girls far or near. In this family there are seven girls, and as there is only one brother for the whole seven, they couldn't all be queen bees. In the present stringency they decided to earn the gowns they will wear to the winter dances. So one invented a little kiln and fires the china that she paints and then sells. Another, who is an expert with preserves and jellies, has done all the preserving of fruit in the houses of her friends who have more money and less skill, and a third is raising chickens in the rear of the family mansion. Of the others, one illustrates for magazines, another gives instruction on the violin, a sixth is a private governess, and the seventh gives drawing lessons. As the family is an old one, this radical independence will not injure its standing, and it is said the winter gowns will be costly and elaborate.

* * *

MRS. DRUMMER (after exploring the valise of her husband, who has just returned from an extensive trip through the interior)—Where is it?

Mr. Drummer—What, my dear?

Mrs. Drummer—Why, the jag.

Mr. Drummer (startled)—The what?

Mrs. Drummer—Why, the jag. Mrs. Zinfesky told me her husband saw you in Sacramento with an elegant jag on. You are not wearing it, and it isn't in your valise.

Mr. Drummer (pulling himself together by a mighty effort)—Oh, I remember; I left it at the office. By the way, as I came up town I saw in the window of "The Stunner" a beautiful winter hat. Mrs. Stunner said it was just out from Paris. Go down in the morning and order it.

Mrs. Drummer (forgetting all about the elegant jag)—Oh, you sweet fellow! Kiss me twice.

The Witness.

Sherwood's "Keystone Monogram," the whiskey of the *elite*, is steadily growing in popular favor. Give it a trial.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAVE
A SOCIETY LITERARY AND INDEPENDENT JOURNAL

San Francisco, November 25, 1893.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND BRAZIL.

Our Government is duly watchful in Brazil lest the revolution furnish to European powers a pretext for open or covert violation of the Monroe Doctrine. France and England caught us down during the Civil War and jointly invaded Mexico for the purpose of establishing the Hapsburg dynasty in possession of an American estate. But when we found time to attend to the matter the Monroe Doctrine was enforced at Queretaro and history was impressed with a lesson and a tragedy.

The position of the United States in the Western Hemisphere imposes obligations to the rest of the civilized world, while it removes obligations from the commercial nations in the Eastern Hemisphere. The trade of Brazil is open to all countries, and such as find profit participate in it. When that trade is long paralyzed by a revolution which does not head in a *de facto* government, but at the same time holds the *de jure* government so suspended in its functions that it cannot defend the interests of the world in the commerce of the country, our obligation as the dominant power in the hemisphere is invested with peculiar interest.

No case of the kind has before risen concerning a nation as considerable as Brazil, nor is the case like that of Mexico. We are practically on untried ground, and require great discrimination in deciding how far we may go to placate Brazilian disorders in the interest of civilization and commerce.

If the *de jure* government prove powerless to better its condition and resume its functions, we may give belligerent rights to the revolution, and then European governments would follow our example. But we would resent the declaration of such rights primarily by any European power. Mexico, Peru, Chili, Colombia, or the Argentines may without regard to our initiative declare Mello a belligerent, and it is doubtful if we could then object to the same declaration by a European power.

If the revolution and the regular government remain at equipoise much longer the question will become of great interest, for it contains the germ of a most important precedent.

SEVENTY-CENT DOLLARS AT STOCKTON.

The Stockton *Mail*, noted for a species of slap-dash composition which, in its vicinity, passes for "fine writing," accuses me of demagogy for advocating the circulation in this country of an honest currency. It asserts that the purchase by the Government of 137,666,257 ounces of silver for $124,561,428, which subsequently fell to a value of $100,496,367, does not represent a loss to the Government, and to sustain its contention points to the fact that Secretary Carlisle has already ordered this bullion to be coined into one hundred cent dollars. In its new form, it affirms, with the owl-like solemnity which is the chief equipment of the ass of silver finance, that the bullion will bring to the Government more than was paid for it. The *Mail* financier proves too much. If he regards the Government as an institution that can or ought to swindle the people who create it, perhaps he is right; but if the people *are* the Government, then he is wrong.

In New York silver bullion is now worth about 70 cents an ounce. It is not likely soon to advance. If Mr. Carlisle succeeds, during the next year, in unloading upon the people of this Nation 137,000,000 ounces of 70-cent dollars, the United States Treasury may escape from the job that has been put up on it by the Silver Lords; but what about the people who are forced to handle this mass of fraudulent metal?

If the *Mail* financier resembles the other wild-cat money theorists of the present time, he consumes in the course of a week a large quantity of beer and many cigars and sandwiches. Does he think that the manufacturers of beer, cigars, and sandwiches will give him as large a supply of those necessaries for a 70-cent dollar as for a dollar that represents 100 cents in the markets of the world? If he does, he is a greater fool than his argument in behalf of silver would seem to indicate.

The inevitable effect of a depreciated currency is to inflate prices, and, although in this case Secretary Carlisle may get rid of his seventy-cent dollars, if the policy of emitting them should continue (which happily now it will not) a further inevitable effect would be to drive gold out of the country. Did the *Mail* fianancial department ever hear of the Gresham law?

A charitable consideration for the vaporings of the Stockton financial lunatic impels me to add that I do not think his silver fallacies are the result of demagogy. His argument proves him to be a clumsy monetary swindler.

A NEEDED CHANGE.

Before San Francisco can ever become a great city it must put a stop to the persecution of capital. At present in this community the possession of wealth is a crime nearly akin to murder. Not only are corporations discouraged by legislation and men of wealth and enterprise driven away, but all kinds of investments are frowned upon, blackmailed, and bamboozled. Instead of inviting capital to come here and invest, as is the rule elsewhere, we threaten it with destruction wherever it appears. In the brilliant lexicon of the Golden City a corporation is a public plunderer and a stockholder an unmitigated scoundrel. Our ideas of material progress are founded upon usury and real estate speculation—the twin curses of civilization. Aggregated capital, the giant of modern development, in all its forms, we harass, obstruct, and discourage, notwithstanding the lesson of all ages is that without it a people are slothful and unprogressive.

Nothing could better exemplify the general drift of things in this town than the history of our "horrible example" among corporations—the Spring Valley Water Works. In our biennial political conventions, along with the gas, street car, and other companies—though oftener and with greater intensity—this corporation is held up and denounced as a tribute-taking monster. No saloon boss possessing any self respect whatever permits his platform to go to print unless it contains a plank pledging his candidates to do their utmost to "curb" its "rapacity." The press—the enlightened and intelligent press, if you please—takes up the refrain and becomes the effective instrument of the general blackmail. If the Water Company is lucky it escapes with a small reduction in its rates; if it is unlucky it is forced into the Courts and compelled to maintain its income by expensive litigation.

And what is all this about? Did the rate-payers of Spring Valley ever complain? Once, I remember, a Board of Supervisors which sought to evade the mandate of the Convention which created it, advertised for water takers with grievances, and not over a dozen put in an appearance. In fact, compared with the complaints of the rate-payers, the complaints of the stockholders of this corporation—the men and women, widows and orphans whose money is invested in its property—are a hundred to one. Scarcely a year passes that *they* are not swindled and robbed by the Supervisors and politicians.

Last year Spring Valley collected from its patrons $1,674,828 and disbursed to its stockholders, bond holders, and employés $1,676,662. Of this $660,000 represents dividends—the bread and butter of hundreds of families—$395,387 the operating expenses, $529,339 the interest on the bonds, and $91,000 the taxes. Here, then, is a corporation owning twenty-six millions worth of property which circulates in the city over a million and a half of money annually. Why should an agency, which, under the law, is a mere trustee for the supply to our people of pure fresh water, be regarded as an ogre of such stupendous proportions? There is no reason for it. The fact is, this town is corporation crazy. We have been led so long by demagogues, political bosses, and blackmailers that we have come to look upon all capitalistic combinations as schemes of public robbery. All this, however, must be changed before San Francisco can achieve her destiny.

A DEFENSE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In a recent issue of the New York *Evening World* I observe our favorite Thespian son, Joseph R. Grismer, defends us excellently well against the managerial libel that, from a dramatic standpoint, we are a "jay town." Joe calls attention to the notorious fact that many managers bring their untried productions to this city for the purpose of trying

them on the dog, so to speak, and then, because they fail, return home and attribute the hoar frost to the "jayness" of the population. This was the case with the "Mountebanks," an opera, the failure of which gave Lillian Russell an opportunity to display her bad temper, and "Aristocracy," a play in which Miss Blanche Walsh fell dead at the Baldwin recently. And yet, as Mr. Grismer points out, "Mountebanks" has failed everywhere, and "Aristocracy" was dead before it ever came here.

Indeed, the fact that San Francisco is *not* a "jay town," in the sense alleged, is sufficiently established by the very things of which these managers and artists complain. They think this is an uncultivated metropolis. In fact, it is a very small city compared to New York or Chicago, and is made much smaller, dramatically, than cities of equal population in the East because it has enumerated in the census 30,000 Chinamen and 50,000 foreigners who never attend a theatre. That our theatre-goers are discriminating and critical is proved by the fact that Booth, Patti, Irving and other great performers have never visited us without receiving an ovation and a bag of ducats for their pains.

Indeed, there is no end to the applause vouchsafed a meritorious play or actor, even though both are entirely new and unknown "Alabama" packed the Baldwin for two weeks, Frank Daniels always packs the California, and the Kiralfys never fail to fill the Grand Opera House, even though their production is an inartistic exhibition of beautiful women in tights. As for Daly and his company, there is no end to the appreciation showered upon them. It is only when some fat-witted manager seeks to work off a bad play or opera upon us by the aid of flaming posters and purchased newspaper notices that we "kick."

I am willing to admit, however, that we are addicted a trifle to the melodrama, for, as Mr. Grismer says, that form of stage art seems to work upon our imagination a little better than the higher classes of dramatic compositions. I do not exactly understand this either, unless slow music and subdued lights are necessary to soothe our savage breasts.

THE BILIOUS PESSIMIST.

Now the Pessimist is abroad. He glances with yellow eye around a bilious horizon and tells of judgment to come.

Some people magnify their bodily ailments. Every cold is pneumonia, every twinge neuralgia, every quick pulse heart disease, every water brash dyspepsia. They feed on pills and powders, they blister and anoint, until they produce ills of the flesh by bombarding themselves with all the artillery of the pharmacopœia.

Were they wise they would bow-wow physic, feed less and plainer for a time, get more exercise, cultivate a cheerful disposition, and be well again.

When work slackens, bills are hard to meet, enterprise rests, and everybody feels the pinch, these passing disorders are treated by the pessimist just as the hypochondriac treats his brash. They portend National dissolution, proletarian insurrection, a wreck of matter, and a crush of worlds.

Just now the Populists are on the field, long-faced and mournful, doing the Jeremiah act, and crying out for a partition of the acquired wealth of the country by upsetting social and property conditions.

The pessimistic theory is that the wealth-producing resources of the world being exhausted, there is nothing left but a catch-as-catch-can for the developed wealth that is in sight. Again, it is taught that money is the only form of wealth, and the owners of great fortunes are marked for having in their possession the money that belongs to the people and that will go to its rightful owners when the day of division comes.

These theories are false and the hopes founded on them futile. The natural sources of wealth are still affluent. Rich people are as often pinched for ready money as the poor. Labor has in its possession every pay-day at least half of all the money in the country.

THE WAVE office is in the Crocker Building, one of the most striking and beautiful structures in San Francisco. With the ground on which it stands it cost probably a million of dollars. This money went to pay the labor that produced the structural steel, the dressed granite, terra cotta brick, polished marble, and finishing lumber and put them in place, and the finished building is part of the wealth of the Crocker estate. The cost of it went to labor. The materials were furnished from the natural sources of wealth. Now fancy how small a part of an iron ledge furnished the metal skeleton, the little hole left in a terra cotta clay bank whence came the brick, and that a gap not much bigger than a freight car was left in the quarry after the granite and marble were taken out, while one sugar pine or red wood tree could easily furnish all the lumber used, and you get an idea of what a tiny part of the resources of nature goes into the creation of a million dollars in wealth. The money required went into the transmuting hand of labor. The money was simply the stream on which all this material floated into place, and the same money may have built five more such buildings since, for under normal conditions it stops in no man's strong box, rests in no man's palm, wears out no man's pocket, but flows on. When its flow ceases or slacks through panic or loss of confidence, we call it hard times and the rich are accused of having all the money, when it is more nearly true that all they have is wealth in bonds and buildings for which all their money has been paid to labor.

I HAVE thought for a long time that Martin Kelly, the Republican boss, was not in good health. I am now satisfied that if he is not already afflicted with paresis, he will soon manifest symptoms of that disease. His exploit in suing the *Examiner* for libel was the most foolhardy of this decade. Good men are often beaten at that game, and how on earth Martin imagined he was going to win passes my comprehension. It was inevitable that the *Examiner* would compile his entire record, and equally inevitable that it would publish it. Martin may know how to handle a primary, but in posing as an injured innocent he is manifestly out of his element.

OSCAR NEEBE, the Chicago anarchist, who says that Lingg's head was blown off with a loaded cigar, as soon as he was released from prison, opened a beer saloon. This latter fact leads me to inquire, To what may the affinity between beer and anarchism be attributed? There seems to be some affinity, for if the average anarchist does not keep a beer saloon, he liberally patronizes one.

NOW THAT Mr. Hu Maxwell, of Fresno, has been "roasted" by Mr. Ambrose Bierce, my esteemed contemporary, the Alameda *Telegram*, says his fortune is made. For, he adds, "Bierce seldom attacks unless prompted by jealousy, as witness his review of the poet, J. Whitcomb Riley, who is now starring it since Bierce's attack." As an abstract proposition I shall not attempt to deny that whoever Bierce attacks becomes instantly famous; but when my contemporary calls J. Whitcomb Riley a poet ———. Ye gods! must we stand that?

MY ESTEEMED contemporary, the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, remarks as follows:

> Napoleon placed Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, who died in 1632, among the eight great captains of the world, a list of warriors beginning with Alexander and ending with himself. Every successful warrior becomes a popular idol; but 'tis said that "the only popularity worth aspiring after is that won in the bosom of the family." Yet there are men who will neither take a local newspaper nor contribute a dollar towards the improvement of the Big Tree Road.

This is a noble sentiment and I heartily indorse it. Certainly the Big Tree Road ought not to languish with such arguments existing in its favor.

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SOME LIVE TOPICS.

My friend, the Stockton *Mail*, draws an indictment of the President for using patronage to influence legislation, and brings forward Senator Stewart as a witness.

As often as this charge is made that often do I wonder whether its authors are so lost in rancor toward the President as to lose sight of the character they ascribe to Congress.

Macaulay excuses his hero, William III., for the bribing of Parliament by declaring that Parliament had been accustomed to a paymaster under the Stuart Kings, and William could not wait to break it of the habit. He was at the head of the European alliance against Louis XIV., and desired to throw into the scale against France the whole weight of England. Having to operate by Parliamentary sanction, and Parliament being immoral, the King had to choose between taking it as he found it or letting France degrade England, restore the Stuarts, and become the dictator of Europe.

The *Mail*, *Examiner*, and Los Angeles *Herald* are toiling to prove that this first Congress, Democratic in both branches concurrently, since the war, has the same infirmity which William found incurable in his Parliament, and that President Cleveland has had to redeem the first pledge of his platform by bribery!

The charge made by these journals carries still further. A few weeks ago Mr. Geary, of this State, was quoted to the effect that he had all the patronage he wanted anyway, and in this condition of anaconda-like satiety, proceeded abusively to berate the President, Attorney-General, and other members of the Administration. This seemed to the newspapers which I am considering to be proof of their position. But here, again, they were strangely blind to the effect of their position upon Mr. Geary, since it took him out of Dean Richmond's list of honest men, defined by that veteran as "the scoundrels who stay bought."

It amuses a philosopher that in the midst of this grand inquest upon the motives of the President and his means of reaching ends, every day's history refutes every count in the indictment. As the public service requires changes to be made they are made, and at what Mr. Geary felicitously called "the pie counter," the crust is cut with geometrical impartiality and justice, and that gentleman himself, after declaring that the Premier of the Cabinet was a partner of the Chinese Minister, is able three weeks later to boast that he secures patronage from the same Cabinet, even against the rest of the delegation.

This quiet statement of events in their sequence is given as a local negative to a charge which is, I am sure and unconsciously, defamatory of the American Congress, though intended by its authors to degrade the President in history.

I desire to stand in denial of the statement that any American Congress has ever fallen to the depths of Parliament under the Stuarts. And I wish, come what may and go what will, to stand in affirmance of the proposition that the measures of the President, formulated in the public interest as they are and to their reason adding the power of his statement, depend upon these forces only for their accomplishment.

I prefer to view events in a light not disgraceful to my country and degrading to its government. Those who do not respect the rights of private character, and seek personal ends by their violation, with still less compunction defile public history and do their best to degrade public character.

* * *

Before we offer a public ovation to the ten Russian convicts escaped from Saghalien Island and landed in San Francisco by American sail-ships, let us see why they were convicts.

Continual execration of the Czar and sustained abhorrence of his government, which is popularly supposed to be represented by "a sceptre that ends with a scimiter and a cross that ends with a knout," must be admitted to have produced in some minds the impression that all the wickedness in Russia is crystallized in the Emperor, who rules a nation of saintly folks who keep the Commandments. To such it appears possible that amongst eighty millions of people there are none who steal, nor slay, who forge, do arson, move land marks, sin against the domestic relations, or do anything recognized as wrong by the conscience of mankind.

These fellow citizens of ours were lately meeting in mad protest against the extradition treaty with Russia, and having what the Society reporter calls, "an enjoyable time," holding the President up to the aversion of the human family, because he had sanctioned a convention agreeing that the Czar may have competitors in sin amongst his subjects.

It appears to be settled that none of the Saghalien escapes committed any political offense. I have seen it stated that some did plain murder and others committed offenses against property. They were banished to a convict settlement, and as Russia merely desired to get rid of them and was at the expense of guarding their insular prison, I have no idea that she will demand their return. If we are willing to offer a sentimental embrace to her criminals, the Czar is less acquainted with a joke than I think he is if he doesn't order all the coast-guards of Saghalien to turn their faces to the wall when an American ship comes in sight.

That Russian agitator in New York who said last summer to a mob of his countrymen, "We can get arms and put down these tobacco-chewing Americans," would find it good policy to start a recruiting station in San Francisco for enlistment of these "exiles."

* * *

In these days of political peace and contentment the pinching crises past are forgotten, and the actors in stirring contests are merged in a rapidly lengthening perspective.

In 1892, when exertions of the greatest force were made to get a majority of the elected delegates to the Chicago Convention against Mr. Cleveland in order that under the unit rule the vote of California might be cast against him, there was brought into action Mr. Peck, of New York. He was Labor Commissioner of that State, and when he burst like a beautiful dream upon California politics, and was made the guest of Mr. Cleveland's enemies, he inspired awe.

After the nomination he was irreconcilable and hastened into print his famous report which was used as a Republican campaign document. Throughout the fight Peck's name was commoner than the Creator's in the mouths of Mr. Cleveland's enemies, but since the election he has disappeared from public notice. I had forgotten him amongst other disagreeable things until last week, when I learned that he is in jail in New York charged with a nameless crime.

* * *

It is intimated that Alabama proposes to resist the enactment of the Carlisle tariff. Having resisted the redemption of one Democratic pledge it is in order for her to continue. Indeed, it is a good sign that Alabama resents the carrying out of the Democratic platform. That platform expresses the principles of the party, and we don't want Alabama nor any State with the party for any other reason than belief in its principles.

At this moment I cannot see anything more helpful to Democratic principles than for Alabama to repudiate them and go Republican. In the first place it would exorcise the spirit of sectional persecution from the Republican party, and would broaden and liberalize that organization. In the second place it would mean a new cleavage in politics of immense benefit to the Democracy, and would practically unjail public sentiment in a half dozen Northern States where we have a permanent majority if the people feel free to follow their convictions.

Jno. P. Irish

LOST TIME

is money lost. Time saved is money saved. Time and money can be saved by using the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in your recipes for Custards, Puddings and Sauces. Try it and you will be surprised at the excellent results.

Smiler—Don't look so gloomy, old man; you're sure to come into some money when the old lady dies, and you say she's a great invalid.

Glumley—So she is; but she's such a deuced miser that she saves her medicine from economical motives, and so she doesn't die.—*Truth.*

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SIERRA MADRE

OLIVE OIL

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AMATEUR SPORT

As the time of the football game approaches there is an increasing anxiety on all sides to obtain reliable information as to the condition of the two elevens. Both made their last public appearance on Saturday, and Stanford put up much the better game. Their battle with the Olympics was unexpectedly most interesting. The Olympics showed astonishing improvement in all respects except their defensive tactics, which were frightfully weak. Stanford, during the first twenty minutes, played in exceedingly good form. They showed us for a time real college football, playing with vim, dash, and determination, and yet in almost military unison. For a time they seemed to have caught the real spirit of the game. But in the second half they were completely fagged out and appeared to be unequal to one spirited, well-concerted play.

The Stanford team is physically in poor condition. In the latter part of the game they could not hold their opponents at all. Of course, the Olympics are all older men and better able to stand a continued strain, but it seems to me that the college boys ought to be much harder physically than they are. Their end rushes lag and hesitate and do about one-half the work they should. Their tackles, especially Whitehouse, are good, but not a whit better than the U. C. tackles; their guards are only fair, and their centre is a persistent and serviceable player.

* * *

Of the men behind the line on Saturday, Frankenheimer put up much the best game. He is always on the alert, never hangs back, and interferes very well indeed. His line bucking is good. His only fault is a tendency to fumble resulting very disastrously on Saturday as he missed a long kick from Tobin and Sherrard, the Olympic end, grabbed the ball. However, the college team played a creditable game and would not have been scored against in the second half if their backs were sure to catch a punt and their whole team in better condition. Whitehouse kicked goals and did it well. He appears to have the right knack, never straining every nerve and trying to send the ball over the fence. Most men miss goals through an insane desire to kick too hard, an easy kick is much surer to go straight between the posts. The punting of Stanford was poor, very poor, the Olympic back generally sending the ball about twice as far as his opponent. Sherrard and Heffelfinger were down the field on all Tobin's punts and tackled their man before he could return the kick. The O. C. made enormous gains by this play. But where were the O. C. tackles? I never once saw Haberly or Graham get down the field on a kick during the entire game.

* * *

However, they both gain ground well with the ball, and if they would only improve their blocking and tackling they would prove very good men. Haberly, though an unusually strong fellow, does not play with the vim he should. The game was straight, clean football, and the Stanford team gave no grounds for the rumor of its slugging inclinations circulated after the game with the Reliance team last Saturday, at San Jose. Tobin made an unusually neat and quick-drop kick from the field. This is the first time that a goal has been kicked from the field during a match game in this city. The two quarters, Smedberg and Harrelson, played their positions well as far as passing and signalling are concerned, but outside of that neither played his position as he should.

Sherrard's end playing gave further evidence that he is by all odds the best end on the Coast, and Heffelfinger, at guard, broke interference, tackled, and ran as no guard has ever done before in California. He was perfectly right in pursuing the course he did with regard to playing, as the Stanford manager was clearly wrong in declining to play Heffelfinger's picked team after Berkeley had done so, and permitted Bliss to play against them.

* * *

The Reliance team is to be congratulated on the game they played last Saturday. The U. C. was outplayed at every point and hopelessly beaten. Taylor and Norton both put up a great game. Norton is as neat a player as one could wish to see. Everything he does is done quickly, neatly, and well. He is just the sort of man to steady and control a team. The Reliance men are very fortunate in their coach. The U. C. boys are very much discouraged by their defeat and by Hunt's unlucky accident. However, if Hunt is able to play on Thanksgiving Day they ought to be able to play Stanford a very close game. Hunt is undoubtedly the best man on either team and if he plays half the Palo Alto team will find themselves entirely unable to stop his line bucking. "What is the matter with Berkeley anyway?" we hear on all sides. In my opinion it is a lack of determination, a lack of unison, a lack of dash, a lack of "go." When a play is about to be made not a man in the team, except, perhaps, the one who receives the ball, seems to have a definite idea as to what he ought to do. They lag and hesitate until the runner is well under way, and it then appears to dawn on them that they ought to interfere for him. If they do not get into the plays at once as soon as the ball is in motion they are not of the slightest help to the runner, and if they do not learn to do so before Thanksgiving they will not be able to gain a foot around the Stanford ends. It is to be hoped that Hunt will be on the field in time to play. If he is the game should be a close one with the odds in favor of Stanford.

* * *

The base-ball game between Harvard and Yale graduates takes place at Central Park this afternoon. The Yale men have secured a crack in Norton, who is a ball player of the first rank. It is said that Heffelfinger will also play with Yale, and though he is said to play rather poorly I imagine he will somewhat surprise Harvard. He caught on his freshman team at college. Owens and Belshaw, the rivals of the Bohemian-University Club game, will meet once more, Owens pitching for Yale and Belshaw for Harvard.

* * *

All is quiet in polo racing and tennis circles just at present. D. G. E.

Attorney Sharpe—You deserve a higher place on the bench, your Honor.

Squire Wood—Indeed, you flatter me!

Attorney Sharpe—Not at all, sir; not at all. You ought to be Chief Justice of the Court of Errors.—*Truth.*

She (hypochondriac)—You'll remember all my instructions, dear, about my funeral, won't you?

"Yes."

"Have I left out anything?"

"Yes. You haven't requested to be buried alive so that you can enjoy the funeral.—*Life.*

HE KNEW IT ALL.

Among the bright legal lights who practice at the local bar effrontery is by no means lacking. Modesty is the last virtue the best-intentioned consider an available element in practice. But the presumption of our most arrogant is mild in comparison with that of Mr. J. G. Hawley who came here from Detroit to assist at the extradition of a person named Kennedy *alias* Bailey. It seems he was wanted back there for kidnaping, and as that is somewhat of an offense quite a deal of red tape and ceremony is necessary ere the unfortunate may be dispatched homewards. The police arrested the culprit and presented the papers in the case to the District Attorney who examined them with considerable care. He found a defect that to him seriously impaired the possibility of holding Mr. Kennedy *alias* Bailey and declined to proceed until it was remedied. The department did not agree with Mr. Barnes and to Attorney-General Hart applied for further light. That sapient authority was sure the papers were impeccable and on his say-so the machinery of extradition was set in motion.

The matter was brought before that very learned jurist, Judge Murphy, of Del Norte, who promptly ordered the prisoner held. As speedily Carroll Cook had him up before the Supreme Court on a writ of review which was granted and made returnable to the tribunal of Judge Hebbard. The police, concluding that local resources were not competent to cope with so complex a contingency, telegraphed on to the Detroit authorities inviting the dispatch of a lawyer of their own. That was the occasion of the onset of J. G. Hawley. He was received very cordially by Mr. Barnes, who offered him the use of the office and all the privileges of the environment.

"I have a brief here," said Barnes, "in which I set forth in my poor way some views of the case. It is at your disposal if you care to look at it."

Mr. Hawley's effrontery had a certain gorgeous swing which relieved it entirely of offense and elevated it into the region of farce comedy.

"My dear fellow," he said, magnanimously, "I really don't want to look at your brief. Why, *I've* written a book on extradition. I know all about it."

"Perhaps you would like to use our law library," continued the courteous District Attorney quite unrebuffed.

"Why, really—well, the fact is I am absolutely posted; it is very good of you to suggest, my dear fellow, but you wait and hear me talk about it."

The case was argued before Judge Hebbard. Carroll Cook made the points he relied on, and then, with the easy confidence of obvious superiority, arose J. G. Hawley. In his interpretation of law and facts he took naturally the tone of a Supreme Court decision. After listening to half an hour's dogmatizing, the Judge asked:

"What authorities have you in support of your contention?"

"None, your Honor; none are necessary. I think the logic of my statement speaks for itself."

"No authorities at all?" politely continued the Judge.

"I'm an authority myself on the subject, your Honor. I simply cannot be wrong on extradition." There was something grand about his presumption.

"Prisoner is discharged," said Judge Hebbard, softly.

THERE was no romance about the manner of her leaving him, no grand passion, except the one she left behind. She left him because he was poor. Of course, she wrote that she loved the other man—that their marriage had been a mistake—the folly of a boy and girl. But the fact remains; she left him because he was poor, and, fondly as he had cared for her, he could not deceive himself about it.

"The folly of a boy and girl" was a phrase that cut deep as he read her farewell lines—the deeper because it was true. In marrying her he had been guilty of more than a folly, he had committed a madness, but a madness with love for its excuse seemed to him to merit at her hands a tenderer obituary.

He was the son of a rector in the shires. When his mustache appeared it found him with a fund of ambition and no means. The Rector had had a decent living and a taste for speculation. In his boyhood Gerard had written poems, and read his Shakespeare, and dreamed of greatness. The Rector had written his weekly sermon, and read company prospectuses, and dreamed of wealth. Neither dream was realized, but Gerard's lasted longer. The Rector died a broken-hearted man, and Gerard went to London, unaware what he was going to do, but with an inward conviction that it was waiting for him.

He nursed the conviction in the teeth of the disappointments of his reception. Editors were unappreciative—the time would come when they should sue to him for manuscripts! Managers returned his plays unread, or omitted to return them at all—one day a drama from his pen should be the talk of the town. There was even something appropriate in this preliminary struggle; it might be called the indispensable probation.

Then he fell in love. She occupied a room in the same lodging-house as he did. She was an actress. She talked a great deal of her provincial experience, and the *roles* she had played in the country, but she had only six lines to speak at the "Colosseum," and he shared her regret that it was not more. There is something very agreeable in sympathizing with a pretty woman, and he used to sympathize every afternoon. "Use of sitting-room" had been one of the attractions of the advertisement; the other lodgers, being clerks, did not return till evening, so he and she had it in the day time to themselves

When a young man with nothing falls in love, he always says he has "found an incentive." He generally says it proudly, as if he had done a really clever and remarkable thing. Gerard said he had "found an incentive." He used to tell himself so smoking his pipe at night in his bedroom, and gazing sentimentally at the moonlight on the opposite tiles. She had given him her photograph, and he would also recite the fact of his discovery in front of that. He was earning sometimes two pounds a week now. Delia's salary was thirty shillings. Combining their forces, he became persuaded at last, they might make each other happy, and rise in their professions together. The next afternoon, when all the clerks were out, and Miss Delia and he were availing themselves of the "use of the sitting-room" together, he said as much. He asked her to marry him, and rather liking him, and being very dull, she said "Yes."

Miss Delia Vibart became Mrs. Gerard Meynell. Two rooms in the lodging-house were no longer required, and Gerard felt that they had effected an economy to commence with. His prospects as a journalist improved as well. From relying on outside contributions, he obtained a permanent post as sub editor on one of the minor journals. His income was not increased by the change, but it was assured. He drew his money regularly every Saturday morning. The comedy in which his wife was playing a chambermaid had triumphantly registered its one-hundredth night, and the life matrimonial opened *couleur-de-rose*.

Now Gerard loved the girl he had married as passionately as woman can well be loved. He had done a reckless, even a stupid thing, but if he had chosen wisely the pair might have risen above the stupidity together. He had talent, and so had she. In time he would certainly have succeeded as a literary man; Delia, with a chance in burlesque, which was really her *forte*, would have set London crazy. Her voice was pleasing, her figure was superb, and she had that at once indefinable and invaluable quality termed "go."

But he had chosen badly. The little lady had no taste for wedlock on such a limited income. The popularity of the comedy waned, and she was not re-engaged for its successor. There was a long interval, during which Gerard's two pounds a week was all they had to live on. Then she had an offer to go out on tour, and poverty, which creates more divorces than passion, compelled the young man's consent. He did not agree voluntarily, by any means. Had she been different, had she been willing to remain with him on his salary, she would never have gone. He would have given her thirty shillings, and lived himself on ten, with pleasure, in order that they should not be divided. He hated to let her go; he was wretched when they were absent from each other for a few hours.

"Couldn't we be patient? Couldn't we remain together, and hope?" he had asked.

And Delia had answered practically:—

"Hope! We shall do a great deal better to separate and live! I shall get four pounds weekly, my dear boy—you must be a perfect idiot!"

It was the beginning of the end, that division. It showed the man that the woman valued her ease more than she did his tenderness. It showed the woman she was jollier apart from the man that when they struggled together. *He* tried to blink the truth; *she* contemplated it with steady eyes. Love is blind, and selfishness is clear-sighted. One day—it was long afterwards, but that does not matter—he received the letter that has been mentioned at the commencement. She had gone away from him again—this time for good, and not alone.

They had removed from the house where he had met her. They were in furnished rooms, and he was working hard at a drama, which he was convinced had merit. She had another engagement in the West End Theatre, and he had put his MS. aside, and was waiting her return from the performance. She did not come. It grew very late and he was horribly anxious. He was pacing the floor, throwing alternate glances at the supper table and the clock, and wondering if it would be any use to go down to the theatre and inquire for her, when the note was delivered.

The MS. he had been writing lay on the desk. The last words he had penned were: "How absurd for Millie to say——" he had not finished the sentence—he never did! Afterwards, when the shock had dulled a little, he got it out and stared at it, but he could never concentrate his attention on it any more, his interest in that piece of work was dead; and years later, when he came across the old papers, and pitched them into the fire, "How absurd for Millie to say——" was still an uncompleted line.

This is the story of a report that was not read; it is also the story of a man who was not strong enough to live down his grief. From the night when Gerard Meynell learnt of his wife's disappearance, he never did anything more worth doing. He worked, in a fashion, of course—he had to work to live; but his ambition was gone, and his perseverance, and his sobriety.

The minor journal bore with him a long time, for he had retained that post, and had been used to write his own stuff—the stuff that pleased him—in the evening at home. But there is a limit to all things, and to patience especially, and one morning Gerard issued from his office, discharged.

Then he was known in Fleet Street as one of the band who had "gone under," and his clothes got lamentably shabby, and his boots cried aloud to be heeled and soled. He took whisky and a sandwich for breakfast, and dinner was the exception, and he smoked fiercely as one who knows that tobacco is the poor man's food.

He was forty when he saw Delia next time. His cheeks were puffy, and his eyes inclined to be blear. He was subsisting in New York; paying his board-bill occasionally in the capacity of unattached reporter to a News Agency, and Delia, who had been singing at a variety hall in Chicago, had just arrived in New York to die. She was not notorious, but her name was known. Meynell was the reporter who was told to write a notice on her death—where she was to be buried, and what the hotel-keeper said, and what "floral offerings" would rest upon the grave. The history of his career flooded his mind as he was admitted to the room where the body lay, and looked at the woman who had been his wife. What he might have been, and what he was; what *she* had been, into whose presence he was ushered as a stranger—all these things came back to him. He shivered and touched her hand very gently. The dead-and-gone ambitions, the dead-and-gone love, seemed to jibe the reporter who plied the boniface with questions, and jotted memoranda in his notebook for the public to read. The irony of the re-union stabbed him under his shabby coat. His brain was fired, and on that death—the death of the girl he had married, the death of a music-hall singer in a Third Avenue hotel—Gerard Meynell wrote as he had not written since he lost her. Some of his earlier vigor came back to him, and when he returned to the Agency he laid a column of "copy" on the manager's desk.

The "boss" was a practical man, and knew the value of space. He looked at the report with a surprised eye, and said he guessed it was somewhat lengthy. Then he left her age, her married name, and *Requiescat in pace*, and jerked a blue pencil through the rest—*F. C. Philips, in Black and White.*

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist,
Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10.
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A SERMON ON THE PRESS.

BY A PRESS MAN.

It is quite certain that though I am not, I should be able to preach a sermon on "The Press," for, as is well known, I am one of the oldest and most hardened journalists in the business. Indeed, the claim has often been advanced on my behalf that I am one of the "terrible" examples of journalism in this town. There are other examples, perhaps, of moral and financial obliquity as frightful to contemplate as mine, but I am sure there are none, in this city at least, which would so richly repay investigation.

You may think I exaggerate, but I do not. I have been in the newspaper business in San Francisco for twenty years. My present demoralized financial status, the opaque state of my intellect, the calloused condition of my heart, which has long since ceased to bleed for anybody but myself, are all the result of the practice of this profession.

Journalism has been the winding sheet of my genius, the coffin of my ability, and the grave of my ambition. How can a man who has been twenty years in the newspaper business know anything about the Press? I consider myself lucky to have escaped so long with my sanity.

It is quite true that in my time I have roasted a great many people, including a few of my enemies, thus managing to keep even on the world and extract some little comfort from this otherwise comfortless business; but after all the mere gratification of doing up your enemies *a la mode* is not everything that is to be desired in this vale of sorrow, especially, I may add, since ofttimes your enemies are so lucky as to own newspapers themselves and are thus able to parboil you in return.

A good 200 degree roast, I may remark in passing, has a decided tendency to embitter the life of a journalist. Indeed, I have never known a newspaperman whose skin was sufficiently thick to enable him to stand a sound lashing by another journalist. As tough as I am myself, I have often found that when undergoing this process I could not refrain from charging about, denouncing scurrilous newspapers, calling their editors libelers and slanderers, just as though I were an ordinary thin-skinned politician, and not, as I should be, a pachyderm journalist.

Indeed, even now, while perfectly cool and collected but with a roast or two in remembrance, I cannot refrain from remarking that it has long been a dark and dismal mystery to me why God in his inscrutable wisdom permits some newspapers to exist, and especially those which have in the past taken the liberty to burn me up.

But, after all, like Old Sport in the play after he had experienced some of the excitements of running a drug store, "I *like* this business." The real downright joy of feeling that you may at any moment be sandclubbed, shot, or kicked to death for something you did not write in the morning paper is a thing no man can appreciate until he has lived a few years in a newspaper office.

The habit of dodging warlike and desperate people you have actually skinned in the columns of your valuable journal, is another thing a man learns to like. It sharpens the acuteness of his observation and makes him fleet of foot. Most journalists, I should remark, are excellent sprinters.

If, however, friends and fellow citizens, I were asked to account for the existence of the Press, I should say that the newspaper, and by that I mean the Press, exists for three reasons—*first*, to make money for its owner; *second*, to feed a lot of hungry journalists; and *third*, to educate the public. The first, however, is the great overshadowing reason. Educating the public is merely an incidental matter. If there is any money in educating the public, we condescend to educate it; if not, not.

I might elaborate on these ideas and say a lot of things about the Press, its mission upon the earth, its power for good, its impotency for evil, its virtues, its vices, and so forth; but practically nothing could be added to them.

But of the men who run the newspapers! There you have a subject about which a book might be written. I confess that when contemplating the possibilities of a volume which would describe the causes of the earthly pilgrimage and the ultimate result of the presence of journalists upon this globe, my imagination is appalled.

What a strange lot of beings are these fireflies of the Press. Sympathetic, yet cynical, careless and gay, yet often the melancholy victims of a bucking stomach or a kicking liver; forward and cheeky, yet diffident and shrinking, wearing their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at, what a remarkable lot of fellows they are!

They laugh at the wretched tales everywhere poured into their ears by all God's unfortunate creatures, and as they watch the human butterflies flutter about the blazing lights that lead to Pluto's dominions, they take only a cold and unreflecting note of the singed corpses that drop around them; they complacently see the babe torn from its mother's arms in the divorce court, and without a tremor hear the silent weeping in the dungeon of the mother for her felon son; they stand beside the mangled corpse at the morgue and witness the gasps of the dead and dying victims of the knife and pistol with a smile unmoved; they are hardly mortal, these nocturnal shadows, who flit across your pathway everywhere, who invade your houses by day and your house by night, searching always mercilessly, searching for the bad and disagreeable things of which you know.

They are disbelievers, these fellows. They extract no comfort from the creeds and isms of the world like other men; they are mostly *blasé* youth, surfeited with pleasure, tired of the playhouse, of Society, of mirth, of everything that makes life tolerable to most people—merely spectators of the wonderful drama that is being enacted around them, laughing at their fellow men's weaknesses and encouraging their sins.

And yet these men do not understand the import of the work in which they are engaged, nor comprehend their mission in the world. I never yet met one who knew the power of the ideas he expresed nor the effect on the destinies of mankind of the printed words he composed. With cigars, and beer and sandwiches, and an occasional generous or reckless tailor they are careless of the incongruities of fate and they smile giddily at their destiny.

What is to become of them when the world grows older, I do not know. I have oftentimes thought that they were working out some great purpose of the Almighty that is hidden from human eyes—a purpose that can only be accomplished after dark and in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke; but lately I have come to doubt that. Perhaps this is because, since they have organized the Press Club and revealed to me their abilities as kickers, I have come to entertain little or no faith in their claims to immortality.

But, sir, my sermon was upon the Press and not upon journalists. I know a great deal about the Press that would be interesting, but I cannot think of making the information public at present. Therefore, before I am betrayed into any more damaging admissions, I think I had better call for the doxology.

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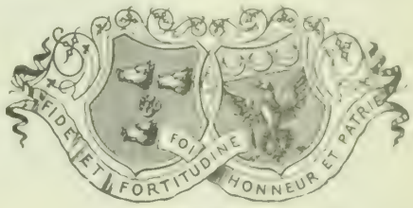

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MASKS AND FACES

Theatrical regions during the past week—if I may be permitted to employ a false metaphor—have been thoroughly drenched with a shower of chestnuts. At every playhouse but one there has taken place a ghastly resurrection of the dramatic dead. The week seems to have been the beginning of the transition period between the end of the autumn drama and the commencement of the Christmas extravaganza. And the managers have felt the cold and chilling effect of the sepulchral revival, too, for the audiences have been slim and inattentive. It is vain to attempt to entertain people with plays that are old enough to vote. The essential ingredient of the dramatic art is surprise. If every situation is familiar, every joke an old acquaintance, every piece of scenery a relic of '49, and every song a survival of the paleozoic age, the element of surprise is eliminated, and after the first night people yawn and grow weary.

At Stockwell's "The County Circus," however, has stood out among the chestnuts like an arc light among tallow dips. It is a curious thing—an attempt to reproduce upon the stage the arrival and exhibition in a country town of a mammoth, three-ring, seventeen shows boiled down to one, menagerie and circus. The plan is a most ambitious one, and with greater facilities I can imagine that "The County Circus" would create a great furor. As it is, the Company strains Stockwell's pretty little playhouse to the utmost. The spectacle is well worth seeing, and as it will be continued during the coming week there will still be several chances to crowd into the crowded house. Many changes are to be made in the performance, among them being several new specialties. A feature is a song by Miss Phoena Gassman, the heroine of the circus, called "Our Great Midwinter Fair." It was written by the talented young composer, George J. Southwick. Miss Gassman is a clever vocalist, and gives the song excellent treatment.——

At the Baldwin the old favorite Joe Murphy, with a local company in which Mr. Kent, Miss Blanche Bates, and Miss Meda Brown are conspicuous, has devoted the time since Monday to a production of "Shaun Rhue." During the coming week "Kerry Gow," another old stand-by, will hold the boards. Mr. Murphy takes the part of Dan O'Hara, a rollicking Irish blacksmith, who forges a horse shoe upon the stage to the music of the orchestra. Popular prices prevail during Mr. Murphy's engagement and a matinee will be given on Thursday next.——

Frank Daniels, the old-time comedian, drew fair audiences to the California all the week with his revamped production of "Little Puck." That San Franciscans have not tired of witnessing this oft-repeated comedy was evidenced by the applause which greeted Mr. Daniels on his reappearance. "Little Puck" has not undergone many changes. The company taken altogether is a very good one. A young San Franciscan, Daniel Baker, from Hayes Valley, assumes the part of Daniels' double and deserves much credit for having avoided imitating Daniels too much as some of his predecessors have done. John Canfield as Jinks Hoodoo introduces a number of original funnyisms. One of the novelties is a slender young lady, who takes the audience quite by surprise with her basso profundo voice, her selection being "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." The academy boys and girls are much the same as ever and Miss Bessie Sanson divides the honors with the star in the part of Miranda Savage. "Little Puck" will be continued another week.——

The Bush Street Theatre will re-open this evening under the direction of Mr. M. B. Leavitt, with a company, in which Miss Clara Lipman and Louis Mann are the leading players, in Mrs. D. F. Verdenal's three-act comedy, "The Laughing Girl." The plot of the play is out of the ordinary and is said to be unusually taking. Each performance is to be preceded with a one-act pastoral called "Hannah," an adaptation of one of Mary Wilkinson's New England tales. "The Laughing Girl" will run for two weeks.——

The Tivoli has done an excellent business during the week with Richard Stahl's oriental opera "Said Pasha," the lively music of which seems never to pall upon the taste of the San Francisco public. The chief feature of the performance was the reappearance of Ferris Hartman "fresh from the Ferris Wheel at Chicago." Miss Gracie Plaisted, since her heroic deed at Greenbrae, sings better than ever. "Said Pasha" will be continued another week.——

At the Grand Opera House on December 9th, the holiday extravaganza season will be opened by Mr. Hayman with "Sinbad." The features of the piece this time will not be entirely scenic. The wardrobes are entirely new, having been made from the original water-color designs of Howell Russsell, by Charles Allias, of London and Paris. Three of them are worth noting. They will be worn by the premier dancer, the leader of the "March of Americans," and the captain of a band of African Amazons. The first is a delicate thing in pure white, flossy material, imitating snow, a chaste little dress ornamented by dainty snow birds; the second is composed of a demi-cuirass of silver scales over a bodice of red, white, and blue silk, with a cloak of the same colors, but of softer tints, trimmed with white silk and spangled with silver stars. A golden halo surmounts the head, and a staff upon which is mounted the golden eagle is carried in the hand. The third costume is savage. The girl is clad from head to foot in brown jersey cloth, over which is worn a cloak of leopard skin. Her head-dress is the head of a leopard. Upon her hands and ankles are barbaric bands of brass, and in her hand is carried an assagai. The contrast between these three costumes could not be more pronounced. Take it all in all "Sinbad" promises to be the most ambitious production that ever emanated from Chicago's theatre of spectacles.——

Following "The County Fair" at Stockwell's, on December 4th, Mlle. Rhea and her Eastern company will appear in the "Queen of Sheba."——

The annual Elks' Carnival will take place at the Mechanics' Pavilion on Thanksgiving evening. The features announced for this carnival are more than usually numerous, and comprise the regular list of elegant and costly prizes.

A SUBLIME DEMOCRAT.

Mr. Bill English, President Cleveland's new Surveyor of the Port, I am told, has appointed Old Joe Van Praag to the position of messenger in his office. I am not greatly given to eulogizing politicians, but the elevation of this ancient Democrat to an exalted Federal office is an event I cannot fail to notice. If Mr. English does not for this act go straight to the Democratic Heaven when he dies, I shall lose faith in everything. A more sublime Democrat than Joe Van Praag never breathed. He is seventy-five years old if he is a day—a Hungarian by birth, and was imported early. For fifty years he has voted the undefiled Democratic ticket, and for twenty he has worked in campaign times around the Democratic State Central Committee rooms for such rewards as the Committee could afford to give him. He knows nothing of men or principles. If a thing is Democratic that is sufficient for him.

The sublimity of Old Joe's faith is simply grand. Until the election returns are all in his confidence remains unshaken, and, finally, when it becomes a settled fact that the Democrats have been defeated Joe solemnly affirms that the result was due to fraud. To him a Democratic defeat is absolutely incomprehensible upon any hypothesis short of downright ballot-box stuffing. I believe this is the first position of consequence that Joe has ever secured. In several Legislatures he has acted as Gallery Porter, and one Senate some years ago, I am told, appointed him Winder of the Clock. But party gratitude has never extended beyond this. If Mr. English were not a devout admirer of sublime Democrats perhaps this office would never have sought him.

The sixth and last concert of the present series of Wilkie Ballad Concerts will take place at Golden Gate Hall on Tuesday evening next. The programme includes many interesting numbers, among them being a college song by the University Glee Club and ballads by Alfred Wilkie, Frau Helene Stoessel, Miss Florence Burke, and Miss Mable Love.

Count Paresi—Oui, monsieur; Amerique is ze gret countarie, ze gran' countarie, but you la'k ze élan—you haf not ze émeute!

Broncho Bill—No; we don't call it that, fer a fact, stranger; but you jest oughter see the boys round up a Chinee camp some evenin'!—*Truth.*

"That vase with the flowers in it," said the merchant, "is worth $1000."

"Aw," murmured Chappie, with visions of last year's florists' prices looming up before him, "for the vase or the flowers?"—*Truth.*

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CONCERTS.

This week's music has been associated with the appearance and reappearance of musicians known already to public favor. Chevalier de Kontski has played before to the accompaniment of enthusiasm, indiscriminate and heavy-handed, and Mr. William H. Keith with sundry reservations was wont some years since to sing to warm and kind receptions.

Benefited we must be by the standard aimed at in each case, not that important or specially novel programmes specially distinguished either concert, but of their kinds the efforts were successful and give the public something tangible to raise an ideal upon. In all programmes representing several shades of taste there are always several case-hardened pieces fit only for decent burial, and in both these concerts the number was well above the average. Of late years the awakening of Chevalier de Kontski's lion has been solemnized at school exhibitions through the usual sixteen hands and eight young ladies in violent attack on four pianos, but the composer himself delivered the bugle's roars and set cruelties in the Union Square Hall, with a force of bone bicep and body astonishing for his years, sufficient to silence the memory of all organized piano threshing by young ladies, and to the complete extinction of melodious quality in an able-bodied Steinway piano. This species of playing recalls the habit indulged in by *virtuosi* during the first half of this century, of assaulting the ears of metropolitan audiences with new-brewed concoctions upon operas now dead or dying. Liszt himself made, played, and ranted very many of them to maddening enthusiasm. Returning to Chevalier de Kontski, his command of muscle and bone is quite remarkable, and in him the public finds the distinctly virtuosic side of piano playing aggressively developed; this is what pleases evidently, judging from the applause. The musical numbers were not the acme of inspiration, and a Weber *Allegro*, piled high with reminiscences of his other well-worn pieces, running through eternal nets of *arpeggi*, with never a striking figure to relieve, became unspeakable in monotony.

Mrs. Berry-Fisher and Mr. Donald de V. Graham aired the customary numbers once again and in no novelty of style.

The singing of Mr. W. H. Keith is proof that not all the students fall into barbarous hands while studying in Europe. Returning with a voice well placed, for the most part improved in volume and compass, and used with discretion, taste, and some art, his time has not been wasted. Things like the emission of unvocalized air striking the soft palate and causing slight but perceptible disturbance, and the omission of the vanishing phrase point, are not probably the mission of the teacher to draw attention to. Evenly enough managed tone, color, and general intelligence make the singer's efforts agreeable. The medium of the voice is not equalled in volume or looseness of production by the tones swinging above or below. Mechanism has been sufficiently studied to make its execution almost unconscious, and the development of further powers is easily probable. Numbers, both French and English, were given with purity of accent. Enthusiasm and the demands for encores greeted every appearance. More serious possibilities in the way of a career seem to lie within Mr. Keith's reach than are to be hoped for by male singers hailing from San Francisco.

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

How quickly the winter season approaches, and how glad we are to don our furs upon the advent of the cold weather! Two weeks ago straw hats and light garments did not look out of place, but very *outré* do they now appear.

I am becoming dreadfully tired of the flounced basques already, as they are so excessively common. I predict for the next season a total disappearance of revers, capes, large sprung collars, etc , as they are simply odious and are like the uniform of an orphan asylum. I wish I could tell you of one plain, severe gown, whose elegance lay in its exquisite simplicity, but alas! no; we are bedecked out of all reason. If only women would be contented to wear a single cape or ruffle, or revers; but on one dress you will see enormous sleeves, huge revers, three capes, and probably a sprung collar of the material, banded with fur, trimmed with velvet, beaded with jet, and frequently finished off with passementerie. Such combinations of color, too; we simply rival the peacocks in the brilliancy of our attire.

I saw a woman in town the other day whose gown struck me dumb. It was one of those flecked materials, the ground of purple and was trimmed (oh ye shades of Edmund Russell!) with that new magenta. Her gloves, even, were the purple stitched with magenta; while on her head was poised one of those immense hats with wide magenta flaring bows. I looked at her face expecting to see one of our pallid women who hoped to gain color from her clothes, but her cheeks rivaled her magenta trimmings. I think such people ought to be arrested by the Society for the Prevention of Vice, for what better excuse would anyone have for murdering a creature who is so apt to cause an artistic toothache, headache, or fit of megrims.

The coats which in other years have been of sombre hues are participating in the general gayety. Réséda green with marten trimmings, swallow blue and purple red appear in all the shop windows. I must say I prefer the more *recherche* models which, needless to remark, are in black. A tight-fitting, round-waisted Russian coat with skirts seamed on, with flaring cape, collars, and revers, bound with fur, was one of the most graceful I have seen.

Very ornate were some of the gowns worn at the Murphy party. Miss Murphy's dress was bright pink cashmere, trimmed with sapphire velvet, and a ruffle of chiffon round the neck. It was an imported gown, but was not to be compared with Miss Julia Crocker's exquisite frock of pale lavender flowered grenadine with velvet sleeves.

You will doubtless be glad to learn that the double skirt or overskirt is going to do away with the tiresome banded and wavily trimmed skirts that have become so deadly. This overskirt called the lamp shade falls in long points in the front and back.

The fur capes this year take precedence of all others, they are cut in military fashion or else have a number of capes falling over one another like the coachman cape. I saw a lovely seal one, which almost made me wish for a sandbag and convenient alley. Long streamers in front such as Jane Hading wore with most of her frocks adorn all the imported evening and calling gowns.

The V plaits introduced at intervals and finished with knots of ribbon on so many skirts are quite fetching and infinitely preferable to the bands and zig-zag.

If you want a really cheap and durable shopping glove you ought to go to Newman & Levinson's; they have very dressy ones for a dollar a pair; and when one considers how the value of silver is decreasing and a dollar is worth but seventy cents they are cheap indeed! THE REFLECTOR.

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LIBRARY NOTES

Current literature has already assumed a Christmas complexion. This is the season when ancient and modern masterpieces are paraded in ornate bindings, the period of rich engravings, rare etchings, and heavy-tinted paper. In the estimation of the book dealer the place of honor is no longer filled by the latest publication; it is accorded to the *edition de luxe*. The aspect of his counter has lost all soberness of tone and hue—it is the white and gold or the orange and scarlets that enchain the wandering eye. The Stevensons, the Crawfords, the Howells are degraded to the shelves and gaze down disconsolately at the holiday literature that has usurped their prominence. However, one rarely reads holiday books. Are they not intended for the drawing-room table rather than the book case? Whence the gay gorgeousness of their habiliments save for purposes of display?

To the book lover, however, their fascination is but slender. If he be a decadent he buys the *Pall Mall Magazine* wherein Sarah Grand's latest story has just terminated. It is called "The Sere and the Yellow Leaf," and I fear will detract rather than add to the reputation of the "Heavenly Twins." One good thing alone relieves its somewhat labored pages. It is the expression of another Angelina, Adalesa, who has graduated from tomboy to Duchess, and says, "I see and foresee. The electric light has come to extinguish the gas, and London is bursting into flats, huge caravansaries, admirably arranged for the cremation of the dead in case of fire. Eternal punishment no longer holds up its head; and the commercial part of the church enterprise will soon be in a bad way if the priests don't discover that we shall all reappear rich and beautiful on earth if we are good." In the same number one finds a charming sketch of Jules Sandeau, author of *Mdlle. de la Seiglière*, whose *liaison* with Georges Sand has formed the burden of so much reminiscence. No member of the "Remnant" would dream of missing Zangwill's "Without Prejudice," wherein is set forth in uncommonly clever prose and passages of neat verse the wittiest of current comment on books and events In comparison the editorial departments of Scribner's and Harper's are as paste to diamond.

A man I know whose aim it is to be up to date waxes tremendously enthusiastic over the first installment of Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" which the *Chronicle* is publishing. He persuaded me into reading some admirable prose. He sent me to *Town Topics* for Kipling's "Bridge Builders." The chapters that have appeared are magnificent, splendid. Nothing the creator of Mulvaney has written compares for power with that wonderful description of the building of the great span across the Ganges. Really it is Hugoesque. He has just finished the collected poems of Lord de Tabley which are really very charming and he assures me that "Ghetto Tragedies," by I. Zangwill, are admirable studies in a novel field.

Rather an interesting book that has come to me recently is "A Comedy of Masks," by Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore. That anyone has succeeded in segregating the work of one from that of his collaborator, I do not believe. However, that is no bar to its careful reading. The types are interesting—the dialogue clever and well sustained. It is not given to all men at the bar of letters to conceive individualities so uncommon as Rainham, Oswyn, the artist, Lightmark, and Lady Garnett. They are personalities with prominent traits and talk to their parts—one of the most difficult attainments in novel writing. The manner in which they are grouped, too—the contemplative, intellectual Rainham who loves so truly, so tenderly, and so heroically, the picturesque, melancholy painter whose strength and devotion to truth in art contrast with the superficial cleverness, the moral obliquity of the fascinating Lightmark is notable. A lucid study is that of the exquisite old *grande dame*, whose delicate cynicisms betray so complete a knowledge of the world. The impression one gathers, however, is that the material is better than the treatment, the conception than the development. Concentration is lacking; there should be more intensity. In their subsequent efforts the authors may repair these faults. The result will be a book of some note.

"Dodo" has set London and the literary centres buzzing and "The Copperhead," by Harold Frederic, seems destined to slight attention. Yet the latter is a remarkably strong and artistic novel—a fine conception executed with a degree of force and power one finds in few American writers. In relief stands out the character of Abner Beech—the stalwart, thick-shouldered farmer with shaggy, dark eyebrows shading stern hazel eyes and with a long, straight nose and a broad, firmly-shut mouth. A student, a progressive thinker, he conceives an intense aversion to the abolitionists and their aims and by his convictions alienates the sympathy and the respect of his neighbors. Feeling ran high in war times; the rugged honesty, the rough integrity of the farmer were questioned because he failed to regard slavery as a curse. The story tells how he stood out proudly and manfully against the abuse, the persecution, the misrepresentation of the men who had been his associates and friends. The alienation of his son, who goes off to join the Union forces, the loss of revenue from his acres, are borne with a stoic courage. Then with fine simplicity the story of his softening is told and the book concludes with a superb climax in which there are some dramatic and powerful touches. One may not easily forget that bit where M'rye springs to her feet, stands drawn up to her full height with her sharp nose in the air and her eyes fairly glowing in eager excitement. All at once she makes a bound, runs to the huge doors of the barn furiously digging her fingers in the crevice between them, and then, with a superb sweep of the shoulders, sending them both rattling back on their wheels with a bang. It is her son who has come home. It seems to me the "Copperhead" puts Mr. Frederic's among the great names of the literary world.

Rather a pretty story is "Ashes of Roses," by Louise Knight Wheatley, a sentimental love tale told in a soft and graceful way.

Who ever cares for admirable maxims should buy "Miniatures from Balzac." It contains a collection of the weighty sayings of the greatest Frenchman who delivered himself of truths the most tremendous about the world, love, men and women. Is it true, I wonder, as he says that "Romances are written because there exists in reality no longer the slightest romance." ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Copperhead," by Harold Frederic. Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Ashes of Roses," by Louise Knight Wheatley. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"A Comedy of Masks," by Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Miniatures from Balzac," translated by Samuel Palmer Griffin and F. T. Hill. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

I stepped on the corn of the belle of the ball,
And then, sad the tale that I tell!
My ear-drums were blasted as down through the hall
Re-echoed the ball of the belle. —*Truth.*

"Do I make a fool of myself very often, Miss Lovely?" he asked.

"Oh, no," replied she, sweetly, "not often—only it seems to last!"—*Truth.*

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SAN JOSE NOTES.

Co-education with us does not always exist in company with harmony and peace. This was illustrated recently at the Hester School, where an eminent Christianized Jewish barrister deigns to send his youngest son. This youngster, who inherits the gallantry of his family, has been in the habit of escorting a tiny maiden to and from the schoolroom, thus provoking considerable ill-natured comment among the pupils.

The teacher, however, put a veto upon the young man's gallantries, and, as a result, he complained to his pa. The old man's heart was probably not palpitating that day, for he immediately ordered his second son, Hurbert, to go over and thrash the teacher. Hurbert came back a well-spanked and much wiser boy. Then the old gentleman called for "my son John," and, like a dutiful young man, John left the bosom of his own large family, and came to that of his father. His orders, received with his characteristic meekness, were to bring back that teacher's scalp. Johnny went, he saw the teacher, the teacher conquered, and poor John returned to his father's side with the laurels only of defeat. But this is hardly surprising, because, in Sainte Clairdom, it is said that Johnny is the most industrious and persistent candidate for the attentions of the leg-pullers.

But we were speaking about his father. You see, upon Johnny's return, the governor's wrath knew no bounds. So with one of the varnished saplings of Jerusalem, blessed, of course, by the Pope, he hied him to the educational hall. The teacher struck him where the lady wore the beads, and now he threatens to do what he did to courtly Judge Rhodes many years ago. The Judge yet carries the scar, and wears it as a purple badge of honor. How will it be with the teacher?

The Concert Club has been very successful in its efforts to gain subscribers. One of the ladies remarked "it could not be otherwise when they were so fortunate as to secure the services of Miss Carrie Lewis as their soliciting agent." This lady has a pleasant appearance and a fluent brogue. Her powers of persuasion are great and her twenty-five years, more or less, of monthly rounds of ticket-selling have given her experience in the business; or, as one of that Hobson's salesmen puts it, "It is useless to try to sneak or run away, as Carrie is sure to conquer every time."

The question is yet undecided where the concerts are to be held. Many of the projectors are inclined to favor the Unitarian Church, as there the acoustic arrangements are perfect. They hesitate, however, to decide, as it is a well-known fact that many of our best people would pause before patronizing anything held within the walls of that sacred edifice.

The Bent "at home" yesterday was a very enjoyable affair, and as a large number of cards had been sent out the house was crowded. BESSIE.

DITHYRAMB.

Sunbright ale is royal food,
Jarring cups disloyal feud.
I will cheer my soaking mood
Till the orchards reel.

Brews good ale is no dispraise
To our green or grizzled days;
He who sets his cheek in wine
Vassals not despair.

He who sets his lips in ale
Keeps his legs where many fail,
Takes his fortunes at their best
Foul or fickle-fair.

—*Lord de Tabley.*

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Kneel not and leave me; mirth is in its grave,
True, my friend, sweet words were ours, sweet words decay
Believe, the perfume once this violet gave
Lives—lives no more, though mute tears answer nay.
Break off delay!

Dead, Love is dead! Ay, cancelled all his due.
We say he mocks repose—we cannot tell—
Close up his eyes and crown his head with rue,
Say in his ear, sweet Love, farewell! farewell!
A last low knell.

Forbear to move him. Peace, why should we stay?
Go back no more to listen for his tread.
Resume our old, calm face of every day;
Not all our kneeling turns that sacred head
Long dear, long dead!

—*Lord de Tabley.*

THE TWO OLD KINGS.

In ruling well what guerdon? Life runs low,
As yonder lamp upon the hour-glass lies,
Waning and wasted. We are great and wise,
But Love is gone; and Silence seems to grow

Along the misty road where we must go.
From summits near the morning star's uprise,
Death comes, a shadow from the northern skies,
As, when all leaves are down, thence comes the snow.

Brother and king, we hold our last carouse.
One loving cup we drain and then farewell.
The night is spent. The crystal morning ray
Calls us, as soldiers laurelled on our brows,
To march undaunted, while the clarions swell,
Heroic hearts, upon our lonely way.

—*Lord de Tabley.*

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7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
‡10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	‡6.15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*6.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
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4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento.....	10.15 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose.....	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 a m
5.30 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	10.45 a m
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5.30 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	†8.45 p m
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‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz.....	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m

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6.45 a m	San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	2.45 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.	5.06 p m
12.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
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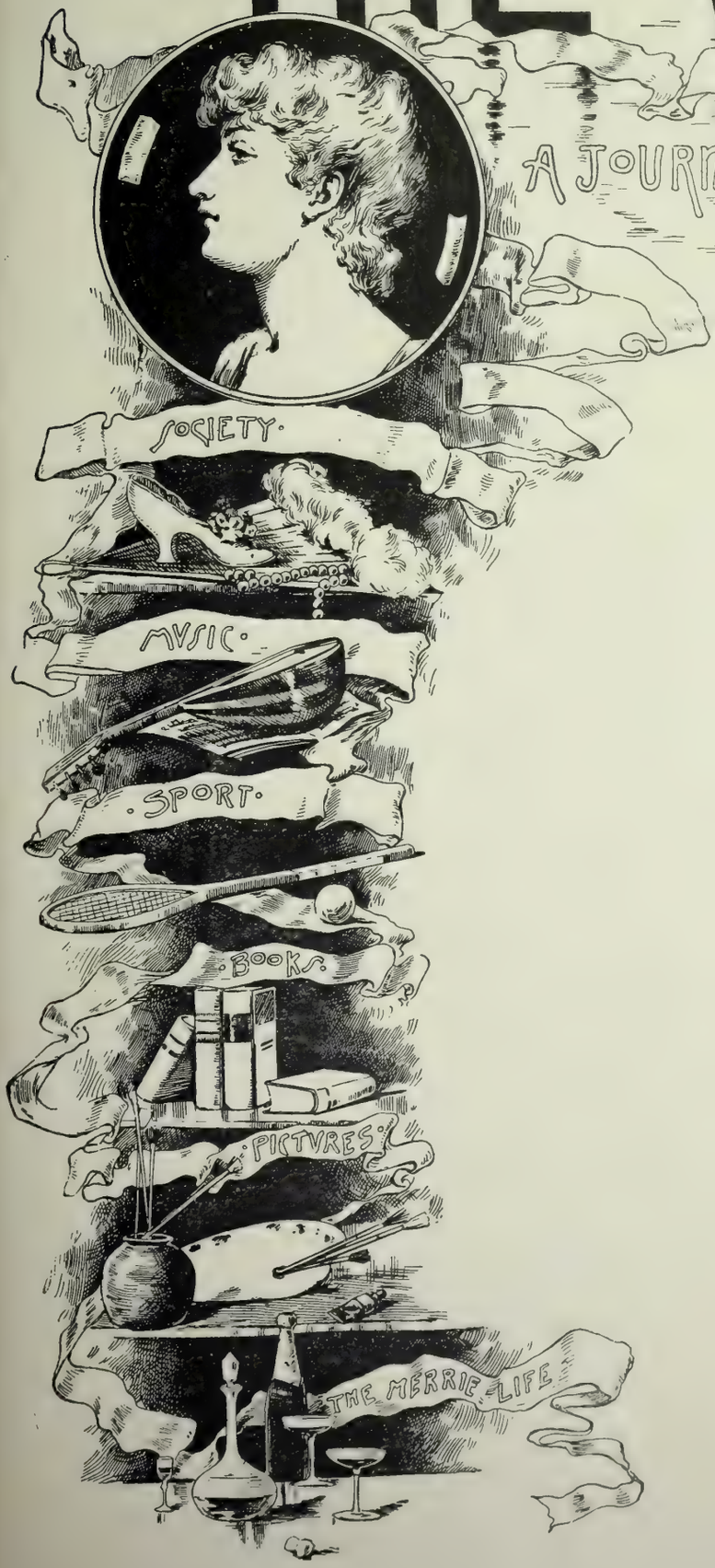

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THE WAVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 2, 1893.

OUR OWN CENTAUR.

There will be little difficulty in recognizing upon the cover of THE WAVE this week, the portrait of our great horseman, Tom Williams. Mr. Williams, I think, is entitled to the designation of "great." Not only has horse racing in this vicinity been elevated into a self-respecting sport since he became President of the Blood Horse Association, but he has created for himself a distinctive and unique place in the community. I do not compliment him too highly when I say that his character as the patron and promoter of honest horse racing is already firmly established. The horse upon which he appears in the picture is not a broncho, although the attitude in which the artist has depicted him would appear to indicate that he was about to "buck" the genial Tom over his head.

SPLASHES

IN SAN FRANCISCO there is little permanence about social exuberance. After the furious tea giving of the previous week there succeeded a sober calm devoted to calls and the discussion of the Crocker ball. The charms of the *debutantes* seem to engage general admiration. In the chorus of compliment heaped on their devoted heads there is no note of dissonance. Such unanimity is inconceivable, abnormal, suspicious—it is not possible the community is on the verge of harmony? The consequence of several people thinking alike is too startling. Concerted action may actually produce reforms in Society. Think what that means and the possibilities.

* * *

A most agreeable impression seems to have been made by Miss Belle McKenna, another *debutante* who was ushered into "the swim" at a tea on Saturday. She is blonde, graceful, and unaffected; her manners are charming, and several matrons of experience have stamped her profile with their approval. In addition, she has been profitably educated, her fascinations being by no means confined to exteriors. A cortege of girls assisted Mrs. McKenna and her daughter to receive their guests. The decorations were really very pretty. Another *debutante* whose entertainment made an impression is Miss Ethel Murphy. She is pronounced a hostess of real talent—unselfish and energetic. Her guests had a thoroughly good time, for she saw to it that the dancers danced and no one was neglected. To have made so pleasant a reputation thus early is enviable.

* * *

AT THE Crocker ball the honors were carried off by Colonel Fred Crocker. His disguise was so impenetrable that his most intimate friends were ignorant of the identity of the magnificent Moor, whose bronzed face and Turkish splendor suggested anyone rather than the railroad magnate. He wore no mask, for none was necessary, and he had been two hours on the floor before even his relatives recognized him. It seems a pity more men did not go in costume, but the ordinary San Franciscan has a profound distaste for the trouble which a disguise involves, and one result was the absence of many who had sent their acceptances, and whose participation had been counted on. But, indeed, the remarkably *outré* effect that certain young gentlemen of vogue attained was hardly calculated to encourage the others to similar effort.

* * *

Over the Salvation Army group much fun was had. They, too, were impenetrable, and really sustained their parts to perfection. The consequences of a heated atmosphere and red dye were somewhat apparent after unmasking, but, under the circumstances, no one objected. Over the costumes of at least a dozen girls one might permit one's self to wax eloquent Miss Kate Voorhies, for instance, wore a most becoming gown finished off with a colossal crinoline. Mrs. Henry Crocker, decked out as a school girl, had one of the most effective make-ups in the ballroom. Miss McNutt was quite pretty in a charming combination of blue silk and pink roses, and Miss Hillyer in white trimmed with popcorn was the recipient of many compliments.

* * *

In one way a fancy ball is an opportunity for *debutantes*. The mask is a great equalizer, for who is to tell the maiden of eighteen summers from the belle of four seasons. Under its benign protection the most silent and bashful of damsels waxes piquantly saucy, and is enabled to make a reputation for wit that it would be impossible for her otherwise to acquire.

* * *

THOUGH THE STORY is current, no one believes for a moment the millionaire widower actually proposed and was refused. That is too incredible for the most ardent admirer of the maiden who made the statement. However, he stoutly denies the impeachment, and his friends point out that the best evidence of his single-heartedness is the fact he is still unmarried—a delicate way of saying he may wed whomsoever he pleases. It was at a dowager's lunch that the story was told. The narrator, a bright woman whose cleverness has recently admitted her into the old set, had come late, and was not aware of the identity of all her fellow guests. The marriageable possibilities of the season were being discussed when she interrupted with a "Have you heard the latest?"

It is unnecessary to say a dead silence followed the question.

"Mr. Soandso proposed to Miss Nemo and she refused him point blank."

* * *

Pressed for particulars, she rattled along:

"Yes, he even went on his knees, but she said she would never marry a man who was so devoted to his mother-in-law."

A ripple of laughter followed, in the midst of which a quiet voice said:

"Believe me, there is not a word of truth in the story."

It was the mother-in-law in question whose face the floral centrepiece had concealed from the lively speaker. Of course, there were affecting apologies for the *faux pas* and more laughter when the matron explained that her information came direct from the girl.

* * *

Over the several gatherings of the Fortnightly Club last season, considerable interest was developed. At the performances more talent than Society is credited with possessing was evidenced. Indeed, there were exhibitions of cleverness from people unsuspected of semi-intelligence. Who knows but that the meetings this Winter may develop a genius or two? It is unlikely, of course, but stranger things have occurred. The initial gathering was held on Thursday night at Mrs. Louis Parrott's, and there it was decided to continue

on lines somewhat different to those that prevailed last year.

* * *

The absence of engagements is disquieting. In past Novembers announcements have been numerous and notable, Cupid has forced affiliations to climaxes, and Society has been entertained over the prospect of assisting at spring marriages. This year however, the blind god is derelict or Mercury, the divinity of money, is in perihelion, and distrusts his combinations. However, the air is full of rumors; I am told of one long drawn out attachment that is on the verge of obtaining a parental blessing and also of another affair which will certainly surprise those in "the swim." Even the intimates of the girl do not suspect her betrothal. But even in this regard Hymen has not undisputed sway. With regret I hear of the separation of a certain very popular young couple for whom fortune seemed to be all smiles. It is not impossible that they may yet be reconciled as I understand the differences are exterior and reside not in the heart of either.

* * *

Though the engagement is not admitted, it is taken for granted by a number of people who might be supposed to know that a well-known Society belle will be bride at the most fashionable of spring weddings. Though the story is old enough to be true several times, it seems that the man and the girl have at last decided they belong to one another and the other details follow as a matter of course. One of the bridesmaids at least is to come here from St. Louis and rumors of most elaborate *toilettes* are already in circulation.

* * *

MY COMMENTS on the Assembly of the "Friday Night Club" I shall have to reserve until next week. It occurs rather too late to permit me to devote to it that degree of attention its merits deserve. There was no evidence of financial depression in the gowns of the girls, nor suggestion of domestic stringency in the lustrous silks and satins of the matrons. However, there are occasions that justify costliness of costume, and certainly the first big ball of a season that promises gayety may be considered one of them. Economy like charity should begin at home; the only pity is that its frigid rigidities cannot always be confined to the hearth.

* * *

Golden Gate Hall was handsomely decorated. The drapery was in light pinks and light greens; the snowy canvas relieved the delicate tones of the dancers' costumes. Huber played some capital new waltzes and the supper by Ludwig was very good. The affair kept up until past 2 A. M.

* * *

At Mrs. McBean's tea two interesting *debutantes* were presented to Society. Of the tall and very fair daughter of the hostess I have previously descanted. Miss Collier is of a different type—a demi-blonde—small with a trim figure and a pretty face. Mr. Greenway is authority in pronouncing her an admirable dancer. Quite an array of *debutantes* assisted in receiving the scores of callers—a task at which they have become adepts. There were music and decorations and refreshments, and the affair finished up with a very jolly dance.

* * *

The Hobart tea on Tuesday afternoon was a big affair. Again were the *debutantes* out in force looking prettier than ever in spite of their dissipations. There was music and elaborate refreshments. On Monday night there was a progressive euchre party at the McCutchens — some pretty prizes were awarded. Mrs. James Otis gave a tea for Miss Grace Jones. Mrs. McNutt took a party out to the football game after a lunch at the University Club.

* * *

It was a very pretty tea that Mrs. Henry C. Davis gave to introduce her daughter, Miss Florence Davis. Their home, on the corner of Jackson and Devisadero, is admirably furnished and thoroughly adapted for entertaining in, so though there were several hundred callers there was little crushing.

* * *

A charming dinner party was given by Miss Martha Shainwald in honor of her guest, Miss Lowenthal, of St. Louis. There were twenty-six at table. The decorations were really charming—the festive board was converted into a representation of a Japanese garden, with dwarf trees, shining lakelets, and chrysanthemums. A huge parasol made a canopy over the diners, and a variety of lanterns in grotesque shapes added details to the picture. The general effect was really beautiful and distinctly original. There was an elaborate *menu* with several surprises in it and exquisite wines. Afterwards there was music. Miss Goodkind, who possesses a fine and thoroughly cultivated voice, sang, and Mr. Hockstadter played brilliantly several violin selections. Miss Lowenthal is a sister of Mrs. Dick Shainwald. She is decidedly a beauty, with splendid eyes and a most graceful figure.

* * *

There is to be a "Midway Plaisance" at the Concordia Club to-night. The details of the entertainment are locked in the bosoms of the Committee, so the members are not only invited to but must place their own construction on the humorous possibilities of this form of entertainment. The brightest men in the club are to participate, and there are some exceedingly good things in process of rehearsal. At least three good and distinctly new stories are promised, and that alone makes the prospect a brilliant one. This is really the opening of the season, the usual ball having been postponed for a variety of reasons. Instead there will be a big dance on New Year's Eve, at which the *debutantes* will make their appearance. On the same night the Verein gives a big cotillion, at which there is sure to be a crowd. It is to be a particularly swell affair.

* * *

The marriage of Lawrence Kip, grandson of the late Bishop Kip, surprised everybody unacquainted with his well-known eccentricities. With the great name that has come to him from his forefathers, the young attorney has inherited an inordinate fondness for surprising his acquaintances. Not long ago he was converted to the Catholic faith, a change of religion which caused his long line of Church of England ancestors to turn over in their shrouds. His bride is a niece of Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, and was educated in the Convent of the Immaculate Conception at Oldenburg, Indiana.

* * *

Miss Jessie Bowie and Mr. Charles Detrick are to be married this afternoon at the home of the bride, 1909 Jackson Street. It will be a quiet wedding. Miss McKinstry will attend Miss Bowie and Mr. Claire Boyd is to be best man. Mr. and Mrs. Detrick are to spend their honeymoon in the East. They will be absent two months or more.

* * *

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg gave a married people's tea on the afternoon of Tuesday last at her home, 1601 Larkin Street. Several hundred people called. The house was prettily decorated with ferns and holly berries, and Huber's Orchestra discoursed music. Several matrons as well as a delegation of buds assisted Mrs. Smedberg and her daughter to receive their guests.

* * *

Why the alleged intention of Mr. Bobby Grayson to change his faith should be made the subject of the *Tribune's* flippancy I fail to see. If he has decided that Catholicism affords him more spiritual comfort than the faith of his parents he is at perfect liberty to change without comment. The mere fact of his having enjoyed life is no bar to a desire to take himself seriously at this date. It is rather a ridiculous point of view to deny to a man who has amused himself and, incidentally, his friends, the liberty to take another course. However, he is quite capable of steering himself.

* * *

The Entre Nous Cotillion at Maple Hall, on Tuesday night, went off with plenty of vim and swing. There were three figures—"The Flags of all Nations," "Parisian Cross," and "Little Rounds," which were executed with considerable dexterity under the leadership of Mr. Sanford G. Lewald. Some forty-five couples participated. The affair was thoroughly enjoyed. There is considerable anticipation as to certain new figures which are to be given at the next meeting which is set for the evening of December 29th. The first set was composed as follows: Chauncey M. St. John and Miss Alice M. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. E. Sanford Taylor, Mr. Wallace Alexander and Miss Mabelle Gilman, Mr. W. Grayson Dutton and Miss Grace Bertz, Mr. Wm. P. Humphreys, Jr., and Miss Aimée Woodworth, Dr. T. J. Frazer and Miss Jennie Bowman, Mr. R. B. Hale and Miss Lizzie Tobelmann, Mr. Geo. S. Nevin and Miss R. Hentrich.

* * *

The S. F. Verein opened its season with an

informal concert on Wednesday night last. Bauer's Symphony Orchestra rendered a good programme, and afterwards there was a dance and supper. President M. H. Hecht promises great things for the New Year cotillion.

* * *

The success which Mr. W. H. Keith achieved at his initial concert has aroused quite a general desire to hear him. He is to give a song recital at Metropolitan Temple on the afternoon of the eighth. A programme of decided interest is being arranged, and I imagine a large audience will attend.

* * *

Several big dinners preceded the Assembly last night. Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained a party at her house on Pine Street. The Dimonds had a gathering at their home on Washington Street.

* * *

The dance given by Miss Lottie Cunningham on Wednesday last was decidedly a success. She had a jolly crowd of young people and they were thoroughly amused. There is a prospect for several other entertainments in the Cunningham house this season.

* * *

In spite of leaden skies and the dreary drizzle of rain the Inter-collegiate football game attracted thousands to Haight Street Park. It was an enormous crowd that gathered there, the younger generation being out in full force. The seating arrangements were infinitely superior to those of last year and the management in every way a great advance. The enthusiasm, of course, was tremendous. Decorations and an awning converted the bleachers into an excellent grand-stand for the wearers of the blue and gold. The populace in general contented themselves with places beneath the solid roof—a distinct advantage considering the weather. On the University Club stand there were quite a number of Society people, who crouched under umbrellas and waterproofs. Never have I seen such an assemblage of pretty girls. There is no gainsaying the good looks of the feminine product of San Francisco.

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The Harmonie Club Directors succeeded for once in decorating Union Square Hall artistically. Under ordinary circumstances it is not a place that lends itself to the art of the florist. Bamboos, palms, and foliage lined the walls; across the stage there was a picket fence studded with chrysanthemums, and in front thereof a perfume fountain, hidden in plants and ferns. From the centre chandelier radiated festoons of smilax in which hundreds of incandescent globes glowed brilliantly. The general effect was very handsome, indeed. The ball was opened at ten o'clock by President J. D. Abrams and Miss Abrams. There were any number of pretty girls present in new gowns. At midnight a sumptuous supper was served by Ludwig. There were pretty souvenirs for each of the guests. Ballenberg's orchestra furnished the music.

* * *

A very quiet week in Oakland. Society seems still actively engaged in recovering from the "World's Fair." Again is the Merritt house dismantled and deserted, and given over once more to the ghosts of its ancient glories. If it only remains unrented what an admirable haunted house it will make.

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Mrs. Charles Webb Howard gave a reception on Thursday last in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Eberts, *née* Wyman, at her beautiful home on Alice Street. The interior is too charming to require adornment by the aid of horticulture, but there was a sufficiency of ferns and flowers to perfect the general effect. The bride looked as radiant as on her wedding day—which is saying a great deal. It was really the last appearance of this very popular young woman, as her future home is in Victoria, B. C. Mrs. Howard, who is really one of the brightest and most energetic matrons in Society, has organized a club of thirty Society girls, who meet at her home every Tuesday morning to hear lectures on current topics by women of talent. Last week the subject was "Bi-metallism," and the lecturer was Miss Charlotte Perkins Stetson, whom Bierce calls "the Colonel." Like other projects of Mrs. Howard, there is a good and valuable idea in the purpose of this club.

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IN DEFERENCE to the lowering skies the garden party which was to be given in the grounds of Mrs. F. M. Smith's home last Saturday was postponed. The beneficiaries in this instance are the two Congregational Churches. Unquestionably, the surroundings of Arbor Villa are ideal for an outdoor *fête*. There are lawns and parterres adorned with trees and shrubs from all over the world. Thousands of dollars have been expended in their adornment and there will certainly be much of interest for the guests to see. It is to be hoped the same fate will not overtake the Smith mansion which has overwhelmed the other big houses of Alameda County. Lost in some financial collapse by their owners, necessity or their own spaciousness has converted them into hotels or hospitals.

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Mrs. Smith is one of the few women whose prosperity is not grudged her by less fortunate sisters. She is generous, hospitable, and has a number of girl *protégés* for whom she provides liberally. I am told she has recently adopted two grand-daughters of Patrick Henry.

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Mrs. Charles D. Pierce has Mrs. Strong, of Chicago, as her guest. Mrs. Strong is the wife of a millionaire merchant of the Windy City, and I believe she is to spend the winter in Oakland.

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Miss Newlands' second song recital attracted a very good audience to Hamilton Hall, and that in spite of the dull, sad drizzle. It was a very fair programme—the feature being the rendering of Bemberg's "Nymphs and Fauns" by Miss Newlands. Another charming number was the duet, "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," between that vocalist and Mr. Andrew Bogart.

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Among the entertainments of a quiet week at Oakland was a small dance given by Miss Blix Smith at her Highland Park home. There were thirty men and girls present. The staples of the evening's entertainment were cards and dancing. Some very pretty gowns were in attendance.

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Now that Berkeley is rehabilitated by the splendid fight against Stanford, and that honors between the two universities are even, it is amusing to recall the genuine grief of Hefflefinger's team over its defeat by the Reliance. Benson, I am told, was moved into veritable tears by the disaster that befell Hunt, and even the giant coach looked as if he considered life unworthy of living when the result was finally announced. However, the boys are all jubilant now, and Heff's hard work has been rewarded. There is no question but that fate has been against U. C. this season, and that the efforts to withstand and bear up against the tide of disaster would have disheartened anyone less courageous than the great Yale player.

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Many cities have the distinction of having a best-dressed man, but to Alameda falls the glory of having a worst-dressed one. This fortunate individual is Lewis Bissell, whose marriage with Pinkie Herbert was celebrated with much *éclat* some years ago. The Herbert family is one of the most fashionable in Alameda, but the Bissells have no idea of style. Mr. Bissell goes to parties in a sack-suit with wonderful soft white ties spread out like a fan. On the boat he appears in coat, vest, trousers, overcoat, and hat of five different colors and materials. His changes of costume are watched for eagerly by his Alameda associates, and the effect never fails to be startling.

* * *

The Van Brunt house is finished. It is very *chic* and bears a strong resemblance to a large mushroom. The young people have moved in, but the housewarming is not to take place until the end of the winter. Mrs. Juliet will make a very charming hostess in her own home.

* * *

THE IMPORTANT subject of finance is now the leading topic of discussion in clubdom. The Bohemians are not exactly satisfied with the arrangements they have made to move into the new building at the corner of Sutter and Mason Streets next year. Indeed, I am told if that enterprise could now be considered over again, there is every probability they would decide to remain in their present

quarters. It seems the construction of the magnificent clubhouse now in progress on Sutter Street was undertaken during a sentimental interval. Simeon Wenban, the Nevada silver millionaire, had been invited to attend an entertainment given by the youthful members of the institution in honor of the seventy-fifth birthday of Uncle George Bromley. Wit and wine flowed freely, and Wenban, becoming enthused, proposed to the jolly fellows to build them a home of their own. He was rich enough to buy anything and they—well, they had yearned for years to have a structure all to themselves.

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But when the offer materialized, it took the form of a cold business proposition. The Bohemians were to select a lot and draw their own plans, the cost to come within $250,000, and Wenban would then buy the land and build the clubhouse. They were to pay him six per cent upon his money and discharge the principal as they pleased. This has turned out to be not a very bad bargain for the silver millionaire. In these piping times of financial distress, six per cent is not a bad rate of interest, nor is the Bohemian Club, with its rich stores of art treasures and its large and growing membership, a very bad debtor. But now that the lot at the corner of Sutter and Mason Streets has been purchased by Wenban at a cost of $100,000—upon which the Club is paying six per cent interest—and the new building is in course of construction, some of the practical Bohemians are beginning to figure on the result. In certain quarters apprehension is already taking root.

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The present monthly rental of the Bohemian Club is $1000. In the new quarters that amount must be doubled. Other expenses will increase in proportion, and the question comes—how to provide for a possible deficit? It is true that in the Lent building there are but few sleeping apartments, whereas in the new clubhouse there will be 30—which must constitute an immediate and steady source of additional revenue. The fact is, at least 100 new members must be taken in to make the enterprise sure. Inasmuch as it has long been apparent that there are too many clubs in the town, certain Bohemians have suggested the consolidation of the Cosmos and the Press Clubs with their big prototype as an available way out of the difficulty. Clubs, like men, it seems, require character, and there is not sufficient disparity between the purposes of the Cosmos, Bohemian, and Press Clubs to justify their separation.

* * *

But such a consolidation is probably not among the possibilities, although so far as the Cosmos is concerned its continued existence has long been problematical. Many of its leading members are in favor of disbanding and becoming Bohemians, and some such result is probably only a question of time. Doubtless the consolidation suggested would greatly benefit clubdom generally. Besides concentrating and strengthening a club interest that is now scattered, it would divide the town into three distinct classes, the Pacific-Union, representing solidity, the University, representing the Society young man, and the Bohemian, representing all that is artistic, brainy, witty, and careless in creation. But, as I have said, there is no probability that any consolidation will take place. The Bohemian Club membership, which would necessarily be called upon to decide such a question, would never consent.

* * *

Moreover, notwithstanding the apprehensions of the pessimists, the general belief in Bohemian circles is that although the new clubhouse is a somewhat precarious undertaking it will eventually pay for the danger involved. The Pacific-Union is a much more expensive institution than the Bohemian. For instance, its rent account alone is twelve hundred dollars a month, and its *cuisine* much more elaborate. As a consequence it loses more money in its culinary department than any club in the city. But the Pacific-Union has sources of income unknown in Bohemia. For one thing its dues are ten instead of five dollars a month, and it tolerates within its sacred confines a swell poker game. I am told this game pays the Club over one thousand dollars a month. In Bohemia no gambling whatever is permitted. Long ago the abuses which prevail wherever the fascinating pastime of "draw" is countenanced caused its banishment.

* * *

OAKLAND educational circles are silently shaking with amusement in consequence of a recent High School episode. Two years ago two of the teachers fell in love with each other. The gentleman had been engaged thrice before, and the intelligence of his fourth venture was received by his many friends with some incredulity, but a devout hope that it might be brought to a successful issue. All went well for awhile. The pedagogic lovers attended lectures together, and indulged in other wild gayety. Suddenly a cold wave came between them, and for the fourth time this willing Barkis received his *congé*. Then the young lady departed for Europe, and, during her absence, the unyoked swain remained on duty. People were wondering what he would do when she returned, as one roof, even the commodious High School roof, was scarcely large enough to cover them. The young lady returned the other day, and has resumed her old position at the school. The same paper that announced her arrival mentioned his departure for a year in Europe. The absorbing question now is, Will they henceforth alternate in their years of European travel?

* * *

THE Bar Association is about to establish itself in the top floor of the Savings Union Building—the six-story structure in light brick which is the latest addition to California Street architecture. I should like to agree with the optimistic members of the institution who have determined that a change of *locale* is alone necessary to revive its drooping fortunes. As a club, the Association was ever a mistake. There is no reason why a man whose brain has been wearied with law all day should have it for lunch or dinner. And the ordinary attorney finds his topics of talk in points of practice rather than in matters of principle. However, an effort is to be made to fit up the new quarters attractively enough to persuade thereto those members of the profession who seek midday solace at the University, the Bohemian, or the P.-U., as the case may be. Who knows but that more than a mild measure of success may reward the enterprise.

* * *

THESE ARE degenerate days for literary organizations. For some reason or other they seem anxious to relieve themselves of that admirable feature and take on a social complexion that goeth not well with their tradition. There is the Ebell Society over in Oakland whose dramatic entertainment, last Tuesday evening, was rather a feature of the week. From the point of view of attendance the affair was undoubtedly a success, but I cannot see that a sufficient degree of talent was developed by anyone to condone the performance. At the best Howell's "Letter of Introduction" is somewhat ancient. I have no doubt the young men did their best; when it comes to acting excellence of intention counts for but little. The second piece, "La Lettre Chargee," was done in its original French, Miss Madeline McKisick, as Hortense, giving an intelligent rendering of the part, and speaking the lines with fluency.

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It seems a pity the Ebell has undertaken this role. As a literary organization it had all the elements necessary to attain a success; its *personnel* will hardly secure its prominence as a social organization.

* * *

A NEW Senatorial star has within a month appeared above the horizon. As yet the luminary is low down in the northern Heavens (having arisen a trifle east of China Slough near Sacramento), and can only be made out with a powerful field glass. But soon after the Christmas holidays, it is now whispered with many injunctions of secrecy, formal announcement will be made of the name of the new star and the particular constellation to which he belongs. Ordinarily I should feel bound to await this announcement, but there is a dearth of Senatorial intelligence at present, and the prospects of the new star are, withal, so flattering that I have concluded to violate the political sanctities and proclaim the news. This, of course, is with the understanding that it shall go no further. The new star, then, is ex-Senator Fred Cox, of Sacramento, banker, capitalist, and cattle king.

* * *

Mr. Cox was a member of the State Senate from 1883 to 1887, and is a Democrat. He is worth a million if he is worth a cent, and is known from one end of the State to the other as everybody's friend. His two greatest

enterprises at present are the California State Bank at Sacramento and the cattle ranch in Kern County, managed by the firm of Cox & Clark. It may be surmised from these particulars that Mr. Cox intends to make his campaign upon jaw-bone and money, but when I proceed a little further and disclose his programme this will be observed to be a fallacy. Not only does he possess political connections which extend throughout the State, but he has in this city a powerful Federal office at his back. Superintendent Daggett, of the United States Mint, is his warm personal friend, and has already made for him a large number of legislative votes. Robert Barnett, Chief Clerk of the Mint, was formerly Cashier in Cox's bank. He is now Daggett's confidential friend.

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A few days ago Daggett appointed Colonel Jack Sullivan, a well-known Democratic politician of Sacramento, foreman of the whiting room at the Mint. Sullivan is said to be good for at least two votes in the Assembly. Already four hold-over Senators from this city are represented in the coinage factory. Senator John Fay's brother has been placed there, Senator Biggy's brother also, Senator Mitchell's father also, and Senator Charley Arms himself has held the position of warrant clerk since last June. The impression has prevailed ever since Superintendent Daggett took charge of the Mint that he was himself a candidate for the Senate. It was hard for our politicians to understand by any other process of reasoning why he should fill the Mint with hold-over Senators and their friends. The reason is now quite plain. His immediate friend, Banker Cox, is the candidate.

* * *

THE FUNNIEST STORY yet related about the Women's Press Reform Crusade has just leaked out of the *Examiner* office. It seems that one of the first fields which engaged the attention of the ladies as promising rich results was that occupied by the "Monarch of the Dailies." They argued, with considerable penetration, I am willing to admit, that if that journal could be captured, the rest would be easy. This, I suppose, was upon the theory that the "Monarch" (which is a fact, by the way,) practically leads the journalism of the town. So a Committee of ladies from the Reform Crusaders called on Mr. Hearst and talked to him. Mr. Hearst was not only willing to accede to all their demands; he would go further.

"In fact," he said, "in order that there shall be no mistake, ladies, I hereby invite you to appoint a Committee to take charge of the *Examiner* for twenty-four hours. When you have issued a paper edited in accordance with your views, we shall know exactly what you want."

* * *

The ladies were highly elated and promptly laid Mr. Hearst's proposition before their sister reformers. It would seem almost unnecessary to add that a committee to edit the *Examiner* for one day was speedily formed. An opportunity like this could not be permitted to escape.

"What are the conditions?" one of the Committee of Editors asked Mr. Hearst at their next meeting.

"There are none," was the reply. "The entire office—men, money, type, machinery, everything—is at your disposal. Every order you give shall be implicitly obeyed."

But the ladies scented a job. After several days of negotiation they demanded a pledge that the *Examiner* would not write them up or ridicule them while editing the paper. Mr. Hearst promptly gave the pledge. Then (still suspicious) they demanded a promise that their specimen paper should not be criticised or guyed afterward.

* * *

"Well, now, ladies," said Mr. Hearst, when this demand came in, "you are really asking too much. The very object of permitting you to edit my paper for one day is to make a comparison with the other issues. It is only by such means that we can ascertain and locate our deficiencies. Really, I cannot promise that there will be no after criticism."

But there was something in the tone of Mr. Hearst's voice which aroused the suspicions of the editresses, and they never came back. What a pity that we could not have had the ideas of the Press Reformers embodied in one issue of the *Examiner*. Talk about London *Punch*. Well.

* * *

THE PEOPLE of the town of Washington, which is located in Yolo County just across the river from Sacramento, have, I am credibly informed, taken a very unfair advantage of my esteemed fellow citizen Mr. Marcus D. Boruck. For many years the name of this town has been objectionable to its citizens. During Mr. Boruck's administration as Governor some one requested the Post-office Department at Washington to rename it after him. The request was granted, and in the archives of the Government it has since been enrolled as "Boruck." The people up there, however, did not admire Governor Boruck, and they promptly prepared and sent on to Washington a protest against being called after him.

* * *

It seems that this protest has never been acted upon. Governor Boruck, with signal honors, retired from office in 1890, secure in the belief that his fame was immortal. A few days ago, however, it seems, some miscreant, jealous, no doubt, of the brilliant achievements of the great statesman and editor of the horse paper, revived the matter at Washington. The present Postmaster-General, unconscious of the history which led up to the christening of "Boruck," immediately granted the request in the protest, which was that the town might be called "Broderick," after David C. Broderick, the famous victim of Judge Terry. This is what I call an unfair attempt to rob Governor Boruck of his hard-earned fame. Cleveland has dealt the Democracy a heavy blow in California by interfering in this matter.

* * *

IF IT IS TRUE that money makes the man how eminently superior to the Agent of Wells, Fargo & Co., Grass Valley, is S. P. Dorsey, owner of the Maryland Mine. There is necessarily a distinction between an individual whose income is but a few hundred dollars a month and another whose investment nets him forty thousand. Physically identical they are separated by the possibilities which reside in a great revenue. It is but a few weeks ago that a patient employé of the great express company woke one morning to find himself a millionaire. The miners in the Idaho shaft had followed their pay shoot to the very edge of the Maryland boundary. At once the great ore body which had so enriched the Colemans and their partners reverted to the possession of a quiet, self-reliant, tenacious Southerner whose faith in the future of his claim had kept poor for many a weary year. Imagine the sensations of a man accustomed to the practice of minor economies suddenly given a thousand instead of ten dollars a day to spend. Well may he re-echo Monte Cristo—"The world is mine."

* * *

When the romance of mining comes to be written, the story of the ledge that gave so many millions to the world first as the Eureka, then as the Idaho, and now as the Maryland, will form a chapter of deep interest. From one set of men it passed to another, who in their turn relinquish it to S. P. Dorsey and G. D. McLean. Into the pockets of Robert and William Watt, and George W. Beaver, the flood of gold first poured. They bought lands and houses and bonds with their thousands, and with the calm of indifference saw the pay streak pass into the Idaho ground, and the yellow stream flow into the coffers of the Colemans, Myles D. O'Connor, G. D. McLean, and W. W. Young. But what admirable managers those "Eureka" men were! Only the initiated know how well and honestly they handled the property.

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Of the Colemans the same is true. It was in '71 they began to follow the lead, and in the twenty-two years of their ownership they have taken out fourteen millions of gold. They are plain and quiet men, singularly unostentatious, whose life has been spent in Grass Valley. Of the brothers, the elder was President of their corporation and the younger, Ed., acted as Superintendent of the mine. Their management was model, their honorable dealings remarkable in a period in which chicanery seems to have become identical with mining. And now when the 3100 feet of this claim have been worked out, they are about turning over the property to its new owners with as little formality as possible. Already they have come quietly to San Francisco, where, I understand, they purpose permanently residing, possessors in worldly goods of several millions invested in real estate and securities of the most substantial character.

At present they are residing in the Beresford, which, I believe, is one of their many properties.

* * *

The great fortunes of Myles D. O'Connor and W. W. Young had also their source in the Idaho Mine. Mr. O'Connor lives in San Jose in one of the most charming homes in the State. He is noted for the generosity of his gifts to the Roman Catholic Church. Like his associates, W. W. Young is singularly unostentatious. A man of high character and strong qualities, he lives quietly in his home on California Street, content to cut no figure save in the circle of his intimates. But he retired long ago from the Idaho, selling to the Colemans his interest in that wonderful property. Many years ago Mr. Dorsey found himself the owner of a small interest in the claim of E. W. Maslin, who had located the Maryland in the names of several friends. It adjoined the Idaho in the direction the great ledge ran. Persuaded of the permanence of the pay shoot he gathered to himself the several claims until, in the course of years, he became the owner of a two-thirds interest in a possibility,

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There is nothing so uncertain as mining, for who can prophesy the life of a ledge? Grimly he hung on. Some time ago the Colemans, who with Young owned the other third, offered him $100,000 for his interest. To his wife he presented the proposition, warning her it was a certainty as opposed to a prospect.

"We have waited all these years," she said, "why not a little longer?" Dorsey has been Agent for Wells, Fargo thirty-five years.

They waited. A few weeks ago the Idaho in the workings of its property reached its eastern boundary line, and now and for some $90,000 consideration the Company is about to turn over its mills and machinery to the new owners. When that transfer has been finally completed, it will undoubtedly, like its predecessor, the Eureka, declare its last dividend and step down and out. From the pay shoot ore that returns an income of between fifty and sixty thousand a month is extracted, and there is no reason to suppose that the three thousand feet of Maryland lead will be less valuable than the five thousand feet which this wonderful ledge has already run.

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About G. D. McLean, whom experts rank as one of the most prudent miners of the country, there is little to say. He is like the rest, a hater of public attention; he lives a retired life immersed in his profession, a tireless worker whose judgment on gold rock even the Supreme Court of chance rarely attempts to reverse.

* * *

OUR new Collector of Internal Revenue, Mr. Welborn, is developing some curious characteristics. For one thing he announces that he intends to conduct his office on business principles—that is to say, pot-house politics, idleness, and all the other interesting accompaniments of fat political office are to be excluded from the Internal Revenue Department in this district. Mr. Welborn's office is the most important Federal position in the State. In the course of a year he comes in contact with a greater number of people than any other United States official. To run his office, therefore, upon business principles will be in such striking contrast to the system which has prevailed under his predecessor, Mr. Quinn, that I fear his installation in the revenue service will cause many heart failures in mercantile circles.

* * *

THE COMBINE in the Board of Health, recently formed by Drs. Regensburger, Mays, and Bucknall, for the purpose of banishing Mayor Ellert and Dr. Long from the "pie counter," is, I am credibly informed, upon the verge of dissolution. This, considering that the agreement under which it was created is yet scarcely cold, is an astonishing circumstance. But it appears that the basis of the combine was an uncertain quantity, and the quantity having failed to materialize, all arrangements are off. Dr. Regensburger, who is said to be covertly desirous of the Republican nomination for Coroner next year, organized the triumvirate upon an assertion that he possesses sufficient "pull" with Editor De Young, of the *Chronicle*, to deliver the advocacy of that truly great newspaper to almost any candidate or measure he desires.

* * *

Indeed, the clever fellow for a long time has been throwing out certain dark insinuations about this "pull." To divers people he has represented that he and Editor De Young were as thick as two peas in a pod, and that whatever he says up in the tall tower goes. Doctors Bucknall and Mays are each quite ambitious. Although neither has made a public announcement of his preferences next year, it is understood both are willing to serve in certain offices if asked. They therefore combined with Dr. Regensburger on a strictly business basis. They agreed to support his ambition to become Coroner with the patronage of the Board of Health if he would secure the *Chronicle's* support for them. Mind you, I do not swear to this. I merely hear it. But one day Dr. Bucknall met Editor De Young just as he was about to close the portcullis and shoot up into the tall tower. He inquired about Dr. Regensburger's "pull."

"Pull, be d——d," sententiously answered the great Editor; "Dr. Regensburger is off his nut."

So the combine in the Board of Health is upon its last legs.

* * *

THE TREMENDOUS output of the Utica Mine increases monthly the great fortunes of Alvinza Hayward and the Hobart family. This property now ranks as one of the important gold producers of the world. Last month's clean-up gave the magnificent total of $182,000; in September the return was $135,000; in July, $165,000. In August a certain amount of preparatory work employed the force. The Utica is in Calaveras County, and is over the mother lode. Splendidly lucrative as the profits have so far been, the prospects are even better. Practically the ledge has only been exposed, and there are millions to come. I have no doubt but that Mr. Hayward will find profitable investments for his tremendous income; he can afford, under the circumstances, to snap his fingers at the Hale & Norcross verdict, and even to give a bigger bond than the million dollar one which the appeal required. The Utica, like so many other Sierra mines, is an abandoned claim.

* * *

Into the possession of Frank Lane it passed and he conducted explorations sufficient to show the prospects which development might bring about. But capital alone could produce from it an income, and Hobart and Hayward were induced to invest. Of course, the lion's share of the property became theirs in return for the requisite coin, but Mr. Lane's percentage, though small, brings him in a revenue that might be called princely. Another mine on the mother lode whose development has excited comment among fortune builders is the Rawhide. Its history is similar to that of the Utica—abandoned—developed according to modern methods by the owner who had to borrow money for the purpose; the result, a lawsuit and an income of about $12,000 per month.

* * *

THOSE WHO personally know Mr. L. R. Stockwell, the comedian, will regret to hear of his financial misfortunes. That he is very seriously involved I have excellent reason to doubt, for although the Powell Street playhouse has never paid big dividends, it has always yielded a small income, sufficient in most seasons to keep its employés and actors in grub and its Manager out of the almshouse. As for the owners of the building, if they have lost a few dollars in rent that is nothing more than most possessors of real estate have done this year. The individual who has suffered most severely, I am told, is Mr. James L. Flood, who indorsed Stockwell in the beginning. Until he withdrew from the genial comedian's bond he made up a considerable monthly deficit on several occasions.

* * *

The cause of Stockwell's failure was due neither to bad management nor to lack of management. Mr. Ellinghouse is a capable man and has made the most out of his opportunities; but the fact is, success at that theatre has never been among the possibilities. The managers of the present age have, as a matter of fact, spoiled the public by feeding it upon novelties. Theatre-goers will now no longer stomach stock companies. They not only want traveling combinations, but they want them crisp and fresh. The effort, consequently, of Mr. Stockwell to revive old plays with familiar players has proved a failure. But even if he had abandoned this plan a year ago he still could not have succeeded, because it is practically impossible for any manager except Mr. Al. Hayman to secure

first-class combinations in New York. In some way, I do not know exactly how, Hayman has a monopoly of them and few are booked elsewhere than at the Baldwin and California. However, it is too bad that Stockwell has failed. For more reasons than I have time to enumerate he deserved success.

* * *

IT WAS in the main exhibition room of the Hopkins School of Art, and little Johnny, who is possessed of a very analytical mind, was viewing the beautiful paintings with his mamma. Before a great work, which represents a group of infant angels in undress uniforms issuing out of a fleecy cloud, Johnny paused long and reflectively:

"Mamma, what are them?"

"Little angels, my dear."

"What are those things they have on?"

"Those are night gowns, Johnny. The little girls could not be out in the cold without clothes, you know."

A long pause ensued, during which Johnny analyzed the painting critically.

"But, mamma, how did they get those night gowns on over their wings?"

"Hush, Johnny (confused), why do you ask such silly questions?"

* * *

THE STARTLING INGRATITUDE of young Mr. Spreckels has brought him a prominence he could never have attained with his talents. Actually he has permitted himself to accuse his own father of fraud—he attempts to blot the career and blacken the character of the kind parent whose bounty made him a millionaire. If he had ever done aught for himself, had he signalized the possession of a distinct commercial capacity by some financial achievement or other, if the income he lives on represented the interest of his personal exertions, one might find it possible to excuse if not to condone this suit. But no—he has the average of intelligence, his mentality is respectable rather than brilliant, and ere he could make a great fortune on his own account he would have to struggle until doomsday. His sin, therefore, is all the blacker. The moral tone of San Francisco is not especially high. There is an invincible tendency to pardon in the plutocrat the offenses for which the patient plodder would be sent to Coventry, but there is no uncertainty about the universal condemnation of young Mr. Spreckels.

* * *

The episode is ghastly in the utter lack of feeling it exhibits. Sons have raised their hands against fathers and benefactors before; the annals of litigation are not barren of instances wherein children are ranged against their parents for the recovery of substance rightfully their own. But there is no parallel here, no ownership by inheritance, no want calling for monetary relief. The generosity of Claus Spreckels has been magnificent. He is no niggard to keep his sons in poverty and want until his death. They are all millionaires by his bounty—united to him by obligations of extraordinary force. These are the considerations which place plaintiff and defendants in proper perspective—there can be but one point of view. Right in his charges or wrong—worse in the latter contingency even than in the former—young Mr. Spreckels has done that which is unnatural; it is too bad that such dissensions should have arisen to a family once so united. It is worse that they should have been made public.

* * *

With their usual garrulity the dailies have given all the facts, and there is little left for me save comment. Of course, the case must go to trial on its merits, but remember the cause of action—the suit is for the purpose of establishnig Gus Spreckels in the possession of certain shares of stock which had come to him by virtue of being a son of his father. In order to secure this Hawaiian Commercial scrip he finds it necessary to blacken the name of Spreckels with imputation of fraud. The material of his allegations is virtually a betrayal of a family's honor. He takes an advantage which it is quite impossible to justify. Besides, is there not something inexcusably iconoclastic in this effort to debase a brilliant figure in the community, to mar the reputation of a man of great talent, energy, and capacity, whose wide aspirations and strong personality have gained a national prominence? To me the affair has much the aspect of a parricidal stab in the back.

* * *

THE performances of the warship, "Olympia," which, beyond question, stamp her as the Queen of the Raging Main, will gladden no human heart more than that of Mr. Irving M. Scott. I distinctly remember when Mr. Scott, as a member of the unpretentious firm of Prescott, Scott & Co., occupied a little shop on First Street. That was not many years ago—not over twenty at the very outside. How he has worked day and night to achieve success only those who know him intimately can have any idea. The Union Iron Works was a big institution ten years ago, but it had no facilities for constructing modern ships of war, or, indeed, any but the smallest steel vessels. Scott went to Washington in 1884, just as the appropriations for a new navy had commenced to materialize, and asked Congress to provide in the bills then proposed for passage that at least one ship out of every class should be constructed at San Francisco. They laughed at him. The idea of a steel cruiser being built on the Pacific Coast was regarded as a huge joke.

* * *

But Scott told them that if the Navy Department was ordered to have a ship or two constructed out here, he would guarantee to do the work if it consumed his private fortune. Senator Miller was then an influential Member of Congress. Out of the entire California delegation he was the only one who really believed Scott meant what he said. After a long struggle, Miller managed to get an amendment incorporated into a bill then passing requiring that at least one of the ships provided for should be constructed upon the Pacific Coast. This bill produced the cruiser "Charleston," the first steel war ship ever built west of Philadelphia. Now that the Union Iron Works has, from this little acorn, grown into a giant oak of a shipyard, it is taken as a matter of course that it will build anything in the vessel line. But it never would have secured a single contract had not Mr. Scott in 1884 conceived the idea of forcing the Navy Department by law to support his enterprising ship-building scheme.

* * *

THE FACULTY for delivering a neat thing at the critical moment is not a characteristic often ascribed to Daniel Meyer. That astute financier deals so cleverly with facts that he may well leave a reputation for wit to be scrambled for by men of minor resources. Here is a story that comes to me from a friend of his, wherein Daniel responds to a verbal thrust with a parry that leaves him master of the field. It may be the friend was guilty of the good thing himself, and is exhibiting self-denial in crediting it to the banker. It seems a certain capitalist whose propensities for desiring everything in sight have earned him a name for unexampled "hoggishness," came to Meyer with a proposition. There were circumstances which infused into the banker's refusal to entertain it a distinct acerbity.

"You are not going to eat me, I hope," said the capitalist, noticing his wrath.

"No, sir. My religion prevents me," returned Meyer.

The Witness.

Wet feet, chills, and colds follow this weather unless Keystone Monogram Whisky is taken in time. On sale everywhere.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAVE
A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

San Francisco, December 2, 1893.

RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

One may be very well acquainted with the resources and capacities of California and yet meet many surprises. Our list of fruits is so sumptuous, running from the apple to the guava, that it is many chapters of instruction in climate and soil. California cotton, grown as a commercial success, was approved as to its prime quality by skillful Scotch spinners. But I thought that with cotton we reached the limit of competition with the staples of the Gulf States, and now I find that we go further.

From Congressman Caminetti I learn of successful cultivation of sugar cane, not sorghum, but the genuine cane, on the tule lands of the San Joaquin, and that he is promoting an extensive experiment therewith at a Government station.

When I recall the cane lands on the Brazos River in Texas it is evident that there are equal advantages on the San Joaquin, and I expect to see another profitable branch added to our rural industry.

After cotton and cane, why not rice? Along the Sacramento and San Joaquin are all the required facilities of soil and flooding, and our Chinese population will find in rice swamps a congenial occupation to which many of them are trained, and in which they will find exclusive employment that will rouse no white labor jealousy.

RUM DRINKING IN MAINE.

General Dow, who for many years has worked to perfect prohibition in Maine, has at last been compelled to admit that legislation is practically impotent to suppress the whisky traffic. Nothing that he has ever asked in the shape of laws has been denied by the Maine General Assembly, and he does not allege that there has been much, if any, dereliction on the part of the officers charged with their enforcement, and yet large quantities of rum is still being consumed, and, what is worse, the quality is steadily declining.

Where, a few years ago, the liquor surreptitiously introduced into the State and drank out of pocket pistols was only moderately bad—being such, probably, as is used in the cheap drinking places of New York and Massachusetts—it is now so vile that it will take the spots out of clothing or the varnish off furniture.

General Dow himself admits that the quality of the average cask of rum now smuggled into Maine is so low that the strongest man cannot long hope to survive its use. It would corrode even a copper-lined stomach.

There is a lesson in this for the temperance reformers. In Maine there has been practically no limit to the sentiment against the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. For a long time high license, or, in fact, any kind of license has been unknown. The severest penalties have been inflicted upon all persons found with whisky or rum in their possession, and smuggling is well nigh a capital offense. And yet the traffic has not been suppressed, nor, indeed, to any great extent, curtailed.

Social drinking is now done almost entirely in drug stores, where a glass of soda, by means of a wink, produces the required "stick." The effect of this system has been to abolish the saloons and inordinately increase the number of drug stores.

Whisky continues to be imported as cod liver oil or petroleum, or in coal oil cans, or openly for medicinal purposes; and probably no stop can be put to this latter method, until it is expunged from the pharmacopœia by legislation. The Maine prohibitionists, in the face of the protests of the physicians, who make a great deal of money prescribing whisky for "bodily ailments," are not as yet prepared to declare against the use of alcohol for medicinal purposes.

The fact of the matter is, as General Dow says, legislation is inadequate to cope with the Demon Rum. So long as men are fools enough to drink alcohol in its various forms, they will find means to obtain it. The strongest government on earth and the most frightful legal penalties are impotent to restrain those who desire to so poison themselves.

In Maine the crusade against liquor drinking, covering a period of over twenty years, has demonstrated one thing conclusively. Although the law cannot stop the sale and consumption of whisky, it can abolish the saloon, and with it all its attendant evils, namely, suicide, murder, gambling, and drunkenness. In Maine, it appears, whisky is so precious that few people are inclined to abuse it.

OUR MUDDLED POLITICS.

It is quite true, as asserted by some of my interesting but politically hide bound contemporaries, that the last two elections seem to have been conducted on anything but strict party lines. Four years ago President Harrison was apparently chosen upon a platform protecting "home industry"—that is, the industry of making Republican votes. A year ago President Cleveland was apparently elected on a tariff for revenue issue, or a platform which declared distinctly against protecting "home industry."

Four years ago I said that if the people should ever discover how they had been fooled they would lose no time in smashing the Republican party. Although it was very evident that last year they had a lucid interval, there is nothing to show that they either understand the tariff question or yet comprehend how they had been duped in 1888.

It is quite true, also, that between the silver question, the Hawaiian question, the Dictator question, and the other questions which President Cleveland has undertaken to elucidate, things are somewhat muddled. No one can ascertain from an analysis of the vote of last month exactly what the people want. Even my esteemed contemporary the *Examiner*, which two weeks ago claimed that the elections were a rebuke to the President, now admits that it cannot tell what they signified.

It is doubtful, however, whether the Referendum would remedy the present laxity of party lines. I am usually in favor of every political innovation. In common with many of my fellow citizens, I think the oftener the electoral system is changed the more difficult it will be for the bosses to defeat the public will at the ballot-boxes. Smart as those fellows are, they require time to master the intricacies of any system.

The Referendum by transferring political power from Legislatures and Executive Boards to the ballot-box might relieve public officials to some extent from the temptation to accept money for their favors; but what would be its other effects? Vote buying is now simply an industry. Would not the Referendum elevate it into a fine art?

There is no evidence that the verdicts of the people are always correct. In fact, they are usually the result either of ignorance or passion. I have in mind two very excellent constitutional amendments which were defeated at the last election in this State through utter ignorance. Either or both would have improved the public service, and both would have been adopted had that magnificent Intelligence, the people, known what it was about.

I think I shall draw the line at the Referendum. That scheme, as the witty Frenchman said, of "giving us this day our daily vote," would, in my opinion, simply put the predatory classes to the trouble of stuffing the ballot-boxes, instead of, as now, corrupting the Legislature.

As a matter of fact no stream rises above its source. Legislatures, executive officers, and Boards of Supervisors are better than the people who elect them. Every man knows that who knows aught of politics or public affairs. Whatever evils now exist in the administration of the law or the conduct of the government arise very plainly from the ignorance of the masses to whom it is now proposed to refer everything.

There are two sciences of practical value to every citizen which are not now taught in the schools. They are hygiene and politics. If the Republic does not continue to grow healthy men, who understand the practical methods by which they are governed, it cannot, in the nature of things, long exist upon the earth.

GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE.

The death of Mr. Gladstone, tidings of whose failing health are now flashed across the water, will create a more profound sensation in Europe than the demise of any king. His withdrawal from public affairs, which now seems imminent, will, indeed, make a mark upon the history of England. Home Rule for Ireland cannot now prevail without him. It

must for a century, perhaps, retire to a Rip Van Winkle slumber, and there remain until another British statesman, resembling Gladstone in character and influence, appears to resurrect it.

In England the politics of the Irish question are similar to the politics of our railroad and corporation questions. Over there Home Rule is utilized to keep a lot of harum-scarum Irishmen in Parliament, and as a rod to poke the Tories out of office. Whenever it becomes an issue in the elections, its sentimental features are used to secure votes, but once in office neither party ever has any idea of settling it upon any basis whatever.

Similarly our politicians (before election) howl vigorously about the railroads and corporation "aggressions" generally, but when comfortably ensconsed at the public crib forget all about their alleged principles. Or, what is worse, they speedily sell out to the Treasury looters, never having contemplated anything but blackmail.

Mr. Gladstone, however, has worked for several years with a sincerity that is almost sublime, to secure the passage of a law which would forever remove the Irish question from English politics. That he has been thwarted merely illustrates what I have already said, namely, that the English politicians have no desire to settle the difficulty.

Indeed, it is quite doubtful whether many of the Irish members do not agree with them. I remember that a few years ago when Gladstone first set about this great work, he was universally denounced by the Irish "Liberators" in this country as a visionary schemer. Of course, the passage of a genuine Home Rule bill would obliterate the Land Leagues and Parliamentary funds, out of which these fellows make their living.

Gladstone is now eighty-four years old. He may live to appeal again to the English people. If he wins, the victory may put the heart into him for another struggle. If he loses, Home Rule is gone for a century, perhaps, forever.

A DIFFICULT "BRUSH UP."

The agitation in favor of "brushing up" the city, preparatory to the opening of the Midwinter Fair, if practicable, ought to be supported by everybody who desires that the town should appear respectable in the eyes of Eastern visitors. That a large number of strangers intend to make the Midwinter Fair an occasion for passing two or three months in California, there is no longer any doubt. But to agitate the "brushing up" of the town and to actually "brush it" up, are two altogether different things.

In my opinion San Francisco is long past the period when it can be "brushed up," or down, for that matter. What we need here now is regeneration—a new sewer system, an electric lighting system, and an almost new outfit of street pavements. These things will cost, I may add, close upon ten millions of dollars.

Of course that sum of money, or any other considerable sum cannot be expended with profit between now and the opening of the Midwinter Fair. Hence to "brush" the city up as proposed will resemble the strategy of the slovenly housewife, who sweeps her floor accumulations under the table or behind the ice chest, and pretends that she has given her residence a thorough cleaning. Any "brushing up" that can now be done will be worse than useless.

How can the ghastly wounds in the pavement of Market Street from the ferry to Valencia be "brushed up?" How can the horrible smells that obtrude from the cesspools at every corner be swept away?

If any Eastern visitor should chance to ask me why the town maintains such streets and tolerates such sewers, I shall answer that every year the people contribute near half a million dollars to ameliorate them, and that it is the business of the Superintendent of Streets and the Board of Supervisors to do the ameliorating. If any one shall ask me what becomes of the money, I shall (I hope with a blush) answer that somebody steals it. If, then, I am compelled to tell why the thieves are not punished, I shall answer (with another blush, I hope) that there is no law for political thieves in San Francisco.

I know these things ought not to be said, but I believe that the sooner they are said, and the oftener they are repeated, the sooner we will get decent streets and sewers in this unfortunate town.

A WASHINGTON dispatch states that notwithstanding the police of the National Capital are on the alert for "Jack the Slasher," a crank who goes about cutting up furniture in public offices, robberies are more frequent than ever. The other day in one of the Police Courts a woman fainted; she was carried into the chambers of the Judge, and while there was robbed of her purse. The appearance of "Jack the Slasher," therefore, is presumed to have set on foot an epidemic of stealing. But I would remind the author of the dispatch that pocket-picking is not the only kind of robbery that is going on constantly in Washington. At every session of Congress the Treasury is robbed of the greater portion of its contents.

THE TACOMA man who, a few evenings ago, slipped into the leading bank of the town, and, while the dealer and players were indulging a social dram in an adjoining apartment, carried away $1000 in coin and a bag full of chips, was certainly a courageous fellow. With the money and material he will probably start a bank of his own. The only reflection I have to make upon this incident is one which will occur to everybody, namely, that the bankers of Tacoma seem to be uncommonly careless in guarding the money of their depositors.

THE RESIGNATION of Thomas V. Powderly, Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, probably marks the end of the intellectual history of that organization. Powderly was a man of brains who possessed rare judgment and discretion. He has carried the order, of which he has been Chief for many years, safely through two great strikes, out of both of which he extracted all the advantage it was possible to get. But his methods are not pyrotechnical, and the Knights have long suspected him of lacking courage. His successor, James R. Sovereign, of Des Moines, will probably satisfy the hot-heads by bringing speedy ruin upon the Order.

I OBSERVE with pain that when Cave Rock fell into Lake Tahoe on Friday last, the tidal wave created overwhelmed the saloon at McKinney's and tumbled its entire stock of liquors into the water. However, we need not anticipate from this disaster that the Lake Tahoe trout, to which local *restaurateurs* diurnally treat us, will come from the iron hereafter in a state of intoxication. The local Lake Tahoe trout all come from Alameda Creek.

THE FASTEST thing in the universe has recently been discovered by Professor Barnard, at the Lick Observatory. It is Jupiter's little moon, which revolves around the big orb three times every twenty-four hours. That moon would outrun a shell from the throat of Big Betsey.

INTELLIGENCE comes from the East that the Society young ladies of the leading cities have commenced to wear metal anklets, *a la* the Oriental women of the Midway Plaisance. I am free to say that I do not credit the intelligence.

DID not Old Burton refer to pugilists when he said, "They are men who would rather lose a pound of blood in any single combat than a drop of sweat in any honest labor."

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist,
Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10.
Entrance, 806 Market Street.

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN
"Gold Lack"
The Leading Fine Champagne of Europe

SOME LIVE TOPICS.

In all the new country this side the Missouri River is complaint of lack of capital. On the western bank of that stream interest begins to rise, and the rate increases with altitude, until in Idaho it reaches eighteen per cent. per annum. This is the common history of all new countries. Their development requires money. They have everything else, but money is required to wrest it from the grasp of Nature and transform it into wealth. Money holds to natural resources some such relation as water to the water-wheel. If a man dam a dry stream he may have turbines and saws and logs, but lacking water for power these cannot be transformed for profit.

The demand in undeveloped countries makes wages and interest high. This is a normal cause, and without interference it gradually wears away under the equalizing force of development.

To this normal cause the west has added certain abnormal causes, and the people are just now suffering from these and the consequent sudden access in the rate of interest.

Anything that saps the soundness of money or weakens credit, adds to the rate paid by the borrower on the actual value borrowed. Frantic appeals against capital, denunciation of the lender, complex laws of debt and collection, indulged in by the people and the public authorities of a new country, make money scarce and interest high, because they affect credit unfavorably.

It is unfortunate that when the pinch comes politicians are apt to add to its list of causes by proposing further public interference. To illustrate: when pay day came on farm mortgages in Kansas the Legislature tried to reduce the rate of interest on mortgage contracts already made. Failing in this it essayed extension of maturity beyond the date fixed in the instruments, and finally, by a change in the collection laws, proposed to extend for a long term of years the equity of redemption under execution sales. Of course, these propositions averted fresh capital from Kansas, made the renewal of mortgages impossible, and caused great distress. Yet I have no doubt the authors of these measures are still laying the blame on the "Shylocks" and posing as statesmen and friends of the down-trodden people.

It is the rule in new communities that the men who counsel sound money and the conditions of good credit are denounced as friends of capital and enemies of the people. Yet they are as blameless as a man who would warn the builder of a dam on a water-power that water runs down hill and not up, and if he put his wheel in the mill pond, above the dam, instead of in the race below, it will not turn. And he who would get sent to the Legislature by proclaiming his desire to get an act passed compelling a wheel to turn in slack water would be just such a friend as the mad adviser of unsound money and suspected credit.

As long as there are borrowers there will be lenders, and the two classes will be in the world until the millennium, that distant and alluring mirage, which demagogues profess to be able to conjure by legislation.

I do not expect to see a speedy decline in the rate of interest and an increase soon in the volume of capital in the new states, for their people are hard to convince of the means that will bring about these desirable ends. But I know the need of missionary work amongst them in the simples of sound money and stable credit.

* * *

The coming regular session of Congress promises a great outpouring on diplomacy and international affairs.

During Mr. Cleveland's first term it was customary to make the most violent partisan attacks on his foreign policy, and to sigh for "one hour of Jim Blaine."

A new Administration came and Mr. Blaine with it, and it passed without the settlement of a single foreign question that it found docketed. Patrick Egan made a shameful muddle in Chile and nearly Hessianized all of us in the interest of the usurping assassin, Balmaceda, but beyond that disgrace Mr. Blaine left no more trace than though the record had been written on water.

It amuses any one capable of enjoying the pleasures of memory to hear the old cries raised again and to see the old, familiar, high-booted swagger. Men who affect the agonies of patriotism about hauling the flag down from the royal wickayup in Honolulu, enjoy, as juicy and palatable, attacks made upon the honor and credit of their own government and country by Thurston and other foreigners, members of the Provisional mob that took Hawaii after the kingdom was captured by Wiltze and Stevens. It is, indeed, astonishing how fond these critics are of hearing their own country divided, and that they mistake this un-American pleasure for patriotism. We sometimes hear of a class of Anglomaniacs, charged with liking England better than their own country. But what shall we call that other class who have no special liking for any country, but seem to hate their own worse than any and to rejoice at anything that disgraces it?

* * *

The National Grange has been in session recently, and seems to have been strangely led far astray from the peaceful paths of agriculture. The leading was apparently done by politicians for party purposes. Amongst the symptoms of this partisan use of the organization is a frowning denunciation of Secretary Morton, of the Agricultural Department, for expressions used by him in a speech last month in Chicago.

I have read that speech with lively satisfaction. Its description of the rural development of the great corn states recalls to me more than forty years of history, "all of which I saw and part of which I was." It is full of bright epigram and crystallized common sense, and, above all, it is the utterance of a man who was toiling to develop agriculture in Nebraska, when most of his critics were forming a pine stick with a jack knife.

The Department of Agriculture in his hands is in a fair way to begin benefiting rural interests by showing farmers how much they can do for themselves, and how little government can do for them, after it has taken off the burdens legislated upon their backs and falsely called benefits.

Under Secretary Morton agriculture will learn the profit of making the other fellow shinny on his own side, and the farmer will discover that it is money out of his pocket whenever he heats water to scald another man's hogs.

* * *

Only the outline of the coming tariff bill can be considered in advance of its final passage, since efforts will be made in each house to amend the leading schedules. There is one general feature which ought to be profoundly discussed. All of our tariffs from the first have fixed *ad valorem* duties in many cases, and in some both specific and *ad valorem* on the same article. The levying of tax upon merchandise according to its value is the father of all custom house lies. It cheats the treasury of income and compels the importer to become a professional perjurer. Under this system all importations of a given article are sworn to be of the cheapest grade of that article, and no system of appraisement and inspection has ever yet overcome the effect upon the commercial conscience of the opportunity thus offered.

I do not deny that entire elimination of the *ad valorem* plan is difficult, but there can be no argument for its retention except as a choice of evils. The greater the list covered by specific duties the less complex the revenue laws, and the more certain will be the Treasury to get what belongs to it.

Jno. P. Irish

Beautiful terra cotta ornaments at half price at Nathan, Dohrmann & Co's surplus stock sale, 116 Sutter Street.

Many remnants in cut glass tableware at half price at surplus stock sale, 116 Sutter Street, Nathan, Dohrmann & Co.

Huber's Orchestra, known as the Hungarian Orchestra, furnishes excellent music for receptions, weddings, and other entertainments. Address: Mr. V. Huber, 420 Eddy Street, or Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

A Novel Idea.

That caricature is one feature of journalism that has suffered neglect from our Coast press seems to have taken quite a hold on THE WAVE since each week it publishes an elaborate picture on San Francisco's most conspicuous citizens. The current issue contains an elegant likeness of the ex-political boss, Martin Kelly, in the holy garb of the good St. Anthony.—*Alameda Argus.*

DINNER PARTIES

FROM

A SUCCESS

IF THE

COMPANY IS CONGENIAL

AND

THE SALAD

IS

MADE WITH

SIERRA MADRE

OLIVE OIL

GOLDBERG

BOWEN

AND

LEBENBAUM

AMATEUR SPORT

On Saturday last for the third successive year Yale defeated Harvard without the Crimson scoring a point. It was a sad blow to Harvard. This year on all sides Harvard men could be found ready and willing to bet even money on the result of Saturday's battle, a most unusual occurrence. Their team had been tipped all over the country as certain to down the Blue. Casper M. Whitney, the great sporting critic of *Harper's Weekly*, wrote, only a few days before the game, that he expected Harvard to win by a score of six or ten to nothing. For once, the first time in years, Whitney proved a false prophet. Without a doubt Harvard put in the field the finest team she has had since 1890, but Yale again showed the same superb team play and clever tactics that have so often won for the Blue in the past.

* * *

Yale's centre did not prove as weak as was expected, though Lewis, Harvard's negro centre, played the game of his life. This man holds a most prominent position in football in the East. He is colored, of itself somewhat unusual, and moreover weighs but 175 pounds, a very light weight for a centre. In the Yale game he faced Stillman, a man weighing over 200 pounds, yet Lewis' great activity and endurance more than offset Stillman's great weight. The result of the game was the greatest disappointment Harvard has met in years; however, the bitterness of defeat will be considerably lessened if she is able to defeat Pennsylvania Thursday. I think Pennsylvania will give the Crimson a hard fight, and I expect to see them win by a score of about twelve to six. The 30th will tell whether Yale is still to maintain the proud position she has held for the past three years. She has defeated Pennsylvania and Harvard; Princeton is now the only rival between her and a third championship. It looks very much as if Yale would again defeat Princeton in New York. Princeton, it is true, has a very strong team on the gridiron field this year, her strongest since '89, but still I expect to see Yale victorious by a score of about ten to nothing.

* * *

The base-ball game of Saturday last proved another disappointment to Harvard. Up to the very last inning they had the game well in hand. But at a critical moment Belshaw, their pitcher, became rattled and sent Alexander to first on balls forcing a man on third home and tieing the score. A timely base hit by Booth then won the game for Yale. Belshaw's failure to put the ball over the plate could scarcely be charged entirely to him as his support was at times exceedingly poor. His nine did not give him the support the University nine did in his game with the Bohemians. The playing on both teams was in fact much inferior to the game put up by the club men. Norton at second base and Johnson at centre field played well. This is the first time Yale has won in her annual contest with Harvard for the past three years.

* * *

An effort is being made to get up an exhibition polo match on the new recreation grounds south of the Midwinter Fair site. The scheme ought to prove a success, as polo, besides being a really exciting game for the spectator, is an entire novelty here. If they are given any sort of a field, I am sure the San Mateo men could be induced to play. Some of the players have been very fortunate in their ponies. Most of them were purchased haphazard from cowboys and herders, and some of them have shown a remarkable aptitude for the game. In the East ponies not a whit better than these sell for $150 to $200. The Burlinghame ponies were all, I am informed, purchased for less than $50 each. Joe Tobin has an unusually good pony. She plays the game like a trained polo pony. R. M. Tobin's Pinto is also very good. Baldwin, Simpkins, and Wheeler have also found some fine ponies. The game will take new life in the spring on the recently arranged grass field.

* * *

Some effort should be made here this winter to get up a really good tennis tournament. If properly managed I imagine some of the Eastern cracks could be induced to come out here. It would be worth their while to see Joe Daily play tennis as he alone can play. It would open their eyes wonderfully to play against the style of game Daily plays. There is not a man in the East who plays with the grace and skill shown by the Californian professional. I think I am not over-confident in saying that with a month's practice on grass courts Daily could beat any man in the East to-day. Though it has lost somewhat in popularity I hope tennis will not be entirely overlooked this winter. D. G. E.

AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY.

The performance was over: the curtain had descended and the spectators had dispersed.

There had been a slight crush at the doors of the theatre, and what with the abrupt change from the pleasant warmth and light of the interior to the sharp chill of the night outside, Preston shivered, and a sudden weakness smote him at the joints.

The crowd on the pavement in front of the theatre melted away with unexampled rapidity, in fact, seemed almost to waver and disappear as if the *mise en scène* had changed in some inexplicable way.

A hansom drove up, and Preston stepped into it heavily, glancing drowsily askance at the driver as he did so.

Seated up there, barely visible in the gloom, the driver had an almost grisly aspect, humped with waterproof capes, and with such a lean, white face. Preston, as he glanced at him, shivered again.

The trap-door above him opened softly, and the colorless face peered down at him curiously.

"Where to, sir?" asked the hollow voice.

Preston leaned back wearily. "Home," he replied.

It did not strike him as anything strange or unusual, that the driver asked no questions but drove off without a word. He was very weary, and he wanted to rest.

The sleepless hum of the city was abidingly in his ears, and the lamps that dotted the misty pavements stared at him blinkingly all along the route. The tall black buildings rose up grimly into the night; the faces that flitted to and fro along the pavements kept ever sliding past him, melting into the darkness: and the cabs and 'buses, still astir in the streets, had a ghostly air as they vanished in the gloom.

Preston lay back, weary in every joint, a drowsy numbness settling on his pulse. He had faith in his driver: he would bring him safely home.

Presently they were at one of the wharves beside the river: Preston could hear the gurgle of the water around the piles.

Not this way had he ever before gone homeward. He looked out musingly on the swift, black stream.

"Just in time; we can go down with the tide," said a voice.

Preston would have uttered some protest, but this sluggishness overpowered him; it was as if he could neither lift hand nor foot. The inertia of indifference had penetrated into his bones.

Presently he was aware that he had entered a barge that lay close against the wharf, heaving on the tide. And, as if it were a piece of the play, the lean old driver, with his dead-white face, had the oars in his hands and stood quietly facing him, guiding the dark craft down the stream.

The panorama of the river-bank kept changing and shifting in the most inexplicable manner, and Preston was aware of a crowd of pictures ever coming and going before his eyes: as if some subtle magician, standing behind his shoulder, were projecting for him, on the huge black screen of night, the most marvelous display of memories he had ever contemplated. For they were all memories, or blends of memories, that now rose here on the horizon of his consciousness. There was nothing new in essentials presented to him, but the grouping was occasionally novel to a fault.

The dear old home—the dear old folks! Green hills, with the little white-washed cottage in a dimple of them, and in the foreground the wind-rippled plain of the sea. The boyish games—marbles and hoop-trundling—and the coming home at dusk to the red-lighted kitchen, where the mother had the tea ready on the table and the sisters sat at their knitting by the fire.

The dear, dear mother! How his pulse yearned towards her! There were tears in his eyes as he thought of her now. Yet, all the same, the quiet of his pulse was profound.

And there was the familiar scenery of his daily life: the ink-stained desks, the brass rails for the books, the ledgers and bank-books, and the files against the walls; and the faces of his fellow-clerks (even the office-boy) depicted here before him to the very life.

The wind across the waters blew chilly in his face: he shivered, a numbness still in his limbs.

His sweet young wife, so loving and gentle—how shamefully he had neglected her, seeking his own pleasure selfishly—there she sat in the familiar chair by the fireside with dear little Daisy dancing on her knee. What a quiet, restful interior it was! He wondered: would they miss him much if he were dead?..... Above all, would little Daisy understand what it meant when some one whispered to her "*Davee is dead*"?

The waving shadows seemed to thicken around the boat. And the figure at the oars—how lean and white it was: and yet it seemed a good kind of fellow, too, he thought. Preston watched it musingly as the stream bore them onward, the rushing of the water almost lulling him to sleep.

Were they sweeping outward, then, to the unknown sea?

It was an unexpected journey..... And he had asked to be taken *home!*

Presently the air grew full of shapes: shadowy shapes with mournful faces; shapes that hinted secrets, with threatenings in their eyes.

If a man's sins, now, should take to themselves bodies, would it not be in some such guise as this they would front and affright him at dead of night?

Preston shivered, sitting there like a mere numb lump.

How much of his wrong-doing is forgiven to a man—and how much remembered against him in the reckoning?

How awful this gruesome isolation was becoming! Was it thus a man went drifting up to God?

The figure at the oars was crooning softly. It was like the lullaby his mother used to sing to him when he was a child.

There was a breath of freer air—humanity lay behind them—they were alone with Nature on the vast, dim sea.

The numbness crept to the roots of his being. He had no hands to lift; he had no feet to move. His heart grew sluggish; there was a numbness in his brain.

Death stood upright now in the bow before him; and in the east he was aware of a widening breadth of gray.

Would the blackness freshen into perfect day for him.....or would the night lie hopelessly on him for ever?.....

The figure drew near—and laid its hand across his eyes.....

* * * * * * * * *

"Thrown out of the hansom, and the wheels went over him, sir. He was dead in less than five minutes, I should think."

"Cover his face.....and break it gently to his wife." —*Dodd's from Stevenson.*

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WHEN almost an old man the Prince said to the good fairy: "Ah, good fairy, how you have deceived me! You promised me that some time in my life I would meet a woman who would fulfill the ideal for which I have been dying of love. In vain have I searched, sick with longing. I have not found her."

"That is strange," said the good fairy, "because I have taken care that near you should be placed the purest maidens, the tenderest young women. I have a right to be surprised that your longing has not been satisfied. Tell me your adventures so that I may know how all these women, capable of charming, have only displeased you."

"My history," said the Prince, sighing, "I can not recount without stirring in my soul the deepest anguish; but, since you ask it, I will hide nothing from you.

"I was just sixteen the day I first saw the miller's daughter—fresh as a flower and singing like a bird. Oh, her beautiful innocent eyes! It is not to be wondered at that that day the sky was gray, because she had all the azure under her lids.

"'Good morning, oh miller's daughter.' 'Good morning, oh king's son'; and before we had finished those words we loved. She did not hesitate to follow me into the neighboring wood. She seated herself near me on a fallen oak; she let me hold her hands in mine. Ah, the tender solitude under the branches, heavy with nests! 'Listen,' I said, 'how sweetly that linnet sings.' She smiled, it was her voice I had heard. She told me the most divine things—that no man before had ever troubled her indifference; that when she saw me a rose burst into blossom in her heart, and that this flower, the rose of our love, would never fade. I blessed you, good fairy—at the beginning of my life I had found the longed-for ideal and I believed that I was happy. But I soon discovered that the miller's daughter loved me because I was the son of the king. What she really desired was not my lips upon her mouth, but my crown upon her head. My tears fell fast, and I commenced again my weary search."

"Prince," said the fairy, "you are too subtle an observer; but let me hear more, I pray you."

The Prince continued: "I journeyed to a large city where there were more pretty women than in any part of the world. They were adorable. To the one I most admired I sent a present of a coffer of Brazilian diamonds. How I loved her! What folly to have desired ambition—girls who wished to marry me because I was the king's son! I detested false ingenuousness. I adored only the sublime and enervating splendor of the flesh. I blessed you, good fairy, because never was there given to man a creature more magnificent, more perfect. I had found a sort of ideal—a little inferior perhaps, but an ideal, all the same, and I thought I was happy. But I soon found that this incomparable creature had an almost invisible spot the shape of a strawberry at the base of her beautiful neck. I rushed away disappointed, broken-hearted, and took up again my groping for the light.

"Prince," said the fairy, "it does not do to look so closely at goddesses. And then?" The Prince resumed: "I have met, I have admired, I have possessed many other young women. Thanks to you who prepared the relays of my itinerary of love, I have seen everywhere lips of roses, throats of snow, and hair of glistening gold, but always before my desire became a complete realization always a fault, a spot ended my joy and flung me back again into the despair of ever attaining it.

"The young wife of an old man in the village clasped her arms about my neck and offered me her beautiful mouth. As I was stooping to it I remembered her husband, old, gray, and ugly, and over these delicious lips I had a horror of the lips that had touched them and I rushed away—like one sometimes refuses to pick a flower on which a snail is crawling.

"A poetess, to whom I had sung some verses, vowed to me after admiring them that she did not understand why I had lost so much time in seeking such lovely rhymes. But there was a mistake in the sonnet she dedicated to me in return, and I could not rush away fast enough.

"I became enamored of a *comedienne*. She was exquisite, with her eyes full of dreams and her voice full of tenderness. 'Ah,' I cried, 'how madly I adore you, and how grieved I am that you are forced to play such characters on such a stage—you who could imitate so deliciously the cooing of the doves when Hermia's heart swoons in the forest near Athens.'

"'Hermia?' she said.

"'Yes, in the fairyland of Shakespeare.' And Shakespeare's name astonished her like a strange sound heard for the first time. Enfin, I vow, oh, good fairy (bad fairy it should be), you have wickedly played with me. The innumerable loves you have offered me, maidens, wives, poetesses, *comediennes*—all have left me desolate either before, during, or after the kiss; and look you, I have journeyed far and hoped much. Now, at the end I am broken-hearted, and shall go down to my grave with the cruel pain of an unsatisfied longing—an ideal vainly sought."

The good fairy was silent, reflecting thus sadly:

"You are right in accusing me, and I see that I am to blame—not in the way you think, but to blame all the same. Because, although I gave you to fulfill your desire the purest maidens, the tenderest young women, I neglected to endow you with a gift, without which perfect joy cannot exist, the gift which creates happy lovers and which inspires true poets."

"Which gift?" he said.

"The gift of never seeing, however apparent, the imperfections of human beauty. The gift of seeing only what one wants to see. And if you had had this any servant or the first woman on the street could have been the means of your clasping to your breast your long-sought ideal."—*Translated from the French of Catulle Mendes. by M.*

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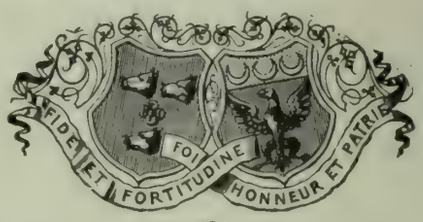

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Architecture has its A B C's as well as has literature. Architecture has its scale as well as has music. Architecture is a Fine Art. It should therefore be unconscious.

As a matter of convenience we are accustomed to refer to the architecture of any particular time or country as being of a certain "style." The builders of these standards were not aware of the fact that they were creating "styles." *They worked unconsciously!* They builded better than they knew.

Thus at Chicago in the Court of Honor we saw the "Great Thoughts of Great Men at a Great Time." There was displayed the most remarkable concert of action blended with unity of ideas that the world has ever seen; but it was the unconscious sympathy that existed between the artists intrusted with designing the GREAT COURT that caused the success of their efforts. "They builded better than they knew."

Here, at San Francisco, as a matter of simple courtesy to the builders of the Midwinter Fair it will be polite to say that "They knew better than they built." With an humbleness that would become a great artist it was announced that the success of the Chicago show was so great that it would be useless to try to equal it, but with an egotism befitting the occasion it was decided to put the matter without the pale of competition by adopting the East Indian, Moorish, Mission, Aztec styles.

This plan might succeed if the managers could send to India, to Persia, and to Aztecland for their architects, but they cannot. The great composition of the Court of Honor at Chicago was as intelligent to the learned observer as the different details were to the general observer.

To the learned observer each detail represented a letter, each part a word, each order a sentence and each façade a chapter. The whole was a poem.

To the general observer each detail represented a beautiful A-B-C block, each façade a set of blocks, and the whole was like a grand piece of music, thrilling but not understood.

As the child admired the blocks, the man was enraptured and comprehended the complete thing, the poem. It seemed like a beautiful dream.

But it was simple—simplicity is the secret which leads to the making of great designs.

Here the Midwinter Fair buildings are going to be a jumble of the most attractive A–B–C blocks that can be found, but they will not belong to the same set, and they will not spell words, nor make sentences when they are set up. A confusion of languages will be the result.

The casual observer will clap his hands and laugh with glee, but the critical observer will fail to see an essay or find a poem.

The result will not seem like a grand piece of music, but it will be impossible to understand it..

To the critical observer *our* Sunset City will not seem like a dream, but will suggest a frightful nightmare. It won't be the great work of great men at a great time.

It hasn't been designed by Mr. Mitchell, or Colonel Andrews, or Mr. Lillienthal, or Alex. Badlam, or Mr. Stump, or—by the way, has it had any architects at all?

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MASKS AND FACES

"The Laughing Girl" at the Bush Street Theatre is one of those "American" comedies which escape being a farce mainly because it is written in three acts and is alleged to possess a plot. The author, Mrs. D. F. Verdenal, formerly resided in San Francisco, and, like Mrs. Pacheco, here first essayed dramatic composition. That fact alone, if no other existed, entitles her work to the kindly consideration of San Franciscans; and, although I cannot conscientiously predict for "The Laughing Girl," either in consequence of its dramatic force or literary merit, a permanent place in *belles lettres*, I shall take pleasure in pointing out some of its striking features.

It has been aptly said that any fool can discover the imperfections of a dramatic composition, a poem or a novel, but that brains are necessary to uncover their beauties and excellences. I can imagine that the critics who first witnessed "Othello,"—beyond question the greatest dramatic creation in the world—found the Moor unnatural, the villainy of Iago without motive, and the love of Desdemona silly and unreasonable. And yet the studies of three hundred years have scarcely elevated that immortal composition to its proper niche in literature. I never return to its contemplation that I am not amazed at the moderation of my previous estimates of its dazzling beauties.

Therefore, to say that Mrs. Verdenal's comedy is in one or two respects imperfectly constructed, that some of its situations are unreal and evidently manufactured for the purpose of creating inexcusable merriment, and that some of its characters are overdrawn and others commonplace, would be simply to point out what is apparent to the simplest-minded spectator. I shall not address myself to any such task.

The best thing about "The Laughing Girl," then, is its action. Without that quality, probably, it would immediately fail. Although the theme is elevated, innocent, and pure, there is not sufficient plot to sustain the dramatic interest without a most lively movement. This the author has liberally infused into it. From the lifting of the curtain until its fall the commotion upon the stage is continuous. Sometimes this commotion is produced at the expense of the probabilities, but it is always so disconcerting and interesting, that one has not time to complain. Indeed, "The Laughing Girl," in this respect, comes so near a farce comedy that it is difficult, after reflection, for me to define exactly where the difference exists.

The dialogue is strong in places and some of the situations are good. The laughing girl is a sweet young thing who loves her German music teacher. This individual is a bashful fellow, who, not daring to propose, enlists the services of a friend. The friend takes advantage of the situation and makes love to the girl himself, finally tricking her into a promise of marriage. This is the simple theme. Misunderstandings, complications, errors, and other difficulties ensue—some of which are amusing and others irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial—until ultimately the Professor discovers the truth. Whereupon he throws up his hands and departs for Europe. The laughing girl, who now weeps profusely, because she really loved the musician, breaks the engagement with the villain, runs after the fleeing Professor, and proposes herself.

Naturally so thin a plot as this could not sustain the fabric of a three-act comedy without something to subsist upon. I have said that the dramatic action supplied the pabulum. But, I am compelled to add, not entirely. It is not too much to say that if Mr. Louis Mann, who plays the music teacher, were eliminated from the cast, "The Laughing Girl" would retire at once to a convent. As it used to be said of Dan Rice, the clown, he is a show unto himself.

The Professor, he has not yet mastered the barbaric tongue of his sweetheart, and he struggles from first to last to express himself. Between the attacks of the divine passion, he is taken with musical fits. On one occasion he composes a symphony and gives an amusing imitation of the nervous ecstacy of the musical maniac. The character of a bashful German Professor in love and unable to find words to declare his sentiments, is not new, but few can excel Mr. Mann's portrayal.

Miss Clara Lipman, the laughing girl, is very pretty and very interesting. It is to be regretted that the exigencies of the comedy do not require her to put on the gloves with the Professor instead of challenging him to the foils. The glimpse she gives of her practice with the biceptor indicates that she would be no mean antagonist. For myself, I think the gloves would do no violence to the scene, especially since, when discovered pummeling the bag by her aunt and asked, "Is this what you intend to do when you get married?" she answers, "Yes, m'a'm, *that's* what I'm practicing for." Really, Miss Lipman counters on the biceptors with considerable skill.

G. D. S.

The fourth visit of David Henderson's American Extravaganza Company in one of the famous Chicago Opera House spectacles will begin on Saturday night, December 9th, at the Grand Opera House. The piece to be presented will be an elaborate version of the production seen here two years ago, "Sinbad, or The Maid of Balsora." It will be remembered that San Francisco's introduction to this splendid organization occurred three years ago, when "The Crystal Slipper" was brought here. It achieved instantaneous success, and the members of the company at once became local favorites. The next season "Sinbad" came, and last year it was followed by "Ali Baba." All these pieces met with increasing popularity and success. The coming "Sinbad," it is said, has never been equaled in point of scenic beauty and spectacular pageantry in this city. Beyond the general theme of the piece as given heretofore, nothing of the old production has been retained. The costumes, scenery, properties, specialties, music, dances, and ballets are all new. Every garment of the seven hundred odd dresses worn in the play was made from a special water color design by Howell Russell, of London. The gowns were all made by Alias, of Paris, and the wardrobe department of the Chicago Opera House. Frederick Dangerfield, the scenic artist, designed and painted all the scenery. Filibert Marchetti arranged the ballets and W. H. Batchelor composed the music.——

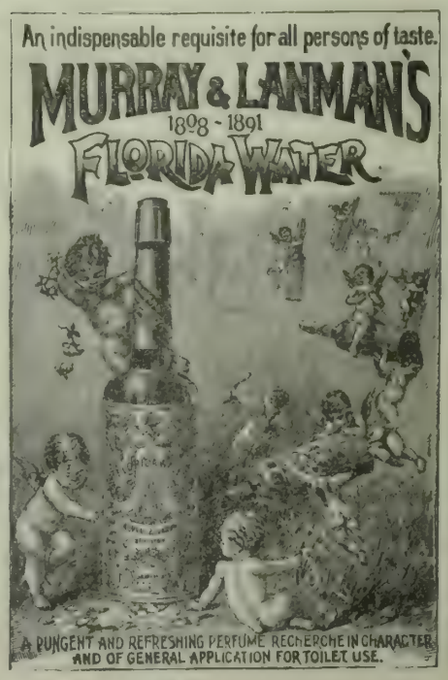
Although the past week has been a bad one for theatricals, Joe Murphy's attempt to revive the old-fashioned Irish drama at the Baldwin has met with considerable encouragement. On every evening but one, when the elements raged fiercely without, the pretty little theatre accommodated a fair audience. "Kerry Gow" is not unfamiliar to the public, and it was rather like greeting an old friend to see Mr. Murphy again in the character of the persecuted young blacksmith. The present season at the Baldwin is notable, however, for something besides a revival of the Irish drama. It is serving to develop before our eyes a somewhat precocious young actress. Miss Blanche Bates, who appeared as Nora in "Kerry Gow," has within two months almost run the gamut of the stage. She supported McKee Rankin at the Alcazar for awhile, then appeared at Stockwell's, and is now Mr. Murphy's leading lady. In every character taken she has demonstrated the possession of the qualities of a great actress, namely, conscientiousness, versatility, and careful study. A critical comparison of her work—as yet, perhaps, in the chrysalis state—shows that she has steadily improved. I should not be surprised if the public discovered in her the next California theatrical prodigy.

On Monday Mr. Murphy will begin the last week of his engagement with Fawcett Rowe's new play, "The Donagh." A feature of the piece is a panoramic view of the Lakes of Killarney.——

Frank Daniels will give way at the California, on Monday evening, to Charles L. Davis and his amusing play, "Alvin Joslin." The engagement will last one week and be supplanted on Monday week by Chas. Dickson and "Admitted to the Bar."——

On Monday evening M'lle. Rhea and her Company will appear at Stockwell's in "The Queen of Sheba," and continue for seven nights only. The Company is said to be a strong one and the incidental music is a feature. On the eleventh, M'lle. Rhea will give way to Katie Putnam in "The Little Maverick."——

"Said Pasha," which has done two weeks' excellent business at the Tivoli, will give way on Monday evening to the "Black Hussar," a comic opera that is said to abound with striking music.——



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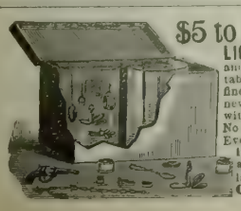
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Though the concert epidemic continues there is destined to be a lull within the next few weeks, the coming of Christmas and the ushering in of New Year festivals will break up some of our regularly recurring performances. Already the Saturday Popular Concerts are discontinued, and of ballads we have heard the last of them in Mr. Wilkie's concerts for this year at least. The Philharmonic Society and Loring Club also rest from rehearsals and concert giving, and with the exception of a few detached programmes, executed by stray visitors, our period of rest for one month will be generously complete. The causes which have brought about such wide-spread concert giving in this much of our season now lapsed are simple. Musical culture and skill has reached a fuller tide than ever known hitherto, the possible list of concert-goers has doubled itself within the past five years, and of performing professionals twice as many are settled here and ready to execute a more or less extended repertoire. Recent teaching has also done much to bring forward local ability in plenty, which, under old conditions was entirely unavailable.

Some advantage has necessarily accrued from what came upon the public almost as a plague the giving of concerts; made familiar with average concert numbers, audiences are prepared for more rare utterances and are in a sense more ready to hold them at just value. So much performing has broken the outer crust of insensibility common everywhere where music has been only occasional. Still, that point where sensitiveness to tones independent of reputation in musicians has become absolute is even yet merely a dim possibility. Loud and genuinely meant applause greets the *finale* of many an execution underdone by a full quarter of a tone in pitch from first to last. In singing, a taste for aggressions in the way of high tones successfully blazoned out has not been trodden down. In violin playing, rapidity of technique covers all manner of peculiarities, touching *nuance*, accent, and intonation, while articulation and facility applied to the piano key-board are all that is necessary for considerable success. All this, so far as the average public is aware; there happily is, however, an increasing circle with knowledge founded on true apprehension of æsthetic and scientific truths, whose intuition accepts the works any work offered at its absolute value only.

Gains from public performance are increasingly less as numbers of attempts upon the public purse mount up. Practical wisdom in reserving for signal displays of talent at longer periods the powers inherent in our musicians is disregarded, and the enlarged though still limited possibility of financial success has been taxed to rebellion. In a city where fluent conditions run unchecked, extremest reaction will present itself. Already it is said subscriptions are for any musical object hard to find as nuggets.

For the Philharmonic Society's influence upon amateur music due meed of praise has never been withheld, nor also for the efforts of its conductor, Mr. Hermann Brandt, in holding up a good standard and titillating the taste popular. This last task is no easy one; to combine a proper fitness and the ear-tickling necessity is a balancing of impossibilities. Light-headed pieces mixed with decorously imagined numbers, as usual filled out the latest programme. Philip Scharwenka was represented by a clever orchestal intermezzo agreeable as a novelty. "Die Falsenmuhle" and "Merry Wives" overtures come under the head of established grace at the performances of this Society. Up to its usual standard the playing had the kindly reception always granted.

Better and less capable singers than Miss Amalia B. Rippe have undergone a hearing in these concerts. Her voice, of the kind and quality peculiarly unfulfilling its possibilities, always the first distinction of the average German soprano, is singularly unmanaged. Under a mechanism awkward, inept, and destructive is obscured much tender tone quality, some musical ability, and suspicions of taste. The choice of numbers was of the thoroughly hackneyed kind. Mr. Otto Bendix in two solo numbers and an encore played from his usual articulatory standpoint representing his school according to the dogmatic canons preached and practiced.

Another concert is advertised by William H. Keith, the recently returned singer, for the eighth of December at Metropolitan Hall. His studies have been well proved and public interest is sufficiently aroused to justify a further appearance. With a choice programme and capable assistance the performance should be sufficiently attractive.

Keeley Martin.

The famous Rebagliati Spanish Quintette after an absence from San Francisco of three years will give a concert at Metropolitan Temple, Thursday evening, December 14th, assisted by the best local talent. Among those who have volunteered their services are Mrs. Charles Dichman, Mrs. Maud Berry-Fisher, Mr. Thomas Rickard, Mr. Frank Coffin, Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton, and a double quartette from the Loring Club. Rinaldo Rebagliati, the leader of the quintette, is considered the equal of any living violinist, and will be heard in De Beriot's Concerto in D. The advance sale of seats has been large and the affair may be counted upon as a financial and artistic success.

The famous Rebagliati Spanish Quintette may now be engaged to furnish music for receptions, concerts, dinners, teas, weddings, etc., etc., by addressing J. M. Shawhan, Manager, 211 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

N. B.—These musicians do not play music for dancing.

The farewell concert of Wm. H. Keith, prior to his departure for Paris, promises to be a musical treat. By request he will repeat his success of the other evening, Adam's "Noel," and sing the "Chanson Bachique" from "Hamlet" by Ambroise Thomas, and Gounod's "Easter Eve," with organ and piano accompaniment. A trio embracing Mrs. Marie Hyde Keeley, organ, Miss Ella Lawrie, piano, and Mr. Fred Knell, violin, will render selections from "Der Freishutz" and from "Cavaleria Rusticana." Mrs. J. E. Bermingham will sing and Signor S. Martinez will preside at the piano. The concert will take place at Metropolitan Temple on the afternoon of Friday, December 8th, at three o'clock.

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

You wish to know what we girls do who desire to be ranked as other than butterflies? I shall tell you how we try to be good Christians, though our success is a matter of not exactly doubt but decidedly of conjecture. First there is the Society called the Monday Mutes, which meet every week with the ostensible purpose of "clothing the naked." Its members are supposed to make wearing apparel for the small children of the Maria Kip Orphanage. They assemble at half past ten, and work till one, when the hostess of the occasion serves a dainty lunch. Sewing is prosaic, but I assure you that little petticoats featherstitched with gossip, hemmed with girlish laughter, and finished off, in womanlike style, with conquests, is the most beguiling, bewitching method of passing a morning. I wish you could see the enthusiastic bevy of girls armed with a thimble and a five cent piece who flock together on the wet, wintry mornings. I must not forget that this conclave is exceedingly exclusive, may I say charmingly so. Exclusiveness is usually fraught with bitterness for some poor soul, and while toiling for Christ's little ones it would ill become us to cavil at the less fortunate, so here is the *modus operandi:* We have two honorary members, and any "Mute" who wishes to extend an invitation to a friend hands in the name to either of these ladies. She considers the matter, and if the friend is bright, or witty, or might prove an addition, she receives an invitation; if not, neither the "Mute" nor the friend again hears aught of it. The different members who would like to have the Society meet at their houses extend an invitation, which is accepted in turn.

Do we accomplish much? you inquire. Well, no; I can't say that the orphans will be better clothed than of yore; but then there is no lack of the desire, and though "faith without good works is dead," and the "body without the spirit is dead," no one denies us the spirit we have which is immortal. If you could be one of the "Mutes" you would soon see we had spirits enough to carry anything through.

Mrs. Taylor's Society, which meets once a fortnight at various homes, and has for its object, at present, the obtaining of chimes for Trinity Church and the beguiling of errant Christians into a more constant attendance at service. This is really a very industrious organization, and the members do sew and accomplish quite a little. The girls, too, are exceedingly nice, and, as many belong to the "Kings Daughters," seem to have a desire to succeed. They pay a dollar a month and do not receive refreshments.

There are various classes, too, whereby our girls try to improve their minds. One "poetry" class meets at Miss McNutt's and discusses Byron, Pope, etc. Miss Hamlin has a very large Monday morning class, and she lectures on English literature.

Of course, you will hardly be interested in these, as you do not glean the corn as it falls by the wayside, but rather seek mole-like in the bowels of the earth for your knowledge. We birds of passage have hardly time for that and get what we can as we journey on.

I do not know of any vocal club this year that pursues the methods of Miss Withrow's club of last season. It is to be hoped that its old members will resume their good work. The Abbey Cheney Amateurs pursue instrumental music in serious fashion and delve into the evolution of sonata, symphonies, and fugue. The "Town and Country Club," though rather quiet in its methods, is succeeding beyond the most sanguine expectations, and will give a tea on the fourth of December. It has a really fine library there and receives all the new books straight from the publishers.

Miss West's "Sarosis" meets but once a year, and any girl who has ever been a pupil of the school can become a member by paying two dollars initiation fee and ditto per annum. They celebrate Miss West's birthday, and members come from far and near.

* * *

I saw some exquisitely pretty gowns that are fresh from New York the other day. One is a calling gown, a figured black and *éminence* satin, trimmed with velvet and lace. The skirt had a full, plain effect, but was trimmed in a piquant fashion with a sort of half turned-up plait of velvet. The waist had revers of the velvet and half cape, while a flounce of lace fell over the large gigot sleeves and formed a vest in front.

Another pretty little theatre bodice took my fancy. It was in black velvet mixed with fur and lace. Still, as the fur was of the Persian kid and only formed a sort of yoke, it did not look aggressive, as fur is so apt to do on evening frocks. The basque of the jacket was cut in four deep points. The bodice opened over a front of chiffon, moiré and cream lace, which was puffed loosely and held together by a deep stomacher of jet.

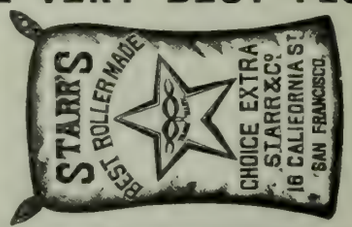
Another pretty calling dress was of brown and white striped satin. The skirt was plain and full; the basque had softly gathered collar and revers of brown velvet, and a wide belt, resembling a Swiss bodice somewhat, of coarse cream lace. A very pretty street dress had a long military jacket and a tight-fitting front with military buttons and decorations. It was an imported gown, and of the prettiest shaded green and red. A purely delicious military toque, combining the two colors, completed this fetching costume.

An evening gown which filled me with covetousness was of handsome gold and mauve bullion brocaded in chrysanthemums. The gown is semi-high, and the brocade hangs in a long train, in straight lines from a deep yoke of mauve moiré folded to a point back and front. The dress is slightly shaped to the figure at the waist, and a beautiful garniture of passementerie of the gold and mauve is carried under the arms, while a fringe of knotted silk and gold reaches the hem of the skirt in front.

A dear little bonnet is the last thing I can describe this week. It was in "caracul," or baby astrakhan, in the pretty shape which resembles a child's Dutch bonnet, fitting down on the hair between the fringe and coil of twists at the back. A bunch of violets in front and a big bow of black satin at the back was all the trimming it boasted.

THE REFLECTOR.

THE VERY BEST FLOUR



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LIBRARY NOTES

To understand the difficulties of reconciling conversations and profiles, it is necessary to have written a novel. The creation of a personage whose nose is that of Apollo, whose eyes shed divine light, and whose mouth is a perfect bow, seems in the abstract a mere matter of sentences. Is it not simply the cataloguing of individual features according to the *legato* or *staccato* manner one affects, here a word, there a phrase, until the details are all in and the figure stands on its own feet? Alas! that is but still-life. After drawing comes dialogue; the profile must talk, make love, must smile and sigh, bear trouble without a tremor, and be patiently immobile when glad. Its adventures must interest the casual reader whose attention depends on episode; its reflections must strike as worthy the sober-minded whose opinion is weighty. Without strain one may accomplish all this provided the features are regular. Think, though, how a curved nose and a thin lip complicate the problem. Twist the mouth a little and your personage must be sarcastic. Furnish him with high cheekbones and a square jaw—of necessity he is dogmatic. Endow him with intelligent eyes and a frontal development—he is sure to be cynical and turn epigrams. And on the unfortunate creator devolves all the responsibility.

For instance there is John Tempest, the hero of Mary Cholmondeley's last book, "Diana Tempest." He is tall, strong, square-jawed, ugly, and the head of the family. His friends he keeps waiting in an attitude of respectful expectancy, for his plunge into public life; his enemies, of whom he has a choice selection, are engaged busily in an effort at securing the reversion of the great estate and its revenues to a weak but good-looking uncle. Indeed, there is ample evidence to assume that the property is Colonel Tempest's by right. Possession, however, as everyone knows, is nine points of the law. After escaping all manner of violent deaths, for this good-looking uncle has wagered fifty thousand dollars against five that he will never come into the property, the square-jawed hero learns the secret of his birth, makes a terrific to-do, insists on retiring from the field and making restitution, though neither law nor reason compelled him. By reason of his tremendous self-sacrifice the plot is neatly rounded out and the Colonel properly punished for his wicked wager; but think what a supreme conscientiousness the authoress had to furnish her square-jawed hero with! Another, whose lines were less severe, would have balanced not only his own ease, but the honor of his mother's name against the luxury of the sacrifice, and would have found his duty in remaining where the will of his ostensible father had placed him. Better than this sombre and unhappy hero, who seems to accept most calmly the position of unfortunate, is Diana Tempest—a charming individuality, whose personality remains a beautiful memory after her surroundings escape into oblivion. She is tall, and graceful, and honorable; love comes to her in a strange way; she is captured rather than captivated by the square-jawed, ugly hero, whose wooing, it must be admitted, is quite in consonance with the determination of his expression. Strong herself, she struggles, but they are intended for one another, and, in the long run, they marry. However, the course of true love never yet, in a three-volume novel, ran smooth, and I can assure you the sacrifice of John precipitated woe. Ah, the beauty of fiction—self-sacrifice is always crowned in the last chapter. One can read this book with interest, for, though it is long drawn out and a bit unwieldly, the characterization is strong, and the narrative full of interesting reflection.

What availeth a novelist a style clear and flexible, a literary manner that expresses mastery of material if his point of view is prosaic? There are few writers of English whose prose has the excellence of Howell's; it rises to no heights of eloquence, but it is an admirable medium, precise, effective, and pure. Yet, though seemingly fitted for the sustained swell of fine emotion the most interesting episodes that occur in it become strangely commonplace. It is not that the author casts cynical doubts on the motives of his people—he is as just as a divinity. It is not that the types are invariably prosaic—they are frequently both talented and distinguished; their dialogue is often charming—full of touches as delicate as James'. Who could question the skill of a man who describes so gracefully the trotting match at Pymantoning—the first chapter in his "Coast of Bohemia." It is like a bit of French art—full of color and light. Then hero and heroine meet—he an artist, she a beautiful girl with a great talent; there is some village life, a vulgar lover, then, to New York goes Cornelia Sanders to enter the "Synthesis of Art Studies" and learn to forward her ambition. As the story develops one is introduced to people whom it seems should be interesting; the heroine expands into a type of some value, and Ludlow falls in love with her in a singularly, honest, and generous way—yet, they sag; the atmosphere is that of bread and butter and cold tea—respectable, clean, but how depressing in its lack of passion, its absence of enthusiasms. It is not Cornelia nor her lover, mind, who neglect to suffer the pangs of desire; but their personalities are robbed by this implacable creator of humanity and color. I believe if Howell's had originally conceived the idea of Monte Cristo he would have made the fascinating Dantes the greatest bore in fiction. Without exciting a strain of either interest, sympathy, or surprise, a hero by Howells might offer his goods to the poor and his body to be burnt. Not that his sacrifice would be less admirable, but that the medium is too colorless.

The central figure in "A Woman of Forty" is Miss Cuthbert, who is tall, well-made, and strong—a type of fully developed womanhood, with the rounded throat of a Hebe, and a mouth which is the despair of artists. In connection with these admirable physical advantages, she is possessed, also, of a masculine intelligence, a splendid memory, and a hidden sorrow. Imagine this remarkable creation in a London drawing-room, flinging captivating glances to the right or left from eyes of pure pale blue, shaded by deep brown lashes. When she smiles the beholder is lifted into another world. From a personage so pronounced as this, one anticipates instruction, epigrams, *jeux d' esprit*, etc. Alas! she is only cynical and looks out of the pale blue eyes the mysterious truths her lips do not utter. In the course of the narrative she falls in love with Brice Leslie, a broad-shouldered gentleman who says little but thinks much—one of those negative personalities for whose lack of brilliancy an unusual sincerity is supposed to compensate. Alas! as in life the prizes in fiction are too often won by mediocrity.

Miss Olive Schreiner has all the dreaminess the writing of pastels demands, but she has neither the style nor the sense of form. Not that her literary manner lacks grace or quality; it is fair prose, delicate at times, but too solid a setting for the mere shadow of a theme whose medium it essays to be. One cannot forget the sad efforts of Miss Wilkens in the same direction, or the substantial, long-drawn-out effect which Brander Matthews attained. The best of the three bits is "The Woman's Rose"—a dainty idea with an infusion of melancholy, of poetry, of feminine beauty; it is vague as the form requires—the perfume of the roses pervades it—but there is too little distinction about the phrasing—it is not verbal pearls and opals, but merely garnets or cornelians we are given.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Diana Tempest," by Mary Cholmondeley. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"A Woman of Forty," by Esmé Stuart. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Dream Life and Real Life," by Olive Schriener. Roberts Brothers, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Coast of Bohemia," by W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Irish Idylls," by Jane Barlow. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Marion Darche," by F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by The Bancroft Company.

Dear old "Lucille" is out in a new setting—colored pictures and pretty wash drawings. Though the author has been convicted of plagiarism to the very verge of burglary, the popularity of his poetical romance has lost not a whit of its power. It still sells, and who knows but that future generations, ignorant of the variety of its sources, may consider Owen Meredith a high literary light, and burn incense at his luxurious shrine. Time works changes, literary as well as inartistic. F. Stokes Company, publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"Irish Idylls" contains a great deal of distinctly creditable work of a certain kind. It is not high literary art, but it is truthful and the subject affords opportunities for both humor and pathos.

Very charming are the series of Christmas calendars which Frederick Stokes issues. There is one which Elizabeth S. Tucker is responsible for, full of interesting young people in pretty gowns done in reds and pinks and pale blues. Some of the drawings are exceedingly graceful. Then there is the "Calendar of Favorites," by Maude Humphreys—really an exquisitely colored piece of work. There are babies—the very loveliest of cherubim—for every month in the year—captivating little creatures in inimitable clothes. I have no doubt though, but that the artistically inclined would prefer the lantern calendar—a dainty conceit, clever enough to have been produced in chrysanthemum land. The drawing is really very clever. These calendars are published by the F. A. Stokes Company, and are for sale by Wm. Doxey.

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SAN JOSE NOTES.

Our social circles were enlivened a little this week by the Spencer-De la Montanya sensation. Not so surprisingly sensational with us either, for in San Jose it has been a matter of notoriety for months past that Rene Spencer's marriage was almost as unhappy as her previous home life. It is true, perhaps, that even before the engagement was announced, the father did manifest, once in a while, some little affection for his oldest daughter, and after that time even Mrs. S—— would occasionally indulge in some kindly reference to Rene and her *fiancé*. To the latter's family her lowly and adoring salaams were the talk and the ridicule of the town. She looked upon the alliance as being one step nearer the outer circle of accustomed plebeian association and one advance closer to the ranks of the aristocratic. Now, however, their hopes are blasted and ambitions seared. The once adorable Jimmy is now referred to in terms of hatred, and Miss Jennie, who, presumably at her brother's request, sometimes honored the Spencer parlors with her presence, is now made the but of the Spencer jeer and the burden of the Spencer scorn.

I would deal with this matter in another way, were it not for the fact that our local newspapers have taken up the Spencer end of the fight, and a little truth, though a rare dish, may spice the story they tell.

We all feel sorry for Rene, but are inclined to laugh at the vain efforts of her stepmother and her father to outwit the objects of their hatred. The Judge was once the biggest man in the county, and his name carried with it all that could be desired of honor and of influence. In an evil moment, however, he descended from the dignified position he could and did assume so well, and wallowed in the mire of petty politics. Desirous with all his heart of occupying the seat now held by Judge McKenna, he lost his temper at a place where the merest tyro in the law would have behaved himself, and naturally, the Executive choose a less brilliant perhaps, though a better tempered man. The Judge, too, on account of this and other things of smaller moment has forfeited much of the esteem of our people. In his social and business relations the same qualities that lost him the ermine have done their deadly work. The Murphys and others used to be the closest friends of the Spencers, and Mrs. Murphy, often in her delicate way, tried to tone down their manners. She has even partially succeeded in this laudable effort when the Judge spoiled all, in a way it is unnecessary to relate here.

Some of the members of the Midwinter Fair Committee are making almost as big fools of themselves as the Judge has of himself, though a trifle more vicious. You may imagine the feelings of fathers and mothers when the ladies of the committee went to the schools and wanted the children to go down into Chinatown, there to solicit bulbs and Chinese lilies for exhibition. The horror of the thought should shock the most hardened among them, and Professor Bateman deserves to receive the thanks of all parents for his emphatic No to Maggie's monstrous proposition. We will hear more of this anon. BESSIE.

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TO LIVE IN DREAMS.

No ruthless violence the spell shall break
That holds the enchanted city by the lake.
Nor blows of cruel steel and iron fall
On crystal roof and graceful arches tall,
But sometime, in the darkening Autumn days
When we shall seek beside the waterways,
The white walls, flashing into lines of light,
The fire-girt dome that flames upon the night,
We shall not find them, we shall see no more
The snowy columns and the golden door,
And fair cold statues, but instead of these
The melancholy waves, and lonely trees.
Then shall we know that steps of mortal men
May never tread those radiant courts again;
For the white temples, freed from ruins' hand
And rapt away from earth, shall henceforth stand
Serene and silent, by the mystic streams
That flow forever through the land of dreams.

THE REASON.

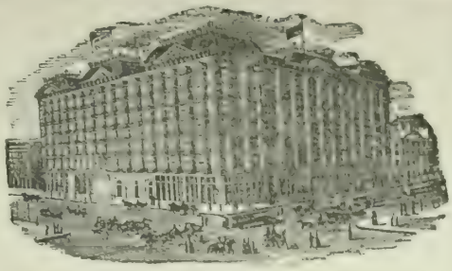
INLANDER.

He says her hands are slender,
And her eyes divinely tender,
And that that all the Graces lend her
All the charms that they can spare.

"Her gait!" he cries, "how airy!
And her lips outvie the cherry.
And see how the sunbeams tarry
When they light upon her hair."

But to me she's simply frightful,
And I'm sure her temper's spiteful,
I can nothing see delightful,—
Neither eye, nor lip, nor curl.

And her heart?—well, I confess it,
Would delight me to possess it—
But alas!—perhaps you guess it
She's the other fellow's girl.



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7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	6.45 a m
7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, §Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis.....	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
‡10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	‡6 15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*6.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento.....	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose.....	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Raymond (for Yosemite) and Fresno.....	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7.45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10.45 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge.)

‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz.....	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

6.45 a m	San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	2.45 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo), and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.06 p m
12.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	†7.26 p m

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From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—*6.00, *7.00, 8 00, 9.00, 10.00 and 11.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 and 6 P. M.

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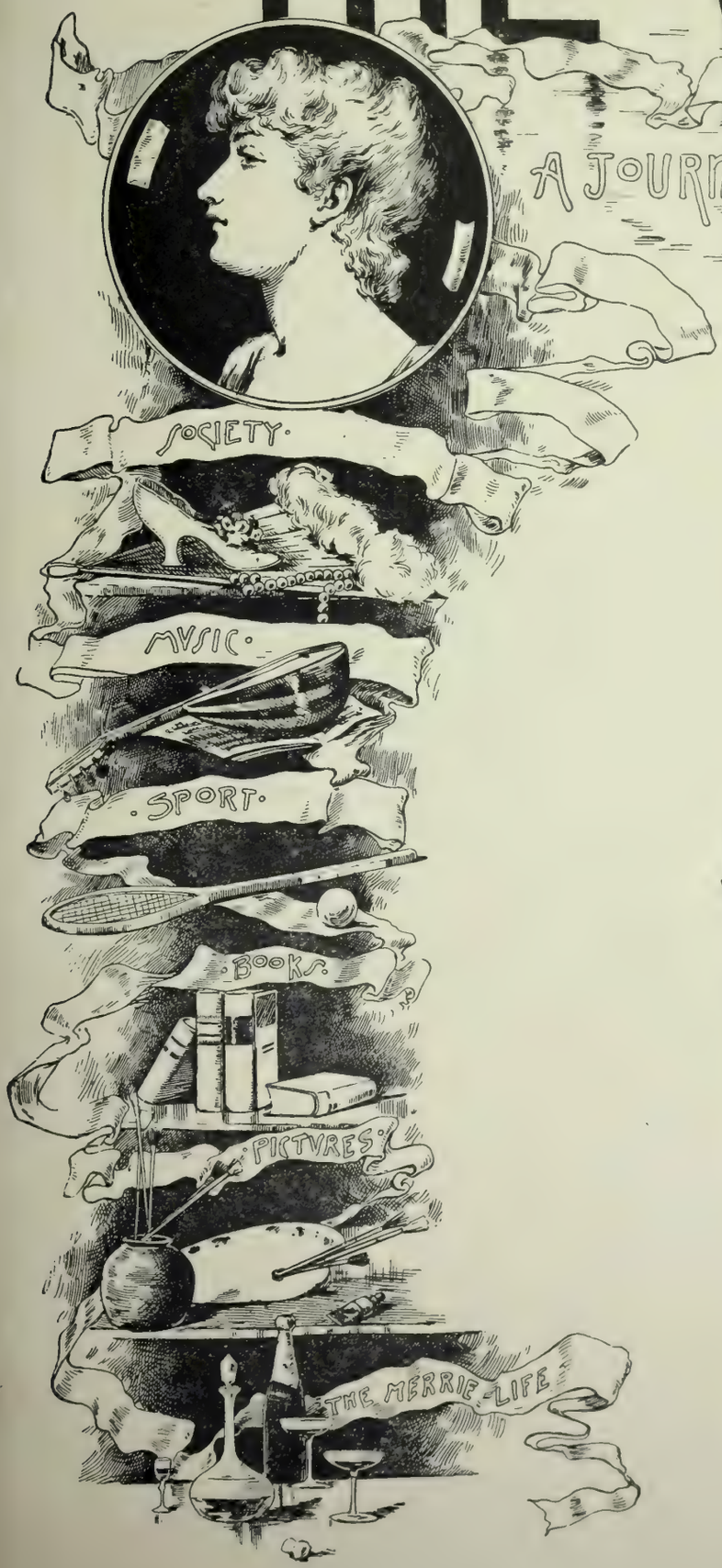

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THE WAVE

Vol. XI. No. 49. San Francisco, December 9, 1893. 10 Cents.

The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

OUR CALIFORNIAN VULCAN.

Our foremost private citizen at the present time is unquestionably Irving M. Scott, Vice-President and General Manager of the Union Iron Works. As the principal agency in the creation of the great steel war-ship building enterprise at the Potrero, he is entitled to this distinction. There are other men at the Union Iron Works about whom it may be necessary to know something when the history of that institution comes to be written (Mr. George W. Dickie, its mechanical engineer, for instance,) but to Mr. Scott the credit is mainly due of energizing the forces which have culminated in the construction of the "Olympia." Even if Mr. Scott's efforts at steel ship-building should cease with this Queen of the Seas, his place in history is assured.

SPLASHES

THAT VERY CHARMING blonde, Miss Lucy Banning, has succeeded in affording Society a topic of conversation. Reputation to the contrary, the local *beau monde* is anything rather than enterprising. In years there has not been a scandal of merit; it is half a decade since the last elopement. Therefore, the escapade of Miss Banning proved a *bon bouche*, and even the *debutantes* have had their imaginations fired by her daring. As the guest of Miss Ethel Murphy at the first tea of the season, the fair Los Angelan met Society in general and received a great deal of attention. She is a vivacious young woman, whose style is decidedly *chic*, and who enjoys gayety in all its manifestations. She attended the entire series of teas during the past few weeks and is almost as well-known now as though she had lived here months.

* * *

Miss Murphy and Miss Banning became intimate in Paris. When the latter accepted the invitation of the *debutante's* to spend the season in San Francisco, she brought with her a letter from her mother to Mrs. Murphy. It contained a warning against Bradbury, and the request that Miss Lucy might not be permitted to wander around unchaperoned. Doubtless the warning was unnecessary, but no chances were taken. About a week ago this Southern Lochinvar arrived and appeared at the Murphy domicile with another letter from Mrs. Banning. Its tone was the antithesis of the former missive—it introduced Bradbury as a friend of the family, and suggested that Miss Lucy be permitted to call on an old nurse in Oakland which she might do under his escort. The contents appeared curious to Mrs. Murphy, but Miss Lucy laughed her suspicions away, and on the eventful day started for Alameda County.

* * *

It was stipulated prior to her departure that she should return at a certain time. The afternoon wore on, but there reappeared not the blonde tresses of Miss Banning. It was after dinner ere there arrived a messenger boy armed with a telegram. It ran thus:

MADAME:—I have the honor of informing you that I was married to Mr. Bradbury to-day in Oakland. I am now with him at the Palace Hotel. I hope that the pleasant relations that have existed between us may be maintained under the new conditions.

LUCY BRADBURY.

Mrs. Murphy was exceedingly angry. She telegraphed to Los Angeles, and wrote a vigorous note to the bride, denouncing her deceit and asking that she send at once to the house for her boxes. Next day a French maid appeared, packed up the various white gowns in which the fair maiden had so effectively enshrined her blonde loveliness, and that is the end. There is no especial moral to be drawn, save that the twain, having determined to marry, were perfectly justified in doing as they saw fit. The point of view which condemns the girl who chooses to marry without the consent of her parents is really opposed to the American spirit.

* * *

MISS VIRGINIA FAIR, I am told, is still heart-whole. The gossip which indicated an attachment between her and young Mr. Mackay is pronounced baseless. If a sentiment did exist, it has disappeared long ago, for it seems the spell of the youth's fascinations passed with his departure abroad, and the heiress announces she has no intentions of marrying him. He is certainly not especially handsome and his proclivities are hardly worthy of admiration. Neither of John Mackay's sons has inherited the sturdy strength and manhood of the father. Brought up in a hot-house atmosphere they seem rather to lack stamina. Miss Fair's attendant cavalier is a middle-aged personage named Peters, who has courted *debutante* heiresses for the last twenty-five years. He is quite devoted and accompanies her everywhere she permits. In appearance he is Mephistophelian, and is frequently alluded to as "Miss Fair's devil."

* * *

It is not impossible that Mrs. Mackay will remain in Europe all the season. It is said she purposes spending some of the winter months in Gotham, and has engaged apartments at the "Netherlands."

* * *

No artist finds San Francisco especially profitable. To be honored, our wielders of the brush must go East. There is Ernest Peixotto, for instance. Since his departure he has been exceedingly fortunate. Some one directed him to Harper's Publishing House, and an interview with the head of the art department secured him an order for illustrating a story. Subsequently, he saw the *Century* people with similar results. The results of his efforts were two very handsome checks, which will enable him to protract his stay in Paris. It seems Peixotto has also sold, at his own figure, the canvases that remained unsold after the exhibition at Vickerey's. These were purchased by a New York dealer, much to the artist's satisfaction. He is now *en route* for the French Capital, and if he works as hard as he did in San Francisco he cannot fail to make a record.

* * *

I FEAR the *edition de luxe* of Mr. Redding's "Sacrifice in the Forest" will not be ready for the Christmas trade. Doubtless if completed according to the author's ideal it would make a charming holiday gift, but the artists commissioned to do the designing and to furnish the illustrating do not seem to have made any definite progress. Indeed, I am told they are dissatisfied with the prospect of remuneration which Mr. Redding held out. He promised them compensation for their labors out of the profits, and it is sad to record that they were not allured to fresh exertions. If the project is not financed by some artistic capitalist I fear it is not destined to take form in the immediate future. Doubtless, when the author returns he will infuse new energy

into the dilatory ones, and perhaps, with his usual generosity, supply the funds.

* * *

Mr. Redding is still in New York, where he goes out a good deal. He has quite a number of friends there, and, I am told, makes no secret of his preference for Broadway as against Kearny Street. This is not patriotic of Joseph.

* * *

THERE was a round-table dinner at the Bohemian Club on Monday evening last for Dr. Swan. It did not differ very materially from other "round-table" festivities, save for the fact that Ed. Hamilton presided and set the oratorical pace in good style. The speeches, in their way, were rather funny, the object seeming to be that of parodying the Bohemian "lovely fellow" style. On Thursday night there was a club dinner for Judge Boalt, who is just home from Europe and the East generally—glad to be back, too. This evening Bohemia has a Spanish night, at which the Rebagliati Spanish students play. There are some other interesting features.

* * *

The announcement of a compromise in the Murphy contest is premature. An advantageous offer has been made by the girls, but the details of it are not yet to hand. Indeed, it is by no means positive that the offer will be accepted. The actual fact of the matter is that a much stronger case was made for the proponents than the newspaper reports indicated. The law provides, in order to exhibit undue influence, certain facts must be proved. The sequence of the letters was lost upon the casual reader, but the brief of Attorney Wheeler disposes the salient expressions in their proper bearing and the deduction is inevitable. The fact that there is no escape from the law points established is doubtless the reason why Sir Charles Russell has advised the compromise. The offer, I understand, is one-third of the entire estate. If Judge Henshaw decided for the contestants, they would receive three-sevenths. The lawyer's fees are to be settled out of the two-thirds. It is to be hoped that the negotiations will be successful, as the case was without question the most disagreeable that has come up for many a day.

* * *

The late Mrs. R. C. Johnson was a thoroughly charitable and good-hearted woman, whose many good deeds should secure her all the rewards religion promises for a well-spent life. Like the rest of us, she had her peculiarities, but they were all kindly ones; she bought pictures which, in San Francisco, is more than a virtue, and she was a friend well worth the having. There is considerable curiosity as to the destination of her collection of pictures which contain some very excellent canvases. She had also some magnificent statuary, notably a figure of Cæsar Augustus of heroic size—perhaps the finest marble here.

* * *

Pneumonia and the *grippe* are very prevalent. I regret to learn of the serious illness of several well-known girls whose condition is alarming enough to cause serious misgivings. In two instances the crisis has been passed though the danger is not averted.

* * *

THE *debutantes* had the field at the Friday Night Club assembly. They outshone the older belles. Even the buds of last season were not in it with the youth and beauty of this latest development of California girlhood. They were charmingly gowned; the attention of most of the men was riveted on them; they had more applications for dances than there were waltzes or polkas—in fact, no one could deny them the honors of belledom. In so far as the question of popularity expresses itself, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Cora Smedberg, and Miss Moore seemed to have rather the best of it, but Miss Sara Collier is destined, so the critical declare, to be the belle of the set.

* * *

Golden Gate Hall is an improvement in some senses on Odd Fellows' Hall. It is rather prettier and yields better results under the hands of the decorator. But it is too small, too close; the ventilation is not as good. While the membership of the Club has been reduced quite materially, the floor was too crowded for comfort. To dance easily required consummate steering. Another drawback is the supper-room. While it is a handsome apartment in comparison to the bare, barren-looking basement of the Odd Fellows' building—its dimensions are sadly lacking. Instead of being seated at small tables which permitted the segregation of parties, the guests were compelled to take places at long tables—a much less convenient and less agreeable arrangement. However, there is no use repining now as the hall has been engaged for the season.

* * *

There were some very swell *toilettes* displayed. Miss Jolliffe looked her best in a handsome gown. Miss Helen Perrin was charming in a very pretty confection. Mrs. de Ruyter, among the young married set, was greatly in demand. Mrs. Gus Spreckels, in a magnificent costume, looked splendid. The number of very beautiful women on the floor was enthusiastically commented on, especially by the strangers present.

* * *

Mrs. Catherwood, I am told, is to return here in February. She spent the autumn at White Cottage, Westchester, with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest La Montagne, to whose *menage* an interesting addition has recently come in the shape of a very handsome baby. The child is to be christened Edward Clinton, after his late grandfather, Judge Hastings. Miss Jennie Catherwood and Mr. Clinton Catherwood are installed at the Lenox for the winter.

* * *

Among the teas of Saturday was that of Mrs. James Otis for Miss Katherine Lee Jones, who is the guest this Winter of her uncle, Winfield S. Jones. Several members of the young married set assisted Mrs. Otis to receive her guests.

* * *

The second dance of the Ladies' Club at Miss Behlow's, 1807 Octavia Street, proved quite as great a success as its predecessor. The house was decorated with palms and red berries, the effect being quite decidedly pretty. There is every reason to assume that the subsequent parties of this organization will be very popular and fill the void that the dances of the Club of '90 have left.

* * *

The event of Monday was a tea at the home of Mrs. Camillo Martin, who has the old Hyde house on Geary Street. Miss Martin and half a dozen well-known girls assisted the hostess to receive her guests.

* * *

A corps of well-known women are to assist in receiving the guests of the Fruit and Flower Mission at Miss West's school on the 16th. In the afternoon the entertainment will be a concert; in the evening, dancing—Huber's orchestra affording the music. There is every prospect that the kettledrum will draw a big crowd, for the Mission is certainly one of the most deserving institutions here.

* * *

J. Sloat Fassett is being entertained quite extensively. Henry Crocker gave him a dinner Sunday night, and on Thursday evening Colonel Fred Crocker had a party of sixteen to meet him at his home on Leavenworth Street. Mr. Fassett has spent the last six weeks on his ranch in New Mexico, and is pronounced a capital fellow and game by the cowboys whom he has ridden with.

* * *

Among the entertainments of the week was a progressive euchre party at Mrs. Geo. A. Crooks'. Mrs. Breeze gave a girl's *musicale* on Friday afternoon. Mrs. E. A. Dimond had a girl's tea on Tuesday afternoon. There was a gathering of young people at Mrs. Evan Coleman's on Tuesday night.

* * *

Mrs. W. S. Barnes has selected Wednesday for her reception day, at her home 1523 Sacramento Street.

* * *

It is a little curious that Society does not patronize the races more. The management is so infinitely superior to that of last season, and the comforts of the course and stand so unimpeachable that one might reasonably conclude there would be a gathering at least twice a week of the belles of the *beau monde*. This has not been the case so far, I regret to notice. In the programme for this afternoon there are several events of more than minor interest. Why does not some matron who is sure of her position organize a party and go out to the track in a drag? It would be a much more enjoyable form of entertainment than participating at teas.

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THE NEW YEAR'S BALL at the Concordia Club promises to possess an interest distinct from the jubilance of the festival.

Five maidens make their first appearance in Society and already are they preparing gowns for the event. The law of compensation, I suppose, finds scope in the *beau monde* just as it does elsewhere. Perhaps, then, the bevy of buds whose bow was made at the Assembly of the Friday Night Club balance the small number of young people who become participants in current gayeties at the Van Ness Avenue institution. They are quite interesting maidens, the members of the quintet. They have been admirably educated and, what is better, they rejoice in the possession of wealthy parents, whose heiresses in the course of time they will doubtless be.

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There is first, Miss Beatrice Bachman, whose father is Mr. S. Bachman, of the well-known tobacco firm of Esberg, Bachman & Co. She is a demi-brunette, and will doubtless share the popularity of her brother, Arthur Bachman, whose name is quite well identified with the Calliopean Club. Their home at 1509 Gough Street is a spacious mansion well adapted for the entertainments which will doubtless be given to introduce Miss Beatrice. Another *debutante* whose home is a mansion is Miss Schwabacher, whose father so recently purchased the Lux house on Jackson Street. She is the only daughter of the house and is quite a clever, interesting girl whose education has been finished in Europe, whence she has recently returned. Schwabacher *père* is a member of the immensely wealthy firm of Schwabacher Bros., of the Crown Flour Mills of Stockton.

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A third *debutante* is Miss Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Brown, of 1400 Sutter Street. She is a very nice girl, tall, with rather a good figure and agreeable manners. Like the rest, she is plentifully dowered with the goods of this world, her father being a member of the firm of Brown Brothers, the wealthy clothing dealers. Miss Agnes Brandenstein is bright, clever, and interesting like her sister, who is now Mrs. Willie Greenebaum. Like her, too, she is petite in figure and accomplished in a variety of ways. Her father is Joseph Brandenstein, the well-known capitalist. The last of the quintet is Miss Amy Salz, the second daughter of Jacob Salz. She is a tall, slender damsel, full of vivacity, a good musician, and a bright talker. Quite a degree of social success is predicted for her —greater even than that of her sister, whose cleverness was so gracefully displayed at the Concordia County Fair.

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AT THE CONCORDIA CLUB "jinks," on Saturday night last, some very clever things were done. Still the programme was not nearly as extensive as the Entertainment Committee had planned. At the last moment several of the performers "backed out" to the decided embarrassment of the *menu*. Perhaps the most amusing skits of the evening were Mr. Andrew Davis' imitation of George W. Cable's lecture. His make-up was admirable—the celebrated novelist was there to the life—his voice, his sing-song drawl—everything. Later on Mr. Ben Davis did a parody of Cad Wilson the Orpheum success. Of the two—original and copy—the latter, I believe, has the advantage and his songs were vigorously applauded. Another capital skit was the scene between two Irish servants, enacted by Greenwald and Meininger, whose conversation abounded in funny "hits" at the most reverend and respectable members.

* * *

Over two stories told by Mr. Leary there was much laughter, and Dave McLaughlin's Dutch impersonations were very funny. It seems too bad, though, that the very original features — the burlesque Sandow, the Beauty Congress, the Oriental Orchestra, Hagenback's Trained Animal Show and a variety of other clever bits — were not performed. The Amazon March was very good considering that it had to be reorganized at the last moment with a new set of participants. It is a difficult and decidedly a thankless task organizing entertainments of this kind, and where there is any lack of co-operation success is out of the question. Considering the difficulties he labored under, Mr. Lucius Solomons, who was the Sire of the "jinks," is to be congratulated. Between bits he told some capital stories.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Rose Rich and Mr. Livingston, of New York, has just been announced. Miss Rich is the exceedingly handsome girl who attracted so distinct a degree of attention at the wedding of her brother and Miss Hyman. She is the daughter of the well-known capitalist. She met Mr. Livingston in New York, where she was visiting her brother, David Rich, who is domiciled there. He is quite wealthy, and is a brother of Mrs. S. Gump, of this city.

* * *

Among coming events considerable interest is felt in the dinner dance on the 16th, for which the Misses Fecheimer have sent out invitations. It is to be a big affair. The Fecheimer residence, 1931 Broadway, will be handsomely decorated for the occasion.

* * *

OAKLAND has two betrothals to grow interested over this week. The first is that of Miss Marian Albright, a talented young elocutionist and a very charming and popular girl, whose engagement to Howard Bray, of Fruitvale, has just been announced. Mr. Bray's family is rather well known in social and financial circles. The prospective groom's sister-in-law, Mrs. Al Cohen, of Alameda, gave a dinner last week in honor of the engagement. Miss Albright comes of an excellent Southern family; her father is an officer in the U. S. Comissary Department. In addition to charming manners she is a very pretty girl. The wedding is not to take place until September next. The second is that of Miss Daisy Ainsworth, daughter of the well-known capitalist, Captain J. C. Ainsworth, of Claremont, Oakland, and Percy T. Morgan, Secretary of the Pacific Bell Telephone Co. Miss Ainsworth is a popular and vivacious girl, and Mr. Morgan is well known as a competent business man, whose career here has been very successful.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haight have returned from their wedding tour and are domiciled in their new home. On Tuesday evening last they gave, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, their first post-nuptial reception. There were quite a number of people present. Mrs. Bailey assisted her daughter to receive during the afternoon; in the evening there was dancing.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffit give a tea this afternoon between the hours of four and six. Two hundred invitations have been sent out, and, I presume, the big, old-fashioned Moffit house will be crowded for the first time in years. The object of the function is to introduce Miss Lucy Moffit to Society.

* * *

Alas for the Assembly; it did not revive with that opulence of success which certain of its optimistic projectors expected. The stringency of the money market is saddled with a variety of incongruous things nowadays, and the failure of the Club of '93 is among them. The plan of operation was to have a membership of seventy-five men—the object being to avoid a superfluity of girls—the main fault of the old affairs. However, the seventy-five young gentlemen whose positions entitled them to membership were not provided with the necessary funds, hence the result. One result has been accomplished, however. The slumbering spirit of the cotillion crowd has been awakened, and, I believe, a reorganization has been effected. Harry Ainsworth has the affair in charge and announces that the Club will give an Assembly at Masonic Hall on December 29th. A cotillion will follow on January 26th. The list includes most of the old membership, besides the names of many of the young married set.

* * *

THE LAST WEEK was quite an exciting one for Berkeley. In addition to the football game, where even the most composed damsels became excited and waved yellow chrysanthemums in a way that would have maddened the bulls to frenzy had the chrysanthemums been red, there was the theatre party on Thanksgiving night. All Berkeley was there and much of Oakland and San Francisco as well. Professor Soulé and a party and the Chi Phi's sat in a box. So did the football team—the wounded and the dying. There were several contusions, but they were honorable scars of war and served to adorn the faces of the heroes. Joe Pierce, a clever undergraduate, and Alex. Rosborough, who has been there before, carried off the stage honors. Both proved accomplished and intensely interesting end-men. About sixty of Alec's friends from the Reliance Club went over to applaud him, but the whole audience did that for them. Fully one-third of the

audience were ladies, and the Grand Opera House looked quite bright and pretty. The performance was sparkling and funny in the extreme and withal refined. The managers are indeed to be congratulated on having secured a very successful band of amateur minstrels.

* * *

On Saturday, Berkeley celebrated still further and put a gala finish on a gala week. Saturday was the Junior Day celebration of the class of '95. The principal feature of the morning exercises was a farce, written and performed by members of the class in Shattuck Hall. As a piece of stage-craft, the farce will not, perhaps, bear strict analysis, but the dialogue was crisp and witty. Max McNutt, of San Francisco, Miss Helen Cashman, of Alameda, and Frank Stringham, carried off the histrionic honors. Miss Cashman, who is an exceedingly pretty girl, assumed a double role with some skill and was very fetching in a number of different costumes. Miss Rachel Vrooman was also interesting. After the exercises there were several luncheons in Berkeley, and in the evening the Junior Promenade took place.

* * *

The place of festivity was the gymnasium, which had been canvased, decorated, and illuminated for the occasion. The excellent music and a well-arranged order of dances made the evening of merriment very enjoyable. Morton Gibbons was Floor Manager, and there were a number of pretty girls who divided the honors as belles. The number of guests who responded to the invitations of the Juniors was a flattering tribute to the popularity of the class. Taken all in all, it was one of the most successful Junior days in the history of the University.

* * *

FOOTBALL is responsible for many sins, but I trust Count de Valcour Vermont, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, will not assume the ineptitude of the Stanford University because of the stupendous ignorance of a certain student. He is at the Pleasanton is this nobleman, and in the button of his coat he wears the red ribbon of the order—given him for carrying dispatches through the German lines during the Franco-Prussian unpleasantness. Just prior to the great contest on Thanksgiving Day, the Stanford men descended on and took possession of the big boarding-house. Someone who was anxious that the intrepid should meet the courageous introduced one of the boys to the distinguished foreigner. The Count gave the youth a cordial handshake and was about to question him concerning the game when the youngster caught sight of the red ribbon. With exuberant enthusiasm he slapped the nobleman on the shoulder, remarking:

"Ah, Count; I see you're a Stanford man."

* * *

DURING THE coming Midwinter Fair the Press Club rooms on Pine Street are likely to be a centre of considerable attraction. At the suggestion of the Director-General the Board of Managers has appointed a committee to take charge of some of the Press Day festivities, and the California Press Association, which consists of the country editors of the State, will probably make the Club-rooms their town headquarters. The association will also have headquarters near Sunset City. It is now pretty well settled that large numbers of Eastern newspaper men with their families will visit this city during the coming winter. A statistician at the World's Fair rooms has figured out, on data furnished by the railways, that three or four hundred strangers are coming from various parts every day now, with the purpose of remaining during the Fair.

* * *

On the night of the eighteenth the Press Club will open the brilliant season, which is certain to follow the presence in the city of so many visiting journalists, with a Christmas jinks. I am told that some of the Midway Plaisance curios have already accepted invitations to appear and drink a glass of punch with the quill drivers. President Bonnet, beyond question the handsomest Club president in the town, will be the Master of Ceremonies. Merton C. Allen, of the *Chroniele*, is Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. All the bright fellows in the Club are down for funny papers, not excepting Ross Jackson, whose late retirement on the interest of his money has been a sad loss to the working fraternity.

* * *

I DO NOT claim to possess a greater modicum of perspicacity than the average observer, but the system President Cleveland has adopted for the distribution of Federal patronage on this Coast is to me perfectly plain. He is apparently determined to suppress the wasting war that has prevailed here among the unterrified for the past decade, and so is giving them all an office. I can imagine the great Dictator saying to himself, "I will tie them all up to the public crib, and if that does not stop their mouths, I will order out the Federal troops." So far the President has overlooked but one prominent Democrat, and I am informed, on excellent authority, that he is to receive the Naval office just as soon as the Treasury Department gets around to it. I refer to Colonel John P. Irish.

* * *

See how cleverly Cleveland has distributed these fellows about the city. First, John H. Wise, representing the conservative Democrats, who were thrown out of the party when English, Foote, and Tarpey began their railroad fight in 1883, was appointed Collector of the Port. Next John Daggett, who was read out of the organization by the Stockton Convention of 1884 for refusing to join with the anti-railroaders, gets the Mint. Next William D. English, the head and front of the Stockton Convention faction, is placed comfortably in the office of Surveyor of the Port. It now only remains to appoint Dennis Spencer United States District Attorney, and Colonel Irish, Naval Officer to complete the list. Then the lions and the lambs will have lain down together, and we shall hear of no more "wah" in the Democratic party.

* * *

Eight years ago Cleveland attempted to compose the differences of these gentlemen and failed utterly. A large number of them proceeded to Washington and camped on his trail, where they abused each other, set the delegation in Congress by the ears, and raised the Devil generally. Unable to induce them to agree on anybody for a Federal office, he pushed the whole crowd aside and selected, almost without exception, men with Eastern influence. Judge Lawton formerly lived at Albany, New York, and reached the Mint through Dan Manning. Stuart M. Taylor was appointed Naval Officer through the influence of the Lorillards. "Smooth-bore" Ellis became Collector of Internal Revenue, and Major Hammond, Surveyor-General, by way of Virginia, where they each had a few friends. I presume that in taking this course Cleveland reasoned that if he recognized none of the Democratic factionists they would in time die off and cease from troubling. No doubt he was surprised to find them all alive and well when he began his second term. Evidently he has this time determined to see what effect a fat office will have upon them. If the Surveyorship stops the oratory of Bill English, I shall regard Mr. Cleveland as the greatest psychologist of the century.

* * *

THERE IS one incident in his early professional career which Engineer Fitzhugh has so far managed to keep dark. Not that there is anything about it calculated either to degrade him in the estimation of his lady admirers—among whom, I understand, he is quite a hero—nor to retard his meteoric political career, which seems to be proceeding with headlong velocity; he just merely considers that the less there is said about it the better. In accordance, however, with the time-honored journalistic principle that when any person desires to keep a thing dark it should be immediately published, I have decided to expose Engineer Fitzhugh. It seems that early in his life, in fact, shortly after leaving college, a mining company, of which Mr. Egbert Judson was President, employed Mr. Fitzhugh to construct a dam across a mining ditch in Placer County.

* * *

Engineer Fitzhugh had read in the books all about building dams, but he differed from the masters in many respects. Indeed, he considered his ideas far superior to any of which he had ever heard. So he drew the plans and specifications for a dam which was intended to paralyze the crusty old engineers who had been stuffing him so long at college. It was constructed out of rocks and clay—cheap and handy materials. But when the winter rains appeared, the clay swelled and the rocks began to grow shaky. Fitzhugh grew shaky also, and was not greatly sur-

prised one night when a flood came down and carried the whole thing away. At about this time an anti-Chinese excitement was raging in Placer County, and several other dams, upon which Chinese had been employed, were blown up by the white miners. In his report to Mr. Judson, Engineer Fitzhugh mentioned the great resisting power of his dam, how it had held back the raging waters even longer than its builder had anticipated; "but," he added, "no dam, no matter how strongly constructed, will stand a charge of dynamite." Mr. Judson thinks to this day that Fitzhugh's dam was blown up.

* * *

APROPOS of the spirit of pessimism that is stalking through the land, Tom Shannon, the celebrated politician, and author of the famous conundrum, "Why are political platforms like molasses? Because their chief use is to catch flies," tells a short story. A few years ago, he avers, he enjoyed the acquaintance of a melancholy old fellow who had spent his life studying social problems. He had dug down deep into evolution and revolution, Darwinism and Anarchism, and had read all the great authors—Spencer, George, Huxley, Pixley, etc., etc. One day he met Tom and said:

"Tom, these streets are going to run with blood."

"Of course," replied Tom, cheerfully, "but you and I won't live to see it. We're too old."

* * *

"Oh, yes, we will," said the hollow-eyed philosopher, dismally, "I'll bet my life on it. These streets will run with blood inside of three years, Tom, and you and I will be here to see it."

Here Tom pauses to await the inevitable question, "Well, what did he say at the end of the three years?"

"The durned fool died six months afterward, and never said any thing."

* * *

IF ANY of the reporters attached to the New City Hall detail—and there are about twenty at the present time—meet a violent death during the coming year, I shall know exactly where to put my hand upon the slayer. It will be Mr. Jim Bowen, City Hall Janitor. Not that Mr. Bowen will not be justified in such a crime. Personally, I think the law would hold him guiltless should he kill half a dozen of those reporters, but I presume it will be necessary to try him and enter a formal acquittal. Hence, Chief Crowley should make a timely note of the case. Mr. Bowen, it appears, is detailed to watch Judge Hebbard's Courtroom and see that it does not run away. That, by the way, is about all he has to do. At the noon hour he relieves the elevator man in No. 2 elevator.

* * *

Mr. Bowen is a native of County Cork and smokes a pipe that was made from a section of the main mast of Noah's ark. A few noons ago, while Jim sat on the stool in No. 2 elevator lazily smoking this pipe and dreaming of the potato salad his mother used to make, the bell for the top floor rang violently. Up he went. The sliding doors were stuck and he could not open them. He tugged and swore for awhile in vain. Then the bell rang violently for the lower floor. Down he went. This door was also stuck, and as he tugged away to open it, three reporters on the outside swore at him through the window. Then the bell rang for the middle floor. Up he went. Door stuck. Large crowd glared at him through glass. The bells on all the floors now rang simultaneously, and parties waiting to be elevated began kicking the doors in. Jim was in a cold perspiration. His pipe dropped from his chattering lips and fell into the shaft below. Madly he ran the elevator up and down, and tugged at the doors. After ten minutes he was taken out in a fainting condition. Three reporters on different floors had wired the doors together from the outside. Would you blame him if he slew some of them before long?

* * *

THERE IS one young and promising official at the City Hall to whom I feel bound at this time to extend my sympathy. He is Mr. Al. Evans, Registrar of Voters and brother-in-law of Colonel Dan Burns. Mr. Evans desires to be a very efficient official, and at every meeting of the Election Commission makes various solemn and important recommendations. It is not too much to say that he backs these recommendations up with powerful arguments and often with figures; but in vain. The Commissioners flatly sit on him—I mean they reject his propositions. Of course, to actually sit on him would result fatally, Al. being very fat and short of breath. The reason for this seems to be that the Election Commissioners are all practical men. Mayor Ellert has been a Supervisor two terms, and Auditor Broderick was Deputy Registrar for five or six years.

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Hence, whenever Mr. Evans informs these two gentlemen that he requires the services of several additional clerks, or more stationery, or a horse and buggy with which to hunt up polling places, (and incidentally ride in the Park) or any other thing necessary to make his life tolerable, they look at him incredulously. Then Broderick winks at Ellert and Ellert smiles. After that Mr. Evans' recommendations are quietly shelved. Of course, all this is calculated to produce in a young man of Mr. Evans' habit a type of disease called heart failure. Manifestly, if the people are going to elect to the Registration Department election experts like Broderick and experienced Supervisors like Ellert, what is the use of having a Registrar at all? It already looks as though Mr. Evans, in the coming campaign, were going to be a mere excrescence upon the body politic.

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This is very hard considering the velvety career of his predecessor, Mr. "Soda Water" Brown. Mr. Brown had a Commission of blanks. Everything he said went without parley. He ordered clerks and buggies galore, and for months his office reeked with stationery and other things which pay for carrying away when the election is over. That Commission held public meetings, indulged in weekly scrapping matches, hired hordes of lawyers, and tumbled the money out of the Treasury in dray loads. Not only is this Board relegating Mr. Evans to the status of a clerk, but it has already entered into an agreement to hold no public meetings during the next canvass except as the law requires them. Upon all this it may be in order to congratulate the public, but Mr. Evans personally is certainly entitled to sympathy.

* * *

THE FACT that King McManus and Senator Billy Dunn have attempted to exculpate themselves from the charge of bribing the Curtis jury by charging Attorney Wilson with participation in the job, would seem to indicate that other gentlemen besides these three know something about that jury. Mr. Wilson has gone to Mexico. I have been informed that the trip was undertaken for the purpose of inspecting a mine down there in which he is interested. I have also been told that it was not the mine, but a desire to avoid a controversy with Dunn and McManus which prompted the excursion. At all events, I am quite sure the truth is not yet entirely out. The jury was bribed. Of that there is not the slightest doubt. Whether Curtis promised Dunn and McManus a ranch apiece in the event of success, and asked them to confer with his attorney, "Johnny" Wilson, does not matter. The jury was "fixed," and those two bosses did not do all the work.

* * *

I am told by an insider that another well-known politician, who called on Curtis several times during that worthy's incarceration at the County Jail, is now trembling in his boots from fear that his connection with the case will be disclosed. However, I do not think he need have any heart pangs. All the signs point to an early settlement of the entire difficulty. Mr. Wilson is in Mexico, and will probably not return for some months. Next year we shall all be too busy making a Governor and a United States Senator to bother about the Curtis jury. After all, it seems to be unimportant exactly who "fixed" it. We know that it was "fixed," and that ought to be sufficient for a town that is usually satisfied with reasonably exact information. According to their own story, however, McManus and Dunn are frauds. They pretended to bribe a juror and demanded a ranch apiece for their work. The nerve of these two politicians is certainly something wonderful.

* * *

MY ESTEEMED friend, Mr. Andrew Jackson Clunie, lawyer, statesman, and politician, is a candidate for the position of Deputy Surveyor of the Port, under the newly-appointed Surveyor, Mr. English. The great William and General Tom, brother of Andrew, are warm personal friends, and, barring unforeseen

contingencies, it is said to be reasonably certain that Andy will receive the appointment. It is alleged that he is incompetent to fill the position—a charge that must sting the pride of a man of Mr. Clunie's towering intellect, but Bill English knows him, and such a charge is impotent to inflict harm. The man he seeks to displace is Mr. Sam Riddell, a Civil Service appointment, and there may yet be some complication introduced which will defeat Andy's ambition. However, as to that I am not informed.

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But there are two important points in this matter which should be considered ere Mr. Clunie is permitted to secure this position. First, what is to be done with his immense *clientele*, who, by his elevation to the dizzy altitude of the Federal pie-counter, are to be deprived of his legal services? Second, what is to become of the Democratic County Committee, which will be deprived of his oratory? And third, (more important than all) what am I going to do for an occasional funny paragraph descriptive of Mr. Clunie's Jaw? It is useless to assert that, as Deputy Surveyor, he will be permitted to practice law and disturb the peace of the County Committee. I know the rules too well. Offensive partisanship is not permitted. Personally, I would as soon see Mr. Clunie in a convent as in a Federal office.

* * *

OUR GREAT Hawkshaw, Captain Lees, has reached the age when he no longer enjoys a good story on himself. There is a time in every man's life, I believe, when he gets beyond the frivolities which distinguish his youth. But here is a story on Captain Lees and his son, Fred, which I purpose telling at all hazards. The terrors of the entire detective department of the municipality shall not deter me, much less the terrors of the Captain's individual displeasure. When son Fred was about three feet high the great detective was very proud of him. Fred had not then discovered to the world the qualities which have since made him famous. Among other things the Captain was exceedingly anxious that Fred should quickly become a man. Had there been any way of irrigating him so that he would have made a more rapid growth, doubtless the Captain would have brought it speedily into requisition.

* * *

Every morning when the Captain reached his office at the Old City Hall he used to relate to the other detectives the marvelous things Fred had done over night. This made some of them tired, but as the fond father was boss of the force they were compelled to laugh and say "Remarkable boy," or "Wonderful Kid, that," either of which was acceptable to the fatherly pride of the detective. Mrs. Lees was also anxious that Fred should grow rapidly, and she put him into trousers, roundabouts, boots, and the other things which indicate youthdom, as soon as he could stand it. One day without the Captain's knowledge she purchased a Scotch costume for Fred, with feather and sash complete, and took him down to the Chief's office. The purpose was a surprise, of course, and, opening the outer door, she pushed the gayly caparisoned youngster inside and told him to find his dad.

* * *

Fred was not as keen as he is now, but he was wise enough to know his own father, and he quickly picked out the Captain's desk from the others and toddled up to him. The old man was busy, but he looked over the top of his glasses at the little Highlander.

"Hello, bub," he said, "who's kid are you?"

"Mamma's" was the reply.

"Well, what's your name?"

"Fed."

"Fred, eh. I've got a boy named Fred, too. Good name that. Where's your mother?"

"Ou'shide."

"Outside, eh. Well, she's pretty careless leaving you around loose. Somebody's liable to steal you."

By this time, however, the Captain saw something in the familiarity of Fred which aroused his suspicion.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed to Ben Bohen, who sat near, "I believe that's my boy."

He grabbed the child up and went off to find his mother.

"I tell you, boys," said Ben Bohen, addressing the other detectives, "that *is* a remarkable kid. His own father don't know him."

* * *

FERRIS HARTMAN, the little comedian at the Tivoli, is certainly an artist of no mean intellect. If he does not ultimately gain a fortune warbling upon the stage, I would recommend him to become a soldier. He would surely make a great general. I have formed this opinion of Mr. Hartman from a somewhat cursory acquaintance with a budget of jokes which he recently brought with him from Chicago, and which he is nightly cracking at the Eddy Street temple of music. I am told that these jokes were, at great expense, and only after all the big wits of the East had been placed under contribution, gathered by Mr. Edwin Foy, the comedian of the American Extravaganza Company, which opens at the Grand Opera House this evening.

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Some three months ago Mr. Hartman went to Chicago to do the World's Fair. Incidentally he did the Chicago Opera House, where the American Extravaganza Company have for sometime been playing "Sinbad." Mr. Foy's jokes were, of course, new to Hartman and he lost no time in making a choice selection from them. He returned here about four weeks ago and has since been perpetrating them at the Tivoli. Hartman is a funny fellow anyhow, but these jokes—they are said to be simply side splitting. The fact that large quantities of vest buttons are swept up at the Tivoli every morning is said to have caused Mr. Kreling to seriously contemplate opening a button store. But Foy. Just think of his fate! When he appears at the Grand Opera House this evening all his choicest witticisms will be chestnuts.

* * *

A VERY CAPABLE, manly fellow for a great man is J. Sloat Fassett, of New York. He has capacity, energy, and ambition—a combination whose success is only a question of time, a matter of opportunity. Though the usual rewards of industry have found their way to him, he has not been a winner always and certainly no silver spoon was found in his mouth at his debut. When he won the love of Miss Crocker, J. Sloat was District Attorney of Elmira, N. Y., and, struggling. But it was a union of kindred spirits. She worked with him, studied with him, and shared his success. One day there was a murder trial on —quite a *cause célèbre*. The criminal, a dangerous malefactor, had strong evidence in his favor, and the prosecution had a fight to convict him. The chances seemed even when Attorney Sloat Fassett rose to make the closing address. It was a brilliant speech. It showed a distinct degree of power. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty without leaving the box.

* * *

In Court throughout the trial, an eager listener to the testimony of every witness was Mrs. Fassett. The rise and fall of her husband's cause affected her as the progress of a battle influences a general. When it was all over lawyers and witnesses, even the Judge, brought their congratulations to her.

"How happy you must be," said one distinguished advocate.

"No," she answered, with a *naive* smile, "only tired. You must know I've been 'gentlemen of the Jury' for the last three weeks."

* * *

THE EFFORT that is being made by my esteemed contemporary, the *Chronicle*, to destroy the political prospects of Supervisor James Denman is most diabolical. Mr. Denman desires to be Mayor next year, and he has been busily at work making a "record" ever since he went into office last January. The fact that Mr. James will have to shoulder a deficit in June, probably disqualifies him for the race. No deficit Chairman of the Finance Committee ever became Mayor. So Mr. Denman has recently had the field all to himself. Last February, in his capacity as Chairman of the Water Committee, he gave Spring Valley a twist; the other day he gave the gas companies a twist; before that he gave the cable car companies a twist; in short, he has done nothing but twist the corporations for six months.

* * *

For the *Chronicle*, therefore, to attempt to destroy this magnificent record for uncompromising honesty by alleging that, in order to aid his ancient friend, Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. Denman is trying to prevent the use of red rock in the concrete work of the public

streets of the city, seems to me a case of the rank ingratitude of republics. Mrs. Hoffman is an old school teacher who has invested her savings in a blue stone quarry. No doubt her stone is excellent, but I do not believe that Mr. Denman favors it to the exclusion of all other stone simply because he and Mrs. Hoffman once together taught the young idea how to shoot. Mr. Denman is too big a man for that.

* * *

As for the charge that the Supervisor from the Twelfth Ward put the grading of Polk Street (where a deep cut has confiscated the property), through the Board on the front foot plan because, under the district plan, some of his own land near-by would have been assessed, that rests upon the unsupported word of Surveyor Fitzhugh. And Mr. Fitzhugh is not a competent witness against the venerable Twelfth-Warder. I say this at the instance of a member of the Board who informs me that if Mr. Denman has, in that body, jumped one of Mr. Fitzhugh's jobs, he has jumped a hundred, and nearly every one he has knocked out, too In short, I denounce this whole thing as a conspiracy to kill Mr. Denman's Mayoralty aspirations. Surveyor Fitzhugh and the *Chronicle* had better look out. There are such things in politics as boomerangs.

* * *

ONE DAY last week (good stories sometimes begin this way) when, as the saying is, the grass was too short for even a rabbit to bite, two industrious bunco men saw a jay at the corner of Geary and Kearny Streets, gaping with awe and wonderment at the sights and circumstances wherewith he found himself surrounded. He was a poor prospect, indeed, but they lured him into a saloon and questioned him as to his acquaintance with the game of poker. He did not know much about it, had played it in the mines a little, but would go them a game. So cards were procured, and they played and played and played, until matters became too serious for even a bunco man. Despite their most skillful devices and most cleverly concocted schemes the jay from the mines had raked in pot after pot until he was ahead some $1500. Then he arose from the table with a sigh.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I ain't no hog, an' no man can say as I'm a hog. I don't want to take no more of your money to-night, so I guess I'll bid you good evening."

* * *

And with that he departed. Then the two bunco men got up and said, in a loud voice, "Well, here's a devil of a go!" For bunco men often talk with more force than elegance.

"What are we going to do, anyhow?" asked No. 2.

"Skin him till he turns pink and drips blood," suggested No. 1. "Skin him so cold that he'll drop dead with joy at the thought of ever again wearing socks or having a nickel for car fare!"

"That's all right," said No. 2; "but how on earth can we do him?"

"Nothing easier. We'll just give him the old razoo. You'll feel too tired to play and I'll tackle him single-handed. Then you'll sit at his shoulder and spot his cards and pipe them off to me by just resting two fingers on the edge of the table if he holds a pair; three if it's a three of a kind; four for two pair or fours, and so on."

"I observe," said No. 2.

* * *

And the next day they again corralled the jay. As luck would have it, the victim drew three aces natural on the first hand, so the bunco man at his elbow gave the signal by laying three fingers on the edge of the table. They had scarcely touched the board when the jay, with a lightning-like movement, drew a bowie and sliced them off. Then, without a ruffle on his countenance, he picked up the pot and quietly quit the game.

"This is what I call awful luck," whined the injured man, as he picked up the severed digits from the floor. "How in thunder can a fellow ever do business again with only a thumb and a little finger left?"

"Oh, you be hanged!" cheerfully responded his pal. "You'd kick in a football game, you would. What are you whining for, anyhow? Suppose the jay had held a full?"

* * *

THEY ARE telling some funny stories these days about the tribulations of the Greek letter fraternities at Berkeley. Recently the pretty modern house of the Sigma Chi was destroyed by fire. Just before the conflagration the members had laid in a supply of choice beverages. In the hurry of getting out the furniture these were forgotten, but the firemen discovered the cases and appropriated their contents. During the fire one of the Professors emerged from the smoking house with a bottle of Perrier Jouet in one hand and a Webster's Unabridged in the other. With the few bottles that remained after the public had helped itself the Sigs treated their friends. So they lost house, furniture, and wine.

* * *

Another of the fraternal organizations which is celebrated for its good lunches and dainty appointments, recently purchased a set of bouillon spoons. At the first large luncheon afterwards, a number of these disappeared. The hosts said nothing—charitably presuming that some of their guests had mistaken them for souvenirs. At the following luncheon what was their astonishment to find the spoons returned! The case is as mysterious as that of the Martin will at Weaverville. The Berkeley young men do not want to know who took them, as Kleptomania sometimes runs in the best of families.

* * *

THE EDITOR of the *Wops*, Br'er Tom Flynn, is a whole-souled philanthropist. This is not generally known, and so I hasten to publish it to the world. All sorts of stories are told illustrating his generosity. Here is the latest. One day last week, Br'er Flynn lost a one hundred dollar bill on the floor of the *Wops* office. Where he got the one hundred dollar bill is immaterial. If I actually knew, I should hesitate to tell. But Br'er Flynn made a terrible roar about the loss. The commotion caused by the search for the bill assembled a large crowd in the street below. But it was not found and Br'er Flynn contented himself by alarming the police and going home to restless slumbers. It seems that one hundred dollar bills are not so numerous in the *Wops* office that they can be lost without a tremor.

* * *

In sweeping out next morning the office boy saw a wad of green paper in a corner. He picked it up and straightened it out. It was Br'er Flynn's one hundred dollar note. When the great editor came down, the boy with glowing cheeks laid the bill upon his desk, and waited expectantly near by. What for? For some words of commendation, of course.

"Me boy," said Br'er Flynn, with that dramatic accent for which he is distinguished, "you are not only a bright boy, but an honest boy. You might have stolen that bill and I'd never have known it. Accept me congratulations for your unswerving honesty. You will make a great man. Now go about your work, like a good boy."

The boy looked wistfully at a pack of cigarettes which lay upon Br'er Flynn's desk, seeing which wistful look Br'er Flynn quickly placed them in his pocket.

The Witness.

It is not generally known that the Prince of Wales owes more to Moet & Chandon than to any other champagne house.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAVE
A SOCIETY LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

THE FOOTBALL QUESTION.

The agitation among the members of the faculty of the University of California adverse to football, and the prompt indorsement of the game by Professor Jordan, of Stanford, presents a striking illustration of the difference between the two institutions. The Berkeley professors deplore the brutal features of the game, shiver at the thought that inter-collegiate contests give rise to gambling, and declare that the excitement accompanying the sport interferes with the peace and intellectual progress of the University. Professor Jordan, on the contrary, says the game wakes the students up, improves their physiques, nerves them to greater endeavors, and more than compensates the college for the interference with its instruction.

It is probably not possible for the faculty of Berkeley to interfere with football. The game has too sharp a start for that. But their protest discloses their principal weakness. Conservatism is an excellent quality in a university professor, but there is such a thing as pressing it too far. When an institution like the Berkeley college has an active young rival like that at Palo Alto pushing it constantly for supremacy, it cannot afford to get at loggerheads with its students. Some of the Berkeley professors may be too old to longer enjoy the battles of the arena. If so, they had best keep to themselves. Those who still retain the youthful spirit should seek to elevate the college sports rather than to suppress them. They should also take pride in the results—weep with defeat and shout with victory.

Mr. Jordan is not only built on the lines of great college presidents, but he has a long business head upon his shoulders. He knows how to boom a University, and if the Silurians in the Berkeley hills do not look sharp his students will soon be beating them, not only at football, but at something that is liable to cut a great deal deeper.

A PECULIAR PRESIDENT.

It is quite evident that the able statesmen and politicians of the American press do not understand President Cleveland. Nothing that he does suits them, and everything he says is to them either asinine or autocratic. The message with which he favored Congress the other day has met the fate of all his recent utterances. An occasional Democrat has been discovered who thinks it a fairly good document of its kind, but the great majority of the Big Brains cordially berate it. It is "arrogant," or "dull," or "disappointing," or "theatrical," or "too short," or "commonplace." To the amazement of all his critics, however, the President devoted a very short chapter to the Hawaiian question. Upon this they naturally expected him to spread himself. Consequently they construe his brevity to mean that he has weakened in his determination to reseat the Hawaiian colored lady again upon her throne.

And yet every one of the Big Brains knows that the reason the President devoted so short a space in the communication to Hawaii is because he contemplates shortly transmitting to Congress a special message on the same subject. In fact, he says so in terms. But that did not estop the Big Brains from insinuating that in consequence of the "stinging" rebukes of their editorial opinions he has backed down from his original position. *Their* editorial opinions! Just as though any man of sense would pay the slightest attention to them.

I have not read the message. I do not intend to. The proof-readers of the daily papers are the only unfortunates compelled to read President's messages, and to them I extend my sympathy. Therefore, I shall not discuss the document. I desire, however, to call the attention of Mr. Cleveland's brilliant critics to one fact which may enable them to understand what they are pleased to term the mysterious springs of his action. If they once comprehend his character his various "policies" will no longer be mysteries.

Cleveland is simply a plain, straight-forward, honest man. He is somewhat set in his way, it is true, but he never becomes "set" until he has formed a careful and deliberate opinion. If the horde of truth disseminators who infest Washington and who write profundity in the editorial columns of the New York morning papers would merely assume that Cleveland, instead of being a jobber, a rascal, or a fool, is merely an ordinary, honest man, their Big Brains would explain the rest. It is not difficult to understand the President. But it is difficult to judge him by the standards which, I am pained to say, evidently exist in the average Eastern newspaper office.

THE ODIOUS INCOME TAX.

The National Democratic party seems to be pursued by a fateful demon. No sooner is it elevated to power than it originates some fool notion, attempts to propagate it, and meets with ignominious defeat. The latest is the sand-lot idea that an income tax will be the panacea of all our National woes. For ages an income tax has been one of the most odious forms of taxation. It is sometimes tolerated in countries where the burden is borne by classes who live off the estates of their ancestors or off the government itself, but in a Republic, where its collection not only involves endless perjury and evasion, but the exposure of every taxpayer's business affairs to his rivals, it is simply exasperating. And it ought to be well known that in the American Republic the levy of such a tax means the utter destruction of the party responsible for it.

Among modern political economists Henry George is the only one who upholds the tax; and he does it upon the theory that the sooner all taxation becomes maddening the sooner the single land tax will be adopted. In his eyes indirect taxation is an abomination and a fraud. The victim who smokes a cigar or takes a drink of whisky does not know that he is being taxed, and so he will always tamely submit. But slap a villainous income levy upon him, set spies to hunt up his banker, correspond with his agents and dig into his private affairs—for an income tax can be enforced in no other way—and he will speedily howl and vote for free trade and the single land tax. That is George's theory and that is Congressman Maguire's theory. It may be the theory of the other Democrats who are said to be sufficiently numerous in Congress to pass an income tax bill, but it is not the theory of the Democratic party.

An income tax is said to be necessary to make up the deficit that will be produced by the enactment of the Wilson Tariff Bill. But who asked the Democratic party to pass a tariff bill that would produce a deficit? A tariff for revenue, called for by the last National platform, does not mean a tariff for a deficit to be made up by an income tax.

So long as any taxation at all is necessary, it has been demonstrated again and again that the indirect method is the most statesmanlike and the easiest of enforcement. It is mainly a case of the bliss of ignorance; but I do not understand that when a fool becomes a statesman he should necessarily disregard in legislating the well-known traits of human nature. In fact, the wisest rulers are those who rule with the least friction. But I am told that this income tax is leveled at the aristocracy. No man earning less than five thousand dollars a year is to be touched. It is supposed that this will capture the imaginations of the sand-lotters in every clime. But no such tax as that could ever be collected. Any man with sufficient brains to earn five thousand dollars a year, would be smart enough to escape taxation altogether.

If the progressive National Democracy should tax incomes down to one hundred dollars a year they would be unable to reach me. So far as this project is concerned, therefore, I am entirely disinterested. I have no income and nothing to tax. But I have an interest in the Democratic party. I do not wish to see it wiped off the face of the earth at the next election. I hope it will develop sufficient brains to pass a sensible tariff bill, shut up its immense mouth, and go home to its constituents. To talk income tax in these times means utter annihilation.

THE DECLINE OF THE LAW.

That the practice of the law has undergone radical changes in the United States during the past twenty years is a fact that has been remarked by all elderly lawyers. Not only have the methods employed for bringing the controversies of litigants before the Courts suffered an almost complete revolution—the departure from the Common Law system of pleading and

the mixture of law and equity powers in the same court being examples—but the litigation itself has changed its form, and is no longer carried to the Judges for determination. This may be due partially to the adjudication by Courts of last resort of the main causes for dispute in the commercial world, where two-thirds of the litigation arises, and to the disinclination of most intelligent lawyers who know the rights of their clients to indulge in the luxury of a law suit. It is not only better, but cheaper nowadays to settle out of Court.

The American Lawyer, of New York, recently made an investigation of the extent to which litigation had declined within a decade in the Empire State. It discovered the interesting fact that where a few years ago the greatness of New York law firms was predicated upon the number of litigated cases in connection with which their names appeared upon the calendars of the Appellate Courts, now they were noted for the absence of such cases. The firm to which the recently appointed United States Supreme Justice belongs, Hornblower, Byrne & Taylor, was found to have but one case on the Supreme Court calendar. Many other great firms had less than a dozen. Those enjoying the largest incomes were generally found with the smallest number of cases. The firm of Evarts, Choate & Beaman, containing an ex-United States Senator and Secretary of State, and the greatest trial lawyer (Choate) at the American Bar had but forty-four cases as the result of its enormous business. Choate's fees alone amount to over $80,000 a year.

The causes of the decline of litigation are an interesting study. Probably, as *The Lawyer* says, the principal one is the fact that the modern attorney is becoming the manager of vast properties, the organizer of syndicates, the administrator of great trusts, and the counsel of gigantic enterprises. He is no longer the court-room thimble rigger, whose crowning qualification was the ability to fool a jury or hoodwink a judge. He is now a man of affairs, a great brain worker who has been developed by the revolution in the mode of transacting business in the commercial world. He has little use for the civil courts, and when he does use them they exercise only an auxiliary jurisdiction.

I think, however, the almost universal sway of equity jurisprudence has had much to do with the decline of litigation. Formerly the expense of carrying cases through Chancery, the tedious and vexatious delays of a suit at law, and the inadequacy of the Common Law system to produce results, did a great deal to encourage litigation. Where justice was practically denied to litigants by the procedure, persons having an unfair advantage were eager to go to law. But the speedy results of equity, the broadening and liberalization of the decisions, the refusal of the Appellate Judges to uphold unjust verdicts upon technical grounds, and, in a general way, the introduction of reason, instead of the maintenance of the legal idiocy which prevailed at Common Law and in Chancery has done much to discourage chicanery and fraud in the Courts. At what point the decline is to end it would be hard to tell. Bob Ingersoll once said that whenever a man was born into the world with a talent for legal controversy, a sufficient number of fools were born at the same time to provide him with an excellent income. But this seems to be undergoing a gradual change. Either the fools are decreasing or growing wiser.

FROM THE feeling exhibited by my esteemed contemporary the Stockton *Mail*, with reference to my opinion of the poetical abilities of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, I should say that he had some personal interest in the matter. I have heard that there is an affinity between the writers of bucolic rhymes, and I have noticed that when one is attacked they all make common cause against the enemy. The *Mail* in the course of a year publishes a large quantity of original "poetry" written by the same hand. The stuff, unlike Mr. Riley's stuff, bears no trade-mark, and the author has made no demand that it shall be considered as poetry. But the fact that the *Mail* itself (in the editorial management of which this poet is evidently associated) is so sensitive on the subject of poesy in general, arouses my suspicion. I can only say that if the *Mail* poet is in doubt as to his classification he has only to imitate Riley—take to the road and recite his pieces. If he escapes a ripe egging he is surely a "poet." Milton, Byron, Scott, Tennyson, and among Americans, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier all recited their productions to large audiences and had an advance agent and business manager, you know. I take it these things are the sure signs of a poet.

ON THE TRIAL of Bandit Evans at Fresno the other day, Bandit Sonntag, of the Folsom stone quarry, confessed to the Collis train robbery. When reminded that upon his own trial he swore to an *alibi*, he promptly admitted that he had committed perjury, but added that he had told his lawyer the whole truth. His lawyer was Senator Goucher. I regret exceedingly to see an exemplary young man like Senator Goucher thus besmirched. However, the very excellent reputation he has made at Sacramento during five sessions of the Legislature will now stand him in good stead.

MR. CLARENCE R. GREATHOUSE, formerly of this city, where for awhile he conducted the *Examiner*, has been appointed He Pang of Seoul by the King of Corea. Until he sends on some explanatory matter, his friends out here will hardly know whether to congratulate or commiserate him.

NO REVENGE that the musicians of this town can wreak upon Mr. R. A. Lucchesi, correspondent of the *Gazzetta Musicale di Milano*, would, in my judgment, adequately fit his offense. The criticisms to which he has subjected our fiddlers and singers are unjust and ridiculous. They are particularly exasperating since they come from one who is an indifferent fiddler himself. If Signor Minetti, Adolph Bauer, Sigmund Beel, Nathan Landsberger, and the others whom he has roasted know their business, they will chip in and hire the Salvation Army band to camp on his doorstep from eight P. M. to four A. M. every night for the next two months. Perhaps that will be music he is qualified to criticise.

FROM THE testimony for the defense in the Jefferis murder trial at Sacramento, it appears: That Olga Ayres, the cremated station agent, asked the accused on three different occasions to kill his wife and marry her. She suggested (1) that he dump Mrs. Jefferis out of a boat, or (2) stab her and throw her off the Sacramento River bridge, or (3) put poison in her coffee. On another occasion she said she was despondent and contemplated suicide. This evidence seems to exculpate Engineer Jefferis entirely. It is now quite plain that Miss Ayres killed herself, burglared the Brighton Station, and then set fire to it.

REV. MYRON W. REED, of Denver, Colorado, calls attention to the fact that what God does for men he does by men. "After the surrender of Ticonderoga," says Mr. Reed, "a minister in New England was thanking God for the victory, when a battered old soldier in the rear arose and asked him to mention the fact that Ethan Allen had been present at the battle." The interesting question is, however, what the Lord would have done at Ticonderoga had Ethan Allen been absent.

The famous Rebagliati Spanish Quintette may now be engaged to furnish music for receptions, concerts, dinners, teas, weddings, etc., etc., by addressing J. M. Shawhan, Manager, 211 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

N. B.—These musicians do not play music for dancing.

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SOME LIVE TOPICS.

During the meeting of the State Horticultural Society at Los Angeles the idea of ownership of railroads by the Federal Government and their operation "in the interest of the people," was advanced and received with favor. This plan is among the declared purposes of the Populists and is favored by some of the heaviest railway capitalists in the country. The idea seems to be the Federal absorption of railroads by the issue of bonds for outright purchase, or to construct parallel lines to the great systems now in operation. To the California fruit-grower a Federal transcontinental railroad is presented as a means of enriching him through the nominal freight charges that would be levied, "in the interest of the people." Without stopping to discuss the effect of any scheme of Government communism upon the Government itself, already burdened with more than its intended functions, it may be in order to consider the effect of political railroading upon the people themselves.

When we ask for such a system run "in the interest of the people," it is well to consider who are the people. Of course the fruit-growers of California who are asked to favor the plan will be told that they are the people. But Government railroading means political transportation, its rates fixed by Act of Congress immediately or secondarily, and its policy subject to the will of the people who have the most political power. Already the variety farmers of the East complain that they are exiled from their fields by the products of the less costly and richer Western lands forwarded to market by too cheap transportation. These are the men who were on hand in the first experiment at Federal control of interstate transportation, to secure, in the Act regulating commerce, the fourth clause, which is intended to prevent cheap transportation on a long haul. All that the interest dependent on this long haul succeeded in securing was the right of the Interstate Commerce Commission to suspend the operation of that clause in specific cases.

The Eastern fruit-growers are a numerous and watchful class. They are re-enforced by the highly organized and powerful importers. The consumers are not organized, and, in the nature of things, can never be. If they could be, it is doubtful whether nominal freights would reach them through the absorbing power of the tens of thousands of interested distributors on whose stands and stalls the product is put in the consumers' reach.

Given these conditions and political transportation and the superior political power of these combined Eastern interests acting upon the National authority would go to the limit of long-haul possibilities to shut out the competition of the California fruit-grower. As reconciliation of the interests involved in a Federal tariff has proven always impossible, what may we expect when the Federal Government embarks in the paternal experiment of making a freight rate to enrich at the same time the Western and the Eastern producer?

That burdens have hurt and evils have attended under the present system no one denies, but in all human affairs results depend upon the rivalry and friction of self-interest; and, after all, the projection of articles of commerce to a long distance from their point of production, is made possible by the selfish desire of railroad corporations for tonnage. A transcontinental railroad does not ask an Eastern fruit-grower or importer what rate on California fruits would suit him, but fixes it at such a figure as will keep the traffic moving.

The Eastern politician would ask the Eastern interests that are affected and their wish would control him.

Wisdom has dictated the limitation of our Government to the exercise of police powers and harm has always come when that limit is far over passed.

The present proposition to place production and transportation in Government control will lead finally to the fixing by Government of the price at which the consumer shall enjoy the products, since the argument against the middle man who carries is equally valid against the other middle man who sells that which is carried. In those great days Uncle Sam will not only sit at the receipt of customs but will also preside at the peanut stand.

* * *

The judge and observer of human nature as the same is manifest in the flesh of politicians, is at this moment interested in the race run on their bellies by recent critics of the Administration, to get within licking distance of its boots.

Having stood out and made snoots at the President in opposition to his financial policy than which no other is as important to the people, and having denounced him for qualities and methods which, were they his, would disqualify him for any useful public service, they are now shouting for him in a chorus which disturbs the peace.

These shallow pretenses and translucent hypocrisies are the odium of politics. They rob it of all sincerity and make it a system of superficial expedients.

* * *

One note in the noise about Hawaii was amusing from the beginning of the clamor. This was the cry that the Administration, in proposing to displace the Provisional Government, was overthrowing a republic to set up a monarchy.

Now, the Provisional Government resembled a Republic about as much as the blasphemy of a water front sailor does the prayers of an Archbishop. It was self-chosen, a part of the mob backed by Stevens and Wiltse. It never consulted the people whom it assumed to tax and rule. It was its own constituency and electorate, an oligarchy that ruled without reference to the people at all. It was a system of government far less tolerable than even a pot-house queen or a pot-metal king.

When Brazil overthrew Dom Pedro there was a speedy resort to the people. Their wish was expressed and it controlled and fashioned the form of government that followed the Empire.

The Hawaiian Oligarchy established by Stevens dared not resort to the people nor admit that they were the only right source of power. The consent of the Governor was never asked. On the contrary, the Oligarchs, in their scheme of annexation, proposed to disfranchise the vast majority of Hawaiians who were enfranchised by the government which Stevens overthrew.

A more flagrant outrage upon the common rights of man was never attempted, and yet our people are called upon to fellowship it as a Republic!

* * *

It is plain to all Californians that the Midwinter Fair is to be this State's great opportunity. The novelty of the undertaking is much of its attraction. Probably no other people in the Union would have shown the adventure needed to carry out such a plan. Yet, presented to Californians, it has steadily grown from the start and the requirements that have developed have, up to this time, made necessary the erection of seventy-six beautiful buildings, and a duplication of the space originally selected.

Exhibitors have caught the spirit of the project and offer themselves with even more alacrity than was present in the early beginnings of the Columbian Fair.

A harsh and early Eastern winter has already turned the faces of thousands of tourists to this winterless land, and the usual pleasures of a sunshine sojourn in the midst of our sun-kissed verdure, will be enhanced by the blandishments of the Fair.

San Francisco has gained credit everywhere for her energy and enterprise, and her laurels will be fadeless when she triumphs over adverse financial and commercial conditions as she is about to in this competitive congress of states and nations.

Jno. P. Irish

Press Clippings on any subject supplied on application.

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Huber's Orchestra, known as the Hungarian Orchestra, furnishes excellent music for receptions, weddings, and other entertainments Address: Mr. V. Huber, 420 Eddy Street, or Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

Mrs. Jorkins—Our organ seems to be becoming dull in tone.

Jorkins—Then I guess we had better call in an organ grinder to sharpen it for us.—*Town Topics.*

DINNER PARTIES
PROVE
A SUCCESS
IF THE
COMPANY IS CONGENIAL

AND

THE SALAD
IS
MADE WITH
SIERRA MADRE
OLIVE OIL

GOLDBERG
BOWEN
AND
LEBENBAUM

AMATEVR SPORT

The disgust of the Stanford contingent after the game on Thanksgiving Day was equalled only by the surprise of the U. C. boys. Bliss echoed the feelings of his whole team when he said, "We feel as badly as if we had been beaten." Stanford went on the field with the same team she had been training for the past nine weeks. Berkeley appeared with a team weakened and disheartened by the worst kind of ill-luck. Without the services of Morse, Hunt hardly able to walk, and their last match a defeat, one could scarcely expect the U. C. men to put up a strong game. Under the circumstances a two to one bet on Stanford would not appear rash. But the Berkeley team surprised its most ardent admirers. The boys played a strong, persistent, uphill game, and finally succeeded in making the match a tie.

The whole team worked well and deserves great praise, but the work of Sherman, Wilson, Benson, Taylor, Ransome, Burr, and Pierce is especially to be commended. Little Sherman, at end, put up a game worthy of any end on the Coast, but more particularly worthy of praise in a man as extremely light and young as he is. Time and again he tackled low and hard, saving ground for his team in every attempt. Wilson, the other U. C. end, also put up a good game, getting down on Taylor's punts in good style. The U. C. ends unquestionably outplayed their opponents in the Palo Alto line. Burr, at tackle, also surprised his friends. He tackled and broke through the line well, but I have never seen him run for such good gains as he did on Thanksgiving Day. Almost every time his signal was given he gained two, three, or four yards. Benson played his usual strong game at quarter until ruled off. However, his substitute, Wilder, did almost equally well, so that the team lost but little by his removal to the side lines. Taylor outkicked the Palo Alto full backs so noticeably that Stanford almost gave up kicking entirely. He played admirably, on the whole, I think, better than any man behind the U. C. line. He proved the great value a good punter is to a team, sending the ball down the field for thirty or forty yards time and again. In fact, I think it is to this that the U. C. boys owe their success in holding the Palo Alto team. One well-directed punt of Taylor's covered a distance which the Stanford boys could only regain by the hardest kind of rushes and wedge plays. As a result, the Crimson team became exhausted, and during the last fifteen minutes were actually outplayed by the U. C. Ransome put up a strong game, but the condition of the ground was not at all to his liking. Hilborn, the fourth back, did very little. His defensive play was absolutely useless. The other men played hard and did more than was expected.

The Stanford team, as a whole, did not play the game they should have. While the condition of the field put them at a great disadvantage, still their fumbling and general slowness behind the line cannot be excused. They kept the ball in the U. C. territory all the time, but this was not all that was expected of them. Code, the quarter, did not put up as good a game as the substitute quarter, Harrelson. He was slow in getting the ball in play and fumbled it more than once. Of the backs, Frankenheimer showed up the best. His interference and tackling are first-class, and he almost invariably bucks the line for a gain. He takes the ball properly and dashes into the line low and without any hesitation. Kennedy fumbled a number of times on punts, the U. C. falling on the ball, for long gains; however, his tackling was good, but his running not by any means brilliant. Walton did not prove the crack he was rumored to be. On the whole, the playing of the Stanford backs was to me a great disappointment. They are all experienced men, and I certainly expected them to put up a much more effective game. In the line Whitehouse and Downing, the centre, played the strongest game. Whitehouse is a strong player and never lets up in his work. Downing is, I think, the best centre on the Coast, though he faced a very good man in Archie Pierce. The lines all through were pretty equally matched, but for the ends, where I think the U. C. had an advantage, Stanford played the better game and should have won. Of course, the ground told against them, but even so they outplayed their opponents. Still they expected an easy victory and the first half was a frightful surprise. They should have kicked more during the last twenty minutes of play instead of letting the ball go to the U. C. on four downs as they did a number of times. The spectators were very much disappointed in the result. Next year some provision should be made to continue the game until either side scores.

* * *

The Olympic-Reliance game was easily won by the Reliance. They outplayed the Olympic boys all the way through, showing not so much superior material as more thorough training and infinitely better team work. They deserved the victory, as they had practiced and their opponents had not. It is to be hoped that the O. C. will realize that football cannot be played by a disorganized team which scarcely ever works. The Reliance team gave evidence of Norton's good coaching, and if another game could be arranged between them and the Palo Alto men, it would be certain to draw a large crowd, as there are many who think the Reliance team could down Bliss' pupils. This afternoon the freshmen of the U. C. and Palo Alto meet at Central Park. The game ought to prove a good one, as both teams are most anxious to win and in a measure relieve the monotony of tie games. Heffelfinger remained at Berkeley during the week to coach the Berkeley freshmen.

Yale was at last beaten on Thanksgiving Day. For the first time since 1889 she has gone down before Princeton. The victory was a popular one, for the public is tired of Yale's continued success and of her efforts to force the under-graduate rule on all the colleges with whom she plays.

* * *

It is somewhat surprising that polo has never been played by any of the young officers stationed out here. In England the game is most popular in the army, and there is no reason why it should not be so in San Francisco. There are numberless capable riders among army men, and it is a game which, if they once started would be certain to fascinate them. Why don't some enterprising Lieutenant get up a team to play the San Mateo men?

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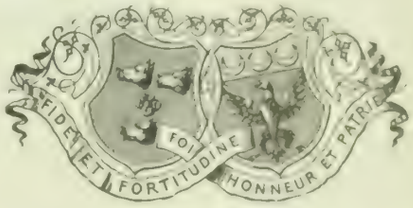

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"IF the Mater knows we're on the route of the procession she'll be up for it as sure as eggs. She's always talked of seeing the Lord Mayor's Show, as if it were half as good as any circus procession. Infernal old Noah's Ark survival! By George! Guard, I'll cut it, as a family invasion might blow up the whole thing."

"You mean you're going down to Dalheaton," Guard answered, with a laugh.

"No, I don't; I daren't. The old lady suspects something, and haunts Nell now like her shadow. I shall run down for a week to Thring."

"I wish we could have had them here," Guard said, with a kind of shy wistfulness.

"There's no accounting for tastes," Dick Varien replied with a shrug. "I can fancy nothing more deadly than standing all day at a window to point out the whole Chamber of Horrors to a mother and sister."

Dick forgot that his sister was not Guard's; and besides he had not the faintest suspicion of his friend's being hard hit in that quarter. But George Guard's visit six weeks since to the Variens had hopelessly enslaved him to the sole daughter of the house, Ruth, who on her part was neither unconscious of his feelings nor of her own modified reciprocation thereof. At least, a little further acquaintance with George Guard would doubtless have turned in his favor a feeling which now wavered. Of this crisis Guard was conscious, and he thought, or, at least hoped, that such a chance as a visit of Ruth and her mother to London to see the Lord Mayor's Show as his guest, might turn the scale in his favor. As, however, his chum had his own reasons for fearing their visit to London at this special juncture in his affairs, Guard could not ask them up in his own name. He had, nevertheless, a faint hope of their coming up spontaneously for the show; and this hope was strengthened by the sight of Mrs. Varien's writing on a letter which arrived for Dick on the day after his departure for Thring—November 8, the eve of the show.

Accordingly, George Guard laid in sumptuous lunch materials, accounting to his conscience for the extravagance by the plea that perhaps his sister, Edith, might run up from Staines for the day, as he had suggested to her. Neither his conscience nor his sister, however, was likely to be deluded into the belief that the profusion of extravagant flowers wherewith he adorned the rooms were meant for her sole gratification. Nor, again, was it a sister's train (L.S.W.) he looked out for on the morning of the ninth, but the King's Cross arrivals of the trains from Mitchelsea—the Variens' Station. He seemed, indeed, to have calculated to a moment the time of their arrival by the earliest practicable train at his rooms, for at that moment his landlady knocked to announce a young lady. A young lady! She had come alone, reckoning upon the chaperonage of Dick! What was to be done? Upon finding Dick flown, she would fly also. Was there ever so tantalizing a situation?

"Show her up," he stammered.

"Please, sir, it was for Mr. Varien she asked."

"Did you say he was from home?"

"No, sir. I thought he was sure to return for the show."

"Well, show her up, and I will explain," George said, cudgeling his brains the while to think of some chaperone within immediate reach.

Accordingly, the visitor—as pretty and piquant-looking a young lady as was to be seen that day in all London—was shown up, ushered in, and found not to be Ruth! I fear George's crushing disappointment was written with ungallant plainness in his fallen face, for the young lady cried, with charmingly audacious vivacity—

"I am afraid I'm not the expected one; but, then, you see, neither are you, so we're quits! Isn't Dick—Mr. Varien—in?

"No. He went out of town—down to Thring—on Tuesday."

"Oh, I say! He might have written. After all the trouble I had to make my escape, and to get a clear day in town to see the show! I did so want to see the show!" she pouted, looking forlornly round the flower-bedecked room.

Presently she brightened suddenly up, and it seemed as though a sunbeam had broken its way from behind a cloud into the murky November atmosphere of the room.

"Look here! I'll send Dick a wire, and you'll let me stay till he comes? You are expecting ladies? I can tell it by your face, and I see it in these flowers. Why not lump me with the rest, and give me a corner of a window? I'm—— Did you ever hear Dick—Mr. Varien—speak of Nell Linton?"

"I seldom hear him speak of any one else," George replied, smiling down, as an anchorite must have done, upon the winsome face upturned appealingly to his.

"Then allow me to introduce the lady to you, Mr. Guard—for, of course, you're his chum. Mr. Guard, Miss Nell Linton," making a sweeping curtsey to him as she spoke.

George made a correspondingly profound bow. "The rooms are as much yours as mine," he said, as cordially as he could, but his mind was racked by miserable misgivings. Suppose Ruth and her mother, or even Edith, were to come now, and find him *tete-a-tete* with this exceedingly lovely and exceedingly lively young woman. Her loveliness to them would be but an aggravation of her fastness, slanginess, and confounding audacity. He could not explain her away without disclosing Dick's secret. What was to be done? Why not say he was expecting Dick's mother? This would rout her to a certainty.

"I am expecting Mrs. Varien," he said, truly enough.

"No! Dick's mother?"

"Yes."

"I say, though, that's glorious!"

"I—I thought, perhaps, you wouldn't care to meet her just yet," George stammered, completely taken aback.

"Not as Nell Linton, of course. You must adopt me for the nonce as your friend, or sister, or cousin, or something. Won't it be jolly to take stock of the old lady without her having a notion of my interest in her? I declare it will almost make up for my missing Dick. When do you expect her?"

"I thought perhaps she might have come by the train due at King's Cross at 10:50."

"Oh, then she's not coming; for that was my train," she said, in a tone of chagrin, whereas George was absolutely relieved. "But you won't mind my staying without a chaperone, if Dick doesn't and I don't?" And without waiting for an answer she sent him off to despatch the telegram. And whilst he was away she made herself perfectly at home.

About half an hour later the landlady knocked at the door, and said—

"Please, sir, Mrs. and Miss Varien have just come up. They expected to find Mr. Varien in town." Mrs. Varien and Ruth had, after all, come by the 10:50, but were delayed by some shopping.

George only blinked blankly at the landlady, till she added—

"Shall I show them up, sir?"

"Yes, yes, of course," he answered, confusedly.

The landlady had no sooner closed the door behind her, than Nell asked, breathlessly, "What's your sister's name?"

"Edith."

"Well, I'm Edith. Have I a father and mother, and where do I live? Quick!"

"At Staines. No mother."

"Do they know your people—any of them?"

"No."

"All right. I'll write a note of warning for the landlady to give Dick when he comes. Up with the curtain!"

And, indeed, at that moment the curtain went up, for the landlady ushered in Mrs. and Miss Varien. They absolutely stopped within the door, arrested by the sight of this startlingly smart young lady. Mrs. Varien was proper to austerity, while, if Ruth had a fault, it was a Quaker-like primness matching her name. To both, therefore, this almost improperly pretty young woman, with an altogether improperly fast costume and mien and expression, was a shock.

"I fear we are intruding," Mrs. Varien said with cutting coldness.

"Not at all. I half—I mean I'm sorry for your disappointment. Dick ran down to Thring on Tuesday," George stammered so guiltily that Mrs. Varien half turned to quit the room.

"Is this Mrs. Varien, George?" I have heard you speak of her so often and of Miss Varien," Nell added significantly, for she had taken in the situation at a glance of her keen gray eye. "Pray introduce me."

"My sister Edith," the wretched George said almost mechanically. He consoled himself with the reflection that Edith was sure not to come now, as the street was impassable, and she hated crowds.

Mrs. Varien, somewhat ashamed of herself, held out her hand with grudging cordiality, but Ruth showed her relief at finding that the dazzling young person was only Mr. Guard's sister, by what for her was quite an effusive greeting. The only person in the room who was neither abashed, embarrassed, nor compunctious, was the fair impostor herself. She took to her part as a duck to water, with an eager plunge of delight. She spoke with the greatest enthusiasm of Staines (which she had never seen), of its picturesqueness, its antiquity, and its convenient proximity to London. Again and again she appealed to the stupefied George, whom she took a mischievous delight in terrifying and tormenting, and played the part of sister to him so prettily and patronizingly that both Ruth and her mother got the impression that he was the most domestically amiable of men. She soon got to calling him "Georgie" even, and he expected her momentarily to pat him on the head.

"Haven't I brought him up well?" she said, nodding over at Ruth. "They say a

good brother makes a good husband; but who makes the good brother? A good sister, of course. By the way, have you got a brother to bring up in the way he should go?"

"I've got a brother, but you must ask Mr. Guard, with whom he chums, about his bringing up."

"Oh, of course! That's the 'Dick' you were talking about just now. Well, what's your report of him, Georgie? Is he likely to make a good husband?"

"He's a perfect chum," he answered, without venturing to raise his eyes off his plate. "What a devil of a girl!" he thought; "but she'll pop her head once too often in the lion's mouth, and mine with it."

"Have you but one sister?" asked Mrs. Varien, who, disapproving of this talk about husbands as indirectly improper, wished to change it.

"Yes," George replied shortly, and almost doggedly.

At this moment the landlady knocked and opened the door to make the thunderbolt announcement, "Please, sir, your sister."

"I had no idea you were having company, George, or I should have stayed with Mrs. Bernard, where I had to take refuge from the crowd. I could only get through now. I—I'm afraid I'm *de trop*," she stammered, noticing the consternation occasioned by her entry.

"This is Dick's mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss Varien," George faltered almost mechanically.

"And this! Who is this, sir?" asked Mrs. Varien, choking with fury, as she glared upon the still imperturbable Nell.

"He can hardly tell you," that lady answered, "for he saw me for the first time only an hour before you came here. I came up to see the Show and a friend who did live in these rooms, but has lately left them. Finding that he was not here, and that Mr. Guard was expecting ladies, I asked him to let me see the Show under their chaperonage from his windows. It was I who suggested that he should adopt me for the nonce as a sister to avoid scandal, and he accepted the suggestion almost at the point of the bayonet when you and Miss Varien were announced."

At this incredible story Mrs. Varien literally snorted her rage and scorn. Without deigning even to look at Nell, she turned savagely on George. "Sir, you have grossly and deliberately insulted me and my daughter, and you shall answer for it to my son! Come, Ruth, the servant will fetch down our things to us in the hall."

George turned upon Ruth a look of agonized appeal, which touched her, but did not convince her of his innocence against evidence so overwhelming. What! That a girl he imposed upon them as his sister was an absolute stranger to him an hour before the imposition was suggested to him! The thing was grotesquely incredible. Even to his own sister, Edith, it was incredible, but, perhaps, the dazzling beauty of the impostor weighed with her also as much against George as the facts of the case. Most certainly it did with Ruth.

"I shall go with you, if you will allow me," Edith said, turning her back upon her brother. "But pray come with me into the room to put on your things," she added, having a feminine horror of a scandal. This concession Mrs. Varien made grudgingly, and the three ladies turned to quit the lazar-house of corruption before the fatal infection could pollute them further.

Just as they reached the door Nell burst out wrathfully and vehemently with "Well, if you must know the whole truth——" But as the three ladies turned startled round to hear it, George interrupted the disclosure, "You have told as much as is necessary," he said, hastily, with a significant look of warning against divulging a secret which was as much Dick's as hers. This look interpreted his words in the worst possible sense to the three ladies, who made at once and angrily from the room.

Hardly had the door closed upon them when Nell, to George's utter amazement, sat suddenly down and burst into tears! It was partly, no doubt, reaction from her wild excitement of fooling Mrs. Varien; but it was chiefly the remorse of a thoroughly good-hearted girl for the mischief she had made.

"There!" she sobbed, "I—I have done for you with my idiotic foolery, and you such a good sort!"

"Never mind, Dick will make it all right," George said, soothingly.

"What?" asked Dick, entering the room at that moment. He had started off at once from Thring upon receiving Nell's wire.

Nell flew to him, threw herself in his arms, and sobbed out the whole story into his very ear. "He wouldn't let me tell because of you," she wound up with.

"There is nothing for it now but confession, contrition, and, let us hope, absolution," Dick said lightly, yet with an anxious face.

Hurrying down he overtook the ladies at the door.

"I say, mother," he said, "I want you all to come back for a minute till I make things straight for Guard and—and that lady."

His mother hesitated, but Ruth hurried back to kiss her brother.

After a moment, Mrs. Varien's curiosity and affection for her son induced her to return to the polluted chamber, where Dick proceeded somewhat confusedly and incoherently to make his explanation. This was what his astonished mother heard:—

Dick had met Miss Nell Linton at private theatricals, and had played the lover to her, first dramatically, and at last with real and successful fervor. The young lady was an heiress and a ward in Chancery, and was watched besides with lidless dragon's eyes by an old aunt; yet she broke through watch and ward and the meshes of the law, and became the wife of Dick Varien, secretly, and, so far, securely. Neither had an idea of the monstrous crime they were committing until it was committed; but Dick now took care that his mother should be better instructed, and he gave her fair and full warning of the punishment that would overtake him if his offense became known to the Lord Chancellor during Nell's minority. The awful picture which he drew of the fate which threatened him overcame all other considerations in his fond mother's bosom, and, in her fear for her son, she speedily made peace with his wife. That a reconciliation was even more speedily effected between her daughter and George Guard, need scarcely be stated.—*Truth.*

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MASKS AND FACES

In "Alvin Joslin," Mr. Charles L. Davis is somewhat amusing. If one had never seen a stage representation of an old farmer triumphing over bunco steerers, pickpockets, and confidence men, he would be considerably more amusing. But, as a matter of fact, the character is a ghastly resurrection of the forgotten dead. It has neither novelty nor human interest to recommend it. If Alvin Joslin were to be actually thrown off the East River pier, as pictured by the play, and snatched up by a gigantic sturgeon, the stage would lose nothing by the catastrophe.

The drama called "Alvin Joslin," which Mr. Davis says he wrote to amuse the public, is about as ridiculous a collection of situations as one could well conceive. Its plot is neither coherent nor probable, and, taken as a picture of human life, it is both weak and silly. If Mr. Davis could find it agreeable to forego the delights of dramatic authorship he might send "Alvin Joslin" to the boneyard and employ a competent man to create for him a character in which he would make a tremendous success. The type of "hayseed" he portrays has in it elements capable of development, but to bury them in a play that would be hooted off the Bowery is a stale and unprofitable work.——

At the California on Monday evening Charles Dickson will appear in a new comedy, "Admitted to the Bar." It is founded on the law of inheritance in California, and is devoted to the efforts of a young lawyer to establish the claims to a large estate of an illegitimate heir. The play is said to teem with bright lines and strong situations. Mr. Dickson is supported by Thomas A. Wise, Frederic Backus, Gustave Yorke, Ernst Willis, Henry Sheldon, Louis L. Mason, Lilian Burkhart, Margaret Fitzpatrick, Elizabeth Hunt, Ruth Rook, and Daisy Zublin.——

"Sinbad, or The Maid of Balsora," opens at the Grand Opera House this evening, with all the scenery, costumes, and accessories direct from the Chicago Opera House. In the Company is the well-known Eddie Foy, Henry Norman, Joseph Donet, Louise Royce, Frankie Raymond, Ada Deaves, Martha Irmler, Madeline Morando, Hulda Irmler, and Signor Nicola Guerra. The transformation scene, which is entitled "A Tribute to America," gives a number of fascinating pictures of National events. Without doubt, "Sinbad" is the finest spectacular production of the present century.——

The "Black Hussar," which has done an excellent week's business at the Tivoli, is one of Millocker's best operas. It is full of good music and abounds in comedy situations. Robert Dunbar, in the title role has made a hit. On Monday evening "Die Fledermaus" (The Bat) will be given, and during the holidays, "The Island of Jewels."——

Beginning to-night the Baldwin will close for a brief season, and when it reopens A. M. Palmer's Stock Company will be the attraction. This splendid organization will give in succession, "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Dancing Girl," "A Woman's Revenge," "The Shadow," and other successes.——

Katie Putnam, the comedienne, will begin a week's engagement at Stockwell's, on Monday evening, in "The Little Maverick." Miss Putnam introduces during the progress of the comedy her popular songs and solos.——

Real Bohemian vases for fifty cents and upwards at Nathan, Dohrmann & Co.'s Surplus Stock Sale, 116 Sutter Street.

LIBRARY NOTES

The moderation of an author who is content to make half a hero when, with the same weapon, he could create a demi-god, is astounding. A word more or less is all the difference between them, and there is no doubting the greater interest of the latter. Unquestionably it is hard to realize a conception of great power, but it is not impossible to exhibit one's genius in repose, and have his achievements performed off the stage. If he refrains from epigram, or the passing of wise comment on the current show, commend his modesty — extol it as the shining virtue of his character. Under the circumstances, then, it is not so difficult. But "Half a Hero" requires a delicacy of touch that few possess. The question of degree in talent is so largely a matter of circumstance and field. The eloquence that thrills a court-room here might make a national reputation in New York. Give the manipulator who wields a Board of Supervisors a diplomatic post and he may develop into a Machiavelli or a Bismarck. The degree of effort that wins success in a limited environment is often strong enough to bring a man above the surface in the troublous sea of a great city.

The half hero, of whom Anthony Hope writes, is the Premier of a small Australian Colony. A man of simple habits and great magnetism, he is returned to the House of Representatives with a large following and finds the reforms he sets out to accomplish more difficult than he imagined. Like other men his life has not been passed entirely in the calm of contemplation. There have been passages in his career wherein conventionality and social custom have been sinned against. He is in power when the individual whose wife he had taken without the formality of divorce, appears and asks an office be given him. He promises an *exposé* if he is refused. Rather more than half a hero is the Premier who says No! The book on the whole is well handled, the plot is coherent, and the telling is simple and straight without exaggeration. It comes near being a truthful discription of life in a colonial town.

A book with a heavy and plain-to-all-sight moral is not, as a rule, pleasant reading. Is it because one is inclined to put one's self in the disciplined creature's place and so suffer the pangs of discovery and punishment, or because one is clearly shown the folly of trying to obtain, by other means than plodding endeavor, the favors fate withholds?

Do two thinking people ever see exactly the same moral, are there not always shades, borrowed no doubt from experience, but distinct and different? But a very small knowledge of evil will suffice for the understanding of the moral of "Richard Escott"—it is a sermon without interval. The villain, a combination of ingratitude and deception, is horribly punished; the hand of retribution is so heavy upon him that he is always missing important trains and long-expected legacies; his bad luck at cards is wonderful, even when he marks the pack himself; death is a happy release, but evidently no rest, for his ghost wanders about the rooms he died in. The last sad chapters are devoted to the sorrows of his unhappy mother and his neglected children. As may be imagined, the story is about as enlivening as a *post mortem* examination to an onlooker. The short prologue is not so bad as the rest, however. The author is advised to "write the story of real lives—where justice is always done. Tell all the truth about even one man, and the lesson must be good." Richard Escott is selected, although the biographer complains, "What am I to say about him except that he had best never have been born?" The answer runs, "So he used to tell me himself, and isn't it good for the world to know how and why a man comes to feel like that?"

If a novel is very bad in a glaring sort of way with great faults and many, it should sooner be forgiven than one that is conventional and colorless. There is hope for the former—for is not an extreme in any direction rather interesting—but for the latter there should not be even pity. In "The Transgression of Terence Clancy," there is not a line with an impression attached; the commonplace hangs over it like a pall. There is no finish, no subtlety, not even a bit of human interest. The plot is decidedly old and the characters familiar as a well-known family—there is the stately older sister, the wayward younger one, the strong misunderstood lover, the weak successful one. Some pretty descriptions are usually scattered over an array of this kind but Harold Vallings has seen fit to throw this work upon the cold world without verbal relief of this kind. The customary drowning of the wronged girl takes place early, and a little later the usual encountering of the body by the guilty man and his bride. The scheming Society woman is omnipresent also, armed with her *lorgnon* and her visiting list. True to his national traits, Terence does not seem to regret his transgression until he is found out, and even then on his death bed. Ah, these repentances when it is too late to make amends, what a world of trouble they save here. ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Richard Escott," by Edward H. Cooper. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Transgression of Terence Clancy," by Harold Vallings. Harper & Brother, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Dr. Mirabel's Theory," by Ross George Deering. Harper & Brother, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Half a Hero," by Anthony Hope. Harper & Brother, publishers. For sale by J. N. Philan, Sutter Street.

HAPPY HOLIDAY WINNERS.

The names of some of the lucky ones who drew prizes in the Original Little Louisiana Lottery Company are given below. As is well known, this Company, in order to assure its patrons of absolute fairness, holds no drawings of its own. It is interesting to know who the happy people are. Charles S. Johnson, of 1007 Larkin Street, held a quarter of ticket 72,275, and has been paid $3750; J. H. Openshaw, of 571 Howard Street, held a similar portion of the same ticket and also got $3750 as sauce for his turkey; Mrs. Frances Pope, of 1911 Van Ness Avenue, and Mrs. M. Weil, of 900 McAllister Street, held a quarter of ticket 98,425, and they are each $1000 better off than they were a month ago; Mrs. F. Weinninger, of 102 McAllister, and Fred Barretta, of 453 Minna Street, both of whom held one-quarter of ticket 37,866, are rejoicing over a nice little windfall of $500 each, and a client of the Bank of California, whose name was not obtained, has presented whole ticket 99,374 to that institution, and, as in every instance of a genuine Original Little Louisiana ticket winning a prize, payment was at once made. Who are to be the lucky ones this month can only be guessed at now, but there will be some more people made happy through the December drawings of this Company. That is certain.

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During the Action of the Play Miss Putnam will Introduce her Many Songs and Banjo Solos.

NOTE—The above Theatre will remain closed five nights from December 18th to the 22d, inclusive, for extensive alterations. Return of the favorite Fanny Rice, Saturday Evening, December 23d.

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Owing to the magnitude of the production the curtain will be raised at 8 o'clock sharp. Carriages may be ordered at 10:45.

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Metropolitan Temple, Thursday Evening, December 14th
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Tuesday Evening, December 12th, 8:15 o'clock

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Member of Paris Grand Opera

RESERVED SEATS, ONE DOLLAR
At Sherman, Clay & Co., Monday and Tuesday, 11th and 12th.

THE WEEK.

Youth, energy, ambition, and a receptive habit of mind make possible a musical culture of ample breadth. These and other necessary underlying emotions seem to belong broadly to the body of amateur players collected under the unwieldy title of the Symphony Amateur Orchestra. This band of aspirants toward musical education is the outcome of that spirit of active desire for Music in its instrumental form which is developing in the community at a pace and with a general influence remarkable. In the progress of professional improvement in the practice of the art, amateur fitness has not remained at a standstill; indeed, proportionately, non-professional standards have made more advance. Due entirely to local energy and particularly to the efforts of a large class of musicians whose work lies in the unromantic and hardly set lines of teaching, this rising scale of accomplishment and taste is a fair omen for the future of music in San Francisco. Under present conditions this enthusiasm is the sole beverage which musical development has to depend upon for its continuance; all the aspiration brought from the contact with new personalities is barred, in great part, few artists, fewer companies, and no outside interests of breadth influence us.

The work of organizing so large and diverse a company of amateur players as constitute Mr. Louis C. Knell's orchestra cannot have been light, and the effort and tact necessary for holding the gathering sufficiently well-balanced is a labor to be sustained only by courage of a superior kind. Though the performances may lie in range of destructive criticism, their aim is quite well directed, and if nothing beyond the fact of having brought together so much material were to be granted Mr. Knell, the work would, for numberless reasons, have been worth the expense of time, talent, and industry involved. As it is, the playing shows improvement and the beginnings, orchestral fitness. The large and respondingly applausive audience collected in the Metropolitan Temple had the air of minute interest accorded only by friends to friends, and another noticeable point in the general youthfulness of participants and auditors, showing the timely interest which will produce results some period not far distant, was not to be passed by.

In this concert the soloists were both of them young enough to be thoroughly in keeping with the remaining *personnel*. Having received all their training in San Francisco they represent what local teaching is capable of accomplishing. Miss Ruth White sings with earnestness, taste, and complete naturalness already. Her voice, produced with restful ease, has in it, beyond the freshness of youth, many capacities which cannot fail to develop under the finished method her studies are pursuing. Pure intonation and musical feeling were equally happily expressed, aided by the charm of an amiable and winsome personality. Her future will be watched with interest as her talents warrant a belief in ultimate success. Mr. A. A. Solomon has developed many qualities as a violinist since his last appearance.

With a technique unspoiled by any juvenile immaturities and fairly accurate though unarched intonation, this young player is ready to take up the burden of art. The control of an unstudent-like style, the development of something approaching to distinction of thought and manner, and the quietness of enthusiasm have to be won before real interest attaches to this playing. The programme numbers were, for the most part, suited to the occasion, and executive ability all that might reasonably be demanded of this Society just yet.

The shower of concerts continues and shows no sign of present abating. At the Symphony Concert a good audience attracted by some high-class numbers and the singing of Mr. William H. Keith showed unflagging interest despite simmerings of excitement already resounding anent Xmas festivities. Miss Cottlow played to enthusiasm a well-chosen selection, impressing further the stamp of able training, natural gift and unwavering nervous control. Her concert, with the assistance of Mr. Landsberger, promises agreeably, as does also the final appearance of Mr. Keith, taking place to-day. For the Rebagliati concert much is promised, the performance being given on Thursday at the Metropolitan Temple. To the vocalists Miss Marie Withrow's concert, at Union Square Hall, is of especial meaning, as six of her most gifted students are to appear in a representative programme. On Tuesday, Mr Louis Crepeaux gives a concert at the Palace Hotel; his programme is excellent, and with the ability of Mrs. Abbey and others assisting the performance should be quite exceptional in interest.

Kelsey Martin

The famous Rebagliati Spanish Quintette may now be engaged to furnish music for receptions, concerts, dinners, teas, weddings, etc., etc., by addressing J. M. Shawhan, Manager, 211 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

N. B.—These musicians do not play music for dancing.

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

Which do you consider the more difficult—retiring to one's virtuous couch at night or getting up in the morning? I take time at night making good resolutions and find myself winding my watch at 11:30. In the morning I make logical answers to my arguments of the preceding evening, and consequently remain in bed till nine or half past, enjoying the delicious comfort of stolen moments. I always feel "Jekyll and Hydish" in the morning. Jekyll says, "Get up, think of your marketing; if you don't get there in time Mrs. Albertin will buy the best cuts." Hyde remarks, "Rest is so beneficial and improving to one's complexion, and, after all, what does it matter if Mrs. Albertin does come off ahead, you have had your pleasant *quart d'heure* in any case." The struggle between the two is decidedly interesting, but Jekyll invariably wins in the end, for facts are stubborn things, and of them marketing appears the sternest while the glamour of departing sleep lures one to linger languidly on the pillow.

It is understood that comfort, warmth, or rather the appearance of warmth, is for the nonce a matter of doubt. It seems absurd, in fact, irrational and inharmonious to combine fur and lace, but that is Fashion's latest mandate. Then wraps are quite out of the question at teas or afternoon calls, so girls eschew them and wear a warm chamois jacket inside. These jackets are infinitely warmer, healthier, and lighter than any wrap and the girl who has one can defy pneumonia, sit on the dummy, or go from one extreme of temperature to the other without being discommoded in the slightest degree.

I was walking along Van Ness Avenue the other day near Washington Street about four in the afternoon, when a young man flying along at a terrible pace, evidently expecting to meet some one, gazed distractedly at me. However, I was not the object of his search for he soon turned toward Jackson Street. A second later I heard a sigh of relief and saw a young woman coming toward him. They met; he smiled pleasantly and she asked:

"Did I keep you waiting? Some girls came and gossiped so that I simply threw my clothes on and dashed out. Do I look all right?" He replied:

"You are simply bewitching, but I could not help thinking as you walked toward me that you appeared as if taking unaccustomed exercise; you keep your shoulders high and let them precede you, so to speak."

"Well, I am cold. These gowns are not made for walking," she said.

"Then I am to understand it is the fashion that must be blamed?" he said, apologetically.

I wandered on, but could hardly wonder at her wishing to wear her pretty frock. The skirt and basque were of astrakhan cloth, with a double collar trimmed with mauve satin; a darling little toque of astrakhan, with bows of white satin and tufts of violets; an immense bouquet of natural violets on her muff. It is certain that in these days heavy robes and gorgeous mantles take a secondary place, while lighter, more graceful garments have captured our errant fancy.

There is a pretty visiting dress—a black satin brocade with two skirts. The first and lower has a border of white satin and a band of passementerie; the second has the passementerie arranged with a longish effect, and a flounce of black guipure lace falling over and concealing the white satin beneath. The bodice is of white satin covered with guipure; sleeves of brocade and belt of black velvet. A large collar of the velvet bordered with white satin and headed with passementerie falls in points on the shoulders.

Some of the moiré silks I have seen have just enchanted me. One in pink and blue of the palest tones was idyllic. The bodice, one of the old-fashioned pointed ones, was trimmed with bands of velvet coming in points to the waist and ending among the fullness of the sleeves. The skirt, remarkably new and pretty, each seam being covered a little way up in twists of velvet, ending with a cauliflower bow of the same.

If you have any old lace, Point de Bruges, Viennese, Renaissance, Mechlin, etc., now is your time to don it; even a mite of lace is useful, as with every gown a knot or *soupcon* of lace must appear somewhere.

In Paris they will have nothing inharmonious or inartistic. A friend who has just returned told me that in her journeyings one day she came across (at an auction sale) a lovely Louis XVI. muslin dress embroidered by hand with the most dainty bouquets. She showed it to a Parisienne who simply went wild over it, and offered her three times the amount she had paid for it. My friend said: "I only bought the gown because I fancied it. You may have it with pleasure." The Frenchwoman hugged her most vigorously, and danced around in the greatest glee. She said:

"*Oh, mon amie, mon amie, ça fer a je crois des rideaux delicats; la robe est Louis XVI. Tout en etant bien chez soi dans le petit salon; ça donnera de l'air de la perspective!*"

The French woman then told my friend how she had sought everywhere for curtains for her Louis XVI. room, but with no success; so the moment she saw the gown she was charmed, and that she would have given half she possessed to obtain it. What a contrast her room would prove to our, as Lord Coleridge so aptly puts it, Queen Anne chairs and Mary Ann carpets.

You are complaining so much of neuralgia that I want you to try my remedy. I have suffered so much and felt like a holocaust, so burned was I by liniments and hot applications, and I daresay should still be a martyr, only that a fellow sufferer recommended me to go to an institution on Geary Street called the Swedish Medical Gymnastic Institute. Really, I assure you that I have obtained positive relief. You are unconsciously and delightfully freed from all pain; your nerves are restored to their pristine vigorousness. In advance I feel certain you will be grateful to me for the hint. THE REFLECTOR.

AN EASTERN SUCCESS, MORE SUCCESSFUL HERE.

What has proved so much of a rage in the East, recently, is being repeated here. Dame Fashion, who took so kindly to the new note-paper, Highland Heather, there, finds an equally ardent admirer of the new creation on this side of the Continent. It will be remembered that Cooper & Co., the Market Street stationers, were successful in obtaining the exclusive sale of the new paper for this Coast, and were the first to secure a shipment out of New York. It is surprising what a hit the new paper has made among the fashionable circles. It is, perhaps, the only tinted paper ever put on the market which has won the entire approval of the conservatives, and with its delicate, pleasing shade, it is now safe to say that Highland Heather is to be the fashionable paper of the season. The pretty effects in monogram stamping, produced by the new bronzes which the Coopers are displaying, are worthy of inspection. On application to the firm, J. K. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, samples of Highland Heather will be mailed.

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PREMIUMS AND POLICIES

In the underwriting world there is not a superfluity to record. The Street finds material for gossip in the transfer of the Germania from Gutte & Frank to Cæsar Bertheau. Quite recently the latter has suffered the loss of the N. Y. Underwriters, which he represented here for some years, but he has certainly the best of the bargain. The Germania has a million surplus, and while it does not write with especial freedom, still it cuts a figure, and business can be obtained for it.

To the Hartford goes the risks of the New York Underwriters. That Company is represented here by Belden & Coffran. It recently purchased the Citizens as an investment, much in the same way that the Fireman's Fund took in the Home Mutual. It will share its purchase with its investment. This form of investment seems to be popular with big underwriting concerns.

* * *

Owing to the big depreciation in surpluses and the heavy losses sustained recently by insurance companies, there's a general disposition on the parts of insurers to examine into the stability of companies. There have been some heavy failures among underwriting concerns these late years, and who knows what day a conflagration may occur to precipitate a liability of millions of dollars? It is decidedly a question if certain of the policies written here to-day are worth paper in the face of a violent contingency. This is the time that careful business men make certain that they are not paying premiums for nothing.

The latest phase of uneasiness in the Compact is the habit certain insurers have commenced to cultivate of placing San Francisco risks through Alameda County brokers. A good deal of rebating goes on over there, and, owing to that condition, the smart business man who is inhibited from obtaining a reduction of premium from a local broker, places his risks to advantage across the bay. The attention of Manager Alfred Stillman has been called to this evasion, and it is quite probable a very vigorous effort will again be made to bring the recalcitrant Oaklanders to time.

My impression of the Buyer & Reich controversy is a trifle different to that which the dailies have given out. Through Mr. Van Ness the firm has been notified that the companies deny liability. Not another move has been made on either side. Certainly no offer of compromise has been offered. There is considerable surprise that Buyer & Reich have refrained from commencing suit and various reasons are offered for it. Mr. Reinstein, their attorney, is an aggressive and vigorous fighter, and without good reasons would undoubtedly have plunged into the fray long ago. W. S. Goodfellow is now in the case as counsel.

* * *

There is but little doubt about the dimensions of the loss ratio this year. It is sure to run very high—nearly 50 per cent—perhaps over. Even in California wherein the small losses so frequently counterbalance the depredations of other States, fires have been too numerous for comfort. In the East, the heaviest losses have been made, and I am persuaded the annual statement will show many instances of a disappearance of surplus and even impairment of capital. It is reported that the Orient will reduce its million dollar capital to one-half, and there are several other strong concerns in the same boat. Of local companies, the Fireman's Fund will doubtless come out even. Its excellent Coast revenues will counterbalance the losses it has sustained in the East. Of the English offices, the Commercial Union will probably make the best showing. Mr. Mallin's loss ratio is said to be under 30. Carpenter's team makes a less agreeable showing, as his losses have been very numerous. Spenser's combination seems to have suffered rather severely, too. Colonel Macdonald finishes the year with a very excellent profit for the London and Lancashire, and Robt. Dickson has made substantial gains for his team, though his ratio will be a little over 40. The Imperial, I believe, will show a loss on the year's operations.

The business of the Alliance has been seriously curtailed by the peculiar policy of the head office. Its income this year will be much less than that which is recorded in the '92 chart. It seems Manager James is but one of a trio of men whose powers are equal. First, there is a Mr. Wiggin, who has the same power of attorney that the Manager exercises, and whose veto is frequent. There is also, or there was, a Mr. Lewis, a home office special, who came here *via* the North, engaging himself in the agreeable task of closing up agencies *en route*. He did not find it necessary to consult with the office here, but acted on his own responsibility. Just what the object of this policy is no one seems to know, but the difficulty of justifying it is potent.

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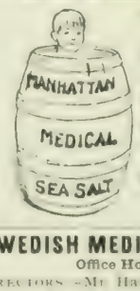

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The Midwinter Fair in your city has taken all the starch out of our social affairs and we have little of anything outside of propositions to make the show a success. *Apropos* of this the old Lecticonian Literary Society is to be young again for a single night. The old-time members are again to air their eloquence, and we hope as we did of old, that again they will command the applause of admiring listeners. In the old days, before San Jose had reached the claw-hammer period, the weekly meeting of Lecticonia was the Mecca of both young and old, and there many men, notable now in the halls of legislation, made their first awkward appearance upon the rostrum. The last session, held upwards of ten years ago, was the scene of a mental struggle memorable to Lecticonians because of the bitterness manifested. As usual, religion was the rock upon which the good ship struck, and the effort to prove the agnostic Thomas Paine a better man than George Washington wrecked the institution. The principals were Nick Bowden and Adam Bane for Washington, and Charlie Shortridge and Mike Hyland for Paine. Much feeling was manifested not only by the principals and their assistants, but also by the large audience and almost the entire community. The judges decided in favor of Bowden, Bane, and Washington, but the backbone of the Society was broken and it fell to rise for an hour after a decade of gravey years. Success go with it.

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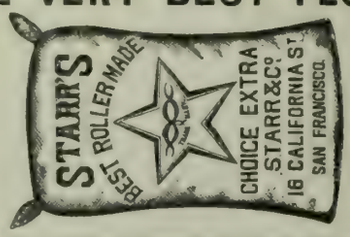

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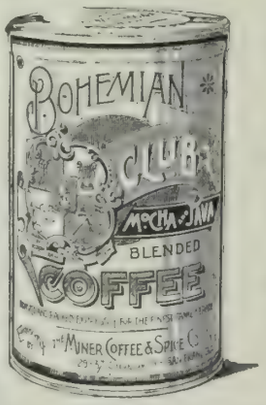

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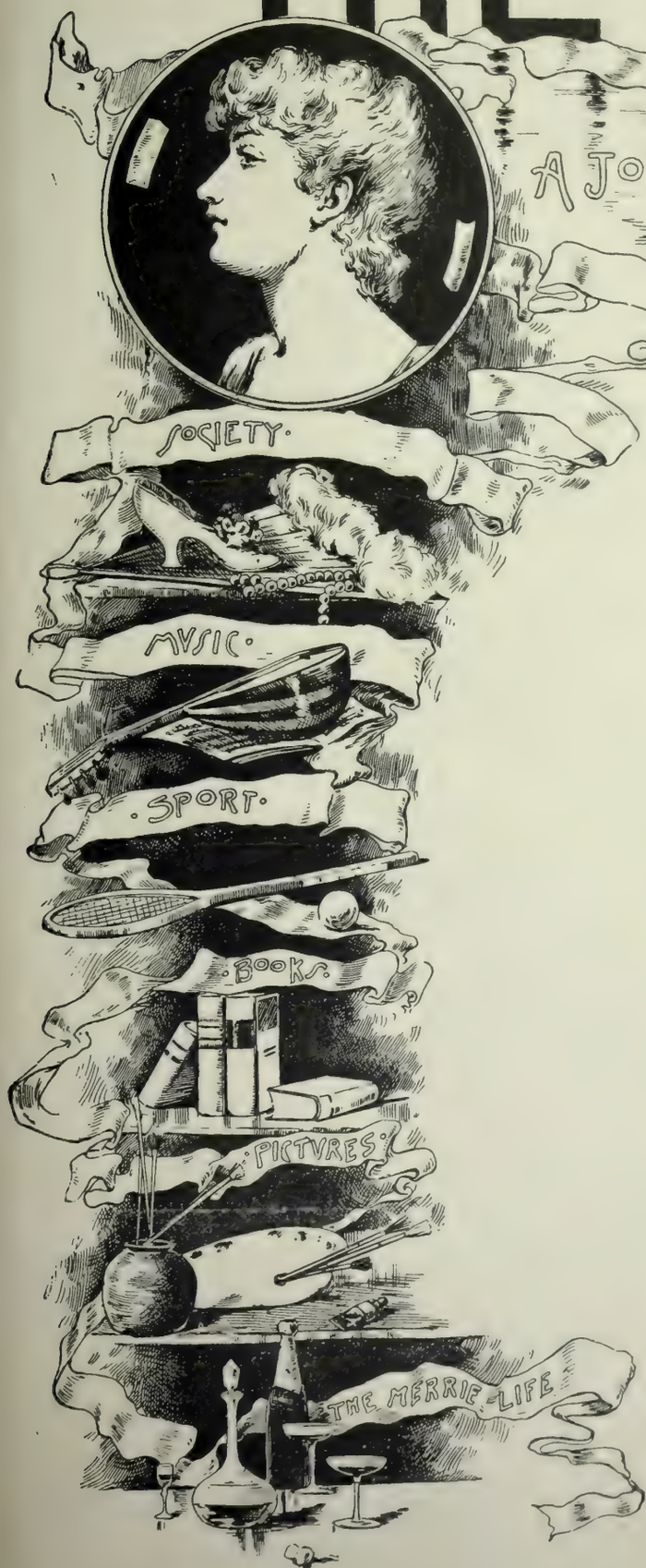

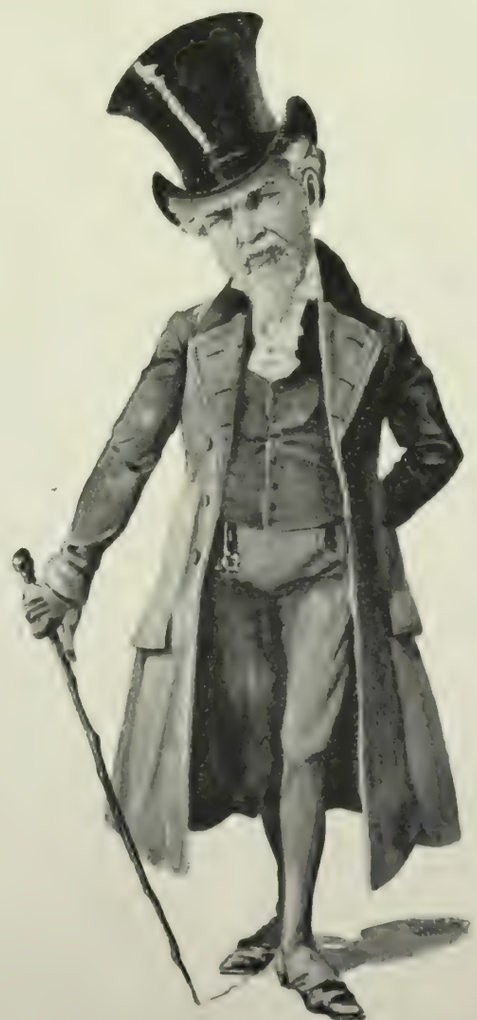

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THE WAVE

Vol. XI. No. 50. San Francisco, December 16, 1893. 10 Cents.

The Wave

A Society, Literary and Political Journal,

Is published every Saturday, by the proprietor at the CROCKER BUILDING, corner Market and Post Streets, San Francisco.

SUBSCRIPTION, $4 per year, $2 six months, $1 three months. Foreign subscriptions (countries in postal union) $5 per year. Sample copies free on application. The trade is supplied by the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS CO., 210 Post Street; East of the Rocky Mountains by the AMERICAN NEWS CO., New York.

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 16, 1893.

OUR OWN VIDOCQ.

Captain Issiah W. Lees, the counterpart of the famous French detective in his genius for bringing criminals to the bar of justice, has been at the head of the detective force in this city almost since it came into existence. As a thief-taker Lees has few equals in the country. Inspector Byrnes, of New York, perhaps, has had a more varied experience, but none of his personal exploits outshine those of Captain Lees' early history. Our Vidocq is now upon the shady side of life. Probably his active career is about over, but the romantic features of his history are likely to be preserved in ink, for I understand he is engaged on his memoirs.

SPLASHES

THE TEA habit seems to have Society in its clutches. It is the sole form of entertainment that has even a minor vogue. That it reflects to some degree on the inventive capacity of those "in the swim," admits of no doubt. Still, it is a method of producing results at the expenditure of the least degree of effort. Teas are neither costly nor troublesome. Elaborate refreshments are not an essential feature, nor is a plentitude of decorative accessories considered desirable. Invitations can be sent on visiting cards or by telephone. The onus of entertainment is on the guests—they are expected to talk, which they generally do, or to listen to the musical familiarities of an orchestra in the hall. Not enlivening, the programme —still popular. Some times there follows a dance—tables and sofas vanish and the canvased floor is open to industrious waltzers.

* * *

Never has Society had so little to talk about. The prominent figures whose sayings and doings afforded topics of conversation last season are either silent or absent. There is a lamentable dearth of either engagements or of incipient attachments. Save the elopement, nothing has occurred that the programme omitted, and one may readily be pardoned yearning for a new sensation. The youths whose divertisements served as models of male wickedness for the *debutantes* of last season have become somberly proper. No longer do they find the ballet damsel a source of inspiration, nor the wine dinner the *summum bonum* of earthly enjoyment. The depression, perhaps, has been a factor in producing this tranquility, but no mere financial stringency should be permitted to curb the buoyancy of young gentlemen whose respectability assumes a form so deplorably dull.

* * *

Though formal announcement has yet to be made, there is no longer any question of the engagement of Miss Emilie Hager and Mr. Walter Dean. Both are well known in Society, Miss Hager as a leading belle and the daughter of one of the most hospitable hostesses in town, and Mr. Dean as a rather handsome member of the *jeunesse doré* and the son of the millionaire mining man. Their marriage, I believe, is set for the early spring. It will undoubtedly be an elaborate ceremonial, abounding in all the detail that may go to afford the most brilliant solemnization of the contract ever seen here.

* * *

It is seldom a secret is so well kept as that of Miss Kathryn Voorhies' engagement. Not even her most intimate friends had any suspicion that she returned to San Francisco otherwise than heart whole and fancy free. Therefore, the announcement of her betrothal to Mr. J. Malcolm Henry, of Washington, accompanied by invitations to the wedding, came as a thorough surprise Miss Voorhies is a decidedly handsome and attractive girl, whose distinct and agreeable individuality won her a decided popularity. Mr. Henry is a very handsome young Washingtonian, a banker by profession, and a member of an old and prominent Southern family. He is to leave the National Capital at the latter end of this month, accompanied by Prince Yturbide, who will be his best man. The marriage is set for the evening of January 8th at the Voorhies residence, 2111 California Street. After two weeks spent in California Mr. and Mrs. Henry will leave for Washington, their future home.

* * *

IT IS curious that some enterprising matron who has realized the inconvenience of dance-giving in her own home does not inaugurate a custom of entertaining in one or other of the pretty halls with which the city abounds. The present fashion in architecture does not express itself in the designing of spacious apartments suitable for terpsichorean revelry, and the result is dancing in dwellings is attended with but a slight degree of pleasure. Indeed, there are on record the vows of a number of men who have bound themselves against further indulgence in that direction. Some of the really notable balls of past seasons have been given in halls —those of the Von Schroeders and the Perrins in particular recur to the memory. However, the indications for especially elaborate festivities this season are not over brilliant and that in spite of the gayety of the opening.

* * *

So far this winter the *debutantes* have usurped the lion's share of masculine attention. The maidens who were belles last season find themselves shelved by this aspiring and interesting array of young women. The teas and other entertainments have been given in their honor; their characteristics have even furnished the staple of conversation. Now, however, they are floated, the series of introductory receptions have come to an end, and in the hearts of the previous generation hope begins to revive. The fascinations of certain maidens commence to reassert their erstwhile potency, the good dancers are again finding their old friends, and social affairs gradually assume their former aspect.

* * *

A subject that directly concerns George Whittell, the Parrott estate, Senator Fair, and other scions of millionairedom is the fact that the Midwinter Fair project is already $131,000 in debt. That is a great deal of money to have to gather in, and it behooves the interests whose income depends on the prosperity of the community to contribute to the general fund. That they have not done so thus far, or if, having subscribed, offering sums out of proportion to their immense resources, reflects seriously on their patriotism and more severely on their sagacity. The Fair is a great project; it may prove a material factor in the future of San Francisco. We have been living on one another too long, and it is certain that a fresh

influx of population is necessary before a new era of prosperity can be inaugurated.

* * *

I CAN promise the handsomest Christmas number that has ever been issued here. It will contain a variety of readable stories by clever people, and several articles of distinct local interest written in a diverting and original manner. These will be illustrated in fine style by the cleverest artists on the Coast. There are to be pages of caricatures by Solly Walter and Swinnerton, fine half tones done in the latest processes, besides a splendid colored picture, "Looking Backward." The cover, in six colors, will be especially attractive.

* * *

The Spanish Jinks at the Bohemian Club went off in fine style. Sire E. L. G. Steele was in fine form, and flung an admirable form of Castilian around in a manner that captivated the natives. Over the playing of the Rebagliati quintette genuine enthusiasm was developed; indeed, it is quite a long time since the Club has had such a furor over aught that has been given in its rooms. After the loud applause which rewarded the music had partially subsided, the old violinist offered to play a solo. He played splendidly—as well as Musin the *cognoscenti* say, and that is great praise in Bohemia.

* * *

The Cosmos Club is gaining rather than losing members these days. Its experience is so different to that of its big rivals that the Directors are encouraged and will preserve the autonomy of the institution at any cost. It may positively be asserted that no proposition to merge identities with the Bohemian Club will be entertained. Indeed, there was never any formal negotiation for that end. It was merely a suggestion based on a possibility. There is considerable satisfaction within the limits over the nice conjunction of income and expenditure. The Club has began to experience the pleasure of a profit, and that in spite of dull times and delayed dues.

* * *

THE CHRISTMAS REVELS of the Press Club, which are to take place on the night of the twenty-third instant, are now the reigning sensation in newspaperdom. The programme of festivities, I am told, is to be the most unique since the famous New Year Jinks two years ago, when all the "talent" gathered in the Pine Street temple and unbosomed itself. In consonance with the prevailing depression in the financial world the coming revels are to breathe the spirit of hard times. In fact, they are to be called "Hard Times Revels," and the master of ceremonies will be designated the "Chief Tramp." Ex-President Hugh Hume, of the *Evening Post*, will enact this role, arrayed in a clawhammer suit and a dazzling solitaire pin. There are to be other tramps, but the names of only three have come to my ears. Judge Hunt will be heard on "Hard Times in the Superior Court," Ed. Moran on "Hard Times in Journalism," and Frank Truesdell on "Hard Times in the Mills' Building."

* * *

But the sensational feature of the revels will be a minstrel performance, in which Mr. Naughton, the famous sporting man of the *Examiner*, will be the interlocutor, and Messrs. Swinerton and Davenport, the artists, endmen. Naughton's fighting weight is two hundred and seventy-five pounds, and the Club will have to stand this part of the programme whether it is pleased or not. Still another feature will be a Persian dance by a collection of lady artists direct from the Midway Plaisance of the World's Fair; and, finally, as a *piece de resistance*, young Mitchell and George Green, of the Olympic Club, will give the revelers an exhibition of scientific fisticuffs. The Executive Committee of the Midwinter Fair will be present to discuss with the revelers (early in the evening, by the way,) the coming Press Congress.

* * *

Dinner dances, though decidedly in vogue in New York last season, have never had a run of popularity in San Francisco. It is an expensive form of entertainment that does not commend itself to our frugal fashionables. A bit of gossip is in circulation about the party for which the Misses Fecheimer have sent out invitations. There are to be sixty men and girls there, and preparations are being made for quite an elaborate entertainment. It seems about eighteen months ago these two young ladies undertook the management of their household. A stipulated amount per month was allowed them by Fecheimer *père*, and certain results were indicated as being required. By dint of careful management and cash purchases they saved in that time a good many hundred dollars, and it is with this surplus they are entertaining their friends.

* * *

Miss Jennie Blair had a tea on Sunday for Mrs. Drexel and Miss Bourke, of New York. She had a corps of pretty girls assisting in the entertainment of her guests. Considering that the invitations were circulated almost entirely by telephone, she had quite a large gathering. Miss Bourke is an heiress, and rumor engages her to the Polish Prince, Poniatowski, whose attentions to Miss Virginia Fair formed the basis of several wild newspaper tales last season.

* * *

The Entre Nous Cotillion Club is to celebrate the holiday season with a fancy dress german in Maple Hall. The date set is December 29th. Most of the members have already arranged for costumes, and I am told there are several pretty groups in preparation. Mr. S. G. Lewald will lead.

* * *

Miss May Palmer gave a tea last Saturday afternoon at her home on Fillmore Street, and entertained quite a crowd of young people. She is a daughter of Dr. Palmer, and is a tall, fair girl, with a sweet, ingenuous face. Holly and Christmas berries formed the staple of decoration and produced a most agreeable effect. The Miss Whittier, Miss Hood, Miss Moulder, Miss Bancroft, Miss Macdonald, and Miss Rambo assisted the young hostess to receive her guests.

* * *

An interesting engagement just announced is that of Lieutenant Milton Davis, U. S. A., and Miss Blanche Bates. While congratulations are of course in order it seems a pity that this interesting *debutante* is not to pursue any longer a career that promised to be brilliant. She developed certainly an unusual dramatic talent and would undoubtedly have won a position among the stars. Indeed, she has far more spontaneity and natural talent than Miss Georgia Cayvan, besides a more magnetic personality. Lieutenant Davis is in the cavalry and is one of the most popular and efficient officers at the Presidio. The marriage is to take place at the residence of Captain H. L. Thompson, 1901 Baker Street, February 1, 1894.

* * *

Young Mr. Belcher who is fortunate in the possession of a superb bass voice, goes East very soon to study. With such an organ he can hardly fail of success; it is only a matter of finding the proper master. On Tuesday evening next he gives at Metropolitan Hall a concert and vaudeville entertainment that ought to gather his friends. Besides the attraction he offers himself, he is to have the aid of a number of clever people—among them Charles Dickman, Miss Mabel Love, Mr. Coffin, Mr. McLaughlin, and the "Stanford Trio." The funny people promise several novelties.

* * *

Jules Mersfelder is again in San Francisco. This time his role is that of lecturer, which he finds suitable to his individuality and amusing to his audience. He is to talk on marine and landscape art as depicted by antique and modern masters next Tuesday afternoon in the parlors of the Pleasanton. I am told he is both instructive and entertaining, and that the illustrations are quite a cut above the sketches of the ordinary lightning artist. In fact, he gives a pretty good idea how the effects are produced.

* * *

Among interesting matrimonial events set for the near future is the marriage of Miss Emily G. Britton, daughter of Mrs. G. W. Britton, and Lieutenant John Howard, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A. It is to take place at the First Congregational Church on the evening of December 26th. Miss May, a cousin of the bride, is to be maid of honor. The bridesmaids are Miss Lillian Dean, Miss Emma Fraser, Miss Margarita B. May, and Miss Anna Sheppard. Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., will be best man, and Lieutenant F. T. Kilbourne, S. McP. Rutherford, F. A. Wilcox, and T. W. Winston, U. S. A., will serve as ushers.

* * *

The week has not been specially gay; in fact there is little to chronicle save the teas of last Saturday. The Taylor reception at which Miss Carrie Taylor was introduced to Society,

went off with due *eclat*. The *debutante* is a bright and interesting girl with a sense of humor rare in the sex. The usual accessories of music, decorations, and refreshments were all that the most exacting could demand. After the tea proper had terminated there was a very jolly dance for the young people. Mrs. Gaston Ashe had also a tea the same afternoon.

* * *

On Monday night Mr. and Mrs. Al. Bonnell had a gathering of friends at their rooms at the Pleasanton. On Tuesday evening party calls were made at the S. G. Murphy's. There was an informal dance. The same evening Mrs. Will Crocker gave a dinner.

* * *

Mrs. Annie Donohue has a big tea this afternoon at her home on Bryant Street. She has chosen the unconventional hours of five to nine for her reception.

* * *

AS USUAL the world's wife and a fair proportion of the world patronized the pictures and polyglot ornateness of the Mark Hopkins Institute at the Art Association's reception. For an affair of this kind no better surroundings are to be had; space, pomp, and seclusion are offered for the meeting of finance and art, or, rather, art pursuing finance, suitable backgrounds for costumery and distinctly opportune places for flirtation. In quality and quantity the art loan is not too rich in interest. Out of upwards of the sixty works no more than a dozen good examples are evident. The picture-buying community is represented in its mood of deep interest in art, showing visions of camellined ladies, petrified landscapes, and a mixum-gatherum of subjects only remarkable for the fact that there should have been felt any necessity to picture them. Gerome, Gabriel Max, Courbet, and Henner are advantageously exampled with a single work apiece.

* * *

An unfortunate Bougureau or two, with all the soft sentiment finished out of them, and the surfaces smooth and tiresome as Italian music, show the poorest side of this painter. In studies, the head by Gabriel Max, owned by Miss Ella Goad, is as agreeable as this kind of refined sculpturesque painting can be, and has a realism of its own taking a hold on the memory. "The Burgomaster," a Rembrandt, is questioned by the painters, and is distinctly a flabby and indifferent study. So fine a piece of technique in composition and color as Gerome's "Rug Merchant," is rarely seen here. The inflexible personality of the painter shines through, giving a strength these works as a rule lack. This canvas is in the possession of Colonel Fred Crocker.

* * *

Mrs. Towne exhibits a Henner of the best merit, "Meditation," as exquisitely managed, artificially imagined, and delicately false as the French colorist is in his best moods. The "Visit of Condolence," by Geets, attracts by the cleverness of the technique, as does Mrs. Hecht's "Cat Came Back," a feline study by Joseph Bail. Mrs. Hearst's fine Verestchagins have been seen before. "Le Simoum," by Fromentin, owned by Irving M. Scott, leaves an impression of force and fidelity. Two Keiths represent the highest phases of emotion reached in this collection. "After the Storm" towers above every canvas exhibited in a nobility of realism and passion of ripe sincerity few painters of genius ever attain to. The "Sunset," a great landscape, simple yet impressive as a classic tragedy, is owned by Mr. A. F. Herrin; Mr. Zeile possesses the first picture.

* * *

YOUNG Mr. Gaskill, of Oakland, is difficult to discourage. After postponements without number and procrastinations inexcusable even on the score of depression, the members were gathered at Masonic Hall, last Friday evening—at least, all that was left of them. For the reorganization of social clubs this, seemingly, is not a good time. Instead of the required seventy-five, only twenty-five were gathered by Mr. Gaskill into the fold, and only twenty-five couples danced. Indeed, there was ample room for them in the spacious hall—there were magnificent distances between the waltzers, and the atmosphere was the reverse of warm. However, the Club has started and that is something.

* * *

Before next month, however, the chances are that Mr. Gaskill, who refuses to be discouraged, will have persuaded in at least twenty-five men more; later, if fortune favors him, the total may be made up and the Club of '93 established on a permanent basis. At the dance some pretty gowns were worn, and one or two of the dancers relieved the loneliness by looking their best. Miss Fannie Merriman and Mrs. Adolph Uhl, notably. Mrs. Uhl was quite the belle of the evening. She is a decidedly handsome girl with charming manners, and, unlike some of her recently wedded contemporaries, does not consider matrimony involves complete seclusion from the world.

* * *

At the reception given by Mrs. Frances Vaux in the old Latham library, her studio, gathered the cult interested in art. The statuette of "Emancipation," made after a design supplied by the sculptress for the Chicago Fair, received criticisms of a favorable kind from all sides. Woman wielding the powers of mind in the new Society is the central idea worked out with considerable grace and freedom for a devotee so few years grown in the practice of this difficult art. The singing of Mrs. Sedgley Reynolds and Miss Cressy added to the charm of a really artistic reunion.

* * *

Everything is at the dullest in Berkeley. Festivities are over for this term, and the students are preparing for the swiftly descending examinations. Social activity ceases until these dread affairs are passed. Heffelfinger has gone to Portland, where he has a number of Yale friends, and will again be lionized. If there is another intercollegiate football game he will return. The establishment of two young ladies' fraternities excited the collegians last week. One had been in existence for some time, but it had never occupied the field on account of the religious fanaticism that was an absolute pre-requisite for membership. The new Sororities are on other and broader lines. Miss Rachel Vrooman, Miss Lida Baldwin, and Miss Redington are among the new fraternals.

* * *

THE STANFORD GLEE CLUB displayed itself in Oakland for the benefit of the Fabiola Hospital. The attendance left little to be desired as Mrs. Remi Chabot had seen to it that the boys should have listeners in plenty. Tones of red prevailed both in the decorations as well as in the costumes of the audience. The Club displayed bunches of cardinal carnations for *buttonnieres* and the girls of Professor Sancho's Club were similarly adorned. Indeed, there was little to suggest that the environment was sacred to the blue and gold. I believe the U. C. Glee Club was to have attended in yellow chrysanthemum decorations, their rivals having provided tickets. It seems though, they had to go to San Jose for their concert at the Vendome.

* * *

Young Mr. Shirley Baker was the hero of the evening. A natural wit, he has a capital voice, and was accorded encore after encore. As for the singers—comparisons can hardly be drawn as the styles of the two clubs are diametrically opposed. As a matter of fact, the Stanford Club is more of a finished quartet, while the Berkeley combination is superior for the dash and vim they infuse into student songs. In both there are excellent voices.

* * *

THE MARRIAGE, on Thursday last, of Will Crane and Miss Josie McDonald was a complete surprise to their friends. They have been engaged a long time, but it seems there were parental objections on the McDonald side. So the wedding, instead of taking place at the lovely home of the bride in East Oakland, was very quietly solemnized in San Francisco, and the three-line announcement in the local papers was the first intimation the intimates of either had. Miss McDonald is a graduate of Mills' Seminary and a pretty, though very retiring, girl. Mr. Crane is paying-teller in the Union National Bank, and his father is the well-known lawyer and political writer, Judge Crane, of Highland Park. On their return from Monterey the bride and groom are to reside in a tiny cottage adjoining the Crane residence in East Oakland.

* * *

It is a pity that Miss McDonald's friends were not given the opportunity of seeing her in bridal array. It seems as though every pretty girl deserves a brilliant wedding, especially as it is usually the signal of her retirement from the world. In this case the bride left her father's home attended only by a single girl friend, Miss Platt, who acted as

bridesmaid. The wedding was solemnized by Rev. Mr. Lyon.

* * *

At the very charming exhibition of China painting made by the California Keramic Club in the Maple Room of the Palace, some of the daintiest and most original work comes from the Oakland side of the bay. Miss Herrick displayed a number of charming pieces, and one whole table was filled with the work of her pupils. Mrs. Farnum, a sister of Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruitvale, showed several pieces of which fish and animals are the principal *motifs*. Miss Madeline Cashman, of Alameda, contributed a few keramics in which her exquisite and artistic personality was daintily apparent.

* * *

A trio of very youthful buds made their initial appearance in Society last week, and, by all the rules of the game, should be reckoned among the *debutantes* of this Winter. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Clay, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Comstock, and are pronounced to be quite the most attractive girls of the season, and that in spite of their extreme youth. They have any number of callers, and in that regard at least are graduated belles.

* * *

Mrs. Annie Cameron, who is on trial in the Superior Court of Alameda County for attempting to shoot one of the Laymance brothers, is the object of much interest. Her husband was Duncan Cameron, a wealthy man with a *penchant* for actresses, who died sometime ago. Mrs. Cameron has always been eccentric and her actions have long afforded her friends an interesting topic of conversation. The joke of the matter is that she couldn't have hit Mr. Laymance if she had tried. The family home of the Camerons was next to the Postoffice in East Oakland in the days when Twelfth Street was Nob Hill. In that house the daughter of the house was twice married—the first time to please her mother and the last time to satisfy her father. Both marriages were unhappy, and rumor has it now that she is soon to embark in a third venture—this time to please herself.

* * *

THE RECENT election of the Municipal League in Oakland has been productive of some amusement in political circles. Giles H. Gray, the former President, did not expect to be re-elected and Frank Soulé was talked of to succeed him. But the wind changed at the last moment and Mr. Gray was chosen. The cause of this remarkable shift is still a source of wonder. It appears that when Mr. Gray thought he was going to be dropped, he suddenly became quite friendly with the "regular politicians" in the League, as their friends call them, or "the ring" as their enemies designate them. Recently, on several occasions, Mr. Gray has been seen emerging from the private office of ex-Senator Frank J. Moffitt. The two gentlemen have been at swords' points for a long time, and probably will be again shortly. Not long ago Mr. Gray was the subject of several severe roasts by E. H. Clough, editor of the *Times*, inspired, of course, by Mr. Moffitt. Now Mr. Gray and Mr. Moffitt are as friendly as long lost brethren. As they hobnob together on the street they afford an interesting and instructive object lesson for young politicians. Clever hedging, I believe, is an art.

* * *

CURIOUS in the flurry about the People's Home Savings Bank that the condition of other institutions is overlooked by the dailies. I am persuaded that the era of financial sensations is by no means over and I look for interesting developments early in the year. I don't imagine there is a great disparity between assets and liabilities, however, but there are certain securities that financiers find it difficult these times to convert into coin. What the result will be is difficult to predict, but the situation does not tend to induce happy dreams for the Bank Commissioners. In the Pacific Bank episode there is considerable talk of criminal prosecution and charges of fraud that it is said are susceptible of proof. The particular contingency is the $800,000 cash on hand sworn to in the statement—as against about $200,000 actually in the vaults. If it can be proved that this perjury was willingly committed and it should be susceptible of proof—then someone will have to go to San Quentin.

* * *

SOME METHOD ought to be invented whereby a political boss can accept money and shares of stock from railroad and other corporations without the danger of having the books subsequently pulled on him. I say this in view of the embarrassment and annoyance to which my esteemed friend, Martin Kelly, late General Manager of the Republican party, is being subjected to by two stockholders of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway Company. Over a year ago, it appears, Mr. Kelly was presented by the Company with $10,000 worth of stock. This act of generosity—a truly noble one, by the way—was supplemented by an entry in the books "for services rendered." The inquisitive stockholders, by name J. D. Saunders and John B. Muirhead, now desire to know the character of the services, for the purpose, I suppose, of publishing them to the world, and thus adding to the embarrassment and annoyance of Mr. Kelly. I do not know that a full explanation would materially embarrass or annoy Mr. Kelly, but the fact that he has decamped to evade service of subpœna seems to indicate that he is not willing to make a discovery.

* * *

Hence, I say, some method should be invented of protecting our political bosses. Otherwise they are likely to be driven out of public life. Certainly, if dissatisfied stockholders are privileged to turn them up whenever they please, the business of political bossism is not going to be promoted in this town. But, really, there is nothing to conceal about this Electric Railway stock. The fact that Mr. Kelly received it was well known at the time, and the uses to which it was put were understood by all the Directors of the Company. In order that Mr. Kelly may no longer be annoyed or embarrassed by these litigious stockholders, I shall tell the whole story right here and now. One of the first acts of the Board of Supervisors elected in 1890, and which held office during 1891 and 1892, was to pass an ordinance prohibiting the erection of overhead electric trolley wires within a district bounded on the west by Van Ness Avenue and Eleventh Street. The action was taken in perfect good faith. The Board was new and virtuous, and desired to preserve the lives of the people and the firemen.

* * *

But the ordinance had scarcely grown cold upon the statute book ere the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway Company sought the privilege of erecting its wires within the southern half of the prohibited district as far east as the Market Street ferry. The Supervisors, however, would not listen. The wires were dangerous to life and they would never consent to authorize the killing of innocent people—no, sir, never. But this proved to be a case of hardly ever, for no sooner had the Company employed Martin Kelly than the Board passed a resolution granting the required privilege. The date of the entry upon the books shows that this stock, by a singular coincidence, fell into Mr. Kelly's hands at about the same time that the privilege was passed. It was reported at the time that Mr. Joost paid the Supervisors $12,000 for the favor. I am glad to observe that it was only $10,000 and capital stock at that. Mr. Joost made a better bargain than current rumor gave him credit for. At about the time the San Mateo Company employed Mr. Kelly to represent them before the Board, the Metropolitan Road obtained the privilege of erecting wires upon Eddy Street, east of Van Ness Avenue. It would be interesting to know how much stock was disbursed for that privilege.

* * *

THE compliance of the savings banks with the law which requires them to disclose the names of all depositors whose money remains unclaimed after five years, together with the amount, removes from the legislative arena a gray-headed old "cinch" bill. For ten years regularly the law with which the banks have now complied has been presented to every Legislature. In the lobby the belief has always existed that the savings institutions had in their possession millions that would never be called for. The bill usually provided that after a disclosure of names, such as has recently been made, the banks should pay this money over to the State to be placed in the Treasury to the credit of the school fund. The supposition was that rather than do this the banks would put up to defeat the bill.

* * *

The supposition has generally proved well founded. The bankers went before the Legislative Committees and argued that their respon-

sibility for the unclaimed deposits never ends, because the statute of limitations never bars an action for the recovery of such money; but the lobby cared nothing for arguments. What it wanted was "mud," and, I am sorry to say, on most occasions history says it received it. Just why the law was finally passed last year I do not know. I presume, however, finding that the ghost would not down, the banks had a bill of their own drawn and secured its enactment. That was certainly cheaper than to be constantly "cinched." The disappearance of this ancient measure from the halls of legislation, however, will make a wide gap in the lobby. It was the best grounded of all the blood bills.

* * *

UPON THE SUBJECT of steam boilers Supervisor Dundon is a recognized authority. Having been in the business of manufacturing those articles for I do not know how many years, it is quite natural that he should know all about them. Moreover, it is also quite natural that the other members of the Board of Supervisors, who do not know a steam boiler from a barrel of petroleum, should defer to his judgment in all matters relating to the generation of steam. That is to say, it has been quite natural for them to do so. But it seems that a change of sentiment has recently taken place with respect to Supervisor Dundon's authority at the City Hall. As the story has infiltrated itself through several brains and reached me *via* the Fire Department Committee, it bears marks of extreme improbability. However, as a veracious witness of current events, I cannot ignore it.

* * *

Mr. Dundon, it seems, is a member of the Fire Department Committee, before the members of which come all the applications for permits to erect and maintain steam boilers. The law does not allow the erection of steam boilers everywhere. They can be placed only at such locations as are approved by the Supervisors and Chief Engineer. For a long time Supervisor Dundon, being a steam boiler expert, has been permitted to pass upon these privileges. The other Supervisors have noticed from time to time that he was somewhat arbitrary, but experts are prone to be arbitrary, and nothing was thought of that. A few days ago, however, they suddenly choked him off. A Supervisor from whom I asked an explanation said:

"You see, Dundon has no confidence in any boiler not manufactured in his own shop. Lately all the boilers set up in town have come from there. As he did not have the courtesy to take us into the snap, we concluded to bust up that expert business forthwith."

* * *

WHATEVER else may be affirmed of Judge Joachimson, of the New City Hall Police Court, it shall never be said that he consented to pass judgment upon a culprit toward whom there was any reason to relax the usual judicial severity. In this respect the Judge is scrupulosity (that word is not in the dictionary) itself. He belongs to the tribe of Moses and glories in it. So true a Hebrew is he, that, fearing he may in some regard fail to administer to the full extent the inexorable Penal Code, he declines to look into the reprehensible conduct of persons of his religion. The other day a party named Ickleheimer was brought before Judge Conlon.

"I think this man ought to be taken before Judge Joachimson," remarked Conlon, "his name has a familiar sound."

But Judge Joachimson did not concur. When the penitent Ickleheimer appeared in Department 3, with the gleeful feeling that he would certainly be discharged on sight, there was an explosion.

* * *

"I dond't see vy Shudge Conlon sends me all dese Jew gases," remarked Judge Joachimson, "I haf conscientious scruples against drying such gases. Prisoner, go pack to Department No. 2."

Conlon smiled when the bailiff returned with Ickleheimer and proceeded to mete out the law with unusual severity. Shortly after the itinerant culprit had been taken to the County Jail to serve his time, a fierce-looking fellow, named O'Shaughnessy, charged with wife beating, arose in the dock and confronted Conlon.

"To what church do you belong?" asked the Court.

"St. Pathrick's, yure Honor," replied O'Shaughnessy.

Turning to the bailiff, Judge Conlon said in a loud voice:

"Bailiff, take this man over to Judge Joachimson and ask him to relieve me of the responsibility. He is a Catholic and I have conscientious scruples against passing on his case."

Two days later Ickleheimer and O'Shaughnessy met at the County Jail and compared notes. They agreed that the religious scruples of the two Judges had doubled their time.

* * *

PERSUADED of the capacity of Representative Geary, I cannot express extraordinary surprise at the splendor of his Washington surroundings. There is no reason why so captivating a gentleman should not feather his nest, and I congratulate him on his good taste. No one who enjoyed the friendship of the Santa Rosa attorney believes his career has yet culminated. A fashionable mansion and half a dozen servants in the National capital is but the excellent beginning of a highly prosperous life. Of course, there are envious people who affect a certain disapproval of our Congressman's possessions, and insinuate darkly that all is not as it should be; but then, one can cut quite a figure on five thousand dollars per annum, and it has yet to be proved that Mr. Geary has more.

* * *

The connection that some observers attempt to trace between the fine mansion and the successful lobbying through Congress of a railway bridge bill is doubtless interesting to those who cannot recall the great capacity the victim of these insinuations displayed in Santa Rosa when Robert Morrow was tried. He was then accused of a variety of offenses, but not one of which was ever proved on him. His enemies, at that time, actually suspected him of jury bribing, but he did not condescend to defend himself. There is no question but that Representative Geary is both adroit and pushing. He has that all round capacity which would win him success in the retail clothing trade. I have no doubt but that he will find Washington profitable.

* * *

THE LATE Judge Pennie was one of those men of whom Walpole spoke when he said: "This world is a comedy to those who think." For seventy years, which would make him commence a few days after his first appearance on any stage, he did little else than laugh and crack jokes. His nature was the sunniest I have ever seen. The orb of day himself was not a whit more cheerful than this jovial old man. He literally brimmed over with good nature and contentment, and I do believe that to him a gloomy prospect or a feeling of resentment were unknown. I have seen him struggling with Justice Court cases under the most exasperating circumstances—a loquacious washerwoman and a talkative hod-carrier, for instance, at war over the ownership of an aged billy goat. But the Judge never lost his temper. He was absolutely proof against the ordinary exasperations of daily life.

* * *

For twenty years he held the office of Justice of the Peace. Indeed, so long as the Justices Courts remained at the Old City Hall, the rival candidates never succeeded in dislodging him; but when they were moved to the Larkin Street edifice, the Judge somehow lost the combination, and fell to the rear. All his campaigns for Justice were a joke. He was accustomed to make his headquarters at the corner of Montgomery and Clay Streets, in the vicinity of which his friends, Martin and Horton, kept a saloon. Having secured the Democratic nomination all the Judge did to obtain the votes necessary to elect him was to mark in giant chalk letters upon the sidewalk at the corner I have mentioned the words, "Vote for Judge Pennie. He is honest." Twenty years ago everybody in the course of a day passed that corner, spoke to Pennie, listened to one of his stories, went away and voted for him. When the town grew so big that the corner of Clay and Montgomery Streets was no longer the centre of municipal activity, the Judge's campaigns became ineffective, and he retired from the Justices Court.

* * *

THE FINANCES of the Olympic Club begin to look up. On the board are the names of nearly 400 men who have applied for membership at the reduced initiation fee. Most of them doubtless will be admitted, and an ample addition to the income of the institu-

tion secured. In November, the prospect of meeting the several large amounts that matured was not especially brilliant. Over $6000 had to be paid for interest on the bonds; there were also the inevitable monthly bills which aggregate several thousand more. All these were met, however, and with the increased revenue there should be no difficulty in not only making ends meet, but in providing for the wiping out of the floating debt. This now amounts to about $56,000. Under the circumstances, the reduction of the initiation has justified itself, but it is to be hoped the Election Committee has taken proper precautions in its function of examining the names of the candidates.

* * *

There are quite a number of young gentlemen whose assessment has not yet been paid in. With these President Henry Crocker is determined to adopt strong measures. He has notified them that failure to settle up by January 15th means suspension, to be followed by expulsion if the amount is not turned in by the end of the month. The dilatory ones are either animated by opposition to the assessment scheme or are prevented by the current financial stringency from meeting the obligation. They must make some sign, however, or incur the penalty. A substantial reduction in the monthly expense has been made by the purchase of an electric lighting plant at a cost of $400. A great deal of the illuminant is used in the building, and the bills of the Electric Company have run as high as $800 per month. This amount can be applied now in another direction with admirable results. On the whole, it seems as though the Olympic Club will find itself at the end of President Crocker's term on what may fairly be termed velvet, for which it will have good reason to be grateful to him.

* * *

THE LATE MRS. JOHNSON has certainly deserved well of the community. Between her munificent endowment for an hospital and the remembrance of her private charities, her name is not liable to oblivion's defacing fingers in the near future. She was misjudged by most people because of an inability to indulge in small talk at smart gatherings. For Society in the concrete she had little desire; she found a deep gratification in collecting round her either in town or at Sonoma some members of her large circle of friends. Perhaps Mrs. Johnson was best known on account of her pets. She had cats and dogs without number and her especial fondness was for two magnificent Angora pussies whose beauties a cat lover might well go into ecstasies over.

* * *

Of the many artists who gained by her purchases none had such good fortune as Carl Kohler, the eccentric Bohemian, one of whose cat pictures was exhibited at the World's Fair. He sold her two paintings of his Melbourne studio—the first she bought because it attracted her; the second she had no especial desire for and so expressed herself. The astute Carl was not disconcerted, however. He painted into the picture a huge tabby posed on a chair, and awaited the result. This mute importunity won him the day. She wrote him a check of splendid dimensions and into her collection passed the entire studio.

* * *

Just before she contracted the cold that brought about her death, Mrs. Johnson planned a trip to Mexico for the purpose of adding to her collection some antique Aztec curios. She had strange and artistic things from Persia, Arabia and Turkey, China, Japan, and India, and yet nothing from the land of the Montezumas.

* * *

THERE IS one incident in the life of the late Lansing B. Mizner, who died at Stag's Leap, Napa County, the other day, that has been entirely overlooked by his journalistic biographers. As it possesses dramatic as well as pathetic features, I do not hesitate to attempt to reproduce it. Seven or eight years ago there was a great deal of complaint concerning the efficiency of the State Supreme Court. The health of several or the Justices had begun to fail, and it was alleged that they were incapable of longer discharging their duties. In 1886, during an extra session of the Legislature, the late Judge Terry preferred charges of incapacity against two of the Justices and asked the Legislature to remove them. One of the jurists was R. F. Morrison, Chief Justice. Morrison had suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, but was still endeavoring to keep up with the judicial procession.

* * *

Terry's charges of incapacity were something of a surprise, but as soon as their nature was imparted to Judge Morrison he wrote to Mr. Mizner and asked him to go to Sacramento and plead his case. Accordingly, when the Committee of Investigation met, Mizner appeared as counsel for the Court. He listened to Terry's statements and asked some questions with respect to the proofs of incapacity which he adduced. Among these was a decision then lately rendered by Judge Morrison which Terry claimed betokened rank imbecility. Finally Mizner arose and, striking a dramatic attitude, said:

"Mr. Chairman, I have not seen Judge Morrison for several weeks. When last we met his mind seemed to me as clear as on the day when I carried him off the battle field of Buena Vista wounded almost unto death. He was a young man then. He is aged now. Perhaps time has not dealt with him as leniently as it should. But, sir, I think this Committee could employ its time more profitably than in embittering the last few years of this great and patriotic man. I trust, sir, that his services to his country and this State will preserve him from the ignominy of being turned out in the streets to die."

The Committee adjourned immediately and never met again.

* * *

BIERCE WAS ILL last week, and hence "Prattle" was absent from Sunday's *Examiner*. In the editorial position invariably accorded it was an article that half mollified my disappointment. The signature was Harold Bolce, and I am surprised to learn the owner of that name is but a youngster who is taking a special course at the State University. Not so very many years ago Bolce was dividing his attention between the Oakland High School and the society department of the Oakland *Tribune*. His descriptions of the festivities of Oakland's *hig lif* were amazing for their lurid adjectives. He had the mania for writing, and wrote, no matter what the subject, so long as his "stuff" went into print. While drawing four dollars a week for his adjectival efforts, he and Mr. McChesney had some difference as to which was the real principal of the High School. Bolce withdrew in favor of Mr. McChesney, who was drawing the salary, and gave all his time to journalism.

* * *

Since then he has been in Spokane and there reached a city editor's position. Again in California, he resumed study and incidentally his old love of instructing his teachers. Certainly his last effort was a most adroit piece of work, and I am a little astonished it has not set the ministers by the ears. The subject was comprehensively handled and the exposition of the Professor's phases of unbelief; most artistic.

* * *

ALBERT GERBERDING, the President of the Bohemian Club, is learning the sad lesson that must be gained by any one who holds a political position. His actions as Bank Commissioner have received such criticism from the big dailies that he seems in danger of a crunching between them. Naturally I am inclined to sympathize with any one who has the hard end of a fight, and Mr. Gerberding certainly has received more than he has given, and seems not to have even the privilege of fighting back. I am constrained to particular consideration at the moment, because I am persuaded the criticisms and the intimations of impropriety are not as firmly based as their vehemence suggests. One paper accuses Gerberding of desiring reappointment. I happen to know that so long as a year ago he determined that no consideration would persuade him into accepting another term, and that since he has steadfastly held to that decision. Therefore the story that his reappointment was prevented by a protest from bankers lacks veracity besides doing the victim an injustice.

* * *

Nowadays, the public official suspected of aiding one of the dailies against the other is liable to dessication on the first opportunity. It seems he is suspected in the *Chronicle* office of having given the *Examiner* the tip about

the People's Home which resulted in a certain Sunday morning scoop. Next day he received the attentions of Mr. de Young's paper, and since both have had "whacks" at him. It seems he was guiltless of the "Monarch's" scoop, and is not even obtaining the benefit of the protection which such a service should entitle him to. However, his Bohemian friends have rallied round, and if he is roasted the salve of their sympathy is an agreeable relief.

* * *

THE YOUNG RECTOR of St. Luke's, during the few months that he has addressed the congregations that gather in the pretty church on Van Ness Avenue, has shown that he can preach in a stirring style, even if he has not the rhetoric and spirituality of the Rev. Mr. Davis at command for his pulpit discourses. He has the practical idea of asking outright for money whenever he deems the congregation ought to give, and requests for more coin come as frequently from the chancel at St. Luke's as from broker's offices during a falling market to purchasers who have bought on a margin. Possibly the Rev. Mr. Moreland believes that some of his flock have nothing more than an option on treasures in heaven, and that they should increase their collateral security.

* * *

When the Vestry and people of St. Luke's were casting about for a rector they determined they would have only a minister who was free from connubial ties. Perhaps they had in remembrance the attraction to the congregation of blithe Society girls from the top of California Street hill to the ultimate social apex of Pacific Heights during the rectorate of the Rev. S. Gregory Lines, then unwed, young, gracious, and handsome; or possibly they were considering that an unmarried minister might accept a salary smaller than the income needed to support a family.

* * *

In the Rev. Mr. Moreland the Vestry found the ideal of the congregation. He was young and energetic and able, and above all he was unmarried. A formal call was extended and accepted. A short time before the date for the beginning of his work in this city members of the church received letters telling them that the young minister saw in the invitation to become rector of St. Luke's the opportunity to fulfill, with justice to those most concerned, a purpose he had for some time cherished. He was about to marry and would bring a bride to his new home. Therefore, St. Luke's has a married rector, and notwithstanding the desire for a single man, the people find they cannot but be pleased at the graces in social companionship of the young wife and also of her cordial husband.

* * *

THOUGH HE MUST deeply resent the verdict in the Rippey case no intimation of anger has come from John W. Mackay. He is not accustomed to blazon his feelings, however, but is content to permit his actions bear the construction he intends. It may be remembered that the display of mineral resources that represented California and Nevada at the Paris Exposition was made at the personal expense of the Bonanza King. Learning that no appropriation was available for the purpose he undertook to gather the materials himself, and I believe the exhibit cost him $10,000. At the New Orleans World's Fair a liberal contribution was made by him for the mining display. At the Midwinter Fair a committee of prominent men have the mining department under control and their aim is to make a notable display of the State's resources. To an old friend of Mackay the duty of asking from him an adequate subscription was assigned. The letter was written some time ago. No answer has been received.

* * *

That Mr. Mackay has decided to keep his benefactions for some regions where they will be appreciated, is very evident. He has made up his mind that a city wherein justice is so maladministered as in San Francisco is no home for him or his people. As if it was not painful enough to be shot in the back by a man whom he had never seen or heard of, he is apprised later that the jury recommends his assailant to mercy after convicting him of a mere assault with a deadly weapon. Mr. Rippey, it may be remembered, was fined $250 for his little performance in Lick Alley. It would be extraordinary if this termination gratified Mr. Mackay, whom, I am further assured, has but slight desire to spend any more of his time on the Pacific Coast. One can hardly regard the continued residence among us of ex-Senator Fair in the light of a compensation.

* * *

There is a chance that something will develop out of the feminine end of the Midwinter Fair after all. A number of competent women, with Mrs. John Vance Cheney at their head, have formed an organization and have persuaded the co-operation of the Chit-Chat Club in a plan of entertaining distinguished visitors to Sunset City. It is propo ed to have congre ses of distinguished profe sionals for the discussion of important topics, and I have no doubt there will be little difficulty in bringing the proper people together. We have a few competent talkers out here, who are well able to hold up the oratorical credit of San Francisco in any aggregation however distinguished.

* * *

OVER "SINBAD" there is [illegible] sorrow among the gilded. The absence of the blonde [illegible] and the petite Mulle is sadly commented on; beauties are not conspicuous among the coryphees or voices among the vocalists. It is a depleted, debased "Sinbad" that Mr. Henderson gives us—gorgeously costumed, admirably drilled, but not the magnificent aggregation of luscious limbs and twinkling feet we had of yore. Absent is the strange little creature whose antics as "Old Man of the Sea," provoked so much amusement, missing are the damsels whose beauties so inflamed and infatuated the first orchestral rows. For the defection of the erstwhile high lights, the blame is attributed to Miss Frankie Raymond. She is a jealous star whose beams resent competition. She is the power behind the Henderson throne, and woe betide the damsel whose limbs or features do not pale before the Raymond's.

* * *

That Miss Raymond is perfectly charming in a certain perspective is indubitable, but it is invidious to consider her a foreground all by herself. If her voice had but keep pace with her promotions, she would have a contralto like Scalchi, ere this. Alas, her ambition and her singing lessons together have not made it more than a slender pipe whose range is the parquette, and whose limit is the dress circle. One has to have imagination to hear her in the family circle, and a telescope from the gallery. One cannot persuade one's self that the creative faculty has entirely departed from Chicago. If there is no originality in America why does not Mr. Henderson hunt Europe for novelties?

The Witness.

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THE WAVE.
A SOCIETY LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 16, 1893.

IS REORGANIZATION POSSIBLE?

The movement to reorganize the Democratic County Committee has been commenced none too soon. That Committee cannot render the party any more service, and to permit it to longer exist is simply tempting fate. A man may sometimes with safety look into the throat of a shotted cannon, but not while a drunken sailor is holding a lighted candle over the breech. A campaign with that Committee in charge would mean total annihilation. Not that the four hundred and fifty Democrats who comprise it are unpatriotic. On the contrary, they are eminently patriotic. Ninety-seven per cent of them are holding office, and the other three per cent have hopes.

The fact is, the present condition of the local organization in this city illustrates forcibly the folly of attempting to relegate party government to the mob. A party in the aggregate is simply incompetent. At present the Democratic County Committee is a standing political convention. It is impossible to secure its indorsement of any measure, and everything it does is accompanied by riot and disorder. Such a body is not calculated to promote political success or the dissemination of correct economic principles. Indeed, if it is not a distinct source of political disgrace, the party that owns it is a subject for congratulation.

It is proposed, I understand, to reduce the General Committee as well as the Executive Committee to something like manageable numbers, but whether either will consent to part with their power is problematical. History shows that the only genuine political reorganizations that ever take place follow crushing defeats. This is for the reason that Committees or men possessing power rarely relinquish it until all hope of success has been dissipated by disaster. If the local Democracy can reorganize it may succeed next year, but I fear that it cannot.

SOCIETY AND THE ANARCHISTS.

Society will be compelled to discover a remedy for the bomb-exploding kind of anarchy or confess itself incapable of existing. Certainly the habit of hurling dynamite into crowded assemblies cannot be tolerated if civilization is to continue. The anarchists have commenced on the organizations devoted to government. The bomb throwing at Chicago, where an attempt was made to annihilate a company of policemen, proceeded on the same theory as that in Paris the other day, where the Chamber of Deputies was invaded. Both were designed to terrorize the constituted authorities, and were doubtless based on the ancient notion that if the power of the King could be broken there would be a new deal all around. The assassination of tyrants through all the ages of the world has rested upon the same idea. But how that notion can find a place in a Republic passes all comprehension. To murder the Mayor of a city, the Governor of a State, or the President of the Nation, in a Republic, overthrows nothing. It merely makes a vacant office.

But society will have to find some summary method of dealing with anarchy. The modern anarchist is no mean antagonist. He is above and beyond the pale of civilization. No form of government suits him. The weak laws and unbridled license of a Republic are as distasteful to him as the rasping decrees of a monarchical despot. Starting with the proposition that all government is wrong, his bloody hand is raised against every kind of organized society. Besides, he is imbued with a strong flavor of the martyr spirit. Not only does he glory in throwing dynamite bombs into public places, but he glories in being caught and hanged for his crime. Anarchist Vaillant, when arrested for attempting to kill half a dozen French legislators on Saturday last, exclaimed, "Others will do better; *vive l'Anarchier.*"

It must be confessed that it is going to be difficult to deal with cranks of this description. For them death has no terrors; in fact, that kind of martyrdom is exactly what they most covet. Like Guiteau and Prendergast, the political assassins, they want their names, *a la* Brutus, to go ringing down the ages as martyrs of tyrannical government. The crazy Booth who shot the sainted Lincoln imagined himself a second Brutus, and was considerably surprised when he discovered that the world execrated his crime.

But there must be some way to deal with the unbalanced dynamiter and political assassin. Of course, to shoot them down wherever discovered like mad dogs cannot be permitted, though doubtless that method of retribution would possess unromantic elements calculated to discourage anarchy. But the glamour of a public examination must be dispensed with. So long as a sensational trial and prospective martyrdom remain features of anarchy, the disciples of that faith will be numerous. Those cranks do not fear death. They are anxious to suffer and die in the cause. Like Mahomet's soldiers, who were taught that to fall in battle insured them one hundred wives in Heaven, they court death in its most terrible forms. An ignoble fate must be provided for them. They must be convicted and put to death summarily and secretly, and then buried in unknown graves. A little of that kind of medicine would bring most of the cranks to their senses.

DANGERS OF TARIFF TINKERING.

Henry George does not like the Wilson Tariff Bill, mainly because it does not go far enough. Timidity on the tariff question he regards as politically dangerous, and he warns the Democracy that unless it speedily redeems the promises of the Chicago platform it will receive another black eye at the next election—a blacker one, indeed, than it received the last time. It is quite apparent that Mr. George has studied political economy and the single tax so much that he has long since lost sight of the common springs of National politics. The tariff had nothing to do with the last election. At the time it took place the Democrats had neither said nor done anything upon the subject. If the people had desired to rebuke their "timidity," would they have voted the Republican ticket? Certainly not. The craziest tariff reformer on earth would never think of voting for Governor McKinley to rebuke the Democracy.

There seems to be a great deal of loose thinking among tariff reformers with reference to the Wilson Bill. Politically, I regard that measure as the greatest mistake of the century—an even greater mistake than its incidental protection predecessor, the McKinley Bill. If the Republican party was defeated after the passage of the former, the passage of the latter will annihilate the Democracy. McKinley gave the industries of the country a dose of paregoric, which stimulated them; for, argue as we may, there is no doubt that the first effect of protection is to revive manufacturing. The Wilson Bill, by enlarging the free list and letting into the country a flood of cheaper foreign goods, will administer to them a dose of prussic acid. The effect of its passage cannot fail to produce industrial anarchy.

The fact of the matter is, the doctrinaires at Washington know not what they do. An increase in protection produces stagnation after a time in the marts of trade, but industrially does a prosperous nation like this very little harm. A sudden approach toward free trade, on the contrary, has an immediate disastrous effect. If the authors of the Wilson Bill had no other lesson before them, why cannot they study the history of tariff bills? The tariff tinkering of 1883 cost the Republicans the Presidency in 1884. The tariff tinkering of 1886-7 cost the Democrats the Presidency in 1888. The McKinley Bill of 1890 cost the Republicans the Presidency in 1892. If the Wilson Bill passes at the coming session of Congress, history, I have not the slightest doubt, will repeat itself in 1896.

The reason for all this is apparent. Instead of treating the tariff as a business proposition, in which all the people are interested, and proceeding to its amendment with an eye single to the best interests of the Nation, both parties approach it in a manner calculated to alarm the entire country. In other words, they proceed like demagogues, not like statesmen. The result is dissatisfaction and political disaster. There is no doubt but that as an economic measure British free trade, or a tariff for revenue, is best for the business interests of the United States. Our manufacturing industries are now able to compete with the world, and they ought to do so. But the political party that seeks to jump suddenly from a protective to a free trade basis, makes a serious mistake. England

was protected for six hundred years before she adopted free trade. The United States has had protection scarcely thirty.

LESS WORK WANTED.

The sphere of woman, according to Rev. S. J. Carroll, of the Eighth Avenue Methodist Church, Oakland, is in the kitchen. Our wives, daughters, sisters, cousins, and aunts, according to Dr. Carroll, hold the Chinese question in the hollow of their hands. The girls who earn their livlihood as clerks, amanuenses, and typewriters, he says, narrow the employments of men and swell the army of tramps, while their absence from the fireside makes way for the Celestial pot-wallopers from over the sea. Rev. Dr. Carroll's remedy for industrial depressions, therefore, consists chiefly in the banishment of women from every avenue of employment save that of the home. Under his economic system women would become home builders, pure and simple—culinary queens, as it were.

There may be something in Dr. Carroll's theory, but how will it fit into the domestic revolution that is going on in the world? The home as an institution—the fireside for which our forefathers fought—is being rapidly transformed into a domestic castle. These castles are maintained nowadays very much as business enterprises are maintained. The lord of the castle employs his servants, keeps his accouuts, and pays his bills, according to a stated method. When he cannot maintain his home in that manner, he goes to a hotel to live, or, what is worse, a boarding-house The fireside around which the family used to gather, eat apples and drink cider, is now fast becoming a memory. The hired cook, often a stout man, and the Celestial or Japanese chambermaid, are the natural outcome of a civilization which seeks to emancipate women from the wearing physical drudgery of the kitchen.

Although there are a great many modern homes in San Francisco, I doubt whether, even if the female clerks and typewriters were qualified to cook in them, they would be permitted to do so. The "general managers" of those homes require better service than women can render. The truth is, the domestic economy of the time is rapidly overreaching women. I shall not be surprised in the near future to see corporations organized to perform the cooking of every household, just as the pies, cakes, and bread are now concocted. Dr. Carroll is mistaken. Typewriting girls and female clerks and accountants are not responsible for the crowded state of the labor market. They perform work that was never performed before. The cause of industrial depressions is overproduction. Either the invention of labor-saving machinery must cease, or the hours of labor must be shortened, or this incessant desire of wealthy people to make themselves "useful" must stop, or a large leisure class must be created. There are too many men at work. They produce more in one year than can be sold and consumed in four. The outside world is no longer a customer for the products of a commercially active nation like the United States. If the Federal Government were to equip and maintain an army of a million men we would not for thirty years experience another period of hard times. Instead of being a curse, the standing armies of Europe are a blessing to the countries that maintain them.

IN DECLARING that the sea serpents occasionally reported as having been seen by ocean travelers have no existence, Professor Jordan should not be too positive. If the Professor would drop over to the Potrero and imbibe a little of the fire-water sold in the saloons he might change his mind. A politician who campaigns over there tells me he sees on an average of ten sea serpents a night in the season.

MISS EVA EVANS, daughter of the Visalia bandit, may be as bold a little girl as her lineage requires, but she is certainly devoid of business ability. As a maiden struggling to rescue her lawless father from the inexorable clutches of the law, she was a dramatic star of the first magnitude. As the wife of her cousin, Jim Evans, however, she is a very prosaic person. She should have postponed that marriage until after the dramatic field had been worked out.

NOW THAT the New City Hall Commissioners have decided to erect a dome upon the building under their charge, I am sure all the residents in the vicinity of the municipal elephant will breathe easier. Really, to have lived near the City Hall with the 500 foot tower designed by Architect Laver piercing the Heavens, would have been dangerous business. An earthquake at any moment might bring such a monstrosity down upon one's head. The flattering effect, too, of 500 feet of brick and iron is something at which one cannot laugh lightly. But a dome will be perfectly safe and reliable and will constitute an enduring monument to the good sense of the Commissioners.

THE IMPRESSION has prevailed for some time that the Young Men's League of Progress had been taken to the Cypress Lawn Crematory. I rejoice to observe, however, that it is still alive. Its recent utterances on the gas question are refreshingly alive. The fact that the League considers gas exorbitantly high in this town, and the further fact that it considers the action of Supervisors Denman and Hinton in seeking to reduce its price as worthy of special commendation, would seem to indicate that the League is a large consumer of gas. Such, indeed, is the case—but the gas is not hydrogen; it is oxygen.

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SOME LIVE TOPICS.

The Carlisle Tariff will reduce the tax on tin from McKinley's prohibitory to a revenue rate. This change comes none too soon to save the American canning trade. The canners who know the need of first-class canning tin, in order to protect their business from the loss of pack after it is put up, have been compelled to pay the McKinley tax on Welsh plate. This has meant many millions added to the cost of the pack, but which could not be transferred to the consumer by putting it on the price of the goods, because that meant a decrease in the sales that would drive the canners out of business. The only recourse of the canner, then, was upon the producer of the raw material, fruit, fish, or meat, and if he recouped at all it was at the expense of the man who furnishes these. As is usual in such forms of taxation, the burden was apt to fall where it was the least deserved. If upon the producer directly to lift it from the canner, the weaker man of the two got the blow. If, as has been the case in many instances, it drove canners out of business, that meant a narrower market for the producer and he bore the injury. Our California canners have been honest with their trade. They have imported and used sound tin, and the producer here is under obligations to them for thereby maintaining the high standard of the California pack of fruit, fish, and vegetables. This is more than can be said of some Eastern packers. Throughout the East there is an immense trade in fresh canned oysters. Since last September the Eastern press has been filled with accounts of poisoning from eating canned oysters. Some remarkable cases have occurred. Two weeks ago a family in Fort Wayne, Indiana, entertained visitors, and served canned fresh oysters. Before the evening was over the whole company was suddenly seized by sickness so that none could go for medical aid, and only some such accident as the coming of a caller saved them from death. Cases have occurred away in Dakota, and the further away from the packery the worse they have been.

The tin used, upon examination, proves to be of the campaign quality. It is the kind of which Republican badges were made in 1892. It is sheet iron dipped in a molten mixture that contains some tin, but is mostly lead, and by friction the plate leaves a mark as plain and blue as that made by a bar of soft lead.

So we have put the country in reach of universal lead poisoning as a result of the McKinley tin tax. The American transverse colon is made the seat of more misery than is caused by the Brazilian revolution, and aches to furnish a Republican holiday.

Californians are not in so much danger as the East, but I advise critical examination of corn and any other Eastern canned goods which are used by our people. Let us beware of McKinley's attempt to nationalize lead colic.

* * *

Attempts will be made to attack and discredit the Carlisle Bill upon various details. The *ad valorem* feature is against the prepossessions of many sound economists, and will be attacked. But, after all, its effect depends upon the honesty and fitness of our consular representatives and Custom House officials. Let Democrats and all who hold the welfare of the country above personal selfishness and greed, be steadfast now, and not run after the critics of detail. The great purpose of the Carlisle tariff is to stimulate American manufactures and find a larger market for our food surplus. It liberates the raw material of the metal and textile manufactures and takes the incubus of taxed coal off the sweating back of the steam engine.

This bill will be especially gratifying to California. Our metal trades petitioned for free coal and freer pig and scrap iron, and these they get. As I said a month ago our fruits and their products are left where the tariff of 1883 put them. They are unburdened of sundry obstructions imposed by the McKinley bill, and throughout we are treated as a part of the United States, belonging to the commercial community of the Union.

I wish to forecast the future upon the assumption that Congress will promptly pass the tariff. Prosperity in business is favorably affected by stability of conditions. Business now sick abed will readjust itself to the new tariff as part of its convalescence. When 1896 comes the voice of business and finance and the hand of labor will be against any party that proposes another change in our revenue system. A return to McKinleyism will then seem a proposition so radical that I don't believe the Republicans will have the courage to affirm it. The successor to Mr. Cleveland will be a Democrat who stands by the ideas which will have reached permanent crystallization under Cleveland's leadership, and the country will go forward to first place in the race of the nations for supremacy.

* * *

Ex-Minister John L. Stevens is lifting his voice again for annexation of Hawaii. I hope he will not strain it in that behalf. Our Pacific Coast is nearest Hawaii and knows much about the question, and I am firm in the belief that if submitted to the sober thought of our people annexation would be defeated here by a large majority. We want the islands independent and neutralized. Mr. Stevens was tempted into a rank job for which he should have been recalled in disgrace, and his own party in the Senate held its nose when his work was dumped there in the form of a treaty.

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If the Stanford management wishes to make itself thoroughly unpopular it has only to continue the policy it adopted during the football season. Its refusal to play Heffelfinger's picked team, its threat to leave the field unless the Olympics played without the U. C. coach, and the stringency with Bliss in reference to his salary have all been the subjects of considerable criticism. Of course, the managers are at perfect liberty to exact whatever penalty they may see fit for any carelessness in their coach. But it seems to me they cannot plead the same excuse in other respects. Again, I am informed that in reply to an invitation from the University Club to take part in the reception of the Club to Bliss and Heffelfinger the Stanford Glee Club sent a discourteous answer. This was the more noticeable as the same invitation was sent to the U. C. and they returned a most cordial reply. The Stanford men have done much to lessen their popularity with the public, but I imagine it is more a want of good judgment than a small disposition.

* * *

The Palo Alto boys and the Reliance teams play at Central Park this afternoon. The game should be a good one, but I expect the Stanford team to win. Their superior training and hard practice should tell too their favor. However, the Reliance ought to make them play very hard for victory. If the athletic club plays the same team it did against the Olympics, with a better quarter, they will put up a very strong fight. If the Palo Alto team does not play a steady game, without fumbles or carelessness, they will be beaten, for they are not individually as good a team as the Reliance. However, their experience during the past two months should prove of great service to them, and I expect to see them successful.

* * *

The U. C. management, if the daily papers are to be relied upon, did not earn a cent above their season's expenses. Now it seems to me rather extravagant in a team whose traveling expenses are almost nothing to spend over $3000 in the course of two months. There ought to be some steps taken towards securing a more economical management during next season. Under the present circumstances the Athletic Associations of the Universities are not aided as they should be by the enormous receipts of the Thanksgiving Day game.

* * *

It appears that there is very little prospect of an inter collegiate boat race in the spring. The Stanford boys are without a course and can scarcely be expected to put a crew on other water. The lake which they spoke of using is much too small and practically useless. In fact, they never will be able to meet the U. C. unless they decide to build a boathouse down on the shore of the bay. The distance is inconvenient, but still not greater than many of the Eastern men have to go for their practice. It is to be hoped they will speedily find some way out of their difficulty. The U. C. boys threaten to refuse to play base-ball against their College rivals unless Stanford consents to meet them on the water. It is to be hoped they will not carry out this absurd and childish threat.

* * *

There has been a somewhat useless effort to arrange a gentleman's race at the Bay District course. Under the circumstances it seems to me it would be impossible to get up any interest in such a race. No gentleman would ride at a meeting run entirely as a professional race meeting. If the Association really desires to interest Society, let it arrange a pony race. Since the organization of the Burlingame Club quite a number of men have become very much interested in the polo ponies of that institution, and I am sure a race arranged for their benefit would draw the 400 to the track and give them an opportunity of seeing how much it has been improved under the present management.

* * *

Golf has been started at Burlingame and those who have played are very much pleased with the ground. The game, as yet, has but few votaries, but their enthusiasm is such that they expect, within a few months, to induce others to follow their example.

* * *

I am told that the polo field is better than it has been since this game was inaugurated at San Mateo. There is no dust and the ground is firm but soft. A good field is half the enjoyment of polo, and those who have played of late are delighted with that of the Country Club. All the players are improving, and in a few months more will put up quite a good game.

* * *

I notice through the dailies that Mr. Parrott has been purchasing a number of fine hackneys in New York, his purpose being to start a hackney farm at San Mateo. It is really a great relief to see a man with ample means at his command taking an interest in this branch of horse-breeding. The carriage and coach horses in and about this city are not much to look at and anyone who undertakes to put on the market a well-bred line of hackneys is entitled to the thanks of all lovers of horse flesh.

* * *

I notice in the New York *Sun*, of the 31st, a telegram from this city in reference to the Thanksgiving Day game, which concludes as follows: "The latter" (*i. e.* the U. C.) "claims the game on account of having scored the first touchdown and goal." Could any statement be more absurd? The sporting critics in the East will imagine that the California boys know very little about football. This statement is in line with a number of others I have noticed in the daily press. Reporters who know absolutely nothing about football are sent to write up a game. As a result they put up an article which disgusts anyone who has any knowledge of the fine points of football. Why not do as is done by all the large New York papers, have their football articles written by college boys who are sure to know at least that such a statement as was telegraphed to the *Sun* is absolutely idiotic. I think I am not far wrong in saying that the support given to real amateur athletics in this city has been most feeble. When football, as it is now played, was started here some three or four years ago the dailies used it simply as subject for their cartoons, their accounts of the matches played being ridiculous. It was only after the game had become thoroughly popular that the dailies gave it the attention it deserved. Their course in reference to lawn tennis has been practically the same. Both sports have become immensely popular in spite of the non-support of the press, and now the public demands that they should be treated as they deserve.

I notice an article in last Sunday's *Call* comparing association and inter-collegiate football. Putting every other consideration aside, from the standpoint of the spectator inter-collegiate football is infinitely more exciting. From that standpoint, as far as spirit and excitement go, association football bears about the same relation to inter-collegiate as checkers does to a horse race. D. G. E.

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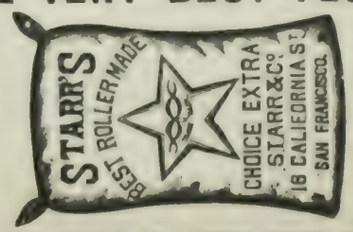


ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT

TORRIGIANO.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

"SENOR," said the Lady Superior, with a simpering smile, "have I the honor to speak with Señor Don Pedro Torrigiano?"

The famous sculptor bowed. "Pedro or Pietro," he answered; "it's all the same thing. *You* say Pedro in Castilian; *we* say Pietro in Tuscan; but, at any rate, that's my name—Pietro Torrigiano, worker in bronze or marble, at your Excellency's service. What may I have the honor of doing to-day for you? I think you are the Lady Superior of Our Lady of the Conception?"

The Prioress glanced about her with a scandalized eye at the ungodly works of seemingly heathen art which adorned the studio—here, a Ganymede just snatched up by a most Hellenic eagle; there, a nymph, all too scantily draped about the limbs for Castilian piety; and yonder again, a Bacchus weighed down in his plump arms with the bursting spoils of some impossible vintage.

"Can I be right?" she asked cautiously. "I fancy this was the house. The Very Reverend Father Serafino assured me I should find here the proper place at which to procure the finest modern expression of our Blessed Lady."

The sculptor smiled.

"You are right," he answered. "These trifles you see about you are mere gauds for wealthy folks; but if it comes to Madonnas, I'm not afraid of any man, not even of my old friend and enemy Buonarotti, whose artistic nose (as you may possibly have heard) I had once the honor of putting out of joint in Florence."

He spoke so jauntily, with such Italian carelessness and ease of manner, that the grave Castilian lady could hardly even now believe this was really the man to whom the Very Reverend Serafino had confidently recommended her for the statuette that was to grace the altar of the Lady Chapel.

"Pardon, Señor Sculptor," she interposed once more; "but—I was looking for the artist who executed some works for the King of England."

Torrigiano's handsome lips curled with a certain involuntary display of contempt. Like most Italians, though cunning and politic in intellect, he had very little control over passing facial expression.

"I can reassure you on that point," he answered, pulling a drawing from a portfolio; "this is a sketch of the tomb which I lately executed in their Abbey of Westminster for Henry VII., father of the present king, as you will note from the effigy."

The Prioress was satisfied.

"Then we shall require," she went on, "a figure of the Blessed Virgin and her son, such as one sees in the Lady Chapel at the church of the Franciscans round the corner in the Calle."

Torrigiano smiled again.

"I beg your pardon," he answered, leaning forward with a faint touch of Tuscan gallantry which alarmed the lady. "I have seen the figure of which you speak, and if you will allow a man of the trade to say so, I think it old-fashioned, distinctly old-fashioned. There's no life or spirit in it. The art of sculpture, you must understand, has made very great strides these last few years in Italy. We make Madonnas now quite otherwise than formerly. If you will permit me to work upon my own lines, I can turn you out something much more real and lifelike, more human and actual than the Franciscan Madonna."

The Prioress listened with a shade of pious awe on her startled face. Strange doubts increased on her.

"I think, Señor," she ventured to interpose timidly, "our convent would be better pleased with an old-fashioned group, as like as possible to the wooden statuette in the church of the reverend Franciscan brothers. Our sisters are more used to adore that type; it arouses better their devotional spirit."

Torrigiano ran his fingers through his long Florentine hair.

"Impossible, dear lady," he answered calmly. "You forget I am an artist. I live for art. I cannot work against my artistic conscience. Besides," he continued, "if it comes to that, the Blessed Madonna didn't look like a wooden image. Her limbs were flesh-and-blood, I can assure you, not boxwood. A sculptor trained in the school of Donatello and Verrocchio couldn't stoop to turn out such a stiff and awkward figure as the Franciscan Madonna." (The Prioress shuddered. To think that any man should so talk of the holy image before which, as a girl, she had so often knelt in wrapt adoration!) "Remember, the very reason the Reverend Father Serafino recommended you to come for your Madonna to me rather than to some old-fashioned Castilian sculptor was exactly that—because we Tuscans have learnt a few tricks in art unknown as yet to the craftsmen of your western nations."

The Prioress hesitated.

"That's true," she answered. "Father Serafino himself expressly mentioned to me that your Italian carvers were now the best makers of this kind in Europe. But still—the Blessed Madonna—the sacredness of the work—it would seem almost sacrilege to carve her from a model, some mere frivolous girl, as I have heard you sculptors do with these heathenish dancers here." And she waved one deprecatory, half-bandaged hand towards the group of bronze Bacchantes.

"You forget," he said blandly, with a persuasive smile, "that I was employed for some years upon similar works by the late blessed Pope, Alexander VI., and that I had the good fortune to succeed in pleasing his Holiness."

The Lady Superior gave way.

"So Father Serafino told me," she replied in hushed tones. "And if that is the way things are done now at Rome, it would ill become a good daughter of the Church to differ from the Holy See in anything."

"I thought a Pope would fetch her!" Torrigiano murmured, with an internal smile—"even though it was a Borgia!"

So nothing more remained but to settle the price; and there the proud Tuscan had reason to congratulate himself that he was dealing with equally proud Castilians, and not with those close-fisted market-higglers, the English.

The commission once received, Torrigiano worked away at it with a will in his studio. He was determined to settle all the Lady Superior's scruples. He would produce a work which should be as living and real as Michael Angelo, yet as full of devotional feeling and miraculous power as the poor, stiff Madonna of the begging Franciscans. The very model for the work lived in a neighboring Calle; and though Torrigiano had to smuggle her into his studio unperceived, lest Castilian prejudice should be shocked at the indubitable fact that the Bambino's paternity was an uncertain factor, he could work away upon her undisturbed when once he had caught her; for nobody in that inaritstic environment ever dreamt of dropping in while a work was in progress, to see how a plump arm was getting on in the modeling, or what changes had been made in those difficult corners of drapery. So the sculptor set up his clay in peace and quietness, and never called in the Prioress to report on the work till it was ready for execution in a very choice block of best Carrara marble.

When the clay was complete, the whole convent came to see, and the whole convent passed in three short minutes through the various stages of surprise, doubt, conviction, admiration, ecstasy. Just at first, to be sure, the elder sisters objected that this was not Our Lady, the Queen of Heaven, but a very human mother, engaged in the common, maternal adoration of a very human baby. Father Serafino, however, who had been in Italy, and understood the last new thing in Roman ecclesiastical fashion, assured these doubters this was really the sort of Madonna now most supplied to Popes and Cardinals. So the sisters looked again, and were perforce compelled to admit that mother and child were, at least, very beautiful.

Among those who came to see the completed work was that grandee of Spain, the Duke of Arcos. He posed as a connoisseur, and was charmed with the exquisite modeling of the Bambino. "Nothing in Florence," he said, "had given him greater pleasure; not Buonarotti himself could have caught the childish grace of a baby's limbs with more perfect sympathy." Torrigiano smiled at the queer ducal criticism; but he smiled with satisfaction, too, at the ducal approval. For, whether a duke knows anything about art or not, at least his custom means ducats to the artist.

As the Duke left the room, he turned with lordly Castilian magnificence to the sculptor. "You will execute me a replica of this," he said simply, "in marble just as fine, for my private chapel."

The sculptor bowed and thanked his Excellency profusely. So much nicer to deal with these haughty magnificoes than with those mean-spirited tradesmen, your huckstering English! The hidalgo just orders with a grandiose wave of the hand, where the Briton counts the cost and docks you for stray ha'pennies.

The Duke went away; and Torrigiano determined yet again to surpass himself. Never was marble purer or softer of grain than the marble for the Duke of Arcos' Madonna. Buonarotti would have envied it for the tomb of Julius.

As soon as the replica was finished, Torrigiano went round, hat and feather in hand, to the magnifico's palace. He begged leave humbly to inform his noble patron that the Madonna and Child commissioned by his Excellency were now in a state to be transferred forthwith to the precincts of his Excellency's private chapel.

The Duke, just recollecting how he had given such an order, made answer with careless ease that in a day or two he would come round to the studio and look at it.

Torrigiano waited a week, eating his heart in silence. At Florence, that beloved Florence, where he dare never again show his face, the mighty Lorenzo himself would have come round with studious haste to note what new wonder divine art had produced for the eye's delectation. Torrigiano's proud soul brooded angrily over the insult. Castilian and Tuscan, 'twould be hard to say which in his way were the prouder.

At last the Duke came, with his barbaric retinue. They burst upon him noisily. Torrigiano by that time was already sick and not a little resentful. The Duke surveyed the work with a would-be critical eye; praised where he had before blamed, and blamed where he had praised, with a charming impartiality. Torrigiano's blood boiled hot.

When the Duke had finished his lordly

strictures, he drew forth his purse and counted out some broad pieces. The action in itself disgusted Torrigiano. Was the fellow going to pay him, cash in hand then and there, as one pays a job to a traveling tinker? The Spaniard, with an air of princely generosity, drew forth from his store—gold coins for thirty ducats. He handed them to the sculptor with a regal gesture. Torrigiano glanced at them in lordly curiosity. He counted them one by one. He inspected them as one might inspect some strange and noisome insect. "What are these?" he asked coldly, handing them back to the magnifico.

The Duke drew himself up. He scanned his man from head to foot.

"Payment for the work I commissioned," he answered shortly.

"Thirty ducats!" Torrigiano replied, in a voice of fierce contempt which even the Duke himself could never have equalled. It was pride of genius against pride of ancestry. "You *dare* to offer me thirty ducats for my Madonna? By Heaven, sir, no! You have mistaken your man. If that was what you wanted, you should have gone to a stonemason!"

The hot passion that had disfigured Michael Angelo for life burnt up again as fierce as of old within the haughty Tuscan. A mallet lay by his side. Torrigiano seized it. Without vouchsafing one other word, he raised it aloft in the air and brought it down on the figure. His arm was strong. In a second, Madonna and Child lay in fragments on the floor, past all hope of mending. Then the Tuscan smiled blandly.

"That will do," he said, relieved. "We are even, Señor Duke. You keep your ducats, and I keep my handicraft."

As for the Duke, he stood back, and scowled at the sculptor from under his bushy black brows.

"Take care," he said slowly. "It is not good work angering a grandee of Spain."

Torrigiano leaned against the table, with his hands on his hips.

"I'm not afraid of you," he answered, staring him back, frown for frown. "I never feared any man. I defy you to do your worst. Remember, I am under your sovereign's protection."

"We shall see," the Duke answered, with an angry smile. "You have done an ill day's work. There are those in Spain, Señor, who are more powerful than sovereigns."

That evening, Torrigiano was seated at supper in his own rooms, and the model for the Madonna was sipping her glass of red wine just opposite him, when suddenly, without knock or cry, the outer door was pushed rudely open, and a body of half a dozen men or more entered the room where they were quietly sitting.

Torrigiano sprang up, with his fingers on the hilt of the dagger in his belt. He was half prepared for this. Doubtless these men were the Duke of Arcos' retainers.

But next instant he saw two of them were dressed in the black-and-white habit of Dominican monks; the rest wore a uniform not wholly familiar to him.

"Señor Pedro Torrigiano?" the foremost man asked, inquiringly.

Torrigiano nodded, his hand still just fingering the haft of his dagger.

"Then we come to arrest you," the man went on very sternly, with a glance toward his associates, "at the instance of the Fathers of the Holy Office, for destroying and mutilating an image of the Blessed Virgin and her Son our Redeemer."

Torrigiano started back.

"The Inquisition!" he cried aloud. "No, not the Inquisition!"

He had thought of the King, but not of the Dominicans. Yet the Duke was right. There were those in Spain who were more powerful than sovereigns.

"For acts of sacrilege—yes!" the officer answered gravely—"on the indication of his Excellency, the Duke of Arcos."

Torrigiano had no resource left but to submit. He let the men bind him, half stunned by the suddenness and unexpectedness of the misfortune, and went through the streets by their side to the office of the Inquisition. That court sat always, day and night, without intermission. As he reached the palace of the Holy Office, the great door swung on its iron hinges, and then closed behind him. Torrigiano had a presentiment that it had closed behind him for ever!

Yet he went none the less with a proud and defiant soul before the unspeakable tribunal. Those were days when a man needed a stout heart indeed to be a great sculptor. Pietro Torrigiano would not be wanting in such a crisis to the dignity of the artist.

They hurried him into a great hall. A strange board of cowled Dominicans sat waiting to receive him. There they gazed and faced one another, those two hostile powers, the Church and the artist. And the Church made short work of him.

"Did you or did you not," the President asked, after a few preliminaries, "willfully destroy a religious statue representing our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God, with a blow of your mallet, in the presence of his Excellency, the Duke of Arcos, and the gentlemen of his company?"

"Why, I made it myself," Torrigiano blurted out, all contemptuousness.

"No doubt," the President answered, noting down his reply. "But you made it as a representation of the Queen of Heaven, and as such it deserved your respect and worship."

"The Queen of Heaven!" Torrigiano cried, with curling lip. "Why, 'twas but the figure of a poor peasant girl and her son—a woman of the people—the same that your messengers found sitting at supper with me when they came to seize me."

"Then that defense only aggravates the heinousness of your crime," the President continued, sternly; "for did you not supply another image exactly resembling it as an object of worship to the convent of our Lady of the Immaculate Conception in the Calle Santissima Trinidad?"

"Every work of art must be modeled on the living figure," Torrigiano answered, with haughty indifference.

"We know nothing about that," the Inquisitor retorted, shutting his thin lips tight. "But we do know this," he added, after a short pause, "that you are accused of an act of impiety and sacrilege to a sacred image."

"Fools!" Torrigiano shrieked aloud, with one of his violent outbursts. "You are children about art."

"But we are men about religion," the Dominican replied, with the same distant air of austere carelessness as to all worldly matters. "You are now on your trial, my son. Reverend fathers, produce the witnesses!"

The Duke of Arcos stood forth from behind a screen where had been lurking invisible.

He turned to Torrigiano with a smile of cruel triumph on his crafty face. Then he proceeded in a slow, long, merciless drawl to relate the story of the mutilated Madonna.

The court heard him out, as well as the other witnessess, with a grotesque parade of pretended judicial impartiality. When all had finished, the President turned to the accused.

"Have you no further excuse to allege," he asked, "for this act of impiety?"

"I made it," Torrigiano burst out with a sullen air of anger, "and I chose to break it."

"He confesses," the Inquisitor cried, with a very stern look. "To-morrow, assessors, we will consider his case and pass judgment on his transgression. He will then be delivered over to the secular arm for punishment. Meanwhile, Brother Diego, let him have ample time undisturbed for reflection and repentance."

The Dominican brothers conveyed him to a cell in the dungeons of the Holy Office. Before they left him, the servants of the Inquisition searched his clothes in quest of hidden weapons. They removed his dagger, his purse, his trinkets. But Torrigiano clung hard to one little silver crucifix.

"I may keep this at least," he said, pleadingly, "to use in my devotions!"

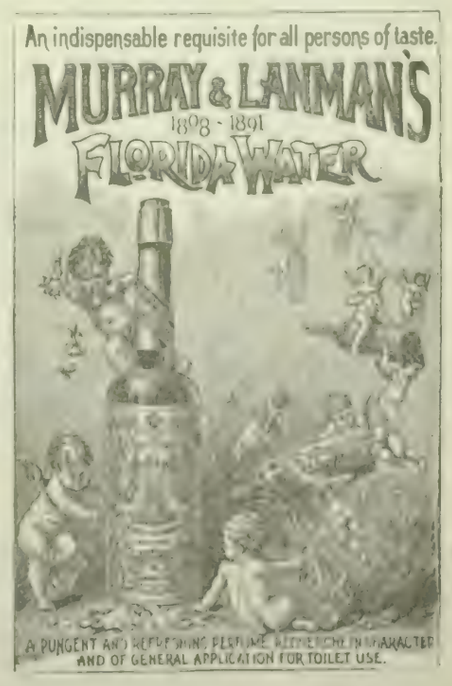
"You may, my son," the Dominican superintendent replied, with a quiet smile of approval; "and may Our Lady grant it be of spiritual use to you!"

Then they closed the heavy door of the cell behind them. As it swung on its hinge, Torrigiano was left alone with his bitter reflections.

That fiery soul had lived but for art, and had now to die for it.

When they came again next morning to bring their prisoner up for sentence, they found Torrigiano sitting, bolt upright, against the wall of the cell, with his eyes wide open, but stark and cold and lifeless. On the bare wooden table he had written his last message with one finger in his own blood:—

"I have beaten you, barbarians! You are cheated of your prey! It was not for your religion's sake I kept that crucifix. It was not for nothing I served in the palace of the Borgias!"—*Pall Mall Magazine.*



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MASKS AND FACES

The play called "Admitted to the Bar," may be said, in a general way, to be rather strong for the company with which Mr. Charles Dickson produces it at the California. Mr. Dickson, himself, is equal to all the emergencies. He is an actor whose vim, naturalness, and earnest desire to excel is readily felt by the audience, but outside of Mr. Wise, who plays the fat lawyer, the other roles are too heavy for the company. One cannot, however, fail to be interested in "Admitted to the Bar." The plot is based on the heirship of an illegitimate son, who is the child of the wife of one of the principal characters. The law, as developed by the play, is calculated to make a lawyer smile, but the liberties taken with it are not any greater than is permitted by ordinary dramatic license. The situations that are formed by the events of the piece, together with the climaxes, are all strong and interesting. Jefferson Ward, the young lawyer, who establishes the claims of the illegitimate heir, is more than a hero, and around him clusters all the interest of the *denouement*. "Admitted to the Bar," will run another week.——

At the Grand Opera House "Sinbad" has been the prevailing theatrical sensation of the week. Although many of its features are familiar to the lovers of the spectacular in San Francisco, the extravaganza in general has been enlarged, refurbished, and improved so much that it is, to all intents and purposes, fresh and new. Like all the productions of Mr. Henderson's American Extravaganza Company, "Sinbad" abounds with color, motion, and brilliant general effect. Its greatest sensation is the electrical transformation scene, the counterpart of which has never been witnessed in the city. The songs are not all new nor free from stupidity; the voices of the singers are good, bad, and indifferent, and the witticisms are all that could be expected. Edwin Foy is as usual the comical genius of the spectacle. The dancing artists are the best ever seen here. One of the male dancers has a most remarkable series of rotary spasms. As the circus posters say, his piriouetting is well worth the price of admission. "Sinbad" will be continued through the holidays.——

Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" will be at the California for two weeks, commencing Christmas matinee. It comes to this city from New York, where it has been for six hundred and fifty-six consecutive performances. It will be given in this city with the original New York cast, including Harry Conor, Bessie Clayton, the little danseuse, Anna Boyd, Harry Gilfoil, and others. The scenery, properties, and accessories and mechanical effects are reproduced exactly as given in the metropolis.——

The A. M. Palmer Stock Company will open at the Baldwin on the night of Christmas, December 25th. During the engagement of this famous organization theatre-goers will be treated to a dramatic feast. The opening play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," was written by Oscar Wilde and ran a whole season in New York. It is a *fin de siècle* comedy, and puts upon the stage a charming representation of the fast life of the capital of the world. The company consists of the following artists: Wilton Lackaye, J. H. Stoddart, E. M. Holland, Edward Bell, George Fawcett, Walden Ramsey, Reuben Fax, J. A. Thompson, Carrol Fleming, Hugo Toland, H. S. Millward, Alfred Becks, Miss Julia Arthur, Miss May Brooklyn, Miss Jennie Eustice, Miss Ida Conquest, Miss Madeline Bouton, Miss Ann Urhart, Miss Rose Barrington, Miss Staunton Heron, Miss Ellen Prom, Mrs. D. P. Bowers.

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AMUSEMENTS.

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Seats on Sale Wednesday, December 20th — **LADY WINDEMERE'S FAN**

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CONCERTS.

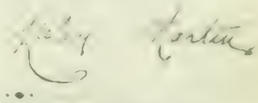
Dignity in the profession of music does not show exaggerated sign of existence either in private or public life. Philistine contempt has much material to make loud accusations from, and, according to recent scenes and public utterances, local regard of musicians as a non-responsible and non-intelligent class, is well warranted. Perhaps the same condition applies elsewhere, but the development of private spleen rarely meets such sympathetic encouragement as is afforded by the press in general here. As with financial affairs the world of news is hardly as brilliant as might be, and the late columns and portraits issued upon the subject of musical aggressions was the welcoming of trumpery for want of other matter. The utterance of personalities of virulent distinction by our musicians appears to have interested and amused a large section of the public, judging from the frequent out and in-door comment heard. Thus abetted, we may expect brilliant emulation in the way of street fights and published abuse.

From time to time the adveritising spirit bursts out, and our concert programmes promise to develop into works of merit in that seductive art. In a free country all have the liberty to head their programmes with their own portraits and signatures with an accompaniment of winnowings of daily press puffs, Camelline advertisements, and personal opinions, but there are possibly a few who find the combination just a trifle tasteless and hardly reconcilable with a profession of sincere devotion to art. The advertising of violins, of pianos, and what not, belongs to the journals designed for the purpose it would seem, hardly to a form made simply for the sake of announcing the music to be recited at a given time and place. Because the advertising of pianos on concert programmes is becoming an accepted custom is not sufficient ground to ward off question. Pianists and concert-givers are accepting the position of servants to the manufacturers when they take advantage of the free use of instruments in exchange for printed and displayed advertisements, thereby reversing the original design of manufacturers being the servants of art and of artists. Not because it has a better appearance should the piano agents be paid for their services in supplying instruments to save the necessity of print and display signs, but as much because it is their right to expect payment as well as the musician's pride to be free from obligation in any particular. Mr. Keith may or may not have been responsible for the advertising on his programmes alluded to—it was more regrettable as an example than as an accomplished fact.

Large audiences at afternoon recitals are unheard of, unless the day be a Saturday, and Mr. Keith's farewell happening on a Friday might have been more fully attended. The programme itself—a fair enough one for such an occasion—roused interest only on the appearance of the concert giver. Mrs Birmingham could have been happier in her selections, neither of them being carefully, even reasonably thought out. Suiting the action to the word is rare enough in dramatic recitals, but suiting the color of the voice to the sentiment is in song recitals something unheard of. Impassioned, grave, or gay, let the emotions be, but our singers calmly pitch out tones with the inflexibility of dance orchestra trombones. Mr. Keith's facility of mechanism was as even as hitherto, his tone rather more clouded with unvitalized air, and his general manner of singing as confident and in some shades as agreeably unvarying as heretofore. Judging from the enthusiasm expressed, he carries with him the good-will of the musical public. Mr. Martinez resuscitated from well-deserved oblivion a composition by Kalk Crenner; when there are so many strong works by poetic composers, the resurrections this pianist permits himself are a species of waste-ness. Even the gifts of a great pianist could not cover the flatness of such a work.

Numbers which have absolute novelty and real musical interest are seldom enough placed upon concert programmes to be things of wonder. At Mr Crépaux's concert there were four selections from composers celebrated in France, whose works are not intimately known here. Brunehild's Awakening from Reyer's opera, Sigurd Melodie by Ch. L. Hess, Romance from Henry VIII by Saint-Saens, and Classic Aria, Tamerlan, by Winter, were given. Genuine power, and, of course, musical skill animated these pieces which will probably become familiar to our audiences. As a singer, Mr. Crepaux has the recommendation of physical and vocal force, and some refinements of method. The defective intonation rarely absent among powerful voices of his calibre is characteristic in the average degree, also a prevailing effort at finishing to the vanishing point. Sentiment of a sad hue colors each execution, leaving an impression of emotional limit; fire and point do not touch these performances into life. Enthusiasm greeted the numbers throughout. With the trying dramatic numbers Mrs. Abbey achieved more success than has met her other public appearances since her return from Europe. Freedom and vitality not without shades of style, found vent in both numbers, winning strong favor. Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen, Miss C. Jacobs, and Messrs. Gutterson and Cruells gave the instrumental numbers.

A concert to be given for a particularly deserving charity by Miss Daisy Cressy and Ruth White at St. George's Hall, on the twenty-second, has claims to attention as much for the talent as spirit of these *debutantes*. The Abbey-Cheney Amateurs give a pianoforte and song recital at the Maple Hall, Palace Hotel, to-night. Besides the interest attaching to the able piano-playing, the debut of Mrs. Alward Morey, soprano, from Boston, is expected to give gratification. At the Union Square Hall, on December 20th, the song recital by six pupils of Miss Marie Withrow takes place; an especially attractive programme will be presented.



SOCIAL AND FINANCIAL CIRCLES.

The quietness of the social season is in contrast with the busy scenes around the down-town stores, in preparation for the holidays. In the matter of displays, Cooper's window, at 746 Market Street, far excels in point of artistic decoration as well as the extensiveness of the assortments of pretty things in the shape of novelties; not only dainty boxes of fine stationery and little hand-painted odds and ends, but the display of Christmas cards and calendars contains all the various efforts of the different manufacturers, and makes an incomparable selection, such as has never been seen here before. What is perhaps more attractive and interesting to the feminine eye is the array of purses in the fashionable lizard and snake skins, some of which are gorgeously mounted in silver and gold, and of styles which are entirely new. Messrs. J. K. Cooper & Co. have extended an invitation to all, whether for purchasing or pleasure, to examine their various lines.

Twenty-five to fifty per cent discount on table china, glassware, ornaments, and lamps, at surplus stock sale of Nathan, Dohrman & Co., 116 Sutter St.

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And she came through the mist and the rain to me
From the safe warm lights of the town.

The rain shone in her hair,
And her face gleamed in the rain;
And only the night and the rain were there
As she came to me out of the rain.

—*Arthur Symons.*

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How do you like this frigid atmosphere? Do you rejoice in the holiday aspect and thus manage to bear its inconvenience with equanimity? Or do you feel that these freezing moments are too much for your particular portion of flesh and blood? Theoretically I love the frosty air and cold winds and discuss their beneficial effects, but practically I want to remain at home and hug a fire, luxuriously lounging in the cosiest chair I can find and enveloped in my eider-down wrapper, read the latest novel of the day. But Christmas shopping precludes all that. One finds these days so shockingly short, so direfully dark, so ominously footpadish, that even holiday-making increases one's capacity for boredom, and the prosperous appearance of the shoppers excludes all thoughts of hard times.

Talking of hard times, poverty, and that sort of thing reminds me of an experience a charitable friend of mine had but a year ago. She dressed a number of dolls, gathered together a quantity of drums, horns, and various other toys which delight the childhood hour, and sallied forth to find some children whom Santa Claus had omitted to visit in order to make their Christmas a merry one. She wandered through the intricacies of Tar Flat, invaded the sanctuaries of Barbary Coast, but met none but bright, smiling faces, and hands laden with treasures; at last, after journeying in vain through our poorest quarters, she found herself in Spanishtown in front of a wee shop. On the steps sat a small girl whose aspect would have given even Melancholy a fit of depression; her face bound up in a red bandana, muddy tears trickling down her wan cheeks and her poor purple hands swollen with calloused chilblains seemed positively to seek sympathy. My friend stopped; at last her peregrinations were about to reap a reward! Approaching the small girl she offered her a doll. A brilliant smile lit up the child's countenance. She stretched forth her delighted arms to receive "dolly" with a "*muchas gracias, signora.*" Then beckoning to her to follow, the little one led the way into the shop, and approaching a sallow-faced woman commenced talking rapidly to her; the woman smiled, bowed in her gracious Spanish fashion, and reaching towards a shelf over the counter took down a Mexican ornament which the child handed to my friend. Was not that extraordinary? All over this city there was but one child poor enough not to be remembered at Christmas, and she the only one desirous of making a return. But that was last year.

Are not the shops enough to compel one to extravagance such beautiful goods are there displayed in the windows? They really are remarkably reasonable, too. You should see the exquisite things in Gump's—cut glass, tiny teacups in delicate Dresden, Minton, Culton, and Dolton wares. Then Doxey's calendars and holiday books and Philan's exquisite editions would simply clothe you with covetousness.

Have you heard of the pretty ideas for bridesmaids' costumes? Now that weddings are the order of the day all over the world, a new fancy for the gowns of the participants has been unearthed. It is to dress them as flowers—buttercups in yellow crépon and guipure, marguerites in white veiling and guipure. The rhododendron is exceedingly pretty, while the lilac in soft mauve, and the rose in the palest pink with row upon row of lace and large rose-shaped sleeves cut to represent the petal of the flower, are simply enchanting. You would have been bewitched by a mantle I saw the other day; it was in red and black fancy cloth, with black plush sleeves and a cape bordered with bear of the darkest brown. The plush yoke was edged with bear. In front, the plush cape extended in pointed ends made with sufficient fullness to give the edges a wavy outline. Another was in brown ondine silk with a velvet cape edged with sable gill and wolverine. A dress of black cloth had a full skirt of lilac velvet and bands of mink fur arranged very becomingly on the bodice, which had a pretty crossover of the cloth. The sleeves were in cloth with two frills or capes of velvet over the shoulder, each jetted. The yoke and collar, both in velvet, were covered with an openwork of jet. Jet is really on everything. A pretty frock was in black satin; the full skirt had each seam outlined in jet, the waist and sleeves were heavily trimmed with jet, while the most dapper little jet bonnet made a harmonious finish. A black cape lined with white satin and a plain veil with two tiny frills of Valenciennes lace were the hardly necessary adjuncts to this fetching toilet. Veils everywhere (but in California which, alas, in matters of fashion love to linger and cling to those of ancient date) are made plain, minus dots and other ornamentations or decorations. The only permissible alleviation to this era of simplicity is the addition of a wee border of white lace; but it must be real, no imitation however costly will answer, so those who cannot afford real lace had better eschew all.

Have you yet seen Mme. Touchard's tea and reception rooms? If not, a visit will repay, and if you are not at my feet begging me to nominate you for membership of the club which is now in full swing, I shall at least be surprised and drop you from your pedestal with undignified alacrity. The rooms are in the Liebes Building on Post Street, and are most cozy and inviting when one is weary after toiling through the streets.

Mme. Touchard has the exquisite taste of Mrs. Graham without the prices that distinguish that artist, and her dainty *menu* cards, bonbon boxes, and lamp shades will simply captivate you. One tulip shade caught my wandering fancy, and I was not alone in my admiration, as Madam is simply laden with orders for similar shades. Softer than silk, with the effect of chiffon, and combining the shades of both with a more delicate effect than either is this unique poem in paper. All the magazines and weekly papers are to be found in the reading-room, while members and their friends may regale themselves with most delicious tea and cakes. If you have any small friends who desire dolls, Madam has any quantity dressed as babies, nurses, brides, or maidens.

I saw an awfully *recherché* confection in the shape of an evening gown yesterday. It was in thick ivory white bengaline trimmed with beaver and pale pink velvet. The velvet was arranged in rosettes up each seam, and also composed the folded yokes. An added charm was a bunch of pink carnations with long trails of the flowers and leaves. A pretty coat worn at one of the recent teas and exceptionally smart-looking was in green brocade trimmed with sable and falling in straight folds from the shoulders to the ground.

THE REFLECTOR.

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LIBRARY NOTES

Who can describe strength, who will define weakness? Only the combination is possible and interesting. In every man there are the elements of both, and the inability to mix them is a most serious drawback to a writer. In "A Book of Strange Sins" the predominance is that of weakness. Is that why it has such strong human interest? By it I am reminded of the folly of seeking to avoid one's fate, a rather dangerous and enervating lesson for this century, but one which is generally admitted by fools and philosophers. It is only in fiction that men can be found anxious to suffer the penalty for undiscovered sins. In life even the punishment of admitted ones seems to the culprit greater than deserved. The unfortunate committer of "a strange sin," (which, by the way, is only hinted at,) thus excuses himself for the apparent inconsistency of carefully concealing it at first and then courting death for its punishment by means of another crime. "Reparation there could be none, for what had been done could never be undone, and the consolation of confession was equally denied me, for to have made known my first sin would have brought misery and disgrace upon the innocent." By such a code of morals surely any man might forgive himself everything.

The best story in the volume is the "Literary Gent," but his ruling passion is by no means an odd one; it is a madness for drink, without the inspiration of which he is unable to write anything his editor will publish. His final confession would be received with horror in a Keeley Institute. "I would sell my soul, were I able, for money to buy more drink." The two different points of view are clearly shown, the sadness of the friends and the self-satisfaction of the drunkard. In this collection of sins there are far too few exceptional ones to back its title. The many invocations to the Almighty, sometime in the form of blasphemy, but oftener in ordinary "revival" prayer are sadly monotonous. There are several strong passages but much that had best been omitted; of the general style it may be said that it is excellent as a reminder of something better; it has the elements of elevation, but the falls into the commonplace are too frequent for even a good average.

"Par les Femmes" is the younger Kistemaecker's last publication. It is a romance of the modern type of Parisian underlife—a highly colored picture of one of those artificially heated passions which bear as much resemblance to the ancient love as the cold electric light to the glowing sunshine. The hero is a rare exception—a believing, innocent writer of plays, who trusts the woman he loves, and (is it the rule?) is the only one she succeeds in deceiving. Like so many of the modern Frenchmen, M. Kistemaecker reserves his bitterest sarcasms, his most pointed darts for the weaker sex. His studies of them are fascinating enough in body, but on their souls he lavishes his blackest ink. This last book will not add to his reputation. He has refrained from his customary attempts at epigram, and contented himself with a mere chronicle of the rise and fall of the barometer of love. The putting of his sensations into very weak verse by the hero as he is contemplating suicide is a point stretched, even for a modern Frenchman. Would the greatest poet the world has ever known seek rhymes at the point of a pistol?

One of the most readable books that has come to me for some time is François Coppée's "*Mon Franc Parler.*" Even the title is refreshing, and, throughout the number of small sketches the first impression is not lost. One of the most attractive settings for an idea no longer new is "The Respect for Human Life;" it is the story of an old servant who is slowly dying of cancer; she begs her master for poison, and he, seeing her long and horrible sufferings, tries to persuade the physicians to give it her. They refuse. "While there is a sign of existence it must be cherished," they say; and then the master reflects, "They are right; life is something very serious and sacred. One's country alone can exact its sacrifice. I doubt if even honor has the right to blood."

There is a delicious essay upon the different writers whom the author has met. "Théophile Gautier, who, with the power of his natural talent, talks as well as his best pages are written; Alexander Dumas, who coins his words as a scale weighs its medals; Victorien Sardou, who has read everything, who knows everything even in the smallest detail; Renan, who has the subtle flattery of seizing upon his listener's thoughts, embellishing, developing, and then returning them full of new and wonderful charm; Barbey d' Aurevilly, with his numerous and sparkling anecdotes, his clear and terse epigrams, seemingly invented without the least exertion." Of Théodore Banville he says: "I remember that, most of all, he had an infinite amount of *esprit*. That is not much—for the pedantic—but it is French—as French as the wine of champagne."

I am sure the least charming of the Xmas books will not be "Ninette," which Mr. Doxey is to publish. This is a Californian poem by John Vance Cheney—a graceful idea set forth in the felicitous verse of which he is a master. It is gracefully illustrated by Miss Morrison in wash drawings, reproduced in half tones. The De Vinne press is printing it.

ORACLE, K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Book of Strange Sins," by Coulson Kernahan. Ward, Locke & Bowden, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Par Les Femmes." Ernest Flammarion, publisher, Paris.

"Mon Franc Parler," by François Coppée. Alphonse Lemerre, publisher, Paris. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

A POLICE COURT EPISODE.

SCENE—Department No. 4 of the Police Court, Old City Hall. Properties—Clerk's desk at C. Luxurious reclining-chair at L. Group of shysters at R. Spectators and a policeman scattered about. *Dramatis personæ*—Attorney Treadwell, seated at Clerk's desk, writing an argument upon the necessity of proving intent in cases of petty larceny. Judge Charles A. Low, in reclining-chair, reading, with the aid of a pair of gold-bowed glasses, a ghastly article on Protection in the *Bulletin*.

Enter Tough-Looking Stranger, bearing a parchment. Attorney Treadwell appears interested. Perhaps the man is in trouble and desires the services of a competent lawyer.

Attorney Treadwell (politely)—Good morning, sir; what can I do for you?

T. L. Stranger (in a stage whisper)—I want ter see Fat Jack O'Connor. Where is he at?

Attorney Treadwell (no longer interested)—That's him over there on the lazy chair with the bay-windows on his eyes.

Tough-Looking Stranger hastens to the side of Judge Low and pushes the paper away.

T. L. Stranger—Say, Jack, (handing Judge Low the parchment) here's a case we want fixed right away. Jerry said as how you were on, an' I didn't need to explain.

Judge Low's glasses fly sou'-sou'-west, his hair rises upon end, and he shouts "SIR!" in a loud voice. Tough-Looking Stranger (observing the awful mistake he has made) clears the clerk's desk at a single bound and disappears down the stairs like a meteor.

Two hours later. Fat Jack O'Connor explains to a group of reporters who have waited on him for an "interview."

"Gentlemen (with a pained expression of countenance) this incident would seem to indicate that I am engaged in the business of fixing cases in the Police Courts. But such, sir, is not the fact. This whole thing is a put up job—a miserable joke, as it were. That fellow Treadwell does not like me and he takes this method of hurting my reputation. I was born in this town, sir; I am going to die here, and my good name——"

At this moment the fire bell above Portsmouth Square rang in a general alarm, and the reporters were compelled to depart.

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SAN JOSE NOTES.

Our little world of Society is, as usual, dull this week, and, outside of a Vendome hop and a tea by Miss Bessie Moore, we have nothing to chronicle. Ordinarily we can produce a sensation bordering upon a scandal, but with the approach of Christmastide even the tongues that wag so freely are stilled. The Barkers give a dancing party on Christmas night, to which the whole town are welcome. It will be a case, though, I think, where many are called and but a few will come.

In political circles, allied to our Society in many ways, affairs are beginning to take an active turn. Candidates for every office are as numerous as the leaves in Vallambrosa and more verdant. Even courtly Colonel Hardy, so long the legal advisor of our city Solons, is on the anxious seat, as the salary and numerous perquisites of the office are at stake. His successor has not yet been named, although both the ins and the outs seem to have centered upon the younger Bowden for the place. Those Bowdens are after nearly everything in sight, and usually get all the spoils that are lying about loose. Of course Orlo Phelps, Judge Spencer, and Mr. Dusing are after the office, but then Mr. Phelps wants to be Postmaster, and the Judge is too busy now with his son-in-law to look after the almighty dollar. Mr. Dusing besides his law practice earns a stray dollar now and then by keeping a set of books, so the Council will probably not recognize his claim.

Don't think that the few belles I have named are all we have, for I will tell you about others next week.

Danel and Maude have made up. There is a question whether her figure or his figures is responsible.

BESSIE.

The Angels of Paris.

In Paris, in the new quarter, there is for the passer-by who cares to look, a moment exquisite and fleeting. Already the twilight shadows have risen above the ground floors of the tall white houses and extinguished the brutal gold of the sign boards; from story to story, imperceptibly mounting, they have overrun almost entirely the façade, softening it as with a dusky veil.

The details of the architecture are still distinctly visible, but all which had been glaring with the crude whiteness of stone is now darkened like a piece of paper upon which an inkstand has been upset.

The highest balconies alone are undraped by the ascending twilight. The setting sun, which glows from behind the shoulders of the dwellings, illuminates them, and they all are rose color, are all rose color of a tender warmth, like a blushing young face. It is a farewell kiss which day gives the forehead of the darkened city—a glowing diadem placed upon her brow—the fancy iron fences of the balconies resembling its points of gold. From the distance, and thanks to the warm light which bathes them, small bushes, planted in green boxes, are like fairy trees, and the many canaries, of which one hardly perceives the cages in the interlacings of the branches, seem, during this moment, beautiful humming birds.

Then the windows open and the young girls appear. Why? What brings them? Do they know that now these balconies of Paris are like heaven in mid-air, and for the ravishment of a wandering dreamer do they wish to complete this Paradise by the presence of angels? They come and go on the rose-colored balconies, moving languorously; among them there are children, who are the little cherubim. The remoteness and the coloring of the sunset merges the different shades of their dresses into one tint—deliciously rose. Their sleeves are wings, and a glory such as one sees when one closes one's eyes upon too much light, gleams upon their hair.

Hasten, O passer-by, hasten away! for the jealous night, climbing relentlessly, commences to border with shadows their diaphanous skirts. Soon, instead of these dreamy apparitions, you shall see only young girls ready for marriage, pretty or ugly, who come to take the air between a rose tree, dead since last winter, and a false-voiced canary. Go at once, in order that you may keep undispelled the illusions of one fleeting moment in which the young girls of Paris were angels.

They were conversing in low tones, she was all smiles and it was a certainty that her conversation was pleasant no matter what it was. There were just the faintest trace of exaltation in her voice as she said: "Oh, George, I am so happy, don't you know?"

"Yes, dear," he replied. "I knew you would be happy as soon as I told you. I saw him last night and he consents to our union."

"Oh, George, honest? You are not deceiving me, are you?"

"No, dearest, no. Do you suppose for one instant I would trifle with anything so sacred as your love, Irene? Not for ten thousand worlds, dear. To show you that your father is with us, he has promised to give us the cooking stove, the one you are used to."

"No he don't George," she answered, as her face flushed up. "For three years I have wrestled with that old cooking stove, have made cakes and burnt biscuits on it. If maw thinks she can saddle that on me the marriage don't go, that's all," and she stood back where the lamp fell on her upturned face while he kissed her and promised her a two-hole gasoline stove.—*St. Louis Post.*

STARVED TO DEATH

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, unnecessary, yet we hear of it often. Infants thrive physically and mentally when properly fed. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food obtainable.

"Are you the man that answers the queries?" asked the caller, removing his hat as he came in.

"I am," replied the man at the desk, pigeon-holding a request for statistics as to the total number of persons killed in the Crimean War, and filing away in the wastebasket a note asking for a brief biography of all the presidents from George Washington down to Grover Cleveland. "What can I do for you?"

"I've got a little bet with a friend," rejoined the visitor, "and we've agreed to leave it with you. What is the size of glove that a perfectly-proportioned woman with a number six foot ought to wear?"

"The size of glove, you say?"

"Yes."

"That a perfectly-proportioned woman—"

"Yes."

"—with a number six foot should wear?"

"That's right."

"Just wait a few moments. I will consult the anatomical tables."

He waited. The man at the desk overhauled Poor's Manuel, the "Wealth of Nations," Butler's Analogy, Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress," and a Concordance to Shakespeare, and turned to his caller.

"According to the best information I can obtain," he said, "a woman with a number six foot if she is perfectly proportioned, should wear on her hand——"

"Yes?"

"Any glove that fits her. Turn the knob to the right. Good morning."—*Chicago Herald.*

Majolica cake baskets at fifteen cents each at surplus stock sale of Nathan, Dohrmann & Co., 116 Sutter St.

"You play beautifully. There is one thing in particular that impresses me very much," said Gus de Smith to a young lady who banged the piano at a social gathering in Harlem.

"My touch, I suppose," she replied, very much flattered.

"Yes, it's wonderful how quick you turn over the leaf when you've got to the bottom of a page.—*Texas Siftings.*

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist,
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Entrance, 806 Market Street.

The new bookkeeper entered Banker Rock's private office in a state of great agitation.

"There's a young man out there who says he's got to see you, sir, and refuses to state what his business is. I—I—I'm a-a-afraid he's a dangerous crank, sir."

"Tell him he can't see me unless he states the nature of his errand," said the banker nervously.

The bookkeeper returned a moment later and whispered hoarsely: "He says he must have some money."

Banker Rock's face blanched, and as he slid silently into the great vault and swung the heavy door nearly to, he gasped: "Ask him how much he wants."

There was a moment of awful suspense and then the trembling clerk returned.

"He says you better make it five hundred dollars, and be —— quick about it."

The great door swung open once more and the banker emerging seized a check-book, remarking: "Only five hundred dollars, eh? Let me see—it's the first of the month, too! Oh, that's my son Bill. Send him in; I want to talk to him."—*Detroit Tribune.*

Chicago Matron (in Paree)—Why does everyone rave over that woman?

Mrs. Box—She was born and brought up at court.

Chic Matron—Well, I wasn't exactly born there, but I've had seventeen divorces in sixteen years. I don't think she ought to monopolize the salong by a long shot.

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A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

While it is true I have been chosen the President of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, vice M. A. DAUPHIN, deceased, I still retain the Presidency of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing Company, so that all proposals for supplies, machinery, etc., as well as all business communications on other subjects, should be addressed to me here as heretofore.

After January 1, 1894, my business will be removed to Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Central America, and will there go on as now without any break.

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7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	6.45 a m
7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, ‡Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis.....	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and *Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
‡10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	†6.15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*6.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento.....	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose.....	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno.....	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10.45 a m

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8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*11.50 a m
4.15 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m
†11.45 p m	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.	‡7.20 p m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

6.45 a m	San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	2.45 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.00 p m
12.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	†7.26 p m

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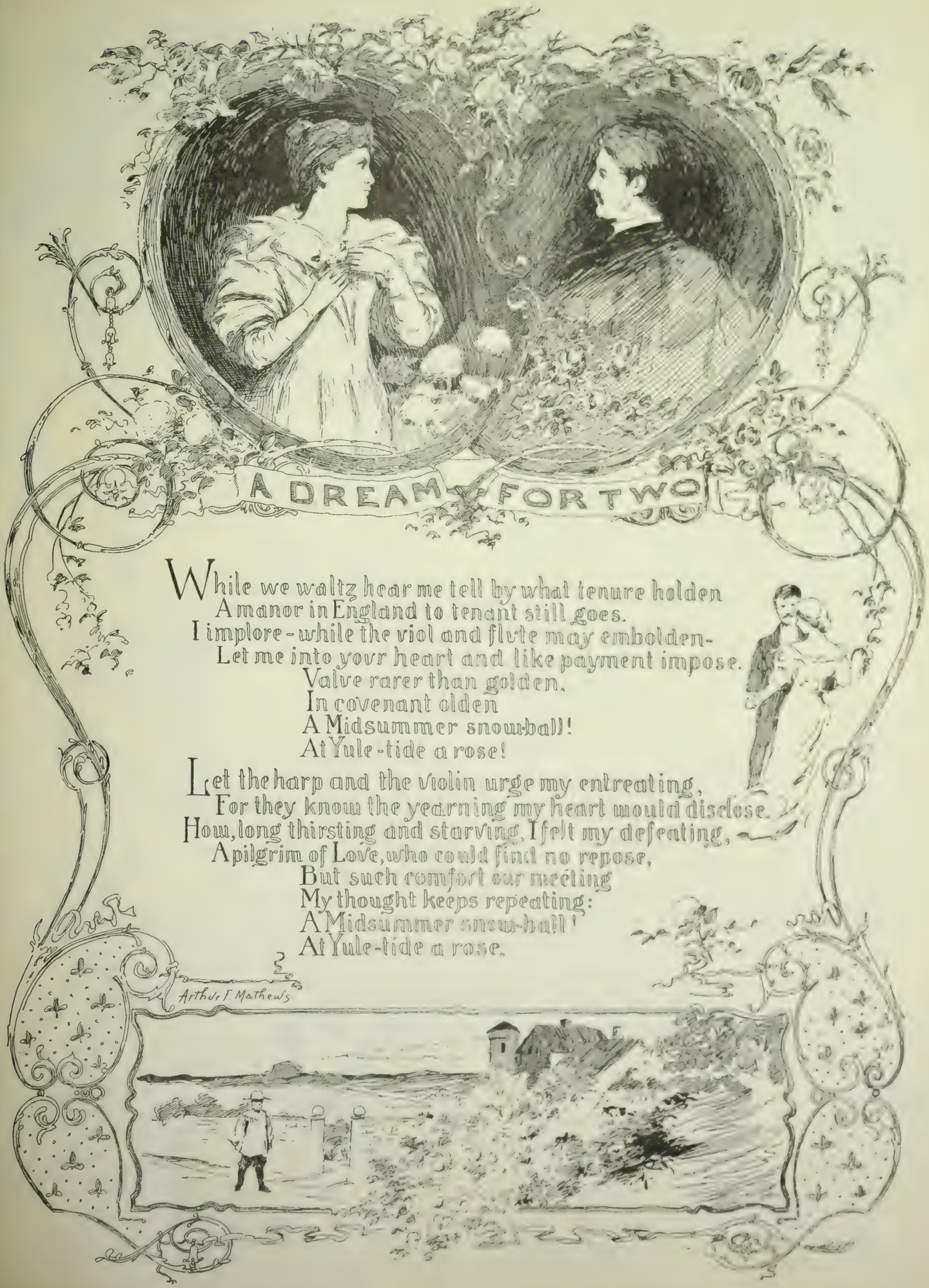
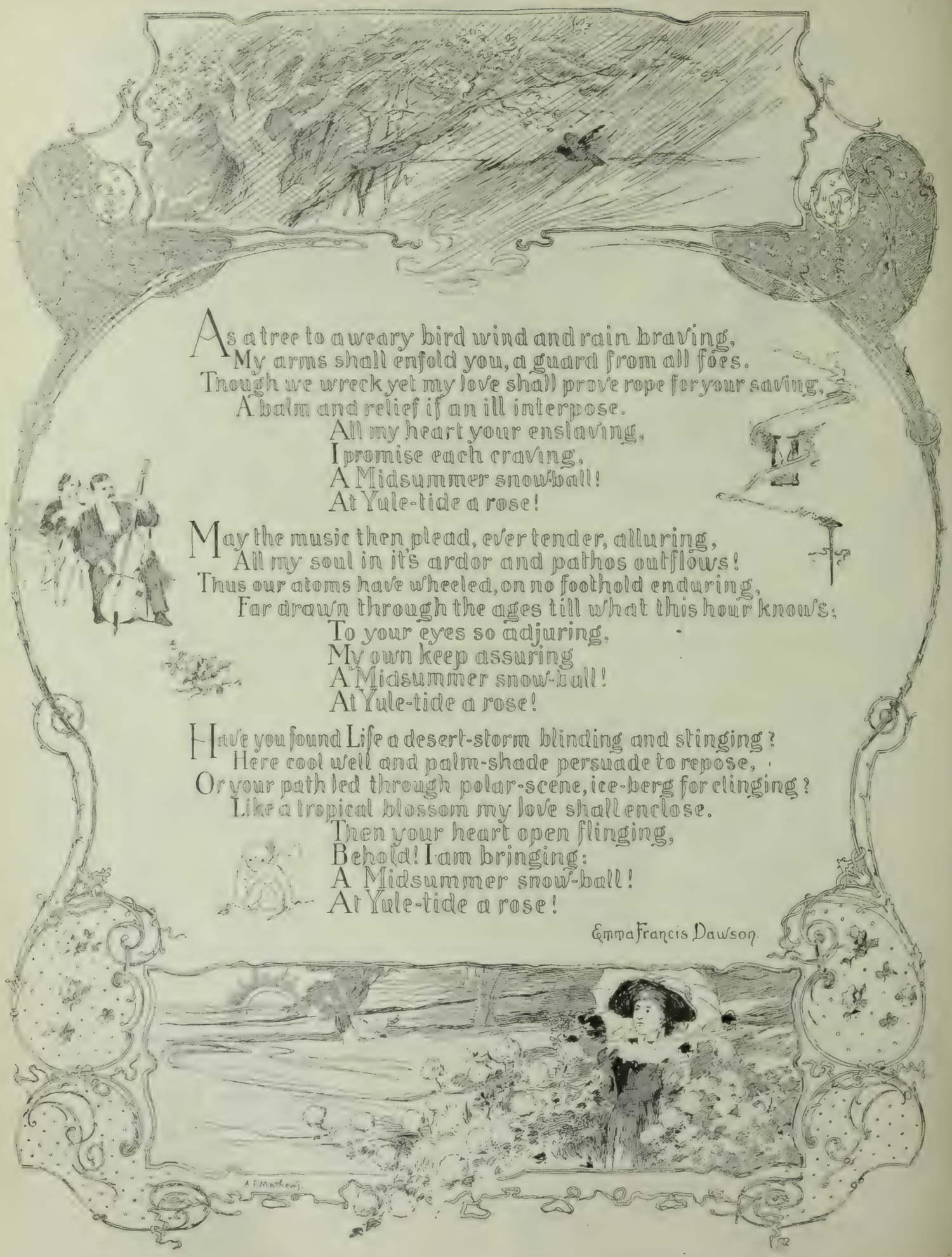

A DREAM FOR TWO
While we waltz hear me tell by what tenure holden
A manor in England to tenant still goes.
I implore - while the viol and flute may embolden -
Let me into your heart and like payment impose.
Valve rarer than golden.
In covenant olden
A Midsummer snow-ball!
At Yule-tide a rose!
Let the harp and the violin urge my entreating,
For they know the yearning my heart would disclose.
How, long thirsting and starving, I felt my defeating,
A pilgrim of Love, who could find no repose,
But such comfort our meeting
My thought keeps repeating:
A Midsummer snow-ball!
At Yule-tide a rose.
Arthur F. Mathews

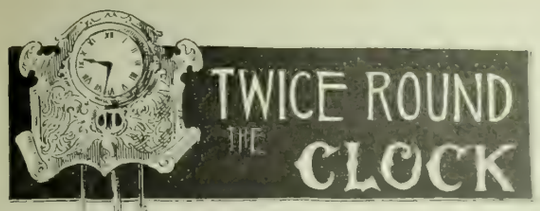


As a tree to a weary bird wind and rain braving,
My arms shall enfold you, a guard from all foes.
Though we wreck yet my love shall prove rope for your saving,
A balm and relief if an ill interpose.
All my heart your enslaving,
I promise each craving,
A Midsummer snow-ball!
At Yule-tide a rose!

May the music then plead, ever tender, alluring,
All my soul in it's ardor and pathos outflows!
Thus our atoms have wheeled, on no foothold enduring,
Far drawn through the ages till what this hour knows;
To your eyes so adjuring,
My own keep assuring
A Midsummer snow-ball!
At Yule-tide a rose!

Have you found Life a desert-storm blinding and stinging?
Here cool well and palm-shade persuade to repose,
Or your path led through polar-scene, ice-berg for clinging?
Like a tropical blossom my love shall enclose.
Then your heart open flinging,
Behold! I am bringing:
A Midsummer snow-ball!
At Yule-tide a rose!

Emma Francis Dawson.



IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FEW people know the city in which they live. The life of the streets during a large portion of the day is nothing but "men as trees walking" to proper and pursy citizens. Into their early dreams suddenly springs a shrieking, roaring, impetuous horror of the night. They start with eyeballs staring at the wall, gather their far-straying senses, and slowly conclude that the monster is nothing but the milk-wagon jolting on the rough basaltic blocks and protruding cobbles.

Having concluded that it was the milk-wagon, they turn over with a muttered curse and snore again. They know nothing of the strange life of the city at that hour. To them it is a time when everybody but the driver of the milk-wagon is properly abed.

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But at this hour San Francisco is really very much alive. The "wee sma' hours ayant th' 'twa" furnish many subjects for study. The one man who is out of bed will, if he has anything of a head and a bit of a heart, find himself wondering what is keeping all the others up. Footsteps ringing along the paving of an otherwise silent street will start a train of thought. The mists of the hour reek with suggestions of mysteries. That hurrying man may be going for a doctor or escaping from an unexpected husband. That roaring, inharmonious chorus which disturbs reflection is the bibulous relic of the great football victory of the day before. That skurrying girl is going home in fear and trembling, but hoping that her parents went to sleep early and took no note of time. She is getting well down the inclined path which runs between respectability and the leap from the end of the pier. That man in the shadow may be a footpad or a policeman. The barkeepers of the saloons call men by their "given" names at this hour. There is an easy-going confraternity among all the belated, partly born of drink and partly because of the legal lesions of the night.

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Suddenly the newsboys appear—eager, alert, fresh as the sheets they sell. They dart into the all-night restaurants. Hurriedly they pass through the never-closing saloons. Sharply their voices ring on the silences. They are summoned from dim-lit windows of upper floors. They know all the places where sales are certain. Frequently they are told to "keep the change!" for the men of the morning are careless, generous, full of impulses.

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These boys have come from busy places—the press-rooms of the great dailies. They are part of "the hurry and rush of modern journalism." Before they could get those papers the tempers of many men have been tried—and broken. The night editor has stood nervously over the forms, both hands full of proofs and each corner of his mouth spitting curses. He has been fighting against time, urging the city editor, spurring the proof-readers, bullying the telegraph editor—all that the "last form" may go to the stereotyper at 2.45.

Then the stereotypers, half naked in the debilitating heat of their sweat-room, have worked as quickly, as earnestly, and as persistently as a pugilist battering out a championship. Not a motion is lost with them. Their hours are short, but hot and vigorous. Every muscle is strained. Every sense is quickened—every nerve at tension. They handle great ladles of molten metal with reckless disregard of the danger of burning to the bone. The sizzling chases from the steam tables are handed about just as if they were cool marble slabs. The last form must be out of their hands by three o'clock.

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Then down in the depths, "on a level with the sewers," hustle the inky men who tend those "mighty engines"—the presses. Those semi-circular plates which come from the stereotyper are put upon the cylinders without a moment's delay. There is the turning of a lever, an awful moment as if the gates of hell were creaking on their hinges, and then the smooth, incessant whir of the perfect machines passing out the papers as if sentient and endowed with more than mortal precision. The Night Editor comes for one last look at the first imprint. He joins the head pressman in looking it over to see that no cuts are upside down and no heads askew, and then he goes out to join the straggling caravan which "moves through the pale realm of shade." Thus it is that those noisy boys get the first papers; and thus it is that the great clock tower tells of four A. M.

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Big wagons come lumbering along the arterial thoroughfares. The men on the seats are fast asleep. The horses pilot themselves with a precision which is the result of long experience. They pass with unheeding contempt the shied dornicks of the newsboys and the urging hail of staggering roysterers. These slumbrous men, these laden wagons, and these thinking horses come from the realm of the Quixotic windmills, the spindling flumes, and the barnyard aromas—the truck gardens. In the misty, irrigated flats ghostly men have been stooping and rising, silent but effective, pulling from the ground that which makes the variety of the San Franciscan table the wonder of the world. Mystical in the moonlight seem these gardens of the mid-regions, but once those wagons have reached the markets, and all the mysticism vanishes. Those slumbrous drivers suddenly awake to a vigorous activity. Perata shouts to Baccigalupi, and Pimentel quickly exchanges products with Salvatierra. Lerri and Silva and Acosta are there—all Portuguese and Italians—the only people who can woo from the ground a more generous response than the despised but employed Chinaman. These are the men who change their names at marriage, who buy property in one name, mortgage it in another, and sell it in a third; and who are getting in readiness for the lawyers a very pretty tangle of realty titles wherever they have elected to inherit the earth.

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Their exchanges and allotments having been arranged they start out on their long morning rounds, making place for the fishermen. Very much more picturesque, these fishermen—more picturesque and less cleanly. If God ever intended fish to be eaten why did he curse them with the blight of their awful stench? The fish markets are not conducive to poesy or pleasant philosophizing, though when the Japanese butter fish which we call pompano are running they are not bad places to be coming away from with a mess. But the fishermen themselves, unless upon too close an acquaintance, are suggestive of all sorts of sea-girt isles, and whispering breezes, and the mysticism of the deep. They have brought the Mediterranean with them. Their brown lateen sails glint along the waters of the bay just

as they do about "calm Capri" and her "azure gates." A rendezvous in one of the sheltered coves presents the self-same picture as their gatherings in the Grecian archipelago. Their boats are laid upon the same old lines as those which go out from Genoa—seaworthy, swift, comfortable craft. In prosperous times they drink Chianti and Barolo, too; though when the run slackens the man with a taste for his tipple had best shun their hospitality. But when they bring their fish into the markets there is no suggestion of the indolence which marks their loll beside the slow-curling smoke of their noonday fire, or the careless ease with which they sit and mend their nets. They are full of strange oaths and sharp bargainings, protesting their ruin with every sale. Full-chested fellows these, with bronzed and brawny arms and no taint of consumption. Yet they lack something in grit, as was witnessed in the rope-pulling contests called tugs-of-war. But why the artists do not paint them more it is for the artists to say.

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By the time the markets are stocked and the fruits have come up from the river steamers, and the great butcher wains are rolling back to the abattoirs, the every-day people begin to appear. At seven o'clock the streets are full of dinner buckets—the tin-pail brigade is in possession. The workingmen come swarming from the cars or swing rapidly down the long streets. These are not the men prominent in the hullabaloo of "labor" meetings. Life is too busy and too serious with most of them to permit of the making of much noise upon the mouth. The wild screaming of the whistles will soon tell to the world that they are at work. But once they are at work or once they are out of work, these men constitute the great problem of the political economist. There seems to be no general law to apply to their diversified personalities. The capitalist may be put down as conservative no matter what his eccentricities. But the mental bent of the laborer runs from a conservatism which makes that of the capitalist seem liberality to a loose view of the rules of mine and thine which close borders upon anarchy. One breezy, healthful, merry fellow, with the soot still under his finger nails, is telling of the pranks and prattle of his children, the cost of putting down a sidewalk, and the necessity for a more rigid economy in municipal expenditure. The man opposite him is sodden with a night's debauch and is cursing his employer for opposing the demanded increase in wages. Yet these two men will go to the same workshop, and fatuous politicians at Washington and Sacramento will expend much tongue power in preparing one law to fit the needs of both. That which will be considered unwarranted license by one will be unbearable despotism to the other. And still few of the legislators and benchers ride with the tin-pail brigade, preferring to study them from a position of self-satisfied ignorance much further removed. The labor problem is astir at seven o'clock.

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Before eight o'clock the girls have the streets—the shop girls and the factory girls. They come tripping from all directions—the homes, the lodging-houses, and the hotels. The shop girls dress well when taken as a class. Their home-made gowns are copied after the patterns of the world's great *modistes*. Sometimes they are a little neglectful of their shoon, but their hats are light, airy, and well trimmed. A few look as if the night before had been filled with music and other good things. Many flirt a little with the clerks.

It is the factory girls from whom the ranks of impropriety receive the most numerous recruits. These girls are not well dressed, take them as they come. Their hands are not pink and white and manicured. Their gowns show the "skimping" hand of want. Hard work is their portion. There is only one thing which offers an alternative to the drear exactions of the daily grind—sin. Not long ago there was a police investigation which called from the lowest brothels of the city's hell the painted women of shame. Hundreds of them came to give testimony. They were bright, plump, well-groomed, well fed, and healthy beyond belief. The same number of women of any other class could not be found in San Francisco who would show the same high average condition of health. And with it all they seemed happy. The over-worked, under-fed, thinly-clad factory girls, the girls whose backs and heads ache with their toil—know all this. With this knowledge, and with the sharp contrast of two conditions before them, it is hard to convince them with much preaching that virtue is the chief glory of womankind and that the path of vice is through the valley of disease, degradation, and death. To the cynic who appreciates the difference between the primrose path of dalliance and the sousing of unclean garments in dye vats the wonder is that there are any virtuous working-girls. And they're pretty, very pretty—lots of them. The papers are full of the beauties who shine in Society. These wear frocks studied to show them at their best. They resort to all the artifices of the toilet. And yet they are a plain lot, when the truth is told, for the real beauties of the city are to be found among the girls who go tripping along the streets at eight o'clock in the morning.

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At nine o'clock the early morning Oaklander is very much in evidence. Male and female the Oaklander was created, and there is now a peculiar struggle going on over the development of the characteristic type. By all the natural rules of evolution the typical Oaklander should be a sprinter. His ancestors put in most of their time running for boats and trains. So did not some disturbing element step in, the Oaklander of the immediate future would be long and sinewy of leg and go about with an acute angle of inclination, moving vigorously.

But a wild fear is going abroad through all the flat demesne where the paludal Oaklander makes his home that the type which is to give the city its position among the tribes of earth will have but one leg—all on account of the dismembering trains. The successful sprinter with but one leg is a being altogether outside the realm of modern contemplation, so the swarming throng which comes up from the ferry aprons seems weighted with a woe and wrapped in wonderment at just what scheme of development they were sent upon the earth to work out in pain and surgery. This habit of introspection accounts for their habit of walking right over people who happen to cross the flood of their influx. It is a daring man who will attempt to contend with them for even a sufferance right to the sidewalks on Market Street, up as far as where Bush breaks away. The massed Oaklander, hurling himself upon his daily toil, is as resistless, and almost as sensible as an Alaskan glacier. He may be a gay bird of glittering joviality when on his roosting ground. The continual outcropping and perennial humor of the Oakland scandal indicate that in addition to being a gay bird he is also a gay deceiver. But you'd never think it of him to see him with set chin and fixed eyes leaving his boat and seeking for his daily bread. His feet inspire terror to those with corns, and his resistless disregard of everything but the one aim of his day gives him the right of way. Because of this he feels himself a ruler of the land, and goes about pestering his kind with theories of how it came about that San Francisco was not located on the other side of the bay.

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At ten o'clock the tousled, troubled, wretched people gathered in from the realms of night are exhaling their odors in the Police Courts. They are taking their chances with a quality of justice which is not strained,

but drops from the bench in large gobs for him who has the strongest pull. Certainly San Francisco has made no effort to make the sojourn in jail of the malefactor a desirable condition of life, though as compared with the old jail and the old courts, the new cells and new dispensatories of a second-hand justice are like the kitchen to the stable. The old City Hall is one of San Francisco's characteristic life studies. It reeks with decay and the putrescence of that which falls from the bench. Yet the crowds gather daily at ten. They elbow and push, tiptoe, and crane, and do a deal of heavy standing about. A look of recognition from a policeman is as much balm to the lounger's soul as the nod from the base-ball hero to a small boy of the bleachers. The shysters hurry in and out, puffing with their efforts to defeat justice. As much energy and ingenuity expended in a better cause would make these men rich and honored. They prefer to keep forever on the toppling verge of the penitentiary, and reap small rewards at great risks. They are almost admirable in their daring, these law rascals who thrive on deceit and live by dishonor. The Court methods of procedure were originally laid down at Fourth and Brannan Streets, where Chimmy der Bum said emphatically to Limpy Pete, "If you'se don't let me alone I'll do yer up." The dispensing of Police Court justice has ever since been a succession of "doings up." The poor rascals who cling to a hope of fair treatment as between their miserable

misdemeanors and the heroic punishment meted out by bullying policemen might as well be the proverbial cat in torment without means of scratching out salvation. As for the sweller offenders—the safe-crackers, pickpockets, and midnight burglars—every moment of their incarceration is full of hope, for the people go on electing Campbells, who are the best friends of those in sorest need.

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The ghosts of better days flit in and out of the San Francisco Stock Exchange at eleven o'clock. They cry of the glories which are gone. They tell of fortunes made and lost by a nod of the head; of wild extravagances of joy followed by a despairing header off the pier; of the popping of wine and the wooing of women; of fun and frolic and the throwing of money at the birds. Among the ghosts rush up and down a few heated men earnestly scraping together a meager livelihood. They are the living relics of a glorious past. The voice of the caller echoes as if resounding in a crypt. A few insignificant sales are recorded. A painful effort is continually made to make it appear that business is lively. "Ha! They are swapping jack-knives," says one of the old guard accustomed to deal in life and death and millions.

The amounts bid for stocks which once set the world in awe are pitiful. How the brokers live from flurry to flurry is a mystery to most. They haggle on the streets like Turkish peddlers. They drum up trade like whisky houses. Ah, it is a hard grind. They are hoping and hanging on, with a great granite building to remind them of the past and a knowledge that "a sucker is born every minute" to cheer them towards the future. They "know as well as they know to pray, they know as well as tongue can say," that just as soon as a little ore is shown on the Comstock men will lose their heads and become dancing, howling, maniacal seekers after the dollars of their fellows. They know that all the lesson of the Morgue and the bankruptcy courts has been thrown away. So are they content to sit through their time of stress and wait the harvesting of the next crop of fools. Out on the street, left by the receding tide of fortune, is the detritus—the Rippeys of the pave. Those who hang about the gates of hell are not more hopeless; the hangers-on upon the wind-blown skirts of charity are not more draggled and forlorn. They live from lunch counter to lunch counter and from loan to loan; but their dreams are full of the dear departed days when the brokers were smashing hats on the floor of the Exchange and the wildcat of to-day might be the bonanza of to-morrow. They live in the land that was.

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See the lawyers streaming from the Mills Building at high noon! There is no better office building in the country than this, and the lawyers want the best. They come dropping through the elevator shafts like so many hurried messengers from another world. Most of the afflicted think they ought to keep right on dropping until they reach the no frost belt. But, whatever their merits or demerits, they must eat, and so it is they come out of their hive at noon. There is a tradition of the collection agencies that lawyers are not good pay. They eat the best, however, wear what they want, and live in comfort. The offices in the Mills Building are the most expensive in the city, but, with the exception of a sprinkling of capitalists, a mining engineer or two, and Willis Polk, the lawyers have them all. When these chinsters are all within, the click of the typewriters becomes a noise as destructive if not as pleasing as the droning of the bees of Hybla. Still, with all the typewriters, the building has yet to throw off its first great scandal. The men who exhale demurrers, *certioraris*, and remittiurs as they seek their daily feed troughs are either unusually moral or unusually "fly." Which?

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At one o'clock the Pacific-Union Club is in evidence on Post Street—very much in evidence and very good to look upon. By this time the men who have been hard hit by poker and Harry Veuve's wine the night before have been barbered and cocktailed into presentable shape. They are ready for another day of conquest. The women know the hour when these curled and tailored men pass to their luncheon—or breakfast as most of them call it. The swarming millions who are eating the Bohemian Club out of house and home rush to their grubbing at twelve. But no well considered Pacific-Union exquisite thinks of ordering his midday meal before one. In the meantime there is time for running that gauntlet of female admiration on Post Street and for discussing the peculiar freaks of the night's cards. This passing of fatted men, beflowered as to their buttonholes and begouted as to their joints, represents the upper side of that picture shown by the alleys and curbstones about the Stock Exchange. Those were the men who lost. These are the men who won. The winking of an eye might have reversed the situation and splotched the high lights of the picture on the other side. Occasionally one of these smug and sunny fellows makes a slip and goes down the social toboggan slide. Perhaps, like Jack Still, he lost his all at cards in the club. Do his associates reach out a hand to stop him? Not a bit like it. They are merry wags. They laugh to see him go by. Old Pacific-Union Clubmen are asking for quarters on the street with a residuary willingness to take dimes. But do they touch their former clubmates? Never. And so the lunchers pass and the women smile, and—well, some men are better than all the rest.

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There is bustle in the city's great building at two

o'clock—that building each brick of which is supposed to represent a steal of a dollar of the people's money. The voices of the bailiffs' cry open the courts. The clerks get back from lunch, and wonder how long it will be before they can knock off and call it a day. The wranglers who want privileges, or do not want other people to have any, unlimber their mouthpieces before the committees of the Supervisors. Lawyers and litigants troop in, hustling to avoid a reprimand from the autocrats of the bench. But the stealing make no noise. It goes on and on and on.

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At three o'clock the bank doors shut with a snap. The clerks begin hurrying their work in hope of getting some daylight on the pave. The man desiring a loan looks in blank despair at the drawn blinds. If he must have money he will be forced to try the Shylocks. Some day a financial genius will arise and run a bank on two shifts. Of course he will get all the business of those who cannot get away from their toil during the middle of the day. Then, what of the "jolly bank holiday?" People read of the Clearing House, and haven't the remotest idea of what it is. It is merely an office where the sixteen commercial banks of the city meet daily and square accounts. Instead of making 256 trips to transfer their respective bank paper, the banks make sixteen trips of it by concentration. Each institution sends a messenger and a clerk. The clerk has a sheet and fifteen envelopes. In the envelopes are segregated the demands his bank has cashed against each of the others. At a signal the messengers distribute the envelopes. So each clerk gives out fifteen envelopes and receives fifteen. Then he strikes a balance, and his bank knows how it stands. That's the Clearing House.

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At four o'clock the grand parade begins. Now the grand parade does not mean that the *grande dames* are all on view. Far from it. The woman who is careful of her social standing shuns the grand parade. After four o'clock Kearny and Market Streets must not know her. If she appears at all she is in a hurry, looking neither to the right nor to the left. She doesn't want to be seen. But if she doesn't, there are others who do. To argue that all women who join the throng at four o'clock have something to excuse or apologize for would be as absurd as Kipling's East Indian supposition that he was listening to representative American women on the streets after dark. Still, the women are not those of the highest cult. There is a large showing of tinted hair. The gowns lack "that repose which marks the cast of *Vere de Vere*." What gives character to the grand parade is gayety. Some of the women may not be inclined to flirt. There are no exceptions among the men. Even the man with a reputation for financial solidity and domestic integrity who slides along shamefacedly is just getting ready to bolt the fence. He is peering with longing eyes over into the garden of the forbidden fruits. If a woman should smile at him he wouldn't know what to do, but he would treasure that smile as a bright recollection of a red-letter day. In short, the grand parade means flirtation—innocent, perhaps; perhaps not. No well-considered parader will go north beyond Sutter Street or west beyond Powell. These limits are senseless but inexorable. Once a beautiful woman was thrown from her horse and her brains dashed out against an iron post at the Baldwin corner. The men about town who had been her admirers took to making pilgrimages to that post. It became the careless fashion and then the proper thing to stick a cane through a ring in the post, turn, and march away. The post was taken up in time, but the western limit of the grand parade had been fixed by it, and it so remains unto this day. And so at four o'clock the young men and maidens, and many who are not so young or so maidenly, pass up and down, ogling and being ogled, laughing, criticising and dropping along their way a deal of "He said—she said."

Just why the grand parade stops at Sutter Street on the north, no one exactly knows. It is not coterminous with the cocktail route, which begins to be worked at five o'clock. This route goes a block further north for its point of beginning at the California Hotel bar and runs with many dips, spurs, and angles to the Baldwin Hotel. Its devotees mix with the grand parade and become a part of it. Still they maintain a distinct individuality. With them the gazing upon the women is of secondary importance. They seek the frolicsome but evasive appetite, which to them is the child of jest and red liquor.

The clink of their glasses is heard from bar to bar. Their laughter floats through swinging doors, now loud, now low. These are the men who set the merry tales agoing on the rounds. The brightest experiences of the day sparkle with the bead on the drink until even the schooled stoics in the white aprons can scarce forbear to smile. There is some suggestion of poetry in the enlargement of the good fellowship as the exploration of the route progresses—the bits of poetry that are not current in the drawing-rooms. This is the time when experiments are made mixing spirituous liquids in the hope of the evolution of a decoction which shall live and bear a name. Here, too, excited appetite conjures dishes to tickle and cloy the palate. There is a free Bohemianism in it all, and though decried by the pulpits the cocktail route insidiously instills the doctrine "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

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At six o'clock the ebb tide is at its swiftest flow. Out from the shops, and mills, and factories throng the men and women who hope the revivification of the gaslight will make them forget that tired feeling caused by the wrangling, worrying, swindling, and being swindled of the day. The cable cars are overcrowded. The city's proverbial politeness is put to the test when wearied, aching men, just seated for a glance at the evening papers, see the women mutely appealing for their places in the cars. The eager pedestrians bump and jostle as they pass, hastening to the worship of the belly god. All the jollity and easy languor of the grand parade is gone. In their place has come a rush, a seriousness, and the fixity of purpose. The getting home in San Francisco is not a matter to be made light of.

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At seven o'clock the Palace Hotel is at its liveliest. In the bar, billiard-room and *café* throng the sporting men. They have come in from the races, the ball games, from yachting, riding, or the exercising at the Olympic Club. They pick the choicest bits at the *café* counter, and give particular directions as to cooking and serving. They talk of pedigrees, models, form; of the day's winnings, losses, hazards and opportunities; of the

short life and the merrie one. The champagne is put on the ice, and the chill is taken off the burgundy. They show skill with the cue and familiarity with the cigar labels. They seem ever lured by hope and cheered by expectation, no matter what the day's disasters. Over their dinner and their drinking they make up the projects for the night. Card parties are arranged, and many messenger boys are called to bear hastily-written notes to those of the fairer sex who find more joy than danger in pleasure's somewhat treacherous path. Careless, daring, worldly-wise, are the seven-o'clock men of the Palace Hotel.

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At eight o'clock the theatres have the call of the town. The grumblers may cry hard times all the day long, but Californians will have their pleasure. San Francisco is a good show town even if the banks are breaking and the big commercial houses going down. During all the recent time of depression the managers have said that with the sole exception of Chicago during the Fair, the California metropolis patronized the theatre better than any city in the land. There is variety enough for all. The blood may be curdled at Morosco's, the tears started at the Baldwin and Stockwell's, the laughter compelled at the California and Bush Street, all the senses ravished by the spectacles at the Grand, the ear tickled at the Tivoli, and all sorts, kinds, and conditions of emotions set a-going at the numerous make-shift places where there is much of quantity for little money. The first-nighter is apt to find an embarrassment of riches rather than a dearth of attractions.

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There is fun afoot at nine o'clock when the Democratic County General Committee is in session and the spoils are to be divided. The patriots are there and the statesmen. Loud is the tongueing—loud and long. Bang, bang! go the epithets back and forth. Rap, rap, rap! sings Chairman Max Popper's nervous gavel. Confusion rushes up and down the aisles, and the gallery clamors with encouragement of the champions. It is a prize fight, a football scrimmage, and a betting-ring all merged in one tormented whole. There is heard the pertinacious Andy Clunie, the cantankerous Sam Braunhart, and Major Harney's hair-trigger tongue. Joe Rothschild bares his eloquence to the storm with heroic hardihood and relentless frequency. Wee Flyschaker makes up for lack of size by agility in getting on his feet. And through all, over all, mingling, merging, overpowering, is the unremitting growl of Neeley Murphy, mouthing arguments and mumbling epithets in the expressive patois of "South of Market Street." The motions and resolutions, the amendments and substitutes fall thicker than bricks from the upsetting of a hod. Revenges are wreaked, innuendoes exchanged, charges made, reputations attacked, the lie is passed, blows are struck, there is a ripping, a rearing, and a roaring; and after it is all over nothing is accomplished, and the able lieutenants of Christopher A. Buckley go about sowing the seeds of discord and saying, "Youse always got more when Chris was here." Will Chris come back?

* * * * *

By ten o'clock the tourists have taken Chinatown and wander about breathing evil airs in the hope of being shocked. Generally they are disappointed. Chinatown is disgustingly clean these times, and the guide business is overdone and subject to Chinese competition. The shops are interesting enough and the restaurants and theatres have a certain charm—for those of Androscoggin and Kankakee. But the real lure of Chinatown has been its wickedness. The demure have hoped that at some sudden turn of a darkling passage they would run full head upon Oriental vice. As that sort of vice is not nearly as rampant as it used to be, it is easy to account for the expression of visitors: "I found your Chinatown very clean and rather disappointing." There are ten guides for every sight there is to see, and it is hard to understand how they all live and keep up rates. The crop of the curious must be abundant and perennial. The things which bring the pleasurable blush of shame and are hardly spoken of even among men lie just outside of Chinatown. The visitors know them not. They are too expensive. But as for our own men about town—well, these unmentionable things are part of the town.

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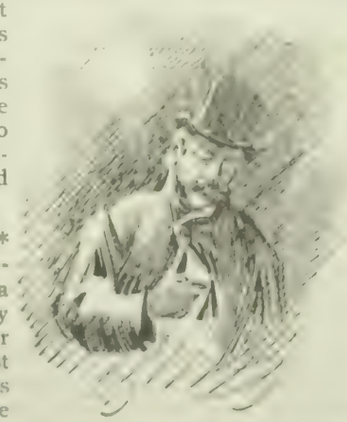
By eleven o'clock "the Tenderloin" is broiling. The pianos are tinkling from the upper rooms of the French restaurants and the "ladies' entrance" apartments, against which the high and moral directed an ineffective crusade, unmindful that youth will have its fling and that it would be a very stupid world if everyone were truly good. The Tenderloin means carousing, singing; eating well-cooked suppers; the keeping of assignations made through the medium of perfumed notes; some profanity; some ribaldry; much music, and a general spirit of "t' hell with th' world." So the Tenderloin is generally bathed in a rosy glow. This may fade into a very dull cold gray with the coming of the morning, but it is warm enough while it lasts, and gives to the life of San Francisco a distinctiveness altogether displeasing to the moralist. There is no denying the fact that San Francisco is more openly immoral than any city in the land, but people who really know about such things know that it is in reality not more wicked than any other large aggregation of men and women "a little lower than the angels." It is gayer about its vice, that is all. Other cities cover their wrong-doing; San Francisco flaunts hers, and the Tenderloin—well, there is lots of frolic in the Tenderloin.

* * * * * * * * *

At midnight, when the Pacific-Union Club, save for the cardrooms, is like a cemetery and the Bohemian Club like a sepulcher, the Press Club is at its gayest. The men of the morning papers drift in for their hours of recreation. The younger ones wrangle over "scoops" until the older ones rise in protest The magazines and papers are rustled in their perusal, the ice in the glasses goes chink-a-chink, the click of the billiard balls answers to the low rattle of the poker chips, there is an exchange of experiences among those whose daily walks are full of them, and the spirit of a real Bohemia rules over all. Notwithstanding the fact that it turns life topsy-turvy the Press Club bids fair to become the most popular half-acre of club land in all the town.



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Then there is a hurrying of unsteady feet, a shouting of husky voices, and the regular scramble for the last cars. Those who miss them are chained to the chariot wheels of the night until released by the dawn Those who run are escaping from a fascination. They are dragging themselves away from the snare of the life of the after hours. The bells clang; the cables rumble slower and slower and still more slow until they cease; the last electric car has whizzed and sizzled like a meteor and gone out; the ham-and-egg sandwich vans melt from the street; the Tenderloin gives no tongue except in spots; dim lights burn in the chambers of pain; the houses throb with the snore of honest sleep; there is a restful hush for an hour—and then that horror of the dark, the clanging milk wagon "breaks in once more," and the wheels of the world move on.—E. H. HAMILTON.

THE MORGUE CAT

A SORROWFUL TALE BY EDWARD A. MORPHY

ILLUSTRATED BY Swin

SOME people think that facts are all that is necessary to make a story, but that only goes to show how little they know about the subject.

If facts were all that were wanted everyone might be a *raconteur*; but that other requirements exist—other essentials—is a circumstance that nobody in the business will deny or doubt for one instant.

Now the facts about the Morgue Cat are so commonplace and everyday that you might make almost anything out of them, a comedy, a tragedy, or a romance, and I have heard them arranged as all three; but I am not going to worry about furnishing any *motif* or plot whatever, but just jot down what few details I personally know to be true.

Kelly, the Deputy, has a way of telling them that would make your sides crack with laughing, while John Carew throws in a lot of harrowing details that would wring the heart of a wheelbarrow. The Coroner, though a man of the finest susceptibilities and almost womanly in his kindness, regards the episode of the Cat as an incident and nothing more; but then different people have different ways of considering almost anything.

Did you ever live much around a morgue? If you did it would be superfluous for me to state that you see a variety of very low down, ordinary things there; but of all the peculiarly low down and ordinary things that God ever blessed with the breath of life the Morgue Cat was the ordinariest. It was a typical common cat. It had a white stomach and blobs of gray on its back, and one bleary eye that made you sick to look at it, because it was all watery out of sympathy for the other eye which had been clawed out of it in its early youth. Then its ears were skimpy and it limped like a cripple, and—oh, yes, its tail.

Of all the tails that ever swung on joints, there never was one that could approach that cat's in the matter of utter disreputability. It was a freak, a parody on the name of a tail. It was full of kinks, kinks that there was no unkinking. It looked something like the letter Z, only with a marked upward tendency, if you can imagine, and being stiff at the base, it could never wave naturally. Indeed, it seemed as if some one had bored a hole in the end of the cat and driven a crooked peg in it, for it certainly bore no resemblance to a tail. It was nude, too—bald as a sausage—and though it could not wave, it was wiggling all the time with a menacing sort of a quiver. I have sometimes seen the tails of very young kittens wiggle in that helpless and irresponsible manner, but until I saw the Morgue Cat I had always considered the phenomenon as one peculiar to kittenhood. Anyhow, it is one to be deplored and deprecated in a cat, because it suggests delirium tremens.

Well, having told you so much, it may not surprise you to learn that no other cat or kitten in the vicinity would have any intercourse whatever with the blighted denizen of the Morgue, and therefore the poor brute led a life of social ostracism, a mute but living monument to its own vicissitudes. One says mute advisedly, because the Morgue Cat could not even mew. Its vocal chords must have been clawed out at the same time that its eye was, for though it often opened its mouth as if attempting a miaul, the only sound it emitted was a bubbly sort of a gurgle. Still, it seemed resigned to its lot if not actually happy, and sought among the floaters and other flotsam and jetsam on the slabs, a little of that congenial *camaraderie* that was denied it by its fellows.

Now, strange though it may seem, the Morgue Cat had a friend—nay, more than a friend, a worshiper—and that was Humpy Lannigan. I don't know what Humpy's Christian name was, though I suppose it is on the records somewhere, but everybody knew him as Humpy. He was awfully deformed, poor little beggar. He looked as though some one had tied him in a knot; and the knot stuck up so high behind and on each side that his face seemed to be in the middle of his body; but he was a good-natured little chap even if he was ugly, and his only vices were blasphemy and cigarette smoking. He ostensibly sold papers for a living, but what he made as a newsvender would not keep the wolf from the door of a church mouse. As a matter of fact he was what the police would term a "bum," that is to say he existed by borrowing nickels, dimes, quarters, and things from lawyers, reporters, deputies, and such, and never paying them back.

But he loved the Morgue Cat.

I think deformity, like misery, loves company, and that may be why Humpy was so fond of that cat; at any rate they were partners. Every day he brought her a piece of raw liver or meat from a Chinatown butcher

shop, and it was this rich diet of meat that made the brute so mangy. That is what the man who drives the undertaker's wagon said anyhow, and he professes to be quite an authority in the matter of cats. Apart from the liver that Humpy brought down from Chinatown the cat derived quite a pleasing subsistence from the mice and rats that frequented the Morgue proper, and also there were many pleasing tid bits to be raked in from the ash barrel on the other side of Dunbar Alley where the refuse of the City Prison was every day deposited. You see in those days the Central Police Station was right across the way from the Coroner's office in Dunbar Alley and there were all sorts of pleasing odds and ends left in that ash barrel every morning.

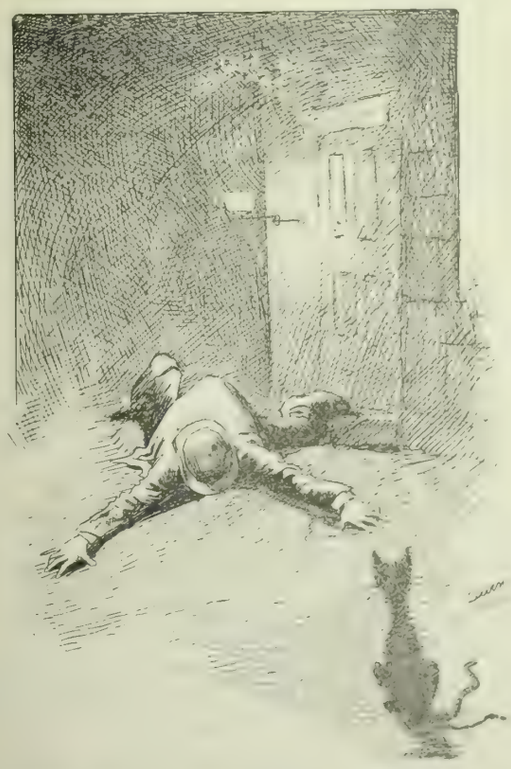
I have stated that Humpy had two vices. He also had a failing. That failing was a purely physical weakness, he could not carry liquor. He loved to drink, and Jimmy Gibb's was his paradise; but when he had half a dozen whiskies in him he was absolutely *non compos mentis* and sure to get into trouble. It may be an actual exaggeration, but it is not a metaphorical one to say that the paving blocks rose from the street and thoroughfares and smote him on the head when he was full. Then he had a way of going to sleep on the car tracks and in other places equally fraught with danger where anyone else would have got killed ten times over every week.

But a special Providence seemed to lurk over Humpy and somehow he never got hurt.

Where Humpy slept when sober no one ever knew, but his days were spent around Dunbar Alley and

Merchant Street where he loafed in constant contiguity to the Police Courts, the Morgue, and the City Prison. When the "trusties," as they call the prisoners who do the chores and general work around the jail, came out with the pails of kitchen refuse and dumped them in the big ash barrel outside the prison door, of a morning, Humpy was almost invariably on hand, as also was the cat. He would fish around in the slops while his homely pet watched each action with manifest anxiety, and occasionally he would pick her out a morsel of something to eat. Unless Humpy was with her nothing could induce the brute to cross the Alley to that swill barrel, and this was because once upon a time a policeman had endeavored to bury her in its noisome depths. With Humpy, however, she would go anywhere, and she never raised the tufts of hair on her back and spat at him as she did at other people.

Now, even as it was ever the ambition of Humpy Lannigan to keep that cat comfortable and safe, so also was it the eternal aim of certain evilly disposed small boys to lead her into deadly peril. One day they would tether her to a hack on the Plaza, another day they would hang her by the neck to the axle of the patrol wagon, which, as you doubtless know very well, is stationed in the Alley, outside the Morgue door; and still another, they would drop her from the passage-way outside the old Police Courts into the area below, where the official cats of the Old City Hall were stationed.



These respectable animals loathed the Morgue Cat like a pestilence, and she never escaped from their clutches with a face untorn and a hide unhurt.

One day a couple of urchins hit on an entirely new and original scheme whereby the lives of both Humpy and the cat could be rendered so burdensome that existence would soon become a nuisance to both. The scheme was simplicity itself, and consisted in smuggling the feline down Kearny Street to Montgomery Avenue, and then, by means of a line with a hook attached, harness her to the cable of the Union Street car line and watch Humpy start in pursuit of her along the slot.

I cannot tell exactly how the subsequent proceedings came about. Accounts differ widely, and nobody seems to know exactly how it all happened. One thing is sure, however, and that is that the hunchback came on the scene at exactly the right moment. He arrived at the corner just as the line was attached to the cable and the cat commenced her wild career up the hill. With a shriek he rushed on the tracks and lifting the brute in his hands ran along with her so as to prevent the tightening cord from strangling her. In a few seconds the creature was safe; he had slipped the cord from her neck and with a "phwzzz" she galloped back towards Washington Street. As for the rest—well, no one was to blame for it. A clang of the bell as the cripple slipped, a shout, a scrunching, and a tumble of rags and bones, and blood, and things under the grip car's wheels.

They had to lift the car up with a jack—indeed, it stopped traffic for a full half hour before they could get the remains out, and when they did get them they were like so much pulp, the hump on the lad's back being crushed as flat as a pancake.

Humpy Lannigan, as has been stated, was practically pulp, so they covered the distorted remains until such time as the undertaker might see fit to put them in a box and give them that Potter's Field funeral for which the city, in its munificence, allows $3.75 per capita of its pauper dead. It is a contract job of course, its ceremonies are rough and tumble, its ritual, none. The undertaker's man comes along and with the assistance of a coroner's deputy hustles the corpse into a box, and nails on the cover. Then he gives the deputy a receipt for the body so inclosed, and then he drives it off, presumably for interment in the Potter's Field, wherever that is, and then the job is over. The men who do this work, like the coroner's deputies, are daily brought face to face with death in its most revolting forms and therefore there is nothing about one corpse more or less to surprise them, and yet both the undertaker and the deputy drew back with a start when they lifted the sheet from the body of Humpy Lannigan.

There, crouched on the dead man's shoulder, with its one bleary eye staring blindly at them and its kinky tail sticking up as usual, was the Morgue Cat.

"Well, I'll be d——d!" ejaculated the undertaker.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the deputy, "Humpy used to feed the brute, and I guess it's kinder stuck on him. Scat there!" And he waved his hand at the Morgue Cat, but the animal never stirred.

"I'll be hanged if I don't think the brute's dead, too!" he continued, and to make sure of it the undertaker gave her a poke in the ribs with his hammer.

"Dead as mutton!" said he.

"Well, now, don't that beat the Dutch?" soliloquized the deputy and he paused to contemplate the spectacle. "I wonder what she died of?"

"Why her heart was broke, of course!" said the undertaker, contemptuously.

"And do that happen often with cats?" persisted the deputy.

"Frequent. Only not so much with them common ones as it does with the Maltee breed. They often die when their missuses do, like dogs. This is the first time I seen it happen a common cat, though I've heard of lots of cases."

"Well, well!" said the deputy, "I never known that before. What'll we do with it anyhow? Stick her in the box along with him, seeing they was that unnatural fond of each other—"

"Yes, and have the blooming Auditor and Board of Supervisors and the whole outfit raising Cain when I go sticking $3.75 more on my bill for burying an extra carcass. I ain't in the undertaking business for my health, young man."

"Well, then, here goes!" said the deputy. "It was an ugly brute, anyhow."

Taking the dead cat by the tail, he gave it one swing. Out through the open door it whizzed and across Dunbar Alley. The deputy's aim was excellent. The ash barrel outside the prison door was fifty feet from where Humpy's body lay, but the cat fell in its centre with a flop.

THE POTENTIAL MEN OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY GEO. D. SQUIRES

SO far as the mind of man has fathomed and explained the mysteries of creation, physical leadership appears to be a law of the animate world. The smallest creatures known to the microscope cluster around those of their species that develop the capacity to lead them in their search for food or their warlike incursions against each other. Among animals the largest bulls rule the herd and dispute supremacy with each other; the strongest rams lead the flock out of danger, and win the admiration of the gentlest ewes; the bull-dog is the king of his species for the same reason that the lion is the lord of the forest—he possesses the physical strength to assert his superiority.

Among men physical leadership, which is synonymous with intellectual leadership—for strong minds are seldom linked to imperfect bodies—prevails in accordance with the general law. No matter how many measures are adopted to restrain them, the real leaders come to the surface in every community. So dominant a thing is physical force that laws are impotent to circumscribe or obliterate it.

And so it is throughout the material world. The animals, whether brute or human, that are best qualified to rule, become naturally the bosses of their fellows. To abuse a man because he has advanced to the forefront of the business in which he is engaged, is merely to quarrel with an inexorable law of nature.

Some men are born leaders. The thought of Napoleon Bonaparte as a subaltern, in view of the history which he has made, does violence to one's idea of the fitness of things. Abraham Lincoln stood in his stockings six feet four and could whip any man he ever met. Gifted with a fine mind and a superabundance of caution, he rose to a height of leadership which has rarely been witnessed in the world. The simple-minded Grant possessed those intellectual qualities which naturally made him the great warrior of his time. A second or third-rate military genius, he yet grasped the essential points of the war of the Rebellion and speedily suppressed it. To think of the late Mr. Blaine in any other relation than as a leader of men, is to utterly misplace him. As a boy he was the chief organizer of his *coterie* and the boss of the vicinage. In the House of Representatives for six years he was almost the lord of the realm.

I have prosecuted these rather trite and self-evident observations for the purpose of introducing a somewhat interesting inquiry, namely, How many men are there in San Francisco gifted in a high degree with the attributes of physical, and by that I mean intellectual, leadership?

There are doubtless many. The least observing person who reads these lines could select easily half a hundred who would answer all the requirements. These men would be potential because they would be representative; that is to say, they would stand for something—their names would be a synonym for some elemental force in the community.

As an experimental study—answering for myself the inquiry above—I have drawn twenty-seven names from a list of several hundred. The leadership of some of them may be disputed; but let me for a moment descant upon the qualities which in a large sense have made them great, and we shall see.

To my mind the physical and intellectual forces of any large city may be reduced to the number of seven—I mean the individual forces which go to its upbuilding and contribute to its material advancement. I would name these seven forces:

1. The business geniuses.
2. The conservative financiers.
3. The great managers.
4. The leaders in the law.
5. The youthful business elements.
6. The journalistic leaders.
7. The medical specialists.

Music and painting, it might be claimed, ought to appear as the eighth force. But both those arts belong to the declining period of nations, flourishing most where the commercially active ages have passed. Besides, they are effeminate arts and are in no sense intellectual forces.

(1.) Of the business geniuses, men remarkable for their ability to plan great enterprises and bring them to a successful termination, there are, I think, not more than seven of the first class in San Francisco. At the head may easily be placed the name of Collis P. Huntington. Mr. Huntington, it is true, has not resided here until very recently, but his influence upon the affairs of the city and State has always been potential, and since he became President of the Southern Pacific Company it has been immeasurably enlarged. That corporation employs twelve thousand men, every one of whom is more or less devoted to its interests. Mr. Huntington does not ask them to vote the Republican ticket, because he thinks the principles of that party are the best, nor does he ask them to belong to his club, go to his church, or have their washing done at his laundry. But he thinks and commands, and, like dutiful servants, they obey. The influence of the head of an aggregation of capital like this can hardly be underestimated. This is saying nothing about the deep mark the policy of such a corporation must make upon the topography and history of the State.

Next among the great business geniuses I should place Claus Spreckels. Mr. Huntington would have been a great man anywhere. Had he never engaged in building railroads he would have been a great editor, a potential politician, or a famous statesman. Mr. Spreckels does not rise to the level of Huntington in purely intellectual power, but in all the qualities which go to make up a consummater of great schemes, Spreckels has few equals in the country. His predominant characteristic is force of will; whatever he undertakes he never relinquishes. His sugar enterprises, his steamship corporation, and his other great interests were not conceived and executed by anything less than the highest type of business genius. His late successful fight against the sugar trust has stamped him as a great and skillful operator.

Among the business geniuses I should also place Irving M. Scott, the General Manager of the Union Iron Works. Less than twenty years ago Mr. Scott was an unpretentious iron founder. He is now one of the great steel ship builders of the world. The indomitable energy and perseverance he has displayed in building up the Union Iron Works would have made him great anywhere.

Senator George C. Perkins is entitled also to a place among the great business geniuses. He began life as a cabin boy upon a sailing ship. Later he kept a grocery store at Oroville, Butte County. Next he undertook the organization and development of a coast steamship service, which by degrees has grown into the rich and powerful Pacific Coast Steamship Company. Like the other three he has, without education or other artificial advantage, become a potential physical and intellectual leader. He has held the offices of State Senator, Governor, and United States Senator.

Lloyd Tevis, late President of Wells, Fargo & Co's Express Company, should also, I think, be enrolled among the business geniuses of San Francisco. Age has caused him to retire from active life, but his influence is still felt in the large circle in which he moves. His interests are extensive and important in both the city and State.

Among the business geniuses of San Francisco, though lesser in degree, I should place D. J. Staples, the insurance man. In the domain of underwriting, Mr. Staples, I think, is easily chief. As the leading spirit of the Fire man's Fund Company he has demonstrated the possession of business qualities of a high order. Lacking the daring and enterprise necessary to elevate him to the rank of Huntington and Spreckels, nevertheless, by keeping the Fireman's Fund at the fore front of insurance companies, in spite of the disasters which have befallen all

the other local concerns, he has made for himself a title to the position among business geniuses to which I have assigned him.

Of the same class is James B. Stetson. Mr. Stetson now wields and always has wielded a much greater influence in the business world than Staples, but the possibilities of his genius, like those of the great insurance man, are restrained by conservatism. He is a leader among merchants, however, a successful railroad operator, to some extent a politician, and naturally a man to whom his fellows look for wise counsel and well-considered action. Had Stetson been a bolder man he could easily have reached the greatest heights of business and political leadership.

(2.) The men called "conservative financiers" are, to use a plainer phrase, our money-grubbers. It is somewhat doubtful whether they contribute anything to the material advancement of a community. Like great sponges, they absorb the money of the people and take advantage of their misfortunes. Their leading principle being conservatism, they never take a risk or lead in enterprise. The sign by which they accumulate is "interest." But there is no denying the fact that the conservative financiers wield a tremendous influence in every community. When they say that a certain enterprise shall not have any money to push it along, it speedily expires. As a restraining or moralizing influence—as antidotes for windy booms and wild-cat schemes, as it were—the conservative financiers are necessary in every well-regulated society.

First among this class in San Francisco I should place Daniel Meyer. Mr. Meyer is a capitalist *par excellence*. He literally rolls in wealth, and if he lives a few years longer the fortune left by the late Nicholas Luning will not be a marker to his. He does not own a great deal of real estate, but he entertains and cultivates a weakness for gold, stock and bonds. He possesses a remarkable genius for discovering safe investments. I am told that the Building and Loan Associations of this city owe him well nigh a million dollars. He takes their securities and shells out the money with reckless prodigality. I know one association that is constantly overdrawn to him to the extent of $40,000 or $50,000. The interest derived from these investments is not high, but the risk is reduced to a minimum. Mr. Meyer's indulgence in them illustrates his conservative instincts.

Isaias W. Hellman, of the Nevada Bank, is the same type of a man. Like Meyer, he is a repository of the utmost confidence, because he never looks with favor upon wild-cats or has anything to do with risky enterprises. Mr. Hellman's methods have made him very wealthy. He is a large owner in Los Angeles as well as this city.

Another man on the same order is R. J. Tobin of the Hibernia Bank. Though less devoted to acquiring personal wealth than to making the Hibernia the great savings bank of the Coast—which it unquestionably is—Mr. Tobin is quite well off in this world's goods. In finance he is cautious and conservative, and well calculated to conduct safely the affairs of a great bank.

(3.) The great managers are those men who seem to lack the business genius to plan extensive enterprises, but who possess in a marked degree the ability to conduct them after they have been created. Such men, I have noticed, are always born gentlemen. They are suave, politic, argumentative, highly intelligent, and perhaps in any station in life would lead their fellows.

First among this class of leaders in San Francisco I should place Irwin C. Stump. Mr. Stump is remarkable for two things, either of which would have made him a notable man anywhere. One of them is his sunny nature and gentle disposition, and the other is his remarkable ability to dispatch business. I doubt if any one ever came in contact with Mr. Stump who did not leave him with the mental feeling that he was an "awfully nice man;" and I am sure that no one ever transacted business with him without being struck by his mathematical precision and capacity for deciding details. As a matter of fact Mr. Stump is an expert accountant of the first class. As manager of the interests of the Hearst estate and Haggin he receives a salary nearly equal to that of the President of the United States.

I think Colonel Fred Crocker is also entitled to a place among the great managers. He has had some advantages of birth and education, which are as a general thing denied to potential men (by the way, it is a curious fact that the leading spirits of every community are mostly of humble birth and self-educated), but without them it is pretty certain that Colonel Crocker would have been a leader. As Vice-President of the Southern Pacific Company he wields a powerful influence in the city, which circumstance alone precludes his exclusion from a list of potential men; but without that connection his personal power in the circle in which he moves is not to be underrated.

Among the great managers I should also place William H. Mills, Land Agent of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The ability displayed by Mr. Mills in the real estate department of the corporation with which he is connected, is not, in my opinion, altogether that which entitles him to a place among my potential men. He is an orator of the first class. There is scarcely a man in San Francisco to-day who can discourse so intelligently upon its material interests as he, and this, I take it, is equivalent to saying that there are none who understand them so well. Mr. Mills is also a writer of note. At Sacramento he formerly conducted the *Record Union*, in which journal, I believe, he still retains his interest and speaks occasionally. As a lawyer, Mr. Mills would have been a leader at the Bar; as a politician, it would only be necessary for him to divorce himself from the Railroad Company in order to rise to great heights; as an editor, he would be among the foremost. I think Mr. Mills lacks the creative faculty which distinguishes the business genius, but as a manager and developer of great enterprises he certainly belongs to the first class.

(4.) The intellectual leaders are those men who stand first at the bar. There are four in this city who, by virtue of the positions they have attained, are entitled, I think, to rank as belonging to this class of legal geniuses. A lawyer is not in any sense a producer. He adds nothing to the common store, and seldom has sufficient business ability to amass wealth for himself. But as a guide and director of the community in which he lives, his influence is surpassing. As he is practically the law-maker and the law-expounder, he can change the whole face of things with reason and argument.

First among our potential lawyers undoubtedly stands John Garber, the senior member of the firm of Garber, Boalt, Bishop & Wheeler. Mr. Garber is a Southern man to whom the peculiar accent of Dixie still clings. He is tall, spare, cool, brave, and intensely intellectual. His legal learning is profound, his experience vast and complicated, and his character such as to command respect everywhere. He is more serious than the late Hall McAllister, the greatest of our lawyers, and not quite so serious as the late Samuel M. Wilson. In some respects he is as great a lawyer as either of them.

I think Judge William T. Wallace is also entitled to a place among the great lawyers of San Francisco. Though lacking some of the qualities of a successful advocate, Judge Wallace is undoubtedly the profoundest jurist in San Francisco to-day. His legal learning is vast and extensive, and his personal appearance upon the bench ponderous and imposing. His influence in the Superior Court is almost beyond computation. With one exception, all the Judges seek his advice upon complicated points, and nearly every case of intricate law is ultimately referred to him. The fact that he was once Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, gives him a commanding influence as a *nisi prius* Judge among the lawyers.

I think D. M. Delmas, by virtue of his intellectual attainments, is entitled to a place among the potential lawyers of San Francisco. The theatrical nature of Mr. Delmas' mind, in my judgment, would have made him, had he not studied law, a great actor. I am told that he can play "Hamlet" with considerable effect as it is, and I can easily imagine that had he adopted the stage as a calling, he would have risen to the first rank among tragedians. This mental quality—the discernment of the effective points of any situation, those which overwhelm the judgment and enrapture the imagination—makes Mr

Delmas, in my opinion, the ablest trial lawyer in California. Like Napoleon, he gathers his artillery in spots and fires each park at the proper time to produce an effective result. In Court Mr. Delmas never asks an unnecessary question or makes an aimless objection. His arguments show the same precision of thought and calculation of effect. They read as well as they sound.

William F. Herrin, attorney for the Bank of California and the Spring Valley Water Works, and chief counsel for the Southern Pacific Company, is also a potential lawyer. He does not resemble any of the others in his mental methods. His predominant quality is reserve and diffidence. He abhors scenes and dislikes ostentation. Personally he is so modest that he has so far contrived to keep his photograph out of the hands of the newspapers. He has, in fact, become a potential man right under our very noses without so much as giving us a glimpse of his physiognomy or an idea of his personality. With all his reserve, however, Mr. Herrin is a bold and successful lawyer. Being safe and reliable counsel, he is trusted with great interests and wields a powerful influence. Among the things which distinguish him are his cool and collected mind and his polite and fascinating manners. Like Mr. Stump, he is generally pronounced an "awfully nice man."

(5.) There are not a great many young potential business men in San Francisco. This may be due to the fact that the younger element is as yet given more to the pursuits of pleasure than to the ambitions of business, or, perhaps, to a lack of the energy and push which distinguish the imported San Franciscan. But, nevertheless, I have selected three young men who I think ought to be included in any list of potential citizens. They are Frank S. Johnson, of the Johnson-Locke Mercantile Company, Ernest Lilienthal, the liquor dealer, and John D. Spreckels, son of the great Claus Spreckels. These three are potential for several reasons, the principal one of which is that they represent important mercantile interests. As the representative of a strong commercial company Mr. Johnson's potentiality is strongly felt in many directions; as the representative of the whisky trust Mr. Lilienthal is a man of much consequence, and as the local head of the Hawaiian Sugar Company Mr. Spreckels wields a widespread influence.

(6.) The potential men in journalism I should reduce to three—the men who control the three great morning journals of San Francisco. Perhaps there are writers on all of these newspapers who exercise much influence upon the people of the city—who might, indeed, be denominated intellectual leaders—but without the mediums owned by the three journalists referred to, (by whose sufferance they speak) they would at once relapse into editorial silence. So, for all practical purposes there are no potential men in journalism other than the proprietors of newspapers.

First among the potential journalists of San Francisco I should place George K. Fitch, conductor of the *Call* and *Bulletin*. In many respects Mr. Fitch is one of the most remarkable men of his time. He has owned a newspaper in California for upwards of forty years, and has studied all the phases of the State's material as well as journalistic development. He has always been and is yet a conservative force. He naturally sticks to the established forms of Society and business, and resists ill-considered innovations to the utmost. The *Bulletin* and *Call* in his hands, therefore, are a great power for upsetting things. As Mr. Fitch is rarely induced to advocate the cause of any men or measure, when he concentrates all his powers in opposition he deals most effective blows. He is a man of the most uncompromising integrity, of the highest and best morals, and being shrewd and intelligent is able to defend himself at all times from craft and chicanery. He is one of the few men in San Francisco who cannot be used by cunning schemers. As Mr. Fitch is generally known to be a moral and upright man, his character adds much to the influence of his newspapers. For this reason, probably, the *Bulletin*, although it has scarcely a fifth of the circulation of the great morning dailies, wields a greater political influence than all of them combined.

William R. Hearst, of the *Examiner*, is potential because he controls indubitably the greatest newspaper on the Pacific Coast. His journal is not remarkable for the solidity of its character, nor for the weight of its editorial utterances, nor for the consistency with which it pursues its political policies, nor for the depth of its reasoning on miscellaneous subjects; but in dash, brilliancy, vivacity, and what, for want of a better term, may be called "breeziness," the *Examiner* easily leads the Coast and has few equals in the United States. As a newspaper it is a *fin de siecle* journal in every respect. Mr. Hearst is still a very young man. As age creeps upon him the gravity and wisdom necessary to make his newspaper a great moral and political power will no doubt come to him. In the end, if he lives, he is certain to be one of the great editors of the country.

M. H. de Young, owner of the *Chronicle*, is a different manner of man from either of these. He is aggressive and enterprising, a "bull" where Fitch is a "bear," and not entirely devoted to journalism. His illustrious brother, Charles de Young, was the great editor of the *Chronicle*. He never permitted anything to interfere with the news idea. Being a man of deep and sound intellect, he brought to the treatment of public questions great mental power and profundity. During the life of Charles, M. H. de Young devoted his attention to the business department of the *Chronicle*, and when the paper, by the death of his brother, fell into his hands he found it difficult to change his system and become an editor. He has never, therefore, given more than a superficial attention to its editorial management. His managing editor, John P. Young, has long been the practical lord of the office. As the owner of the *Chronicle*, however, Mr. De Young's influence is always felt; but I think he is personally fitted for other work than journalism. De Young is an organizer and conductor of stupendous enterprises. This I knew and said before he undertook the Midwinter Fair. I think if things had fallen out differently with him, he would have been a great railroad builder or steamship man or conductor of immense corporate schemes. He possesses business genius of a high order, and were he not the owner of a newspaper I should place him in the class with Huntington, Spreckels, Perkins, Scott, *et al.* At all events, no list of potential men would be complete without him.

(7.) And lastly. Medicine and surgery can hardly be said to be a profession in which men become potential in the sense of exercising an influence upon the material advancement or retrogression of a city. But an eminence may be attained in that occupation which makes a man an influential member of a community. For representatives of this class I should select Dr. Younger, one of the greatest dental surgeons in the country, Dr. Chismore, a specialist who ranks with the foremost men of the world in his line, and Drs. Lane and Rosenstirn. These men are all types of classes in which they are foremost.

This completes my list of twenty-seven. A critical analysis of the character of some men who have been omitted might increase it, but not to any great extent, I think. It may now be asked, in what does the potentiality of these twenty-seven men consist?

A test could be presented thus: Suppose it were possible to assemble the entire twenty-seven in some convenient room and there induce them to agree upon John Doe for Governor of California or Mayor of San Francisco next year. And suppose John Doe were possessed of fair intelligence and a good character, does any one believe that he would not be nominated and elected?

Or, suppose these twenty-seven men were to agree that Golden Gate Avenue ought to be widened to make a magnificent driveway to the Park, or that manufacturing should not be carried on east of Van Ness Avenue and Eleventh Street, or that San Francisco needs a new sewer system and ought to be lighted with electric lights, or, in fact, that any other reasonable reform ought to be inaugurated here, would that reform be long in coming?

The essential question, then, is, can the same thing be said of any other twenty-seven men in San Francisco? If it can, then these twenty-seven men are not the potential men of San Francisco at all.

RAMBLES AMONG LOCAL ARTISTS

A COMICAL CHRONICLE CONCERNING CERTAIN CLEVER CHARACTERS

BY WILLIS POLK

ILLUSTRATED BY J. SWINNERTON.

KEITH has painted a new sunset. It is so vivid that it would light up the bottomless pit. Jimmy has caught the famous artist just as he stood in the glare of his great work. The little match girl, who is holding her eyes, couldn't stand the dazzling rays that the picture shed. Before she could escape from the studio her entire stock of matches was consumed. By most heroic work on our part we saved her life and prevented an awful conflagration. The genial artist, who wears his fame and honors like a true genius, always greets his visitor, of whatever station, sex, or previous condition of servitude, with a cigar.

As he has never been seen to smoke one from the same box, it is shrewdly suspected that they were presented to him by some rival artist.

The canvas on the left, just over the cigars, was painted by me. Keith admires it tremendously.

KEITH'S SUNSET.

Mathews never greets his visitors. He is too busy. He grunts his welcome. The young lady just entering his studio left home full of hope, enthusiasm, and an intense longing for encouragement. She would go to *Mathews* for sympathy and advice.

So with bounding heart and an elastic step she invaded Barbary Coast. Having climbed the rickety steps leading to where Carlsen used to muse she surprised Mathews at his work. She was in turn surprised by Mathews' cold greeting. All ambition, hope, and enthusiasm fled with that one grunt. Fled from that dismal studio, down those rickety stairs, through the squalor of Barbary Coast and on and up the steep inclines of Russian Hill till finally it reached a safe haven in the barn where the Ladies' Sketch Club holds forth. Mathews is cruel, but he is kind. He has probably deterred more aspiring young women from pursuing art as a pastime than the Midwinter Fair buildings have convinced people that they were built without being planned by architects.

Joullin is explaining why there is no canvas on his easel. His last one, entitled "The Rooster that Laid the Golden Egg," so fills his mind with visions of Fairyland and fables, that he fails to catch an inspiration for a new picture. His next before the last one represented a Chinese joss house. His fame then was great, in fact "Jay," as Monsieur Joullin is familiarly called, avowed that he could not excel that great work. It sold for a fabulous price, and the Bohemian Club held a high jinks in its honor.

Joullin never shows the book from which he gets his designs for costumes. But he is mighty clever and has a lovely studio. He gives the most charming Saturday afternoon concerts. He is also a great joker, is Monsieur Joullin. In fact, he was born in a "joss" house. When not conceiving a practical joke M. Joullin broods over his feud with Mathews and concocts a diabolical revenge. But does he paint? He never paints.

MATHEWS GRUNTS.

Yelland has a masterpiece. It is a series of pictures of "Mont St. Michel." He always greets his visitors with one. He has painted it at sunrise, at sunset, at moonrise, at moonset, at midday, at midnight, in sunshine, in shadow, on a bright day, on a gray day, with a cloudy sky, with a clear sky, from the north side, from the south side, from the east side, from the west side, and in fact from all sides. He has painted his beloved island in every mood and in every manner.

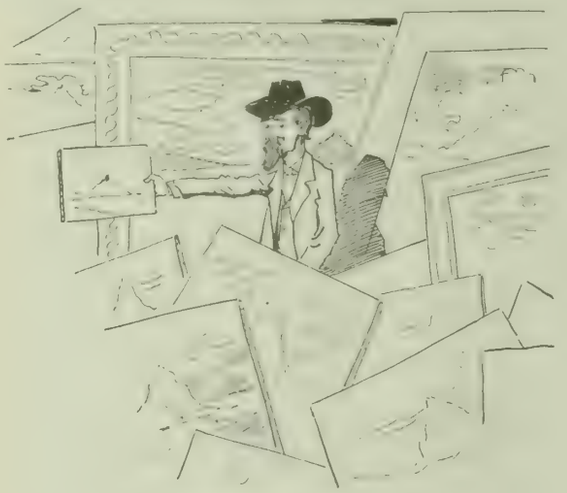
Yet he declares that he has not yet finished it. Always working at Mont St. Michel.

JOULLIN EXPLAINS.

Yelland's famous picture of the cities by the Golden Gate is over in the corner just back of the large canvas

on the right. If the reader will look on the other side of Jimmy's sketch he can see it. Turn the sketch over.

Latimer was not in when Jimmy and I called at his studio, but we found him over on the Alameda waterfront sketching. The tide had come up and surrounded



YELLAND'S MASTERPIECE.

him so that it would have required a boat to get near enough to receive his greeting. But he looked *it* and Jimmy has caught it in one of his happiest moments.

Latimer was painting a goose which once served as a still-life model for Carlsen. Carlsen's picture was so life-like that the goose, which was supposed to be dead, came to life and wandered off over to Alameda. Latimer caught it, and the goose, supposing that the artist was another still-life fiend, remonstrated, finally refusing downright to act as a model. Thereupon Latimer

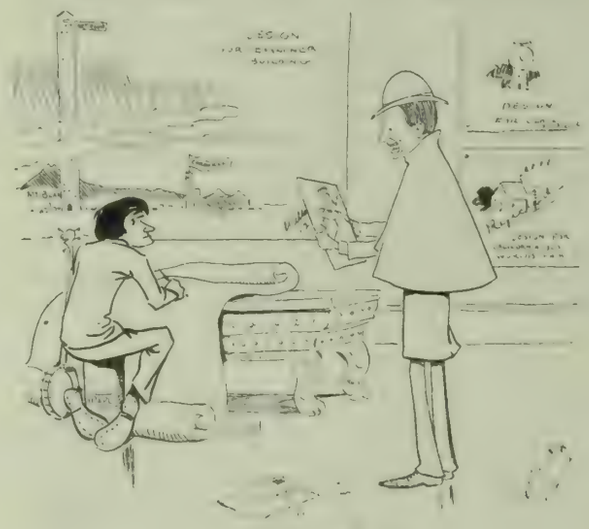
LATIMER'S GOOSE.

chained it to a stake and set to work painting a companion piece to Carlsen's still-life. The strange thing about it all is that while Carlsen's goose was supposed to be dead it looked alive, and though Latimer's picture is of a live goose it looks dead.

We were greeted by Miss Kleinhaus, at the joint studio of herself and the Misses Lundborg, Holden, and Schwaann, with an invitation to luncheon. Jimmy being young, inexperienced, and hungry, promptly accepted. I knew better as I have successfully survived numerous ordeals of a similar character at the Art Students' League in the old days when Mrs. Nealy O'Sullivan held forth as Bessie Curtis.

Miss Kleinhaus and her *confreres* noting the success that attended the League luncheons have inaugurated a like crusade against art and will doubtless succeed as well as the League did.

Jimmy, who is after all human and a villain, perpetrated another picture which the editor has promised me not to print. If he does I will build that *Examiner* Building higher than Mont Blanc. I will locate the Art Department in the hundred and twenty-fifth story, and when Jimmy is installed I will go up and throw him out.



BROTHER DAN.

Jimmy, who was the pet of the Art School and the favorite of his masters, is a pirate and a fraud for caricaturing them the way he does. But he won't dare to touch me or my brother Dan. Why! Dan would kill him.

A FROSTY DAY.

Grass afield wears silver thatch,
  Palings all are edged with rime,
Frost-flowers pattern round the latch,
  Cloud nor breeze dissolve the clime.

When the waves are solid floor,
  And the clods are iron-bound,
And the boughs are crystalled hoar,
  And the red leaf nailed a-ground.

When the fieldfare's flight is slow,
  And a rosy vapor rim,
Now the sun is small and low,
  Belts along the region dim.

—*Lord de Tabley.*

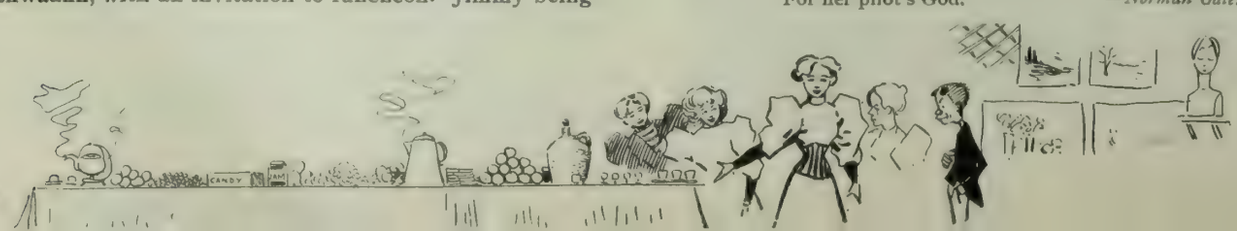
GOING SOUTH.

It is ever so far away
  For the swallows to fly;
And she peeped from an English thatch
  At a round of sky!

But the elders have told her tales
  Of the sister blues;
And she starts at the wink of dawn
  On her windy cruise.

She can tell her path in the void,
  Though her native sod
Was here in a Warwickshire lane;
  For her pilot's God.

—*Norman Gale.*



THE WAVE
A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter, by
J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

THE PALACE HOTEL.

ONE OF THE LARGEST AND FINEST STRUCTURES IN THE WORLD.

AMONG the great hostelries of the world there are none whose reputation has a wider range than that of the Palace Hotel of San Francisco. Tourists from all parts of the civilized world speak of its rich appointments, its elegant *cuisine*, and the uniform courtesy of its *attachés* in terms of the highest praise. The careful attention given by the management to the wants of its guests, the princely furnishings met with in every apartment, and the hospitality shown to all, render this hotel a merited favorite with the traveling public everywhere.

The Palace Hotel is without exception the largest and most magnificent structure dedicated to the traveling public. Located as it is in the very heart of San Francisco, it is accessible from every point, and from its doors transportation to any section of the city by rail may be secured. Entering the main portal and passing along a wide, tessellated hallway, one reaches the grand court, a feature found only in the European hotels of the better class. This unusual adjunct is one of great grandeur, covering as it does 12,000 square feet of the ground surface, and extending to the immense glass arched roof, nearly 150 feet above. From the topmost balconies the arms of gracefully swaying palms are seen, giving to the *mise en scène* a semi-tropical aspect which is indescribably charming. Here the delightful music and attractive *entourage* combine in a result truly unique, and one which long dwells in the memory of every visitor.

The office of the hotel borders on the grand court. It is spacious; its floor is handsomely tessellated, and its appointments rich in every respect. At night, when the hundreds of incandescent lights which stud the ceilings shed their soft light upon the surroundings, the scene is one of great beauty and splendor. The traveler is here welcomed by a corps of courteous *attachés*, who give the promptest attention to his welfare, and spare no pains to render his sojourn a pleasant one.

On the second floor of the hotel are located the three magnificent parlors. They are beautifully decorated in the Louis Quinze style, and the richly upholstered furniture, soft, cozy, and inviting, is in keeping with the general aspect of the rooms. There are three of these facing the eastern façade of the building, so arranged that, when occasion requires, they can be thrown into one, making, in fact, one grand *salon* easily capable of accommodating hundreds of persons.

One feature of the hotel that is especially admired for its convenience is the series of rooms, *en suite*, on all the floors. The arrangement in this respect is most perfect. By ingenuity of construction, rooms can be thrown into *suites* of from two to an unlimited number of apartments, the parlor of each *suite* having a large bay-window from which an unrivaled view without may be had. This innovation of the hotel management has met with popular favor, as it afforded Society people, whose desire to entertain at their homes was frustrated by lack of room, opportunity to meet their guests amid surroundings as secluded as in their own homes. The tapestry room of the hotel, a richly appointed chamber which resembles a veritable fairy bower, is also greatly used for select social gatherings.

The facilities for private dining parties is unsurpassed. The *cafe* is a spacious apartment having a seating capacity of two hundred. The decoration is charming, it being Francois Premier, white enamel and gold. The service to patrons here is one of the features of the *cafe*. Careful attendants, trained to the highest degree of perfection, are here in plenty, ensuing prompt and satisfactory service.

The banquet-hall is one of the most strikingly beautiful rooms in the hotel. Its decorations are exceedingly rich and tasty. Scarcely a week passes that it is not the scene of a brilliant assemblage of the social and political leaders of California. It is especially adapted to the accommodation of private dining parties, the *cuisine* and service being all that the most epicurean taste could desire.

Among the other features of the hotel is the grillroom, where meals *a la carte* are at all hours. It is much frequented by business men, who find it quiet, elegant, and attractive. The surroundings are exceedingly palatial in appearance, the principal finish being Italian marble of variegated hue. The billiard-room and bar adjoin the grillroom, the finish of both being in keeping with that of the grillroom, of which they practically form a part.

Throughout the building the general aspect of the finish and decorations is one of unrivaled beauty. Recently the hotel was thoroughly altered at an immense expense, but the result has shown that the money spent in this direction was not wasted. The mechanical appointments in the hotel are most extensive. Few people living in first-class hotels have any idea of the vast amount of machinery necessary to properly conduct the same. The ice plant, pumps for two artesian wells, dynamos, laundry equipments, machinery for the four great elevators, etc., completely fill the basement of this great establishment. In order to insure the entire safety of the guests, a well-trained fire department, thoroughly equipped for efficient work, is constantly kept on hand.

The exterior of the hotel has a rich and tasty appearance. The series of bay-windows extending from the second floor to the Mansard roof render rooms either on the Market or Montgomery Avenue fronts especially attractive. From the upper floors one has an excellent view of the bay with its myriad shipping, and the city stretching in undulating lines to the base of the Twin Peaks. It is these attractions, coupled with its unrivaled accommodations, that have made the fame of the Palace Hotel a household word everywhere. That its worth is duly appreciated in this city its constantly increasing patronage duly attests.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

San Francisco Savings Union, 526 California St., corner of Sansome; Branch, 1700 Market St., corner of Polk. For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1893, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth (4 1/6) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, the 2d of January, 1894.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

AMUSEMENTS

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & CO. — Proprietors
J. J. GOTTLOB ..... Manager
MR. CHAS. DICKSON
ADMITTED TO THE BAR
Beginning With Christmas Matinee
A TRIP TO CHINATOWN

BALDWIN THEATRE
A M PALMER'S STOCK COMPANY
FROM PALMER'S THEATRE, N. Y.
a Play Written by Oscar Wilde, entitled
LADY WINDEMERE'S FAN

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
KREELING BROS. - - - Proprietors and Managers
of our Great Christmas Festival
THE ISLAND OF JEWELS
Saturday Evening, December 23d
When this great spectacular operetta will be produced on a scale
POPULAR PRICES — 25 AND 50 CENTS

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Special Matinee Christmas
AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANZA CO.
DAVID HENDERSON
SIRBAD
YOU'LL BE SORRY IF YOU MISS
The Valley of Diamonds, Palace of Ivory and Gold, Marine Panorama
The Island of Palms, Palace of Nations
Grand Transformation Scene
SEATS SECURED TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE

NEW CALIFORNIA THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & CO. — Proprietors
J. J. GOTTLOB — Manager
OPENING CHRISTMAS MATINEE
HOYT'S
A TRIP
TO
CHINATOWN
63 Original Company From Hoyt's Madison Square Theatre, New York, CONSECUTIVE PERFORMANCES Longest Run in America

HIP, HIP, HURRAH!
MECHANICS' PAVILION
Saturday Eve. December 23d
HOMESTEAD PRIZE MASQUERADE BALL
Grand March at 9:30 P. M., preceded by a Mammoth
Music by 2d Artillery Regiment Band
ADMISSION, ONE DOLLAR
Tickets for sale at Goldstein & Cohn's, 822 Market St., and Wilson & Co's, 204 Kearny St., our only authorized agents
For further particulars see programme

THE BOSS OF THE UNITARIANS.

JOHN J. McDADE.

John J. McDade, our popular Sheriff, is one of the best known men in San Francisco, and the readers of the Christmas WAVE will pardon a short sketch of this well-known citizen. Mr. McDade was born in New York thirty-eight years ago, and was but two years old when his parents brought him to this city. He has resided here continuously since, and may be called a typical San Franciscan. He received his early education in the public schools, and is a graduate of both Lincoln Grammar and Boys' High School.

In 1879 his friends persuaded him to accept a nomination as Assemblyman, and he was elected. He served in the first Legislature under the New Constitution, and his record was commendable and honorable. He resolutely set his face against all reprehensible and cinch bills.

Mr. McDade served a term as Chief Deputy Superintendent of Streets, and to him is chiefly due the credit of preparing and securing the passage of the Vrooman Act whereby great improvements were made in the streets of our city. He made the assessments for grading Castro and Kentucky Streets, and Railroad Avenue, the street work of which amounted to over $300,000.

In the Pacific Bank case the appointment of Sheriff McDade as receiver of the institution inspired hope and confidence among the depositors, who felt that he would administer the affairs in their interests, and fearlessly perform his duties. The decision of the Supreme Court placing the affairs of the bank under the charge of the Bank Commissioners deprived him of the opportunity to render his valuable services to the depositors in winding up the affairs of the institution.

In the Navarro Mill case, involving over $500,000, the Sheriff was elected assignee by the unanimous wish of all of the creditors. There had been a warm contest for the position, but when in Court his name was proposed all opposition was withdrawn.

Sheriff McDade has made a new departure in the selection of juries, and juries now are beginning to find convictions. Mr. McDade personally attends to this work, and the era of the jury-briber seems to be at an end. This is a reform that will be appreciated by all law-abiding citizens. Every detail receives his personal attention, and all interests intrusted to his care have been guarded zealously and sacredly. Taken all and all the administration of the Sheriff's office for the past year has been one of the most creditable the city has ever had.

He has conducted his office to the entire satisfaction of the citizens generally, without regard to party; he has shown himself to be able, zealous, and painstaking, and the municipality never had a more competent and faithful servant. Mr. McDade is an affable and courteous gentleman, and his friends are legion. His wife is the daughter of Richard O'Neill, the well-known capitalist.

TOO MANY

to print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world, accompanied with photographs of beautiful babies. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food.

The famous Rebagliati Spanish Quintette may now be engaged to furnish music for receptions, concerts, dinners, teas, weddings, etc., etc., by addressing J. M. Shawhan, Manager, 211 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

N. B.—These musicians do not play music for dancing.

JUDGE WALTER H. LEVY.

HOW A YOUTHFUL ATTORNEY HAS WON HIGH POSITION.

Judge Walter H. Levy was born in Georgia in 1854 and received his first preparatory education in that State. He graduated from the University of South Carolina in 1870, and immediately began the study of law. Two years later he was admitted to practice, when but eighteen years of age. At that time he was the youngest attorney in the State. In 1875 he came to California and at once commenced practice. He soon gained popularity, and in a short time was chosen Prosecuting Attorney in this city. He filled this position for three years. In 1885 he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court by Governor Stoneman, and in 1887 was elected to the same position to fill an unexpired term. In 1888 he was re-elected for the full term of six years. The following January he was chosen by the twelve judges as presiding judge. His career has been one of singular success from early life. The remarkable talent and the intellectuality he displayed from early boyhood have never diminished. His gift of oratory, his magnetic presence, and his geniality and courtesy, combined as they are with firmness and the courage of his honest convictions, have raised him to an unequaled position among his legal brethren and fellow-citizens.

EATON'S MUSIC STORE.

Among the old-time and reliable music houses there is none better or more widely known than that of Charles S. Eaton, at 735 Market Street. Mr. Eaton is an old Californian, and first entered the music business twenty-five years ago, and has been at his present location eleven years. His stock of musical instruments and sheet music is one of the most extensive to be found anywhere. Many of the choice pianos and organs used throughout the city were furnished by him, his patronage being of the best music-loving classes. Mr. Eaton's trade extends all over the Pacific Coast, the direct result of his system of showing a uniform courtesy to every customer. The large local trade which he enjoys has been gained by his painstaking effort to please all, and the knowledge of the public that his word is its own guarantee. The corps of clerks maintained by him are attentive and courteous, and reflects credit upon the establishment.

FRENCH OPINION OF CALIFORNIA.

The Paris *Figaro*, of December 5th, compliments California on its large contingent of refined inhabitants. The writer derives his favorable opinion from the fact of 15,000 cases Pommery Sec Champagne having been imported in one year, and adds that a country in the far West with only 1,000,000 population, consuming such quantities of fine wines must be surely progressive in culture.

Huber's Orchestra, known as the Hungarian Orchestra, furnishes excellent music for receptions, weddings, and other entertainments Address: Mr. V. Huber, 420 Eddy Street, or Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

THE HALF-TONE PROCESS.

HOW PHOTOGRAPHS ARE REPRODUCED FOR LITERARY PURPOSES.

The method of illustrating high-class journals by the half-tone process is meeting with general favor in art and literary centres of the world. The process is a new one comparatively, it being practically unknown ten years ago. Its introduction in San Francisco dates back about four years, and it instantly sprang into popular favor. THE WAVE was among the first to adopt the method, believing that the imprint of the photograph itself was superior to lithography in every respect. That this supposition was a correct one the history of the process has amply proved.

The gentlemen to whom is due the credit of introducing the half-tone process in this city are J. D. Bolton and N. B. Strong, whose establishment is located at 430 Pine Street. Confident in the future success of their process, they opened up an unostentatious establishment and began their work in a small way. It was not long, however, before the beauties of the new illustrations which appeared in local journals about that time attracted attention to these new aspirants for public favors. The result has been a series of triumphs, which has made the firm name of Bolton & Strong famous among literary men, and devotees of art from Victoria to Guatemala, and even to Australia.

The half-tone process is an interesting one, but few persons know just how the perfect facsimile of a photograph is printed on paper such as THE WAVE uses. In the first place, the picture designed for reproduction is photographed on copper through a screen of finely ruled lines, thus giving the negative those fine dots, which are, in fact, the true value of all photographs, and which may be seen by closely scanning any half-tone in this issue. This photographic process completed, the copper negative is submerged in chloride of iron, which etches the picture and leaves all those points affected by the light raised. This done the copper plate is placed on a block to which it is securely tacked and the edges carefully planed with a tool especially designed for that purpose. This finishes the half-tone, and it is virtually the photograph itself, for not a single point that photography brings out in the ordinary photograph has been lost in transferring the negative on polished copper.

The screen is not employed in line work, that is, pictures drawn in outline only. Zinc is used for this work, the product being known as a zincograph. Nitric acid is the agent employed in "biting" out that portion of the zincograph which should not be printed, and leaving exposed the delicate lines which form the body of the picture. The process, when viewed by a spectator, appears quite simple, but a vast deal of knowledge and experience are required to produce a satisfactory photogravure. Every phase of the work, photographing, printing, etching, and blocking is performed by an expert, who must not only be possessed of a fine eye, but a delicate appreciation of art and all that pertains thereto.

Messrs. Bolton and Strong are artists who take intense pride in all work performed by them or under their instructions. The result has been an improvement in the half-tone process, which may be deemed remarkable, and to which there appears to be no limit. With the forward strides this art is now taking it is only a question of a brief period when it will supplant lithography entirely.

THE MANIPULATOR

AN EPISODE OF SOCIAL SAN FRANCISCO

AN EVENT of considerable magnitude in the career of Miss Mabel Brewton, it can hardly be claimed that her debut constituted a sensation at large. The family prestige of her mother and the connections her father had so discreetly cultivated imposed on the occasion a mild form of social importance. The daughter of so distinguished a lawyer, she attracted some of the attention the world devoted to his personality. In the papers she had figured as a young personage of distinction and beauty. She was spoken of as an addition to her circle, and the fashionable world had been bidden to her debut. Their set had determined Miss Brewton should be made as much of as circumstances justified, and, being decidedly presentable, she afforded an excellent excuse for the special efforts put forth for her. An unusual self-possession which the clear-cut delicate lips too obviously betrayed, gave this *debutante* a poise of manner beyond her years. She accepted deference as a personal tribute rather than the expression of vicarious homage. However, the point of view of the most naturally worldly of maidens is subject to contraction or expansion as she learns the value of distance and foreground in the social landscape.

Palms and women, roses, violets, and a few men filled the drawing-room of Mrs. Brewton's new home on Pacific Avenue. In the midst of a bevy of buds her daughter stood—a slender maiden, whose face told something of her mother's disdainful prettiness and of her father's urbane intellectuality. A touch of color in her cheeks and a shining eagerness in the large blue eyes revealed the excitement she so ardently hoped to conceal. She wished to float into Society with the cool indifference of one to the manor born. It is difficult, alas, to be impassive when one's heart bounds at a footfall and throbs at a touch of the bell, but, in comparison to the animation of her assistants, Miss Brewton was serenely unconcerned. They were all such young, vivacious creatures, whose delight at emancipation from girlhood they were far too ingenuous to conceal. The well-worn compliments of the industrious dancer had for them the charm of novelty—who should inform them how thoroughly the personality of each young gentleman was identified with his mode of homage, who explain that devotion to mercantile pursuits leaves slight opportunity for turning novel phrases of adulation? However, it is the mere admiration that enraptures; in later years they become critical of expression and cynical as regards sincerity.

That they were worthy subjects for the active eulogy of the most passive of admirers, who might deny? Had not the unerring Harrington, the *beau* of seasons innumerable, pronounced the crop the finest in his experience. He had figured as a member of the younger set in the early sixties.

This interesting old exquisite had just entered with Mrs. Strother, and with critical eyes stood surveying the group.

"Charming, really," he said, "such a lovely room, too—the palms—and those rose buds, and those dear, pretty girls. Fanny, that tall girl there, is almost as handsome as you when you appeared at Mrs. Lyon's big ball an æon ago, and to-day there's not a line on your face and your complexion is like a tea rose."

Mrs. Strother, a personage who talked up to the standard of a carefully cultivated reputation for brilliancy, smiled, and addressing her retort to Mrs. Brewton, who had appeared to them at the moment, said:

"Our friend here has a talent for rounding off his melancholy reminiscences with sugary fictions. Just as though his memory of my debut in the dark ages is pardoned by the winter roses he insists are blooming on my face. His tone of paternal surprise implies the question, 'However do you keep them there?'"

"My dear Fanny, you must remember you are still a *debutante* to me."

"Yes, but you talk to every woman as though she were only eighteen—flattering, possibly, but hardly exciting." Mrs. Strother assumed her air of victory—her favorite attitude for the delivery of verbal thrusts.

"Ah, Fanny forgive the eccentricity of an old man, who prefers first childhood to second," he returned.

"Bravo, Mr. Harrington!" said Mrs. Brewton, permitting herself a mild degree of enthusiasm. "You have scored this time. How you bright people can think of such cutting things to say, I cannot conceive."

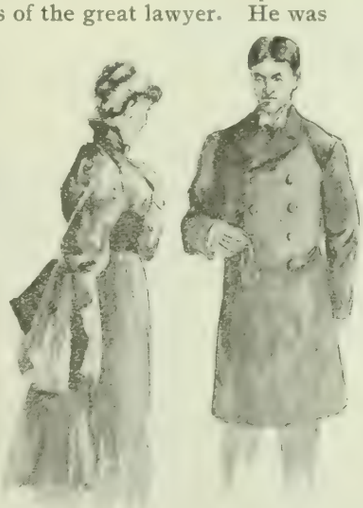
"Ah, my dear," whispered Mrs. Strother, confidentially, "you and I know how much cleverer it is not to say all the sharp things one thinks."

There was a slight blush on the cheeks of the hostess as she moved away to clasp the outstretched hand of a new visitor in a swell gown. A chance sentence, barbed at both ends, had lost her husband his best client.

By this time the pretty drawing-room was comfortably filled. A murmur of music floated in from the hall mingling with the buzz of small talk in a confused undertone. Stray shreds of sentences and disjointed snatches of melody detached themselves from the hum like the theme of a *fugue* above the chords of its accompaniment. Already the formation of cliques was in progress. Round the standards of the several matrons their adherents gathered. From group to group roved the men, half a dozen, all told, in long frock coats and

chrysanthemums, passing onwards that small change of compliment and greeting which forms the currency of social intercourse. At rapid intervals the groups swayed hither and thither, or dissolved to permit the entrance of new arrivals who ran the gauntlet of greetings on their way to the hostess.

Even the critical detected no incongruity between Mrs. Brewton and her bric-a-brac. She blended admirably into her background. The suspicion that the faint lilac of her admirably hung gown was chosen for its value against the soft olive of the walls or the pale gold of the *portières* was probably justified. The effect, however, was none the less admirable. A tall, graceful woman whose constraint of manner was accentuated by the aristocratic curve of a rather prominent nose, she welcomed her guests with modified cordiality. But her voice had a separate modulation for everyone—a whole gamut of inflexions ranging from the delicate familiarity of her reception of Mrs. Grandison's compliments to the patronizing urbanity with which she listened to the congratulations of Mrs. Johnson. The former had a house on California Street and a husband with two millions; the latter was the wife of Mr. Brewton's last client. The pet pretension of this rather interesting personage was pedigree. She had cultivated it in self-defense while her husband was acquiring a practice; she maintained it as a form of individuality after his success had conferred distinction on her. Besides, it enabled her to keep at a proper distance the patrons of the great lawyer. He was a modern practitioner who entertained the judiciary at dinners and insisted on inviting Supervisors' wives to Mrs. Brewton's receptions. He was domestic in his habits, invariably spending his evenings dictating briefs. He had a passion for music, but refused to permit his daughter learn the piano.



Under a magnificent palm in the bay-window a group of the prettiest buds were listening eagerly to the delicate sarcasms which fell from the lips of old Mr. Harrington. His shrewd, quick eyes darted from face to face, noting with amused interest their fascinated attention. He was immoderately worldly, knew everything that was not worth knowing; his cynicisms were as subtle as they were cutting, and he was dogmatic about nothing but porcelain.

"My dears," he lisped in the drawling affected tone of voice he assumed when talking to girls, "it is better than any of you know to be young; remain eighteen until you marry, and then cultivate a knowledge of your husband's business. The average man knows little about half the things you are familiar with. He is also profoundly indifferent to his ignorance. Some of you may find a genius or a newspaperman who is fluent with misinformation, but remember the law of compensation deals severely with clever people. For a partiality in that direction I have known a nice girl pay heavily. She is still in love with her husband, though. Perhaps that is something."

"But love is out of date, Mr. Harrington. Mrs. Strother says marriages are no longer made in heaven but in isolation," laughed Miss Grant, a piquant young creature, with brilliant eyes and lips of cherry.

"My dears, take the word of a weary old man for it—love is the vital issue, the soul of life. It is the only sensation that really thrills more than five moments."

"But you are still unmarried?" queried another *debutante*.

"Yes, but I am still in love. By remaining single I preserve all my illusions, and still find pretty girls interesting."

"In the role of listeners," interrupted Mrs. Strother, who had joined the group. "But who is it that Maude Arlington brings in—a new man? Really Gerardes was nothing to her. It is her third discovery this season."

"He is an invention patented by Nathan Dundas—not a discovery, Fanny—that is Arthur Paget."

"Why, he must be the man of whom I have heard papa speak so frequently," put in Miss Brewton, gazing earnestly at a thick-set, clean-shaven individual, whose face seemed to indicate by its fixed lines a deal of earnestness mixed with a certain power.

"Did he tell you that Paget's silent oratory is more eloquent than the rhetoric of any other member of the bar?" asked Harrington, looking inquiringly at the self-poised young maiden beside him.

"No; but I heard him say his best arguments are not made in Court," she replied, innocently.

"Which doubtless means," put in Mrs. Strother, reprovingly, "that his advice is admirable. But here is Maude; she is bringing Mr. Paget to present him."

The impression conveyed at an introduction is seldom distinctive. It is a tense personality that flashes its force at a casual meeting. The suggestion of Paget's face was indifference and reserve. There was little color in his cheeks; the thin set lips, the cold blue eyes told of concentration, industry, and self-control—rather the face of one who has triumphed over desires or forgotten illusions than that of the brilliant man of affairs his successes proclaimed him.

"You are not like the Mr. Paget I expected to see," said Miss Brewton, *naively*, after the formality was over with. "My father says you can do everything, and I am certain it would not be worth your while."

"Mr. Paget is an enigma," interrupted Miss Arlington. "You might believe him patient and impassive because he is always so collected and speaks softly, but I believe it is his way of concealing an impassioned temperament."

"But Mr. Paget can afford to appear passive," said Mrs. Strother. "His processes seem as certain as fate. He always wins in the end."

Mr. Paget frowned a little. He said:

"That is due, Madame, to the errors of my opponents."

"Would you not like to lose for variety?" asked Miss Brewton, laughing. "I should think certainty would deprive even victory of satisfaction."

"My dear Miss Brewton, Mr. Paget is *fin de siècle*. He never loses—he compromises," said Mr. Harrington, cynically. "Nowadays one settles indefinite propositions out of Court."

"It is good of you to furnish an explanation of the discussion," remarked Mrs. Strother rather to the relief of Paget whose attention had seemingly wandered to a glimpse of sunset revealed by the parted hangings—hills shimmering in haze, rising out of a shining surface of water—a composition in faint purple, pale blue and dark green—the familiar landscape of a Pacific Avenue perspective.

"What a glorious evening it is," he said, drawing the curtain back.

"Is that how I'm rewarded for changing the subject?" asked Mrs. Strother out of the silence which fell on the group.

"I'm sure Mr. Paget would not mar the perfection of your climax," said Miss Arlington rather tartly. She was a stately, dissatisfied young woman, whose faculty at characterization was distinguished for anything but charity. Audacity was her strong point, though she affected complaisance for effect. Her contrasts, however, were occasionally more masterly than her conversation, though intuition had little enough to do with either.

"Maude is rather uneven to-night," remarked Mrs.

Strother to Harrington after the group dispersed. "She must have persuaded herself that the new man has intentions."

"Perhaps it is only that she has been told he possesses an income."

"Evidently it is time you went home," she returned, laughing. "You are absolutely uncharitable."

"Let us go, then, before I'm introduced to more *debutantes*," he said. "I've exhausted my compliments, and I never repeat myself save at long range."

It was an atmosphere of pale gold they went out into—a dim landscape full of the detail of dark houses whose weird pinnacles and incongruous cupolas were almost aerial in the evening light. Some of its own delicacy the soft glow lent to that fantastic array of uncongenial porticos and irreconcilable façades we call the Western Addition. It gilded the disorder of pilasters and chastened the confusion of carvings. Through gaps in the files of mansions Tamalpais stood out bold in dark purple against the delicious azure of the evening sky. The witchery of its beauty was upon them as they strolled silently along.

"You are thinking what there will be for dinner tonight," said Harrington, looking quizzically at her.

"And you—what will you think of, now that has been said?"

CHAPTER II.

The current impression of Nathan Dundas was confusing. He was a figure in San Francisco, a light of the commercial world, a beacon among bankers, an equal in the clique of land barons, a name to conjure with in mining, finance, or politics. Yet he had imputed to him half the crimes in the Penal Code; his enemies asserted he had robbed widows and orphans and accused him of assassination by proxy. To those whom he had worsted in deals he was the typical sharper, his wealth was plunder, his liberty a reflection on law, he was unprincipled, rapacious, malignant. Yet the record of Nathan Dundas was unsullied, his credit was unimpeachable, his contracts scrupulously lived up to, and no man dared say he had done him a wrong. Like that of many another, his wickedness was an impression largely based on envy; his sin was success.

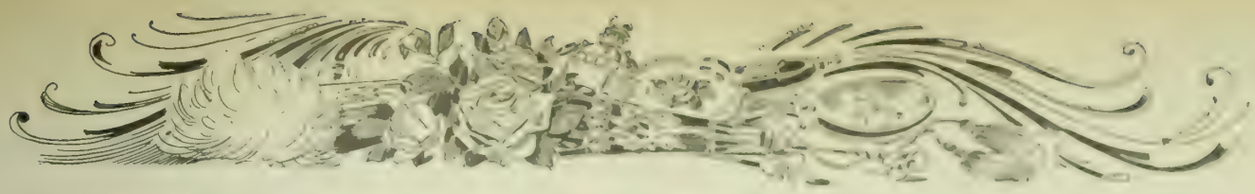
A great man has little mercy in San Francisco. The most jealous as it is the most individual of communities, the prosperity of one is held to reflect on the adversity of the rest. Populated by an invasion of adventurers, by gold-hunters and gamblers, by the restless, the ambitious, the unscrupulous of the world, it has more characters than it has character, more orators than eloquence, more claims than it has grasp. At once it is the most opulent and the most sordid, the most cynical and most optimistic of cities. It glares with antitheses. Openly vicious in some quarters, it is rampantly virtuous in certain sets. The daring Pioneer, willing to risk his fortune on the turn of a card or an ankle, has degenerated into the most timorous of merchants. For the dash and audacity of the past there is substituted a cold aridity that saddens, a chill scepticism that finds philanthropy self-seeking and generosity a blind. San Francisco has neither heroes nor hypocrisy.

Speculating on the characteristics of the community, Mr. Dundas considered time wasted; he preferred to reserve his dealings for the material. In the years of his highly successful career he had helped to make more history than any of his contemporaries—that most of it was still secret showed how well he knew men. Noted for his possessions rather than for his achievements, his influence was tremendous because it was continually in action. For anyone who had served him, or whose gratitude might be useful, he would go to the extreme of effort. Though he never participated in politics, save with a subscription, he had more men in office than the bosses. Withal he was not generous, save of his time, but he never moved without a motive. Yet these are but the exterior characteristics of a man whose personality pervaded his community, who had neither friends nor intimates, who confided nothing even to his bookkeeper, but whose Christian zeal was above suspicion.

The recognition of Nathan Dundas was the turning point in the life of Arthur Paget. Born of poverty-stricken parents, he inherited refinement and aspirations from his mother, who was of aristocratic origin, and tenacity from his father, who had industry and good looks without the capacity to guide the one or profit by the other. He knew life in a variety of phases, did the rising young lawyer. He began as cash boy in a clothing store, and figured later as the Mercury of a collection agency. Jonas Buell, the great lawyer, who had dabbled slightly in phrenology, found himself wondering what a projection in the youngster's head meant, and, in the interests of science, hired him as office boy. He found a treasure of intelligence and promptness, but the meaning of the bump escaped him. It was more difficult to reconcile the youth's docility with the development of firmness and obstinacy his cranium indicated. Mr. Buell knew not the lesson of the clothing store. In this new environment Paget found himself at peace. He flourished like a vine under glass, studied law and the newspapers, and had graduated from the Hastings College when called on to be pall-bearer at his patron's funeral. The great man bequeathed him the remnant of an extensive library; success had deserted his latter years.

Mr. Paget set up his codes and reports in an office of his own and spent a year or two examining authorities for prominent practitioners. He wrote briefs that his patrons sustained their reputations on, and might have won excellent associations had he been less taciturn. But it is difficult to generate geniality on a starvation diet, for in the meatime Paget *père* had given up the problem and on Arthur devolved the care of his mother. However, he found a flaw in a land title one rather blissful day—a flaw that had escaped the experts—and then fortune sent him an emissary in the person of Nathan Dundas. If there was anything that individual loved more than minding other people's business on commission, it was discovering young men. He was curious to credit the flaw to chance or capacity, and after an hour's talk decided Paget would reflect brilliantly on his penetration. Two recommendations sent the young lawyer's income from seventy-five dollars a month to as many hundreds per year—from penury to affluence.

The responsibility of his *protégés* weighed heavily on Nathan Dundas. Their competence to work out salvation for themselves seemed an assumption he was incapable of entertaining. He made it a custom to confess them at proper intervals, and administered censure or



commendation with the impartiality of a mentor. His visits were an incentive to progress, for, prodigal as he was of advice, he was also fertile in suggestion. He delighted in problems that required manipulation, and with the machinery of his complex interests, he could achieve results that to them were incomprehensible. But this concern was not confined to material details; it extended to the intricacies of their domestic welfare. Two of his discoveries had married heiresses, a third he was engaged in introducing to Society. Only Paget resented his interference and declined the proffer of matrimonial pilotage. Ambitious though he was for distinction, he knew the danger of subjecting to the control of this pervading individuality his private life. In the eyes of his patron it was only the great ability of the young lawyer that justified this independence.

The day after the Brewton tea found Dundas in the office of his *protégé*.

"So you have come to my way of thinking, after all," he said, the business between them being disposed of. He smiled in a congratulatory way on Paget.

"You are generally right, sir." The young man looked up inquiringly. "But to what specific instance do you refer?"

"Why, Brewton tells me you were at his daughter's reception yesterday with Dr. Arlington's girl. Of course, you know the old gentleman is in Greyson's suit, and wants a lawyer to look after his interests. I was astonished to find you grown politic."

Paget laughed—in a deprecating way.

"I'm afraid you will never make an artist of me, sir," he said. "I merely went at Miss Arlington's invitation. She insists I am narrow-minded from too much seclusion, and has contracted to widen my range."

"That is it," Dundas smiled, approvingly. "I hope she will find you more amenable than I do. Had Mr. Paget taken the line I marked out for him three months ago he would have had three cases that Brewton got through his wife. Cultivate connections, boy—marry some woman who will affiliate you with the old families. Nowadays a professional man must have backing or his abilities will not yield an income. Your talent will never develop until some clever woman modifies your unamiable proprieties. Miss Arlington is very capable.

The capitalist spoke with a conviction that brooked no contradiction.

"Where had you been, Arthur, with Johnson and Jones in that Bayhas case, but for the aid I gave you through my son's wife. No, clever as you are and ambitious, you seem blind to the most obvious lessons of experience. Without marriage a man cannot counteract the disadvantage of being self-made. But you must choose with deliberation."

"But it is the women who choose. You know, sir, the modern philosophers have decided that man is married. It is not a question of selecting, but decidedly, of being selected."

Paget smiled a little sadly at his own cynicism.

Nathan Dundas frowned slightly. The father of the woman he married had failed shortly after their wedding. The incentives to his proposal were her social position and her indifference. He found later she loved him madly and grew tired of her. To his method of living her death made no difference. But the contraction of his brow Arthur Paget construed as a rebuke to his cynicism.

"You have done too much for me, sir. If I allow you to do more, I shall lose title to myself," he said. "Whether you care or not, I'm very grateful—grateful enough to——" He hesitated—his voice shook a little.

"To what?" said the capitalist, curiously. Gratitude was not a piece in his game. The pleasure of subjection—the joy of stamping his individuality on that of younger men more than repaid his industry for them. His philanthropy being pure vital energy, he asked nothing for his good offices but obedience.

Paget looked at him and said nothing. There was a slight pause.

"A remarkable old gentleman is Arlington," resumed Dundas. "He is director in three banks and four corporations, and at their meetings is silent. Yet the success of each is attributable to his management. His opinion is never asked, for it is worthless, but his orders are obeyed, as they seem inspired."

"I have heard him talk nothing but bacteriology. I've striven in a hundred ways to connect him and his fortune," returned Paget reflectively. The habit of analysis was strong within him.

Dundas smiled diplomatically.

"He spoke about you yesterday—it was in relation to a deed you have. 'Paget,' he said, 'young man—you're too fond of young men, Dundas—talks books to my daughter, Paget does—reads too much to know law.' Then he looked inquiringly at me—proof positive, my boy, that he considers you——"

"Considers me? In what light?"

"In the light of a prospective son-in-law, I suspect. He is not given to careless or motiveless inquiries. Marry Miss Arlington, Paget, and I'll send you to the Senate."

To doubt his ability never occurred to the lawyer.

"Remember," he said, fixing Paget's eyes with a quick, concentrated glance—a look saturated with hypnotic suggestiveness.

"As though I could forget," thought the lawyer, as his patron left the office.

Without vanity, Paget had the belief in his own powers that success and palpable intellectual supremacy foster. In his scheme of life, matrimony had figured as a contingency rather than a necessity demanding consideration. To all the precepts of the millionaire he had been deaf. But the suggestion that he could marry Maude Arlington set him speculating exultingly; it revealed horizons of achievement beyond his boldest aspirings. Within him, too, was the longing for recognition that comes to men whose past has been a problem. They realize how limited, after all, is the arena of their victories. Half aloud, he said to himself:

"What is Dundas scheming for?"

CHAPTER III.

In the meantime the great capitalist had taken the elevator and with characteristic precipitancy was dashing toward California Street. There was something almost dramatic about the power of his face when the execution of a project excited his faculties. The coarse mouth with its suggestion of avidity and resistless will was firmly set; his dark eyes glowed with an earnestness that was mesmeric. The celerity of his walk, the quick decisiveness of his strides were indicative of an intense vitality elated by action. A few moments later he was in the white and gold drawing-room in which Mrs. Strother's guests were welcomed. She received him with a graciousness that was the most subtle of compliments. He pressed his lips to her fingers.

"You must have the elixir, Fanny," he said. "You are younger than either of my daughters-in-law who are not twenty-four. I feel a wreck beside you."

An admiration for physical vigor they had in common; it was by no means the only point of resemblance. She had some of that audacity of conception and energy of will that made him a figure.

Mrs. Strother had ages ago attained the privilege of an individuality. She was clever, fascinating and daring; she rode wild horses or a bicycle with equal unconcern, and compelled her friends to so much in the way of explanation that they had long ceased talking about her. Her exploits evoked no remonstrances save a shrug; she had all the prerogatives of genius without the responsibility. It is true her reputation was spotless. The maintenance of so unique a pose is due either to great art or greater simplicity. Fanny Strother had strong inclinations, found her own sex lacked manliness, and that some men were as clever as she thought herself. She lived in a pretty villa on Taylor Street, entertained Society in her white and gold parlors during the afternoon, and gave supper parties at midnight to half a dozen chosen journalists. She was a belle in both sets, amused the *beau monde* with the *bon mots* of her Bohemians, and

excited the ecstasy of her intellectual satellites by the perfection of her mimicry.

Her rendering of dialogues between Mrs. A. and Madame B.—stars in the California Street social firmament—was as inimitable as the art which enabled her to display at Mrs. Crœsus' dinner party the idiosyncrasies of Mr. Jones, poet and special writer, was irresistible. The triumph of her skill, however, revealed itself in the segregation of her sets. Never once did the orbit of respectability impinge on the ellipse of Bohemianism. Each regarded the indulgence of the other as the gratification of their hostess' eccentricity. She was far too clever to permit either to suspect how amusing the other found it.

Maud Arlington was the sole woman admitted to the confidence of her intimacy. Alternately attracted and repelled by the cynicism of her wit and her indifference to sentiment, Mrs. Strother cultivated the friendship of the millionaire's daughter, who in return treated her to a degree of admiration that verged on adoration, and the adventures of the younger set.

"You have come to ask me something," she said. He educated all his friends to serve him.

"You know Paget—young lawyer—rising?"

"I have met him."

"Does he impress you?" Dundas looked at her keenly. "He is to be a somebody one of these days."

"You are interested in him?"

"Very much. I have helped him. I shall help him further, provided he marries as I wish."

"And—whom have you selected for him?"

"Maude Arlington. The influence of her father, the position they have he requires to make a career. Besides, he is already pleasing to the Doctor."

"And what am I to do?"

"To you I leave that, Fanny. The girl is a friend of yours. She must marry some time—why not Paget rather than some popinjay? You will do it for me."

She reflected. A hundred constructions of his request flashed through her mind. Like Paget she questioned the motive; she longed to learn the premises and the deductions of the proposition. She attempted to fathom his face. It was as expressionless as a mask.

"If you will say it is for the best interests of Maude I will help," she said, finally.

"Marriage is a lottery, Fanny. One never knows. Paget is a prize, though. His habits are as correct as his manners. It is a pity he cannot be persuaded to go to church."

Mr. Dundas' strategy did not include the pinning himself to so problematical a contingency. There were always side door and fire escapes to his assertions.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Arlington's dissatisfaction with existence reflected the height of her ideal rather than the deficiencies of her environment. Her father had some reputation and a million dollars; her mother was obedient and highly respectable. She was continually in circulation, and frankly alive to the intellectual deficiencies of her admirers. From them she exacted homage, gossip, and violets, with a distinct preference for the last. At managing *affaires* she was exquisitely dextrous and was regarded by careful mothers as an admirable educational influence. The stamp of her approval was a *cachet* to the innermost circles of exclusiveness, but the operation left scars. If she occasionally complained of ingratitude it might be remembered that in certain humors she would have tried the patience of a monument.

In the first year of her social career Miss Arlington discovered the value of positiveness. Urbanity, she realized, developed no personages, while charity in conversation kept nice girls at home. To be individual one required opinions and some impertinence, the expression being of importance rather than the principle. Physically, this disillusionized young woman was less angular than her characteristics might indicate. She was erect in figure, with a squareness of shoulders that her costumes accentuated. She had gray eyes, red lips, and a voice of peculiar penetration. A dimpled chin relieved the severity of her strongly-marked eyebrows and the arrogance of her nose.

"Your new man is half interesting, Maude," said Mrs. Strother, patronizingly to her. "He seems impressed with himself, which is rather a good sign. Mr. Dundas finds him clever and, I believe, has aided materially in the creation of his *clientelle*. But what part is he assigned in your performance?"

"A three-line role," said the girl, laughing. "He is a friend of my brother, who has quite a passion for him and thinks life is not worth living unless Arthur Paget dines with us once a week. He has but recently become aware of my existence—a condescension I am learning to appreciate. Will you believe it—that creature has actually read Henley and talks enthusiastically of Henry James? I cannot imagine why he listens to papa's bacteriology. He must realize the Doctor is only scientific to preserve his illusions. No one is more authoritative on real estate."

"Ambition makes a good listener. I am told your friend is to be a figure and nourishes himself on aspirations. Already he shines in manipulation, Dundas tells me, and you know that is the special field wherein he is expert. Perhaps Dr. Arlington may have designs and is engaged in molding his character."

"He seems to have interested the Doctor, who is grieved at his youth, of course, but thinks he has sense. You cannot realize what a concession that is. As for designs—they are not papa's role. He leaves them to Mr. Brewton."

Miss Arlington regarded her parent as a background with eccentricities. Their relationship entitled him to privileges; if only as her father he was necessarily a personage. His wealth she regarded as a tribute and a justification. Invariably she connected its acquirement with herself, and could never have pardoned him poverty.

"He is not yet a captive?" interrogated her friend. "He does not realize the experience he misses. I imagine he might find it hard to fall in love, Maude."

"Who knows what that cool reserve of his masks? It may be he has the capacity for a grand passion," mused Miss Arlington. "I should like to know. He is interesting because he keeps one's curiosity on the *qui vive*—besides, he has not yet begun to bore me. I wonder if, were he in love, would those pale eyes light up?"

"Maude, you are delicious—actually taking it for granted that Mr. Paget, who is a notable, must be fascinated in the course of an afternoon or two. He is no boy who will regard you as a divinity. If my impressions are not radically astray, he fails to find you especially baffling. He seems a bit flattered at your notice, but not particularly impressed."

Mrs. Strother raised herself with a degree of deliberate effort from the divan, whose plentitude of soft pillows made a most luxurious resting-place. From a large silver casket she took a cigarette, lit it, and once more assumed the graceful abandonment of her former attitude.

They were seated in the *boudoir* of the Taylor-Street villa—an interesting nook, whose decorations had a refinement distinct from the costly stiffness of her drawing-room or the oriental luxury of the dining-room, the scene of her suppers; chintz and cheese cloth covered the walls, which were paneled with low book-cases and wide divans. Over the windows hung a composition of lilac silk that tinted with an inimitable tone the atmosphere of the apartment. In the centre was a heavy table with carved legs, piled with writing material, magazines, and books. A decanter of brandy, a bottle of Schweppe, and a trio of empty glasses, besides the aroma of Turkish tobacco, indicated the masculine tendencies of the strong, handsome woman curled up so indolently amid her silken pillows.

"When a man assumes for a girl the proportion of a problem, she is lost," she continued, oracularly. "Curiosity is akin to love."

Miss Arlington frowned, rose impatiently, and sat down again.

"How disappointing people with reputations occasionally can be!" she said, irritably. "I was incapable of believing you fatuous. Another delusion—alas! I to

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fall in love with that icicle. I like intervals of warmth at least."

Mrs. Strother watched the spirals of blue smoke curling toward the ceiling.

"Perhaps he is not quite your style. You affect sapheads, and this Paget must cut a figure. He is not rich and comes from Heaven knows where, but he has brains, manners, and a career. You will marry an income with an attached imbecile, and after a year or two what?—a collision and some one will run off the rails. But I'm not advising you to fall in love with him—the consequences might not be satisfactory and an unreciprocated attachment is worse than a bore—it is a torment."

"Experience?" interrogated Maude.

"Several," answered her friend with a half lift of her eyebrow. "Neither you nor I know Mrs. Jessica Arnold. She is an Englishwoman of whom Mr. Dundas has often spoken to me. Three years ago Paget obtained a divorce for her—desertion or something the ground. They became friends. During the trial, the friendship ripened into an attachment. She then did him an inestimable service. I suppose he is grateful. I saw her once at the theatre with him and everyone looked at her. She is a tall woman and beautiful in a fine way. I remember her nose, which was singularly straight and finely molded, and her blonde hair, which had a dead-gold tint in it. One can never tell, but I thought that night they were lovers. Mr. Dundas, who told me her name, developed a tendency to enthusiasm in describing her which I promptly checked—said she is a saint, and had been a martyr."

Miss Arlington laughed.

"Your wickedest friend extolling the goodness of a blonde *divorcée*. What inconsistency. It was pure iconoclasm destroying his own reputation in that way." Virtue and vice were matters of abstract interest to her. She realized the existence of physical temptation, but considered it bad form. But resistance is easy for some women. Miss Arlington was not seductive.

"Paget is rich enough to marry. I wonder the fair Englishwoman is not his wife."

Mrs. Strother watched attentively the girl's face.

"Perhaps—but, there can be nothing of that there," she mused aloud.

Miss Arlington had grown a little pale. She rose to say good-bye.

"I shall ask him," she said. "I object to having the property of other women round my house."

"You will have forgotten it an hour later."

"No; I am taking him to Mrs. Snowden's dinner. You shall know what the strings are later."

"That was clever," commented Mrs. Strother aloud, addressing a heavy silver-mounted ink-stand on the table. It was a Christmas present from Mr. Dundas. She lit another cigarette; her face grew rather stern; she began to think and the mental process was attended with certain physical indications that told a tale of years. Lines showed themselves round her mouth—lines that denoted a certain violence of will power and unsatisfied desires. Her pose was not moral, she seldom questioned her own motives, or, for that matter, considered them. She loved action and impulse. With her the conception of a design meant its execution. She was only bored between projects. A slight smile relaxed her forehead as she thought how adroitly she had handled the situation. She had found an interest and infused it with the materials of a passion. A word less, a phrase more and she might have overreached herself. But Dundas expected tact of her, and she felt that master of intrigue could have done no more. "But why this intense interest on the part of the most selfish of men?" she mused. That he cared for Paget save as an admirable instrument she could not believe. His own sons inspired in him only a sentiment of mild curiosity. He gave them incomes for their support, played with their children, and would have been properly sad if either met with a misfortune, but he never sought their company. Doubtless an increase in the effectiveness of Paget, which this alliance might bring about, would aid in the execution of some large design. She would know all about it before long. Mr. Dundas had often complimented her on the excellence of her judgment—from him she esteemed a compliment. In addition, she decided Maude Arlington could not do better.

"She will never tell him how much he owes to her, but she will imply it half a dozen times daily," she thought.

CHAPTER V.

In the physical aspect of Mrs. Jessica Arnold there was ample justification for the admiration of Nathan Dundas. His intuition discovered her possessed of the virtues he lacked. She was beautiful in a fine way. The truth of her eyes, the candor of her smile were strengthened by the mold of a chin whose contour told character. One found pride and dignity in the nose and brow, tempered by an altogether exquisite mouth and red lips most seductively curved. The tendency of strategists to exalt virtue is due, perhaps, to its powers of resistance. He who continually seeks the execution of his will by indirect ways finds fewer obstacles than the optimists imagine. Rectitude assumes then the preciousness of a curiosity—a rarity to be valued above rubies.

Accustomed to frailty, the gracious innocence of this blonde Englishwoman had at first for Dundas the fascination of a problem. Convinced that her intelligence comprehended his subtleties, he brought to her charming the sincere cynicism he had labelled honesty. His frankness found her incredulous. Deaf to his revelations, she rebuked him with a look which incarnated charity. Her canonization was instant; he accepted her as a divinity, and made her home his shrine. The allurements of a beautiful saint he found more fascinating than the seductions of the loveliest of sinners. It is fortunate, perhaps, that Mrs. Arnold became a pedestal so admirably.

Her refusal to marry gave Nathan Dundas an object in life.

There is considerable variation in the standards of saintliness. For Paget the charm of Jessica Arnold was that of an angelic being who is the source of all consolation. Her trials, borne with a divine patience, seemed to exalt her above womankind, but he asked permission to do her reverence rather than desired to kiss her lips. With all the deference of this new-born homage, Dundas was conscious of the woman in the saint; her spirituality did not blind him to the superb sweep of her bosom or the admirable molding of her arms. She had come into the life of the young lawyer at the moment his struggle was bitterest. Her sympathy

encouraged his aspirations. She inspired his flagging spirits with her confidence, but in aiding him gave him her heart. For her tenderness she received a devotion that was worship, but she realized that it would have been sacrilege for him to love her. Consumed by a passion to justify his endowments, Paget was far too little of an egotist to interpret accurately her interest. For some men it is difficult to believe themselves capable of inspiring a sentiment. Fortune had not been so tender to Paget that he should indulge in what he would have regarded as a presumption. With sorrow, Jessica realized she had been idealized into the clouds; she felt that to take the initiative would savor of iconoclasm. His response she doubted not, but it was not gratitude she would have—she longed for love.

That Dundas guessed easily her secret was true, but never did he betray an indication of his knowledge. The fact complicated the problem for him; the very uncertainty made his operations the more difficult. The subtle delicacy of his attentions were often wasted, not because of indifference to his kind thought but that the kind thought was not Paget's. It was a triumph of art—this wooing of the great capitalist. He told her strange stories of his successes; he entertained her with chapters from the romance of his life; she knew of the great names of California as they appeared to him—he allowed an occasional enthusiasm to warm the tones of his narrative. In the interest of the story she forgot the cynicism of the speaker. What curious episodes his memory supplied him with; he seemed to know the ups and downs of all the survivors. Though to some these stories might have had the flavor of gossip, to her they had the color of romance—it was the incident, not the name, that appealed to her. She knew of his interests and their manipulation; he consulted her about his sons. In this subtle way she learned the power of the man, of his great wealth, his strong intellect, and her admiration banished successively the hatred, the alarm, the distrust, and the toleration of her original attitude toward him. What woman could withstand the exquisite flattery of hearing how her goodness had changed this imperious, irresistible being? In various ways she learned of kindnesses he had done. He explained they were done for her.

In a cottage on the summit of Russian Hill Mrs. Arnold lived—a pretty villa whose wide verandas commanded the blue sweep of the bay, the golden reaches of Contra Costa, and the purple ridges of Marin. The morning sun lit up a panorama of pale haze out of which Diablo thrust its huge head; she could watch the long sunbeams streaming through Niles Cañon, stripping from the cold landscape its covering of mist. It was a radiant vision of hills and shimmering waters she had at night when the orb of day sank into the ocean. In the glow of twilight the inchoate array of roofs that spread out in vast undulations below blended into masses of pale gray. The lingering glow gilded the battlements of the Tele-Hill Observatory, and flashed departing signals from the shining prison houses on Alcatraz.

She was watching a wonderful flush of purple and gold on the Presidio when Paget came to her.

A simple gown revealed the fine lines of her figure; a wide hat was pinned tight to the coils of her blonde hair. She smiled a greeting to the young man who sat himself beside her.

"Is it not beautiful?" she asked, pointing to the crimson glories of the after glow. "It is the best sunset of the season, and I'm glad you are here to enjoy it."

"Very clever," he murmured absently, looking at the flushed pallor of her cheeks.

"Clever, Arthur, what a word! You will begin to use values and composition when talking of Tamalpais there. What a magnificent effect it has against that patch of faint blue! Admire, I command you!"

"Not to-night," he said, rather gloomily. "I have something to ask your opinion of."

"Yes."

She beamed a tender glance at him. It was love—he translated it sympathy.

"You know my projects? You know how hard I work and yet how slight the progress. Nowadays it is impossible to win single-handed; the outposts and the strong points the men who have gone before are intrenched in. It is a continual fight—each inch is contested. If it were not for you I should have retired long ago from combat. I am tired of the competition. I cannot stoop to the methods of men who have outstripped me."

The flush deepened against the pallor.

"But you are growing. Dundas tells me you gain daily in estimation. You are 'the rising Mr. Paget'—the 'brilliant young lawyer' in the newspapers."

She smiled at him a look that was inspiration.

He answered bitterly.

"Yes, it is Dundas who does it; do you think it is what I say that wins my cases? Do you imagine it is my handling of facts, my exposition of law that gains victories? No; it is the strategy, the skill, the cunning of Dundas. For him it is happiness to plan, to manipulate, but where is the credit to me? I am an instrument—a concession to judicial etiquette. If he deserted me how would I keep my prestige?"

"This is a mood, Arthur," she said, taking his hand gently in hers. "You are gloomy. Would it be worth while, this struggle, if life was easy? You would not grasp the prizes within your reach."

He looked quickly at her. The flush became a blush against the pallor.

"You are right, Mrs. Arnold, but it is no mood. I am tired. There is a way out, though. Time and again has Dundas shown me the lesson of other men's success. Am I less able than Brewton? Yet my practice is not a tenth of his. He is talked of for Governor, for Senator. And why? Because he is married and the connections of his wife are ranged behind him. He dares chances I fear to touch—his machinery is more potent than mine. Where am I in a case when he had the judge to dinner the night before?"

The bitterness of disappointed ambition rang harshly in his tones.

"And you will marry?" she whispered. The flush had left the pallor. There was a sad wistfulness in the glance she threw upon him.

He looked out into the bay, on which the mists of night were descending. Through the dim haze he saw the red and green lanterns of the ships. The passing bell of the cable cars climbing the hill below ascended out of the dusk. The dense masses of dark roofs were punctuated by long parallels of yellow lamps.

"I have made up my mind. I shall marry. I shall marry as soon as possible, and then I'll show how I have profited by the lessons of the day. Then, too, I'll be an influence to propitiate. But, Mrs. Arnold, let us go in. Your hand is as cold as ice." He looked anxiously into her eyes. The shadow of the veranda hid all but the outline of her features. He saw the compression of her mouth, but the expression of utter hopelessness that spread a desolation over her face he did not see.

"You are going to marry—whom?" she asked, in a voice whose coldness and constraint struck him like a chill.

"Maude Arlington," he answered. "She accepted me this afternoon." She withdrew her hand. She was silent. Her lips moved a little convulsively. She was making a stern effort at self control.

"You will congratulate me?" he asked.

"No," she said. She wondered afterwards at the firmness of her voice. It was a supreme effort. "I cannot congratulate a man who is to marry for policy a woman he does not love."

She rose with an effort.

"I think," she said, tremulously, "I have caught a chill. You will forgive me, Arthur, if I ask you to leave me to-night. I am about to have a cold."

As he passed out through the gate, a sound as though some one had fallen on the veranda came to his ears. He stopped.

"It is the Celestial carting in the big arm-chair," he said to himself.

A block or two below he met Dundas.

"You cannot see Mrs. Arnold. She has caught a chill and has gone to bed," he said to the capitalist, who had a bunch of orchids in his hand.

Dundas looked inquiringly at him.

"For a man who is to marry an heiress to millions, you are not exuberant," he commented. "I shall run in to our friend's for a moment, though, and will see you at the *Riche*—we will dine together."

He turned to continue up the hill. Then he stopped.

"By the way, Arthur," he asked, running after his *protégé*, "did you tell Mrs. Arnold of your engagement?"

"Yes."

"Ah!—wait, then, until I leave these flowers with her maid and I'll walk into town with you."

CHAPTER VI.

With the mind of a general and the manners of a drum-major, Mrs. Snowden had won prominence in Society. She had the audacity and courage to lead an army to victory, but the accident of her sex confined her depredations to reputations. She was generous to lavishness, prodigal to the poor, munificently hospitable, yet her friends had a hard time excusing her foibles, and hung in a delicious uncertainty on the barbed edges of her good will. Withal she was the best company in San Francisco. She read everything that was published, and discussed the faults of the last novel as keenly as she dissected the frailities of the first families. With existence she was more satisfied than she thought of admitting; she had a husband to bully and an income to spend. That nature had denied her offspring she deplored in public, but believed was for the best. Having a keen sense of humor, she could not but admit her children would have had a hard time of it. If she had one sorrow, and no one was less disposed to regrets, it was the late arrival of Mr. Snowden in California. She just missed being a "first family" herself.

Those who have never studied the intricacies of a San Francisco guest list cannot realize the extent of the "first family" tradition. Theories without number offered inadequate explanations of their prominence. Some said their priority was based on pioneer archives; another attributed it to their arrival with coin. That it might be due to an early exhibition of respectability was a popular impression until dissipated by a showing of skeleton closets. The Spanish grant theory had partisans; early professional celebrity was deemed a concomitant. The misguided connected the tradition with mansions at Menlo and mausoleums in Laurel Hill, but the failure of families who sought enrollment by architecture demonstrated the fallacy of that hypothesis. It is true the mansions and mausoleums are among the outward and visible signs of their greatness, but they are expressions not factors. The formula of Harrington that the first families were bound together by the cohesive power of deadly dullness had supporters out of their set. Exceptions to the contrary, Mrs. Snowden held positively that accumulations and appearance in '49 afforded an incontrovertible claim to the rank, and perhaps she was only as wrong as the rest. For her, exclusion had its advantages—the "first families" afforded her sarcasm inimitable opportunities.

A dinner at Mrs. Snowden's was a prior engagement to whomsoever she invited. Her *chef* had the highest salary in his profession; her wines came from London; her *menus* reproduced the latest discoveries of Parisian *cordon bleus*. At her table she gathered young people and old; their characteristics she studied without prejudice, and it was not uncommon that she served up the inanities of her last party for the amusement of the next.

With a proper degree of trepidation, Arthur Paget found himself seated at the right hand of this interesting dragoness. The tales of his *fiancée* had warned him to discretion. He was prepared alike for explosions or transports, for anything but the bland sweetness of her congratulations.

"We are such old friends, Maude and I," she announced—Miss Arlington was nearly thirty—"that I'm safe in felicitating you. There is no one more capable of making a clever man like you happy.'

With a quick glance toward Harrington, who was at her other side, she called to the prospective bride in accents sweeter than the honey of Hybla:

"Maude, dear, I'm telling Mr. Paget how happy you will make him."

Miss Arlington was equal to the occasion.

"You must give me the benefit of your experience," she said.

Snowden was notoriously down-trodden.

Harrington tittered.

To his hostess he said:

"She scored off your bat that time."

"I've often thought," continued Mrs. Snowden, "that if God had granted me a boy I should have him find just such a woman as Maude. But, like the rest, I'm sure he'd have insisted on marrying some inane girl, and his education would stop at the altar."

"But where should the masculine education end, Mrs Snowden?" inquired Harrington.

"The woman whose husband has nothing to learn after the honeymoon will surely grow tired of his bargain," she said oracularly. "The happiness of Mr. Snowden to which Maude alluded, is due to—what do you think?" She addressed the gathering generally.

No one thought. It was an occasion when no one dared to.

"Why," she added triumphantly, "to the fact that he is continually discovering new phases in me. If it were not for my studies he would spend most of his nights as well as all of his mornings at the Club."

"But you told me a month ago, Mrs. Snowden, that it was the bounden duty of a properly regulated husband to amuse his wife. If I'm to gain experience how shall I reconcile the statements."

Miss Arlington was daring.

"I was romancing, dear. You know you had just said something tremendously cutting, and how was I to retaliate but by making you envious. I never dreamed of my rash assertion being put to the test by you, Maude."

"A bull's-eye," muttered Harrington, exultantly.

Mr. Paget thought it time to come to the rescue of his *fiancée*.

"Considering the exceeding good looks of the San Francisco woman," he interrupted, "how is it one hears of so few engagements?" He addressed the dragoness.

"Men are afraid to propose," she announced decisively. "Everyone has not your splendid courage, Mr. Paget."

"Be careful," warned Harrington. "Maude will say something dreadful in a moment."

Paget bowed at this Parthian dart but continued:

"But you might change all that. Lead a revolution and make it fashionable for women to take the prematrimonal initiative."

"It is mournful of you to allude to our lost cause, Arthur. The leader abandoned it after Mr. Snowden accepted her."

Rather than lose such an opportunity Miss Arlington would have admitted Eve as a contemporary. At the exultant titter that followed her rejoinder she blushed with pleasure.

"You make your enemies desperate," whispered Harrington. "Not content with a stab you want also to stun."

But a welcome interruption was afforded by the interposition of a blonde youngster.

"Awfully good story on Bowdoin—a fellow told me to tell you, Mrs. Snowden," he announced.

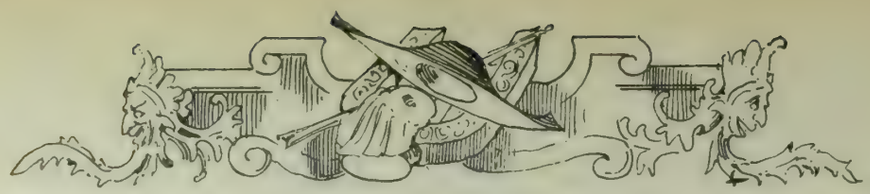
"What is it, my dear boy?" she asked a little deferentially.

"You know how tired he always looks?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, he was having breakfast at the 'Broderick' the other morning. He lives there, you know, when he is in town. And——"

"Go on—and——" Mrs. Snowden loved to bully.



"The waiter offered him a cup of coffee which he pushed away. And he said——"

"'Why,' he said, 'take it away, waiter. Coffee keeps me awake all day.' That is a story, my dear, I made up on Mr. Bowdoin years ago."

"Spare the boy's blushes for Heaven's sake," begged Harrington. "He looks as though he would cry."

Unexpected explosions were always on the programme at a Snowden dinner. Two exquisite courses, served on Japanese dishes of the most delicate texture, kept the company and the hostess quiet for an interval.

Paget had time to admire the luxury of the service; the antique decanters, the delicate glassware, the huge bowl of La France roses in the centre. They sat in a low room paneled in chestnut to the ceiling. There were small windows covered with rich draperies of faded rose brocade. The *portières* were Persian cloths in similar hues. On the walls hung a Keith, a Henner, a *chef d'œuvre* of Carlsen's, and an admirable Daubigny. The fire-place, copied from that of a Roman *palazzo*, was in black marble decorated with a graceful design in silver.

The conversation drifted aimlessly from theatres to cotillions until Mrs. Snowden had caught up with the courses.

She turned to Paget, who began after his usual habit wondering how a woman whose features indicated actual grossness and whose gown was the reverse of becoming could surround herself with details so exquisitely artistic.

"You have gone out but little?" she interrogated—he thought a little fiercely.

"Hardly at all."

"You will find yourself interested until you have met everyone—there is always a possibility that the next may not be as stupid as the last. We are respectable, most of us—most of us are duller than bears in winter. Our men are victims of the law of compensation—they had clever fathers. The next generation ought to have genius—it can hardly escape being brilliant. We are bored by each other, abused by the papers, and crushed by *les convenances*. If I ask a bright man to dinner—a newspaperman, for instance—I learn I am anxious to get into print. If I buy pictures, I am told it is because real estate is too high. I should like to surround myself with amusing people, but I must go out of my set. Besides, it would be looked on as an eccentricity, and I've enough to my credit now."

Mrs. Snowden spoke more bitterly than she was accustomed to.

"Yes," she continued, "one is forced to gossip for relief. Suppose you men were condemned to calling and dancing for occupation? Think of your friend Dundas, for instance, whose brain is large enough to handle the affairs of a nation—think of him organizing afternoon teas. Do I lack brains? I find myself as strong as most of your celebrities. Why, I can repeat you half 'Paradise Lost,' and pages of Thackeray; I have read everything in English, French, and German, and yet I give dinner parties to *debutantes* and boys. Tell me," she continued fiercely, "do you believe the woman you are about to marry your mental inferior?"

"No; she has as much brain and far more cultivation than I."

"Yet, Maude Arlington has gone to teas for the last decade; she has courted the favor of these boys; she has pursued them with invitations, has had them to dinners—and why? Because she has not the courage to be unconventional, nor the enterprise to write a book. In the meantime you have made a name for yourself. But I am permitting myself to grow serious and that is unpardonable."

Her mood had changed. She remembered she owed something to the woman whose merits she had proclaimed a second before. With a little laugh she announced a toast.

"Let us all drink," she said, "to the brave Mr. Paget."

"She'll never forgive that," commented Harrington.

Paget and his betrothed walked home in the moonlight.

"Who is Mrs. Jessica Arnold?" she asked, after they had laughed over the verbal combats of the evening.

"Mrs. Arnold is my dearest friend," he replied, in an accent so sincere that she could not but believe him. "She has been more than a mother to me."

"A mother—why, Arthur, she is a young woman, not older than I, and Mrs. Strother says she is absolutely beautiful."

"She is very beautiful," he said, reflectively, "and young, too. She helped me amazingly, but I—I never thought of her save as a——"

Suddenly there flashed across his memory the incident of their last interview—the sudden change of her manner from tenderness to utter chill, the tremor in her voice, the fall on the veranda.

"My God," he said, "can it be that——?"

"Arthur, you must not swear—not at least until we are maried."

Some situations call for no stage directions.

CHAPTER VII.

It was an elaborate ceremonial that made Maude Arlington Mrs. Arthur Paget. The dailies teemed with the details; the decorations converted the cathedral into a conservatory; an imported organist performed harmonic prodigies, and a chorus of operatic stars sang the Mass. The Archbishop himself pronounced the office. There were ushers in long frock coats and chrysanthemums, and bridesmaids in gowns that were dazzling. Society crowded the nave and overflowed into the galleries. Notables of the law elbowed the eminent of finance; the first families were in gorgeous evidence, but no one saw Nathan Dundas. Of course, the bride looked beautiful, and the groom was pale. On the way out both were unpardonably composed. However, the affair was pronounced "one of the most elaborate and gorgeous ceremonials that had ever been celebrated in San Francisco." So it is to be assumed the millionaire had done everything that was expected of him.

In spite of the importance of bridegroom and bride, it must be admitted their reception bore a likeness to less notable functions. The environment alone distinguished the entertainment, and the afternoon wore on with much hand-clasping and congratulation. The happy pair were on the verge of departure when the gay crowd swayed to permit the passage of Nathan Dundas. His eyes glowed with the fierce light of triumph; his face was that of a general after victory. On his arm leaned a tall and beautiful woman, whose strange pallor contrasted with the flushed bronze of the capitalist's coloring. She looked shy and sad—he was the incarnation of vital force.

"Who is it with Mr. Dundas, Arthur?" whispered his wife, with a quick glance at his face. He had suddenly turned as white as her gown.

"That is Mrs. Jessica Arnold," he answered, spasmodically.

"My dear Arthur."

Dundas advanced with outstretched hands.

"I am, indeed, happy—for you—for myself. Jessica," he said, in tones that exultation made ring, "this is Arthur's wife."

"Mrs. Paget, may I present Mrs. Dundas?"

There intervened five seconds of silence; silence to which clamor was stillness.

"This is rather sudden."

Paget controlled himself with a splendid effort. The two brides surveyed each other with interrogative glances. Mrs. Strother, who had heard the introduction, smiled cynically.

This then was the climax. It explained his desire for the future of his *protégé*.

The manipulator rubbed his hands gleefully. His dramatic sense appreciated the situation.

"We were married in Oakland an hour ago," he announced. "I knew Arthur and his wife would permit us to share congratulations with them."

All lovers of good whiskey should secure from their dealer a few bottles of Sherwood's Keystone Monogram for the holidays.

D. D. (Deacon of the Dailies).

M. C. HALEY.

MAGNIFICENT RECORD OF THE PRESENT CITY AND COUNTY CLERK.

In these days of degenerated politics it is gratifying to record the achievements of a public official who considers his office to be a public trust, and who acts accordingly. That man is County Clerk M. C. Haley. Mr. Haley is a native of St. Louis, where he was born forty-one years ago. His parents came to this city when Mr. Haley was only three years of age, and he has resided here ever since. Mr. Haley received his schooling at the old Spring Valley Grammar School, from which he graduated in 1869, to engage in the dairy business with his father. From 1883 to 1887 he was employed by the State Harbor Commissioners and later held a responsible position with Wells, Fargo & Co. for two years, resigning to engage in the cigar business for himself. An earnest and consistent Democrat, he naturally had political leanings, and in 1882 he was made Secretary of the Democratic State Central Committee, and in 1883 he was elected Chief Clerk of the State Assembly. In 1892 he received the nomination for County Clerk, and was elected by a handsome majority.

Since Mr. Haley's incumbency the County Clerk's office has been for the first time in its history self-sustaining. The office is conducted strictly on business principles. The law allows the expenditure of $10,850 for salaries every month, but Mr. Haley manages somehow to keep the salary list to $6300. The law allows Mr. Haley eighty-five clerks, but he contrives to perform the duties of the office with forty-six men. The importance of these facts will be better appreciated when it is shown that Mr. Haley has saved the city this year $54,000 on salaries alone, a feat unprecedented in the history of the office. The expenditure for stationery for the year amounted to $1500, the lowest sum for that purpose in the twenty years preceding being $2889.14 and the highest $18,091.77.

Mr. Haley is well liked by his employés, all of whom bespeak for him a brilliant political future. He is a man of unquestioned talents, and his integrity as a man and official is proverbial among his associates. He is married and has a charming family.

H. M. LEVY.

CAREER OF ONE OF SAN FRANCISCO'S BEST-KNOWN MINING MEN.

The early days of California following the discovery of gold brought to this city and State many men who have distinguished themselves in various walks in life. All of the men who deserted their homes in the East to try their fortunes in the new El Dorado were men of courage and perseverance, ready to encounter anything fate had in store for them. Many of the new-comers being young men, it is no matter of surprise, therefore, that the hardships experienced by them was the means of shaping their futures. The result is seen to-day in the success that crowned the efforts of those who, undismayed by misfortune, manfully held out against fate to the time when the goddess of fortune beamed her smiles upon them—smiles weighted with honors and gold.

H. M. Levy, the well-known mining man, was one of those pioneers who came to California to win or die. As was perfectly natural in those days, he went to the mines, resolved to try his luck at gold-digging. He drifted about the mines for some years with varying success until the discoveries on the Comstock startled the world with their magnificence. He immediately went to the Comstock, where he became associated with Messrs. Fair, Flood, Mackay, then as poor as the other miners then struggling about the mountains in pursuit of wealth. The perseverance of these men, which ultimately led them to the possession of immense fortunes, was one of Mr. Levy's characteristics, and while he is in no wise wealthy in the sense that Mackay and Fair are wealthy, yet he has succeeded in amassing a competency, which furnishes him with all the comforts he sighed for when prospecting on the Comstock. And all who know Mr. Levy heartily felicitate him upon the success that have attended his efforts.

Mr. Levy is essentially a home man, the greater portion of his time, when not immersed in business, being spent in the bosom of his family, consisting of a charming wife, an accomplished daughter, and a young grandson.

Among mining men Mr. Levy has the reputation of being one of the most expert on the "street." His knowledge of mining and kindred affairs have been the means of placing him in many positions of trust, the duties of which he fulfilled with the skill born of experience. Latterly, however, he has retired from active service, preferring to spend his declining years amid the comforts and delights of a palatial home.

GEORGE A. KNIGHT.

Among the brilliant lawyers and orators of San Francisco, George A. Knight stands in the front rank. He is a native of Worcester, Mass., but when he was an infant his parents removed to California and settled in Humboldt County, where he received a primary education. He studied at Eureka and subsequently took a collegiate course. Mr. Knight entered the field of journalism at an early age, serving in the double capacity of reporter and editorial writer for the Humboldt *Times*. His natural tastes and oratorical gifts led him instinctively to the law, and, after a long course of reading, he was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court in 1872. He returned to Humboldt, where he served three terms as District Attorney. His popularity in Humboldt County was such, that, despite his age, in 1880, he was nominated by the Republicans of his district for Congress. In 1881, he came to San Francisco, and began a practice which is to-day a highly remunerative one. He is an excellent speaker, possessing that rare power of moving juries to laughter and tears at will. Indeed, in this respect, his talent is unequaled by any attorney at the local bar. In 1884, he was a delegate to the National Convention, and in 1889 he received the highest vote as a Presidential Elector. He is a member of Governor Markham's staff, with the rank of Colonel. The number of his victories at the bar are legion, the result to him being a remunerative practice the like of which it is the fortune of few attorneys in this city to enjoy.

OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

A YOUNG AND TALENTED ATTORNEY WHO HAS A GREAT FUTURE.

Among the young attorneys who, by reason of their talents, have recently risen to an enviable position at the Bar, Oliver Ellsworth stands in the front rank. Mr. Ellsworth was born at Mission San Jose on April 7, 1867. He belongs to the celebrated Ellsworth family of Connecticut, one of whom, Oliver Ellsworth, was Third Chief Justice of the United States under President Washington, Envoy Extraordinary to Great Britain, and special minister to France. The Ellsworth family, of Connecticut, has produced several Governors and United States Senators, and one of them was commissioned by the general government to move Indiana west of the Mississippi River, an account of which is given in Washington Irving's "Tour of the Prairies." On his mother's side Mr. Ellsworth is a descendent of Mary Chilton, the first woman to step on Plymouth Rock. He is a cousin of the late William Cullen Bryant, and nephew of the late Roswell Smith, philanthropist and proprietor of the *Century Magazine*.

Mr. Ellsworth was educated in the public schools and later took a course in the University of California, from which he graduated June 27, 1888. He thereupon entered Hastings' Law College, graduating with flying colors on June 23, 1891, and was admitted to practice at the Bar on the following day.

Mr. Ellsworth is a young man whose talents are already meeting with due recognition. He was selected as counsel for Isaac Slaven, nephew of the millionaire Panama Canal contractor, Henry B. Slaven, in the recent trial of the case of Hanson against Slaven, an action involving over $1,250,000. He already enjoys a large and lucrative practice, to the duties of which he gives his entire time and attention. He moves in excellent social circles and is generally well liked.

THOMAS U. SWEENY.

Thomas U. Sweeny has contributed an ornament to the beautiful Golden Gate Park that will make his name immortal. The Coliseum is one of the features of that place, and is the magnificent gift of a generous man who delights in giving pleasure to his fellow-men.

Mr. Sweeny has been a resident of California since 1852, and has acquired a fortune as the result of perseverance and his own industry, and in the midst of his plentitude has demonstrated that he has thought for others.

OH, YES—fads; fads of women—always some beastly, tiresome stuff about women's fads; a man can't pick up a paper nowadays without—

Softly, softly; we are not going to say anything about women on this page; all going to be about men's fads and hobbies. What! Men haven't any fads? Oh, yes, they have. Permit me to call your attention to this apparition in the Willie-boy. This is one of the *jeunesse dorée*. Let us tarry and take him in while we may; he is not long for this globule, for the museum is building for him, and the grass is grown and sown wherewith he shall be stuffed, and gently placed in his glass case on the hundred-thousandth shelf for curiosity mongers to gaze on him. He is on his way to the Bay District Track to give his money to the bookmakers, who will keep it for him. Observe the obelisk-shaped shoes he wears and the Angora rug chrysanthemum he wears in his lapel; also mark the football bang that wafts itself with every passing breeze across his noble brow. Part with it? Never; it is the latest thing in hair goods. Often have his sorrowing parents gazed on him, shuddered, and given him the wherewith to suborn a hair cut, and on each and every occasion has he squandered the money in cigarettes and riotous living. But I digress; it is not a man. Let us deal with his elders, who are as bad if not worse. Some of them would come back to earth, if allowed, if only for ten minutes, and spend the entire time in kicking about the fit of their shrouds. They're as full of fads as a charity base-ball game is of everything but base-ball. And their fads and foibles are many and various, as shall be proved to their utter discomfiture, but to offset the revilings of the few prominent masculines whose pet weaknesses I have unmasked and dragged into the light of day, a generation of women shall rise up and call me blessed. Read, ponder, and inwardly digest.

For instance: After diligent inquiry we have not, up to the present, been able to discover a single man, woman, or child who ever saw Joe Tobin on the street on anything like a decent day without a straw hat and a pair of tan shoes. Of course he wears other things also, notably trousers. Also, the trousers are always turned up around the bottoms, and creased. Why is this thusly?

Mr. Hobart has the clocked stocking fad in its most virulent and pronounced form. It is estimated that he has about sixty pairs, all highly embroidered and very fetching. On the first of the year, Mr. Hobart, in compliance with a petition signed by numberless Society young ladies, will inaugurate the custom of concealing his uppers in highly embroidered silk hosiery. This will be the proper thing in 1894.

Young Mr. Hamilton delights in the appellation of "Chimmy." Is it a weakness to wish to be known as "Chimmy Hamilton, the Actor's friend," author of the touching lullaby, "Hush, little Jimmy, don't you cry, you'll be an actor by and by?"

Mr. Jack Levison's fad is the flute. Mr. Levison can play on the flute, too, probably better than any other amateur in San Francisco. Mr. Levison has a great deal of money invested in his pet instruments. Rumor puts the figure at between $70 and $7000.

One of Joe Austin's duties, as Park Commissioner, is to sign the warrants for the pay of the employés every month. His greatest hobby, outside of driving in the Park with his familiar friend, Aleck Kay, every fine Sunday, seems to be getting out of signing them, and saddling the responsibility on Dick Hammond. Another weakness of his is his bay horse, who has been known to go a mile in 4:52.

If you want to know anything about fish, fishes, fish hooks, fish books, fishing, fisheries, and fish lies, go and ask Colonel Harry Brady. The Colonel revels in the most inexhaustible stock of knowledge of the finny tribe, and the most varied collection of fish books extant.

Charley Clough is an indefatigable searcher after new stories. He is your friend for life if you will tell him a new story, or listen to him while he tells you an old one.

The dream of Harry Gray's life is to be able to show Colonel Crocker how to run the Railroad. He sprang his pet scheme on the Colonel once. Next to that, the apple of Harry's eye is the flat on Jones Street that he occupies with General Hammond.

Osgood Hooker's weakness used to be lounging around the club in full dress; full dress on all occasions. Osgood has been known to refuse to go to a fire because he didn't have a claw-hammer on. He is getting more reasonable now, and contents himself with parting his name in the middle.

Harry Bigelow is the fad incarnate. He has more foibles than characteristics, and in spite of his own assertions that he interviewed Evans and Sontag it has since been proved that the famous meeting took place. The general belief is that were Bigelow crossed with a Siever's chrysanthemum the result would be a hybrid—chrysanthemum or Pete—which?

Mr. Arthur McEwen's hobby is his ancestors. Arthur's most prominent feature was inherited from his great great grandfather, who brought it over with him in the "Mayflower." It can easily be seen that Arthur belongs to the Upper Ten especially when riding in a Pullman. (See note below.)

Page Brown is the sole owner of about a hundred shirts of different colors, all with collars and cuffs attached. There was a time when A. P. didn't wear that kind of a shirt, but he says the Chinaman got away with so many cuffs and collars that now he has them riveted onto the shirt with exceeding strong rivets. He is also given to an indulgence in cottage cheese.

Possibly Lieutenant Runcie's weakness is politics. As clever a West Pointer as Lieutenant James could not fail to make a successful politician, but it would seem almost a pity to put such a brain as Runcie's to such base uses.

General Sheehan's great pride is centered in his lovely

NOTE: He always buys that berth.

children. If there is any man so blind that he cannot see a distinct resemblance between them and ex-Governor Burnett, their grandfather, there is the man for whom the Register has no earthly use.

Mr. Beard wants it understood distinctly that he is "John L. Beard, of the Mission San Jose."

Charley Leonard's fad is the banjo. Charley can extract about as much music from a banjo as anybody. He can also play on a harmonica at the same time, and the sight is said to be very instructive. Charley used to be a bicycle fiend, and posed as the champion trick rider of the town several years ago.

In or out of the Presidency, Mr. Greer Harrison's hobby is first, last, and all the time, "The Olympic Club." Jim Corbett is another weakness of Mr. Harrison's.

Amedee Joullin is too lazy to have a fad or a weakness for anything, except it be a weakness in the spinal column that prevents him from sitting up straight. Amedee's attitude in a chair reminds one of an octopus sunning itself on a whistling buoy; it is so unconventional and unique. If Joullin gets any lazier, he will have to hire a nigger to help him draw his breath.

Deedevi Graham never wears anything but a short sack coat. That is, that's the only *kind* of coat he wears. He is also very fond of swimming, and it required the united efforts of six or seven of the strongest Bohemians to keep him out of the Russian River long enough to eat his meals at the last Jinks. Donny is a first-class swimmer, though, and perhaps that accounts for his love for the water for bathing purposes.

Dick Hammond likes rye whisky; he also insists on telling the barkeeper how to make his cocktail, notwithstanding that the barkeeper has made cocktails for him thousands of times, and knows the exact quantity of each ingredient to the millionth part of a drachm. But it is always: "I want a little cocktail, plain, just a little Angostura, and no champagne, or strawberries, or pineapple, or potatoes, or vegetables in it." Richard is also a hypochondriac on a small scale, and his annual medicine bill would keep Charley Fair and his bride from the poor-house if diverted in that channel.

George Hall affects the ocarina.

Charley Dickman works the zither divinely.

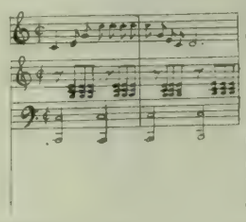
Frank Carolan delights in the *sobriquet*: "The pocket of Apollo," and why not?

Dr. Abrams has two fads: Solitaire and solitaires. On his little finger he wears a diamond that makes all beholders wink, and in his pocket he carries yet another crystallized carbon worth about a thousand cold clammy dollars. The Doctor's eyes have been ruined by the lamp he sports on his finger, and he wears an eye-shade continually. But, in default of his regular game at the club every night, he will play solitaire for hours at a time.

Barry Coleman likes to tell of the day, some twenty years or more ago, when he made two home runs off the pitcher of the Cincinnati "Reds" when he and his fellow-townsmen fell upon the then champions of the United States, and routed them with great slaughter.

Speaking of base-ball, Messrs. Depue, Flaglor, Dimond, Atherton, *et al.*, used to have a fad for playing the game until a few Saturdays ago, when they discovered that lo, what they had been practicing was not base-ball at all, but only like unto it as a large, well-developed head is like a large, well-developed pimple that has not come to a head—yet.

Doctor McNutt's weakness is so well known, and so continually in evidence, that we refrain from making any comment other than the one to the left.



Dr. Younger is infatuated with bowling. Every Saturday night will find him at the bowling alley on Chestnut Street, with one kind of a ball in one hand and another kind of a "ball" in the other. The Doctor plays well, too, considering that he has been practicing only about thirty years.

Louis Sloss likes to tell Italian dialect stories, especially how "Meester Sullivano leeked Mr. Silvest—" Louis' dialect is so fine and subtle as to be almost imperceptible to the naked eye,

And "Uncle George Bromley"—what shall we say about him? He hasn't any foibles or fads, except to hear or tell a good story, and sit down and be comfortable with a good glass of whisky, and a goodly lot of good fellows. He likes to be called "Uncle George," and quite rightly, too, for it is the most appropriate designation that could be invented for him.

Jerry Lynch likes to play at billiards. Jerry is not a very good billiard player, but he fairly scintillates with brilliancy on horse back. On a nice afternoon, Jerry and his magnificent black prancer are the observed of all observers.

"His Uneasy Ubiquitousness," the versatile Joseph D. Redding, beyond a desire to figure as "Censor No. 1," the latter-day Press Reformer, apparently has no foibles. He says that his new baby is going to be the cleverest man who ever lived, principally as a linguist, as Joseph says he already speaks several languages that his father even does not understand.

Peter Robertson dotes on mush. Without the inspiration of his favorite, nay indispensable, nourishment, the "Seedy Man" perchance had never been written.

Doctor Simpson's hobby is champagne, and his fame as a cheerful and persistent wine-opener extends far and wide. The Doctor glories in the fact that his fad is too expensive ever to become very popular.

Solly Walter cannot be hired to smoke a ready-made cigarette. Insists upon making them himself, and always uses a holder.

Sidney Smith is a bookworm, albeit one of refined and educated taste. Occasionally, however, one runs across a French novel in his library that would hardly bear strict investigation by young persons of the gentler sex.

Arpad Haraszthy has probably expended more coin of the realm in the collection of artist model photographs than any man in town. He insists always on first proof pictures, too—no copies need apply. No wonder he has refused $1000 for the outfit. We have seen it. Now that Max has defuncted himself, however, we wonder where he gets them nowadays.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY—INTERIOR VIEW.

The Boss of Coon Creek perceived, the motmen Alfreda entered the room with a delicate flush upon her cheek, that Athelstane, the bow-legged, had been calling again.

"What, ho, daughter!" exclaimed the old warrior.

With lowered glance and trembling limbs she advanced.

"Pa," she murmured, timidly, "he has spoken."

The parent turned pale with sudden foreboding,

"What said the youth?" he sternly demanded.

"He asked me if I could return—"

She faltered. The great drops of perspiration stood upon the brow of the chieftain.

"What, child? Speak! I command you!"

"His love," said the maiden, simply.

A great sigh of relief broke from the lips of the Thane.

"Ha!" he cried. "Then he said naught of the umbrella I borrowed of him last week? Thank heaven! my darling; the other thing is easy."

In his joy the proud father bought wassail for the crowd.

"A year or so ago," said a young man to a friend, "I spent a few weeks in South Coast watering-places. One day I saw a machine which bore the inscription: 'Drop a penny in the slot and learn how to make your trousers last.' As I hadn't a great deal of money, I thought an investment of a penny to show me how to save the purchase of a pair of trousers would be small capital put to a good use, so I dropped the required coin in and a card appeared. What do you suppose it recommended as the way to make my trousers last?"

"Don't wear 'em, I suppose."

"No."

"What did it say?"

"Make your coat and waistcoat first."—*Texas Siftings.*

Miss Manhattan (maliciously)—You must miss the dear old London fogs very much.

Lord Tuffnutt (loftily)—I do. But I am partly compensated by your charming New York mud.—*Vogue.*

APRIL MIDNIGHT.

Side by side through the streets at midnight,
  Roaming together,
Through the incongruous night of London,
  In the miraculous April weather.

Roaming together under the gaslight,
  Day's work over,
How the Spring calls to us, here in the city,
  Calls to the heart from the heart of a lover!

Cool the wind blows, fresh in our faces,
  Cleansing, entrancing,
After the heat, and the fumes, and the footlights,
  There where you dance and I watch your dancing.

Good it is to be here together,
  Good to be roaming,
Even in London, even at midnight,
  Lover-like in a lover's gloaming.

You the dancer and I the dreamer,
  Children together,
Wandering lost in the night of London,
  In the miraculous April weather.

—*Arthur Symons.*

DAWN.

J. E. P.

Silence! save where the heralds of the sea,
  The wee white wavelets, kiss the wide-spread shore,
  Retreating swift, but to return once more,
And murmur gently of the day to be!
Silence herself stands on the hill-tops, free
  From day's loud voices, which for ever pour
  Adown the valley all the rancous store
Of satyr-say, and song, all joyfully!
  'Tis only now, fair sea, I hear thy voice
Plaining across the bar, where grey waves ring.
  'Tis but when silence bids my soul rejoice
I hear the songs that Nature fain would sing:
  Silence alone, that gives sad man his choice,
And bids him learn the lessons time may bring.

—*London World.*

Humor on Its Face.

THE WAVE, which treats of Society, politics, and literature, has taken seriously to caricature, and is publishing on its front cover elegant sketches of San Francisco's noted people. Martin Kelly, the ex-boss of that city, is the subject of THE WAVE'S humorous editor this week. Humor without and spicy gossip within, such is THE WAVE of to-day —*Irene Robertson.*

In the Front Rank

In a new light is the distinction accorded Martin Kelly, the ex political boss of San Francisco, when THE WAVE of that city caricatures him in the holy garb of St. Anthony. THE WAVE has come wonderfully to the front in the past year, and it is safe to predict a very prosperous career for the journal, as its every feature is elegantly done, particularly its caricatures.—*[illegible]*

A New Feature

THE WAVE, of San Francisco, ever abundant with spicy gossip of Society, and alive with good political stories, has caught the popular pulse by its admirable caricaturing. Martin Kelly, the deposed political boss of San Francisco, is made the subject this week for the humorous personification of the good St. Anthony. This feature, it is said, will be a permanent one with that journal.—*San Jose Mercury.*

Pipkin—How much ought I to pay the clergyman?

Potts—That lies entirely with the bride.

Pipkin—How lies with her?

Potts—It all depends on how much you are to get with her.—*Truth.*

Mamie—I believe in woman's rights.

Gertie—Then you think every woman should have a vote?

Mamie—No; but I think that every woman should have a voter—*Harper's Bazaar.*

THE PASSING OF BAGGS—THE CLUBMAN=

BAGGS gazed fixedly at that item in the newspaper for at least half an hour. Then the journal dropped from his hand, and, rising from his chair in a corner of the Utopian Club, he walked slowly out of the room. At the door he paused a moment and half turned back. At the same time a member looked up, and, catching his eye, nodded to him. He, in response, waved his hand—a circumstance which the man noted with a slight surprise, as it was a form of salutation in which he rarely indulged. By the time he resumed his reading Baggs had donned his hat and coat and passed out into the street.

It was nearly eight o'clock on the night of the thirty-first of December. The air was heavy, damp, and foggy. It had rained during the day, and the wet pavements glittered with wavering reflections of the street lamps. Blurred masses of light shone from the shop windows. The streets were almost deserted, save for a few hurrying figures dimly seen in the fog. At the corner a miserably-clad woman was crouched over a hand-organ which wailed and sobbed the "*Parlate d'amor.*" As he turned into Kearny Street a newsboy flung himself in front of him, whining, "Won't you *please* buy a paper, Mister, won't you *please?*" Baggs ignored him until, annoyed by his persistent appeals, he turned and said, sharply, "Get out of my way." The boy, unabashed, ran up to the next wayfarer with the same shrill entreaties. Further on down the street a beggar, red eyed and shivering, asked in a husky voice for alms. He had nothing to eat for two days, he said. "You're lying," said Baggs in a colorless tone, as if merely reciting a fact. The man was about to shuffle away when, on a sudden thought, he cried to him, "Here, take this!" He dropped a five-dollar piece into the man's palm, and dismissing his hoarse thanks with a gesture, he passed on.

After traversing some half dozen squares, he turned into one of the cross streets and entered a region of shadows. Half way down this street, a yellowish light straggled out into the gloom from a small *rotisserie.* Here Baggs entered. The proprietor from his station behind the counter, greeted him with effusion, and made some comment upon the weather. He merely nodded and passed through the kitchen into the restaurant in the rear. An obsequious waiter smiling a welcome, took his hat and coat.

"You are late to-night, sir," he said, pulling back a chair, in which Baggs seated himself heavily.

The room was dingy, the linen upon the table hardly spotless. Long mirrors placed at intervals on both walls served to repeat indefinitely the sombre interior, half lighted by a series of gas jets. In one corner of the place two Frenchmen were enlivening their dinner with an animated political discussion. At times, as the flood of talk rolled on, their voices would rise in rival volubility; again they subsided into indistinct murmurs. Baggs bestowed a glance upon them, then addressed himself to his dinner.

Every other night in the year Baggs dined at his club—at a particular table, in a particular seat, familiarly designated as "Baggs' own" to which he had acquired a sort of prescriptive right, a title which was never disputed by his fellow members. Now and then, a stranger, ignorant of the unwritten law of the club, would approach the chair; but he was invariably warned off by Baggs' particular waiter. Here, too, at the *rotisserie*, where he had dined on the thirty-first of December for many years, his table and chair were always reserved for him. With the exception of a bottle of Burgundy which was always required, the details of the dinner were left to the waiter, Louis, a prince among servants, alert, noiseless, quick to divine a half-formed wish, and prompt in the execution of the slightest command.

To-night, as was his wont, in placing each *plat* before his patron, Louis bestowed a few words in praise of its good qualities in a tone of subdued but persuasive eloquence; and as usual Baggs apparently paid not the slightest heed to him. Louis, however, seemed to expect no response from his auditor. His utterance appeared to arise rather from an admiration compelled by the masterpieces of culinary art than from any low desire to beguile the appetite.

Deliberate in all his movements, it was more than two hours before Baggs reached his cup of coffee. The two Frenchmen in the corner had in the meantime ceased their political discussion and were drinking the *ordinaire* of the place and tittering over the stories which they interchanged. Baggs lighted a cigar.

"There is only one bottle of this left, Louis?" he asked.

"*Oui M'sieu.*"

"Bring it up."

The waiter glided away and soon returned with the wine. It was the last of a famous brand, a few bottles of which Baggs had bought when abroad, and which he never drank except at this time and place. Louis handled the bottle as tenderly as if it were an infant, filled the glass with slow caution, and, watching Baggs as he sipped the wine, inquired:

"It is the proper temperature, sir?"

Interpreting Baggs' silence as equivalent to an affirmative reply, he retired to a respectful distance and assumed an attitude of immobility.

Baggs drained the glass very slowly, and slowly smoked his cigar. A slight film came over his eyes, a sort of dreaminess in his brain. He gazed through the smoke and heavy atmosphere of the room down a vista of nearly half a century. At the end of it he saw a young boy, on Christmas Eve, in a New England house, in a library window. He was a quiet, solitary little chap, who looked out upon the snow, falling steadily, at the bare skeletons of the trees, and the dim outlines of the neighboring houses. His eyes were very bright and ardent. Up to two weeks before this day his life had been as lonely and dismal as that of an orphan with an uncle who neglected or disliked him could well be. Save for the books about him, he had no friends; and these only suggested fantasies or questions which no one was at hand to interpret. But a fortnight before he had passed some days at the house of a friend of his uncle's, where he had played with some children of his own age, and drunk with a kind of ecstasy the delights of human sympathy. He was only at the house a week, but during that time he had learned so many things; and above all, the wonderful mystery of Santa Claus. It took immediate possession of his childish imagination. All day he dwelt upon it, and longed impatiently for Christmas Eve to come, when he might hang up his stocking with the rest. And now the time had come, and the shadows of night were rapidly closing in. It seemed an interminable time before he went to bed. Once in his room, he tried the door, for his solitary life had made him secretive, and with trembling fingers he hung up all his stockings about the room—on the mantel-piece, at the foot of the bed, over the backs of chairs, everywhere. For a while excitement kept him awake, but at last he sank into slumber. At the first stroke of dawn he sprang out of bed and ran to the stockings in trembling expectation. One after another he turned them inside out, with a deadly sickness of heart when he found the last one empty.

"Humph!" said Baggs to himself, putting down his glass, "that made me an atheist."

Next his memory leaped over the intervening years and looked into the drawing-room of a house at Cambridge, near the University, where a young man and a young woman were talking earnestly together. He, a Harvard graduate, was discussing his plans and purposes, she was listening with eyes of tender interest.

On the morrow he was to start on his journey to the distant California, and when he returned with a fortune they were to be married. Her woman's fears and forebodings he combatted with a young man's easy confidence in himself. Her face was brave enough when they parted, but he saw the tears in her eyes.

Then came the toilsome journey, the life of adventure at the mines, the failures and disappointments, the final success which crowned all. At last, after a lapse of three years, he stood again in the same room. It had changed but little; still, more than his heart he thought. There was a light footfall on the stairs, a moment later she entered, a man at her side. She was blushing sweetly. "My husband," she said. Then, with a cry, "You did not know? You did not get my letter?" The young man had fallen like a log.

Then, after many days of fever—travel, adventure, money getting the gradual settling into fixed ways of habit. Solitary as the boy' life had been by circumstance, it now became solitary from choice. Companionship was shunned, life dwindled into a round of trivialities. One day was an exemplar of the rest of the year. Regularly, on the thirty-first day of December he dined here, whither he had first been attracted in early days. Regularly on the first day of January he bought some book in which he inscribed "Many happy returns of the day to J. Baggs from himself," and added the date. There was an hour of rising and retiring, and everything bent to rule. Nothing had occurred to break the monotony until to-night, when that notice in the paper——

"Fetch me the *Bulletin*," he said to Louis.

The waiter brought the paper already stained with service. Baggs ran down the columns until his eye reached the notices of death where it rested.

STOUGHTON—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, December [illegible] Alicia Hollis, beloved wife of Matthias Stoughton.

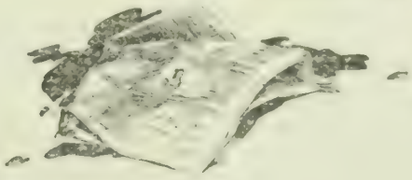
Baggs read this notice over and over, then drained his glass mechanically and rose from the table. The waiter came forward to help him into his coat, saying as he did so:

"I wish you a Happy New Year, sir."

To this Baggs replied by dropping into the man's hand a twenty dollar piece, which Louis received with the utmost composure, bowing very low, with a "*Merci M'sieu.*" At the same time the two Frenchmen arose, upsetting their chairs and shook hands with both waiter and proprietor, paid their reckoning with some jest about the charges, and arm in arm, singing the "Marseillaise," staggered forth unsteadily into the night. Baggs himself pursued his way homeward through the silent and deserted streets. Reaching his lodgings, he locked the door of his room and carefully closed all the windows. Then he undressed and turned off the gas. As the light went out the clang of bells, and tooting of horns announced the passing of the year. Baggs stood still and listened. Then in a hollow voice he said, using the words of the waiter Louis, "I wish you a Happy New Year, sir!" He turned on all the burners and heard the gas hissing in the darkness.

Then he groped his way to bed.

MARGARET HARTY



RURAL EVENING

The whip cracks on the plough team's flank,
  The thresher's flail beats duller
The round of day has warmed a bank
  Of cloud to primrose color.

The dairy girls cry home the kine,
  The kine in answer lowing;
And rough-haired louts with sleepy shouts
  Keep crows whence seed is growing.

The creaking wain, brushed through the lane,
  Hangs straws on hedges narrow;
And smoothly cleaves the soughing plough,
  And harsher grinds the harrow.

Comes from the road-side inn caught up,
  A brawl of crowded laughter,
Thro' falling brooks and cawing rooks
  And a fiddle scrambling after.

A GREAT PRINTING HOUSE.

Among the representative institutions whose progress the current business depression does not seem to have hindered is the great printing and bookbinding establishment of The Hicks-Judd Company at 23 First Street. To its resources and business the past year has added. In its line it is distinctly without a competitor.

To understand the resources and magnitude of the establishment, a visit to its premises is necessary. It occupies four floors, with its presses, typesetting, and bindery machinery, and has continually in employment 150 hands.

On the second floor of the huge brick building at 23 First Street is located the printing department, with Mr. Jas. Radford, one of the most competent printers on the Coast, in charge. In orderly array is a veritable battery of presses—the latest a splendid four-roller Huber, capable of doing the very finest classes of work. On it the admirable supplement, "Mossbrae Falls," an admirable specimen of half-tone work, was printed. In fact, the firm is now giving especial attention to half-tone printing, and is producing results that are quite as fine as those turned out by Eastern establishments. At the other end of the floor is the job-room, where the job work is done. Here are set up all classes of job work from a plain visiting card to a mammoth poster. On the next floor is the book-room, where the type-setting for their numerous publications is done. Here the weekly edition of THE WAVE is set up and made ready for the press. The *Railway Handbook*, *Zoe*, and *Heald's College Journal* are also among the firm's publications.

The preliminary binding work is done on the next two floors. There the folding and sewing, the cutting, stitching and pressing are done. A big force of men and girls is employed under John Jackson.

In this connection it may be valuable to remember that the binding of the view portfolios that the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner* are issuing in such numbers is for the most part being done by the Hicks-Judd Co. It has appointed the representatives of the great dailies throughout the Coast as its agents so that orders for binding the sets of beautiful pictures can be left wherever a paper is sold.

The advantage of having so extensive a plant under one roof is apparent. The firm has to send nothing out. One hands one's copy in at the office—the completed book, bound, gilt, and tooled, emerges. This entire edition of THE WAVE is the work of the Hicks-Judd Company, and it speaks volumes for their skill and resource. It has been gotten out in little over a week—a task that no other firm on the Coast could by any possibility have executed. Altogether the concern is a great one, and its President, Mr. N. A. Judd, and Mr. C. K. Rosenberg, its Secretary and Treasurer, are to be congratulated on the results of their active and intelligent work.

THE FIREMAN'S FUND.

We are accustomed to consider the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company the leading underwriting institution of the Coast. That it is also one of the most important in the country is a consideration that most people do not realize. Of the three hundred corporations writing risks in America—including the great companies of the United Kingdom, the Fireman's Fund stands eighteenth. It is, therefore, an institution of which San Francisco may reasonably be proud.

The Fireman's Fund has grown in the past few years from a comparatively small concern with a surplus of $153,172, and assets of $741,487 to a wealthy organization whose possessions aggregate $3,037,706, and whose surplus is $680,974. During that period one after another of the Coast companies have succumbed to competition, have gone out of existence through absorption or other causes. While it is not the only survivor, it is the representative one. Such splendid results are not arrived at by chance or through the medium of fortuitous circumstances. They are attributable to the business genius of its President, D. J. Staples, and the unusual capacity of officials. The most positive testimony to the recognized competence of Fireman's Fund men is the fact that half a dozen of the biggest offices in town are managed by men who were at times its secretaries.

The past year has been the most disastrous in the history of underwriting records. Companies have gone down in all parts of America. The prevailing depression our representative corporation has not escaped—but it has added to its income, and undoubtedly would show a handsome increase in its assets but for the fact that shrinkage in its two millions of securities will rather swallow up the profits made in other directions. The officers of the Fireman's Fund are: D. J. Staples, President; Wm. J. Dutton, Vice-President; B. Faymonville, Secretary; J. B. Levison, Marine Secretary; Louis Weinmann, Assistant Secretary; Stephen D. Ives, General Agent.

LOVELY WOMEN.

There is no department of the pharmacopœia which abounds with more frauds and deceptions than that which is devoted to preparations for the face. Every woman who has ever sought to identify a compound that will add to her personal charms without injury to her skin, knows this to be true. Of course, discovery of the ingredients of these quack nostrums has usually consigned them to the tomb of oblivion, but the resources of the quacks who concoct them seem to be inexhaustible.

In view of these facts, therefore, it is a pleasure to be able to commend a preparation which, having stood all the assaults of time, is still a standard of excellence everywhere. It is almost unnecessary to add that we refer to Camelline. Who has not heard of it, and what woman intent on preserving the beauty of her youth has not praised and commended it?

In fact, by those accustomed to its use no substitute is tolerated. Its effect on the skin is to make it soft, smooth, and velvety, and even its extravagant use does not produce a harmful effect.

Camelline has been recommended by Mme. Jane Hading, the eminent French actress; and Ellen Terry, whose stage fame extends throughout the world, says there is no article in Europe that at all compares with it. These praises are pure gold, and should alone be sufficient to establish its reputation.

Where so many face preparations before the public contain actual poisons that not only ruin the complexion but are liable to kill the user if accidentally taken internally, the merits of Camelline cannot be overestimated.

There is to be a big masquerade ball at the Mechanics' Pavilion on the evening of December 23d; a fine, dashing ball with prizes and musical specialties and various other attractions. Everyone in town will be there and you must go or you're not "in the swim."

LOOKING BACKWARD.

She has just come from the ball, this very interesting young woman who smiles so fascinatingly from the supplement. It is a masked ball, one may gather, and as the original is the work of an Italian artist, G. Costa, it is evident the ball took place somewhere in Rome. There are beautiful women in San Francisco, whose girls are famed throughout the world for admirable complexions and seductive forms, yet this Roman belle compares favorably with our loveliest. She is an exceedingly pretty girl and worth framing. It is presumed by her attitude and manner that she is conning in her mind the list of her conquests. That it is a long one is indubitable from the satisfied smile that illuminates her features. The picture from which it is taken is in the gallery of S. and G. Gump, at 113 Geary Street. Through their courtesy I am indebted for the privilege of reproducing it. Mr. Costa is a well-known Italian artist whose paintings are much sought after.

ARISTOCRATIC FLOWERS.

There is as much difference between the flowers of an artistic florist and those that a mere flower dealer purveys as there is between the accent of a Parisian *grande dame* and a provincial *burgoise*. No one whose eye is trained can help noticing how much more shapely and delicate in their beauty are the roses one finds at Sievers' than those that are sold elsewhere. It is there one buys carnations that are twice the size of the flowers one sees at other places; there the violets have a lustre, perfume, and loveliness that seems indigenous to the establishment.

I was in Sievers' yesterday looking at the palms and the poinsettias, with their starlike crimson flowers ranged in long rows of crimson and green. Charming the effect. There, too, are quantities of the pale *La France* bloom that has the aristocratic beauty of a cotillion belle. Who can resist the temptation of buying such lovely flowers? To those whom the season condemns to economy, I say solemnly: If you must pass down Post Street, don't look in at Sievers'—if you do—farewell resolution. You cannot fail to send a bouquet to your best beloved.

A KERAMIC EXHIBITION.

The decorated china contributed by members of the California Keramic Club and now on exhibition at the Art Rooms of Sanborn, Vail & Co., have drawn thousands of visitors to this popular establishment during the last week. All who have not seen the exhibition should do so at an early date.

The various articles suitable for Christmas presents, such as framed pictures, onyx tables, easels, silver-mounted leather goods, Christmas cards, and souvenirs of California and the Midwinter Fair, plush and celluloid albums, ladies' toilet sets, gentlemen's traveling sets, boxes of fine stationery, etc., are shown and being sold rapidly.

Everyone who likes to shop in a large, well-ventilated, clean store, where there are quantities of honest goods sold at honest prices can find no better place than Sanborn & Vail's, at 741 Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue.

Sweet girl—Papa, I wish you would lock up your money and pretend to fail; there's a good old dear. It needn't last more than a week or two, and there are so many failures now no one will find fault.

Father—Of all things! Wha——

Sweet girl—Oh, it's all right. You see, I'm engaged to nine young men, and I've got to get rid of at least eight of them somehow.

THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

IT HAS BEEN EXPENSIVELY REFITTED AND IMPROVED—ELECTRIC LIGHTS ADDED.

The Occidental Hotel, one of the oldest hotels in San Francisco, and long noted for the exceedingly careful manner in which it is conducted, has recently undergone a complete renovation. Its many friends among the traveling public, as well as those residents of this city who have from time to time accepted Major Hooper's hospitality, will be glad to learn this fact. It is a sign of prosperity and progression which cannot be mistaken.

Most notable among the new improvements are incandescent electric lights. Besides increasing the comfort of all its guests—for light in these days is almost as necessary as food—these will reduce the danger from fire more than half. The wiring of the entire hotel has only been accomplished after great expense and trouble.

The furniture has been completely reupholstered, and new velvet carpets placed on every floor. Some of these are very elegant, and in the more luxurious rooms many oil paintings and other evidences of refinement have been hung. Along with the refurnishing and renovation of the sleeping and living apartments has come the repainting of the interior.

In fact, the Occidental at one leap has sprung into the ranks of the first-class hostelries of the country. There are none which now abound with a greater number of devices for the comfort of its patrons, nor which are more carefully and circumspectly conducted.

In the general work of improvement, the bar, billiard, and cigar rooms have not been overlooked. The first named and the latter have been fitted up in solid mahogany and are the most expensively arranged of any similar places in town.

All the improvements in progress have not yet been completed, but when they are, the Occidental will be one of the finest hotels on the Coast.

A GENEROUS MERCHANT.

THE WAVE's attention has been called to the generosity of one of our leading merchants who has given to each of his employés an order for a hat upon the leading hatters, Groom & Nash, 942 Market Street, Baldwin Hotel.

Press Clippings on any subject supplied on application.

Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist,
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San Francisco, October 20th, 1893

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

Gentlemen:

In compliance with your instructions "to purchase in open market a number of cans of the 'Eagle Brand Condensed Milk,' examine them by chemical and microscopical tests with reference to their purity and report to us conscientiously the results of such examination" I have purchased from various drug and grocery stores fifteen cans of the "Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk" and have subjected them to a crucial chemical and microscopical examination.

In every can examined the milk was found to be thoroughly preserved and perfectly free from any deleterious material.

I am more than pleased with the results as I have for years used this brand in my own household and have invariably recommended it to my patients for their use.

I have never had any doubts as to its perfect purity, an opinion based on its effects on my own children and those of my patients during the past twenty-five years.

This confirmation of my belief, the deduction of my long familiarity with the "Eagle Brand," by the improved tests of modern chemical and microscopical science, has afforded me great pleasure.

Very truly yours,

Wm D. Johnston

Prof. of Chemistry and Toxicology

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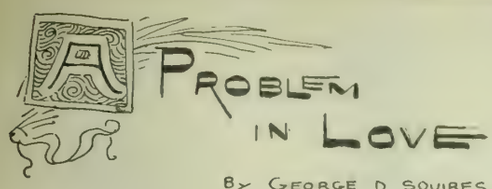

By George D Squires

I NEVER was quite able to understand the peculiar way in which the divine passion manifested itself in the case of Blobbles. The problems of Euclid are a rippling stream of light compared to the dismal and impenetrable mystery surrounding his blind and immeasurable love for Mrs. Blobbles.

What he ever saw in her person or perceived in her intellect to excite the unreasoning regard for her which he entertained, and of the outward signs of which he made no concealment, I have always been unable to imagine. She had red hair, an eye on the bias, a nose out of plumb, false and fraudulent teeth, a complexion, the spotted and unhealthy character of which powder and rouge were inadequate to conceal, and was reputed to wear padding on divers portions of her person in order to give her anatomy a certain plumpness which it naturally did not possess.

Mrs. Pidwillie, the bereaved widow of a son of Blobbles' elder sister, once told me in confidence that when Mrs. Blobbles dissected herself for the purpose of retiring at night, by far the greater portion of her was distributed about the chairs of her *boudoir*. The competency of this lady to testify rested upon the fact, I may remark, that she claimed to have put the smaller portion of Mrs. Blobbles to bed one night when that person had been taken suddenly ill. But Mrs. Pidwillie was an incorrigible gossip, and her statements concerning Mrs. Blobbles must be accepted with caution. She had tried after the death of her husband to win Blobbles herself.

I have said that Blobbles was madly in love with Mrs. Blobbles. This remark scarcely expresses the measure of his affection. His regard for her seemed to be blind and boundless. This was all the more remarkable for the reason that, while Mrs. Blobbles was as homely as a hedge fence and correspondingly as ignorant—in fact, her ignorance was simply appalling—Blobbles himself was a handsome, cultivated, and intelligent fellow.

Mrs. Blobbles could read only with the most painful effort, and could write only by thrusting out her tongue and twisting her head in an agonizing fashion. Her chirography was something frightful, and her spelling of the simplest words calculated to produce mental strabismus. Blobbles, on the other hand, was finely educated—a writer of some ability, and a musician of note.

To a conversationalist of his attainments social intercourse with a person of Mrs. Blobbles' powers must, under ordinary circumstances, have been simply intolerable—but in the blindness of his love her opaque mind was to him her greatest charm.

"My dear boy," he said to me one day, "she is as innocent as a lamb. The very things you see in her to reprehend are to me proof positive that the little darling is fresh from Heaven."

Considering that Mrs. Blobbles was nearly six feet in height and resembled a kangaroo in general contour, this was exceedingly refreshing. But it was about all the satisfaction I ever extracted from Blobbles.

There was, however, one exceedingly strange thing about this eccentric lady. Although densely ignorant and incapable of understanding the significance of ordinary language, she was the most sensitive creature I have ever seen. Every word uttered in her presence, to her dim comprehension, was designed to insult her. This mental peculiarity was not confined to the discovery of flaws in the remarks of Blobbles' friends, but Blobbles himself often came in for an uncomfortable dressing down.

I remember that on one occasion he composed a comic refrain from a bit of doggerel which he had found in an old magazine. He was an accomplished musician and possessed a genius for setting witty things to music. The verses ran something like this:

He was a man of giant frame,
And muscles wrought of steel,
Anthæus, Atlas, Hercules,
Did ne'er such strength reveal.
He could uproot a giant oak
With little strain or fuss;
Hold out in either hand a full
Grown hippopotamus.

He'd swum across the sea and towed
A frigate in his wake,
He could, when healthy, tear in shreds
A hotel sirloin steak.
And yet, poor man, he met one day
A task that took his life,
He grew o'er-confident and went
A-shopping with his wife.

Blobbles drew up these verses, set them to appropriate music, and dedicated them to Mrs. Blobbles. One evening when I dined with him he presented them to her with a few remarks that abounded with affection and that ought to have delighted the heart of the sourest wife on earth.

But Mrs. Blobbles had detected in the rhymes the usual covert insult. She took the manuscript in her hand, and, with some difficulty, made out the concluding line. I saw Blobbles' face blanch. The explosion came the next moment.

With rising anger she declared that the reference to shopping was a satire upon her disposition to prolong her excursions in search of good bargains through Kearny and Market Streets. This was certainly the case because Blobbles had often lectured her upon her passion for shopping. If not, why had he written such a song and dedicated it to her—she who never sang a note in her life?

It was useless for Blobbles to deny it. This was not the first time he had invited a friend to his home to witness the humiliation of his wife. He was a scoundrel and a brute, unfit to be the husband of a faithful woman; and, bursting into a flood of tears, she flew from the room.

Blobbles was speechless. He sat for some moments gazing blankly at the ceiling. Then he ejaculated:

"Well, I'm d——d!"

This seemed to appropriately describe the situation, and, after congratulating Blobbles upon having expressed my opinion exactly, I hastily made my escape. Even the excellent dinner which the unfortunate fellow had provided for my entertainment, did not tempt me to remain and witness his painful attempt at reconciliation. I could well relegate to the domain of imagination the details of the night that Blobbles must have passed.

When next I met him I said: "Blobbles, excuse me, but in my opinion you are an egregious ass."

"Thank you," was his only reply.

On another occasion, I remember, Blobbles gave a dinner to his friend, Billfinger. At first I resisted the invitation. I suggested in a jocular way that perhaps Mrs. Blobbles would again get insulted—she seemed to be so affected whenever I came into her presence—but Blobbles replied that she was now enjoying a season of remarkable composure, and that nothing could possibly arise to make her angry. So, finally, much against my judgment, I accepted, and accompanied him home.

Billfinger, I found, was a highly developed type of the *genus* mutton-head. Big, coarse, ignorant, phlegmatic, he was the last man in the world I should ever have associated with Blobbles as a friend. The latter informed me afterward, however, that he was an old acquaintance of Mrs. Blobbles, and for her sake only he tolerated him.

Although not in possession of this information then, I noticed that during the dinner Mrs. Blobbles regarded Billfinger with an interest she was evidently endeavoring to conceal. She anticipated his every wish, hung eagerly upon the few idiotic remarks he made, which, however, were only dragged from him by Blobbles' repeated requests for his opinion upon topics being discussed, and when we sent for the coffee and cigars, I saw her covertly light one and hand it to him.

Blobbles and I had been discussing the effect of travel upon the minds of men—a subject that appeared to be a deep mystery to both Mrs. Blobbles and Billfinger.

"It was Lord Bacon," facetiously remarked Blobbles as he concluded the discussion, "who said that 'reading maketh the learned man, speaking the ready man, and writing the exact man.' That is excellent, but the group would have been more complete had he added 'and traveling maketh the busted man'"

Mrs. Blobbles pricked up her ears instantly. My heart sprang into my throat. Could it be possible that Blobbles had again insulted her?

"I suppose," she said, with rising anger, "that you refer to our last trip to Los Angeles. I think you'd ought to be ashamed to twit me of that again."

I saw Blobbles was in for it once more. His face turned pale, and he began:

"My dear——"

But it was useless. Mrs. Blobbles' temper again asserted itself. She would hear no explanation. Blobbles had insulted her in the presence of her guests, and in a flood of tears she swept from the room. Blobbles was, to all intents and purposes, paralyzed.

But Billfinger evidently sympathized with and upheld the insulted lady, for he gave Blobbles a savage look and followed her into the drawing-room, from whence the dismal sounds of her constantly increasing sobs reached our ears. I found my hat and coat and bolted from the house, leaving Blobbles staring at the seat vacated by his wife more dead than alive.

I did not again meet Blobbles for over a week but when I did he seemed as cheerful as ever. After some talk I referred guardedly to the dinner, but as the subject seemed to be a painful one, I did not press him to tell me how he had managed to mollify Mrs. Blobbles.

Several days later he informed me that the *entente cordiale* had again been established at his residence and that I was at liberty to call.

"Blobbles," I said, "I have encountered idiots in my time, but the sublimity of your idiocy passes my comprehension."

"You are quite frank," he rejoined. "Please tell me why you entertain this opinion of my intellectual attainments."

"Blobbles, had I not been your friend and brother all my life, I should have you examined for transportation to the Home for the Feeble-Minded. Your infatuation for that

woman is a freak of nature and can only be accounted for on the theory that your brain is softening."

"Mrs. Blobbles? Why, what is the matter with her?"

"Well, why don't you send her to school? She doesn't know anything."

"She's too old, my dear fellow. Besides, it is I who love her."

"Yes, I know you think you love her, but I disbelieve it."

"Oh, my dear fellow, you cannot understand. In your breast the divine passion has no place. You are cold and calculating. You give no rein to your feelings. When you have once traversed the mysterious ground——"

"Bosh, Blobbles, bosh."

For two months after this Blobbles and I maintained a sepulchral silence upon the subject of Mrs. Blobbles. He invited me to dine at his house on three different occasions, but I made my excuses and evaded him. Finally, he came to my office one day and declared that he would take me by force. Then I flatly and emphatically informed him that if he persisted in dragging me out to his residence I should appeal to the police for protection. "Blobbles," I said, "under no circumstances whatever will I ever dine at your house again. I know, thank Heaven, when I have had enough. You shall never have another opportunity to *insult* your wife in my presence."

Blobbles was not offended. He was never offended at anything I said to him about Mrs. Blobbles. He argued awhile to change my determination, and finally went away with a declaration that I was both foolish and unreasonable.

The next morning he came tearing into my office like a crazy man. His eyes were bloodshot, his hair uncombed, his complexion pale, and his clothes and linen soiled and crumpled. I was amazed.

"Great Heavens, old man," I managed to ejaculate, "what is the matter?"

He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. I shook him.

"Blobbles, what is the matter? For Heaven's sake tell me."

"She——" he gasped.

"Who? Mrs. Blobbles?"

"Yes."

"What has she been doing? On a tear again?"

"No, no," he sobbed. "She's dead—suicide."

I felt greatly relieved. The fact that she had developed sufficient sense to commit suicide at once elevated her in my estimation. I told Blobbles so in terms, which seemed to greatly injure his feelings. As I was about to apologize for my rudeness he drew from his pocket a paper upon which was written in Mrs. Blobbles' exasperating hand the following words:

BLOBBLES:—i kan stand it No Longer. Your brutall Kondut is awfull. i shal die—jump in Bay early this morning. You need nott lok fur me. the schrimps will gett me after while—thay wil eat me up. then You Wil Be satisfyed i gues.

your broken-hearted MARY.

I conducted Blobbles to the Turkish Bath, superintended a shampoo and the administration of a stimulant, and saw him safely at home in bed. I used all the arguments I could think of on the way to console him, and told him that until he thoroughly recovered I should take up my residence at his house. After that I sent up my friend Dr. Brown, who has treated many such cases and brought them to a successful termination. He tells me that opium is his sheet-anchor in fits of lovesickness. He keeps the patient in a state of somnolence for a few days, and upon recovery the chances are ten to one that the infatuation is dead. Such is the power of forgetfulness.

Within forty-eight hours after the prostration of Blobbles, I received through the post-office the following letter:

DEER SIR:—You may be surprised to Hear from me, butt i rite this by the advice of mr. billfinger. i could nott stand blobble's abuse anny longer. i prefer mr. billfinger. blobbles thinks i kilt myselff. Butt He Needut Follo me. Befor You Gett This we shal bee in los angeless. from ther we're goin tu Ni Yorke. shal Never Return to Kaliforny.

Yours trooly, MRS. BLOBBLES.

I have not yet mustered up sufficient courage to exhibit this epistle to Blobbles. I know that if I do he will pursue Billfinger and kill him. Really, from a psychical standpoint, I am inclined to think Billfinger is adapted to make Mrs. Blobbles happy. He certainly does not possess sufficient sense to insult her. Why should I interfere and have him killed? So long as Blobbles thinks her dead, he can only nurse his unaccountable passion, and perhaps after a time it will perish.

I do not think I shall ever acquaint him with the perfidy of his wife. The papers have written her up as the victim of domestic infelicity and her own rash act, and it is well enough to let Blobbles continue to think the shrimps have her. He is happier than he would be if he thought Billfinger had her.

OLD LETTERS.

Last night some yellow letters fell
From out a scrip I found by chance;
Among them was the silent ghost,
The spirit of my first romance:
And in a faint blue envelope
A withered rose long lost to dew
Bore witness to the dashing days
When love was large and wits were few.

Yet standing there, all worn and gray,
The teardrops quivered in my eyes
To think of youth's unshaken front,
The forehead lifted to the skies;
How rough a hill my eager feet
Flung backward when upon its crest
I saw the flutter of the lace
The wind awoke on Helen's breast!

How thornless were the roses then
When fresh young eyes and lips were kind,
When Cupid in our porches proved
How true the tale that Love is blind!
But Red-and-White and Poverty
Would only mate while shone the May;
Then came a bag of Golden Crowns
And jingled Red-and-White away.

Grown old and niggard of romance
I wince not much at aught askew,
And often ask my favorite cat
What else had Red-and-White to do?
And here's the bud that rose and sank
A crimson island on her breast—
Why should I burn it? Once again
Hide, rose, and dream. God send me rest.

—*Norman Gale.*

MORBIDEZZA.

White girl, your flesh is lilies
Grown 'neath a frozen moon,
So still is
The rapture of your swoon
Of whiteness, snow, or lilies.

The virginal revealment
Of the black gown's thin slope—
Concealment,
'Neath fainting heliotrope,
Of whitest white's revealment—

Is like a bed of lilies,
A jealous-guarded row,
Whose will is
Simply chaste dreams—but oh,
The alluring scent of lilies!

—*Arthur Symons.*

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SUSPENDERS — UMBRELLAS

WHEN Frederick Woodhouse Toppan came out of Thibet, wherein he had been lost track of for five years, and returned to the world in general, and to San Francisco in particular, he began to know what it meant to be famous. As he entered street cars or hotel elevators he remarked a sudden observant silence on the part of the other passengers. The reporters became a real instead of a feigned annoyance, and the papers at large commenced speaking of him by his last name only. He ceased to cut out and paste in his scrap-book everything that was said of him in the journals and magazines. People composed beforehand clever little things to say to him when they were introduced, and he was asked to indorse new soaps and patented cereals. The great magazines of the country wrote to him for more articles, and his "Through the Highlands of Thibet," already in its twentieth thousand, was in everybody's hands.

And he was hardly thirty.

To people who had preconceived ideas as to what an Asiatic explorer should be like, Toppan was disappointing. Where they expected to see a "magnificent physique" in top boots and with helmet, flung at length upon lion skins and smoking a nargile, they only saw a very much tanned young gentleman, who wore cartwheel hats and russet-leather shoes just like any well-dressed man of the period. They felt vaguely defrauded because he looked ordinary and stylish, had knew what to do with his hands and feet in a drawing-room.

He had come to San Francisco for three reasons: First, because at that place he was fitting out an expedition for Kamtchatka, which was to be the big thing of his life, and was to cause him to be spoken of together with Speke, Kennan, and Stanley; second, because the Business Manager of the Lecture Bureau, with whom he had signed, had scheduled him to deliver his two lectures there, as he had already done in New York, Boston, and elsewhere; and, third, because Victoria Boyden lived there.

When Toppan got back the rest of Victoria's gentlemen friends shrank considerably when she compared them with him. They were of the type who are in the insurance offices of fathers and uncles during the winter, and in the summer are to be found at the fashionable summer resorts where they idle languidly on the beaches in white flannels or play chop-sticks with the girls on the piano in the hotel parlor. Here, however, was a man, and the first white man who had ever crossed Thibet alive, who knew what it meant to go four days without water and who could explain to you the difference between the insanity caused by the lack of sleep and that brought about by a cobra bite. The men of Victoria's acquaintance never had known what it was to go without two consecutive meals, whereas Toppan at one time in the Himalayas had lived for several weeks upon ten ounces of diseased camel meat per day after the animals had died under their burdens. Victoria's friends led germans. Toppan led expeditions. Their only fatigue came from dancing too much; their only hardships those coincident with their little fortnight camping excursions in the Sierra foothills, where if a man rose before five it was something to tell of when he returned. Upon one occasion, on Mount Everest, Toppan and his companions, caught in a snowstorm where sleep meant death, had kept themselves awake by chewing pipe-tobacco and rubbing the smarting juice in their eyes. He had had experiences and excitements the like of which none other of her male friends had ever known, and she had cared for him from the first.

When a man tells a girl that he loves her in a voice that can at will speak in the dialects of the interior Thibetan States around the Tengri-Nor Lake, or holds her hand in one that has been sunken deep in the throat of a hunger-mad tiger, she cannot well be otherwise than duly impressed.

To look at, Victoria was a Queen. Just the woman you would have chosen to be mated with a man like Toppan — five feet eleven in her tennis shoes, with her head flung well back upon her shoulders, and the gait of a goddess, could look down on most men, and, in general, suggested figures of Boadicea, Brunehilde, or Berenice. But to know her was to find her shallow as a sun-shrunken mill-race, to discover that her brilliancy was but the cheapest glitter, and to realize that in every way she was lamentably unsuited for the role of Toppan's wife. And no one saw this so well as Toppan himself. He knew that she did not appreciate him at one-tenth his real value, and she never could, and never would, understand him, and that he was in every way too good for her.

As his wife he felt sure she would only be a hindrance and a stumbling-block in the career that he had planned for himself, if, indeed, she did not ruin it entirely.

But first impressions were strong with him, and because when he had first known her she had seemed to be fit consort for an Emperor, he had gone on loving her as such ever since, making excuses for her trivialities, her petty affectations, her downright ignorance, her lack of interest in his life-work, and even at times her unconcealed ridicule of it. For one thing, Victoria wanted him to postpone his expedition for a year, in order that he might marry her, and Toppan objected to this because he was so circumstanced just then that to postpone meant to abandon it.

No man is stronger than his weakest point. Toppan's weak point was Victoria Boyden, and he acknowledged to himself with humiliation that he could not make up his mind to break with her. Perhaps he is not to be too severely blamed for this. Living so much apart from women as he did, and plunged for so long periods into an atmosphere so entirely different from that of ordinary society, he had come to feel intensely where he felt at all, and had lost the faculty, possessed by the more conventional, of easy and ephemeral change from one interest to another. Most of Victoria's admirers, in like case, would have lit a cigarette and walked off the passion between dark and dawn in one night. But Toppan could not do this. It was the one weak strain in his build, "the little rift within the lute."

One of the natural consequences of their intercourse was that they were never happy when together and hailed with hardly-concealed relief the advent of the third person. They had absolutely no interests in common, and their meetings were made up of trivial bickerings. They generally parted quarrelling, and then immediately sat down to count the days until they should meet again. I have no doubt they loved each other well enough, but somehow they were not made to be mated and that was all there was about it.

During the month before the Kamtchatka expedition sailed Toppan worked hard. He commanded jointly with Bushby, a Lieutenant in the Civil Engineer Corps, and the two toiled from the dawn of one morning till the dawn of the next perfecting the last details of their undertaking, correcting charts, reducing the portage weight of cameras, lading rifles, ammunition, experimenting with beef extracts and pemmican, and corresponding with geographical societies. Through it all Toppan found time to revise his notes for his last lecture, and to call upon Victoria two or three times each week.

On one of these occasions he said: "How do you get on with my book, Vic, pretty stupid reading?" He had sent her from Bombay the first copy that his London publishers had forwarded to him.

"Not at all," she answered. "I like it very much. Do you know it has all the fascination of a novel for me. Your style is just as clear and strong as can be, and your description of scenery and of the strange and novel bits of human nature in such an unfrequented corner of the globe are much more interesting than the most imaginative and carefully elaborated fiction. Those botanical and zoological data must be invaluable to scientific men, I should think, but of course I can't understand them very well. It is certainly very wonderful. How do you do it, Fred? One would think that you were a born writer as well as explorer. But now, see here, Freddy; I want to talk to you again about putting off your trip to —what do you call it—for just a year for my sake."

After they had wrangled over this oft-mooted question they parted coldly, and Toppan went away feeling aroused and unhappy.

That night he and Bushby were making a chemical analysis of a new kind of smokeless

powder. Bushby poured out a handful of saltpeter and charcoal upon a leaf torn from a back number of the *Pop. Sci.*, and slid it across the table towards him.

"Now, when you burn this stuff," remarked Toppan, spreading it out upon the paper with his finger, "you get a reaction of $2KNO_3 + 3C = CO_2 + CO +$, I forget the rest. Get out your formulæ in the bookcase behind you there, will you, and look it up for me?"

While Bushby was fingering the leaves of the volume Toppan caught sight of his name on the leaf of the *Pop. Sci.* which held the mixture. Looking closely he saw that it occurred in a criticism of his book which he had not yet seen. He brushed the charcoal and saltpeter to one side and ran his eyes over the lines.

"Toppan's great work," said the writer, "is a book not only for the scientists, but for all men. Though dealing to a great extent with the technicalities of geography, geology, and the sister sciences, the author has known how to throw his thoughts and observations into a form of remarkable lightness and brilliancy. In Toppan's hands the book has all the fascination of a novel. His style is clear and strong, and his descriptions of scenery and of the weird and unusual phases of human nature to be met with in such an unfrequented corner of the globe are much more interesting than most of the imaginative and carefully elaborate romances of adventure in the present day. His botanical and zoological data will be invaluable to scientific men. It is certainly a wonderful book. It is rare that we find the born explorer a born writer as well."

As he read Toppan's heart grew cold within his ribs. "She must have learned it like a parrot," he mused. "I wonder now if she even—"

"Equals $CO_2 + CO + N_2 + KCO_3$," said Bushby, turning to the table again. "Come on, hurry up, old man, and let's gets through with this. It's nearly three o'clock."

The next evening Toppan was to deliver his lecture at the Grand Opera House, but in the afternoon he called upon Victoria with a purpose. She was out at the time, but he determined to wait for her, and sat down in the drawing-room till she should come. Presently he saw his book with its marbled covers—familiar to him now as the face of a child to its father—lying conspicuously upon the centre table. It was the copy he had sent to her from Bombay. He picked it up and ran over the leaves; not one of them had been cut. He replaced the book upon the table and left the house.

That night the Grand Opera House was packed to the doors, and the street in front was full of hoarse, over-worked policemen and wailing coachmen. The awning was out over the sidewalk, and the steps of the church across the street were banked with row upon row of watching faces. It was known that this was to be the last lecture of Toppan before he plunged into the wilderness again, and that the world would not see him for five years. The Mayor of the city introduced him in a speech that was too long, and then Toppan stood up and faced the artillery of opera-glasses, and tried not to look into the right-hand proscenium box, which held Victoria Boyden and her party.

He kept the audience spellbound for about an hour, while he forgot his useless notes, forgot his hearers and the circumstances of time and place, forgot about Victoria Boyden and their mean little squabbles and remembered only that he was Toppan, the great explorer, who had led his men through the interior of Thibet and had lived to tell it to these people now before him. For an hour he made the people, too, forget themselves in him and his story, till they felt something of what he had felt on those occasions, when Hope was a phantom scattering chaff, when Resolve wore thin under the friction of disaster, when the wheels of Life ran very slow and men thanked God that they *could* die. For an hour he led them steadily into the heart of the unknown and the twilight of the unseen. Then he had an inspiration.

He had worked himself up to a mood wherein he was himself at his very best, when his chosen life work made all else seem trivial and the desire to do great things was big within him. In this mood he somehow happened to remember Victoria Boyden, which he should not have done, because she was not to be thought of in connection with great deeds and high resolves. But just at that moment Toppan felt his strength and knew how great he really was, and how small and belittled she seemed in comparison. She had practiced a small deception upon him, had done him harm and would do him more. He suddenly resolved to break with her at that very moment and place, while he was strong and able to do it.

He did it by cleverly working into his talk a little story, whose real meaning no one but Victoria understood. For the audience, it was but a bright little bit of folk lore of upper India. For Victoria, he might as well have struck her across the face. It was cruel, it was even vulgarly cruel, which is brutal, it was vindictive and perhaps cowardly, but the man was smarting under a long continued bitterness and he had at last turned and with closed eyes struck back savagely.

The exalted mood which had brought this about was with him during the rest of the evening, was with him when he drove back to his rooms in his coupé with Bushby and was with him as he flung himself to bed and went to sleep with a deep sigh of relief for that it was now over and done with forever.

But it left him during the night and he awoke the next morning to a realization of what he had done and of all he had lost. He began by remembering Victoria as he had first known her, by recalling only what was good in her and by palliating and denying all that was bad. From this starting point he went on till he was in an agony of grief and remorse and ended by lashing himself into a belief that Victoria had been his inspiration and had given zest and interest to everything he had done. Now, he bitterly regretted that he had thrown her over. He had never in his life before loved her so much. He was unfitted for work during all that day and passed the next night in unavailing lamentations. His morning's mail brought him face to face with the crisis of his life.

It came in the shape of a letter from Victoria Boyden. It was a very thick and a very heavy letter and she must have spent most of the previous day in writing it. He was surprised that she should have written him at all after what had passed on that other evening, but he was deeply happy as well because he knew precisely what the letter would be before he opened it. It would be a petition for his forgiveness and a last attempt to win him back to her again.

And Toppan knew that she would succeed. He knew that in his present mood he would make any sacrifice for her sake. He foresaw that her appeal would be too strong for him. That was, if he opened and read the letter; just now the question was, should he do it? If he read the letter he knew that he was lost, his career would stop where it was. To be great he had only to toss it unopened into the fire-place; yes, but to be great without her, was it worth the while? What would fame, and honor, and greatness be, without her to share them all with him? He realized that the time was come to choose between her and his career, and that it all depended upon the opening of her letter.

Two hours later he flung himself down before his table and took her letter in his hand. His fingers itched for the touch of it. He turned it slowly around and smelt the sachet perfume that exhaled from it. Close to his elbow lay a little copper knife with poison-grooves, such as are used by the Hill tribes in the Kuen-Lun Mountains. Toppan kept it for a paper cutter; just now he picked it up. For a long time he remained sitting, holding Victoria's letter in one hand, the little knife in the other. Then he put the point underneath the flap of the envelope and slowly cut it open.

Two weeks later the Kamtchatka expedition sailed with Bushby in command. Toppan did not go; he was married to Victoria Boyden that fall.

Last season I met Toppan at Coronado Beach. The world has about forgotten him now, but he is quite contented as he is. He is head clerk in old Mr. Boyden's office and he plays a capital game of tennis.

THE PILGRIM CRANES.

The pilgrim cranes are moving to their south,
The clouds are herded pale and rolling slow.
Our flower is withered in the warm wind's mouth,
Whereby the gentle waters always flow.

The cloud-fire wanes beyond the lighted trees.
The sudden glory leaves the mountain dome.
Sleep into night, old anguish mine, and cease
To listen for a step that will not come.

—*Lord de Tabley.*

AT EVENING.

Below her in the valley farm
She heard the rustic mirth;
The pastures lessened to a line
Was heaven as much as earth.

The fiddle poured a dancing tune
That called her feet. And, oh!
Her heart was hungry for the lad
She danced with long ago.

—*Norman Gale.*

ON THE HEATH.

Her face's willful flash and glow
Turned all its light upon my face
One bright delirious moment's space.
And then she passed: I followed slow

Across the heath, and up and round,
And watched the splendid death of day
Upon the summits far away,
And in her fateful beauty found

The fierce wild beauty of the light
That startles twilight on the hills,
And lightens all the mountain rills,
And flames before the feet of night.

—*Arthur Symons.*

THE PRODIGAL.

In a strange country, father, most forlorn,
Broken with sin: for many idle days
Crowned with a chaplet of the Devil's bays:
My food the husks of swine, my raiment torn.

I drive my weltering flock in mire at morn
To pasture acorns on the forest ways.
Alone with droning owls and bickering jays,
I herd my hogs and wind my herdsman's horn.

The servants in thy house are clothed and fed,
Nourished with meat and strong with purple wine.
Make me thy servant: feed me lest I die.

Naked I perish for a crust of bread,
Ragged I kneel among the troughs of swine.
Out of thy far land hear my abject cry!

—*Lord de Tabley.*

THE MONARCH OF THE DAILIES.

MAKING GAS.

THE WORKS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO COMPANY AT NORTH BEACH.

For two years past the San Francisco Gaslight Company has been erecting at North Beach mammoth new buildings, putting in new gas-manufacturing machinery and, in a word, building and finishing the most complete system of gas works on the Coast.

The city's steady growth in the districts known as the Mission and the Western Addition has made the building of these new works a necessity, as the lighting of the whole city from the works on the Potrero and at Fifth and Howard Streets was becoming in a measure impracticable. The company began the construction of this new plant with an idea of concentrating its works on the North Beach so far as possible. The new location is a most desirable one. It is on water-front property, having ample wharf facilities, so that coal may be discharged and put down at the company's furnaces at the least possible expense, and at the same time it is within easy reach of the gas consuming districts.

In planning the new works the object of the company's engineers was to build a combination plant for the manufacture of both coal and water gas. In reality the works include two separate plants, the combined capacity of which is 3,800,000 feet of gas every twenty-four hours.

The generator building is 182 feet long and 64 feet wide. The purifying house is 139 feet long and 72 feet wide, with an addition 44 by 72 feet in dimensions. This latter room is used for mixing and storing oxide. All of the buildings are brick, with terra-cotta trimmings. The generator building, which is divided by brick partitions into four parts, contains the boilers, engines, steam pumps, heaters, generators, condensers and scrubbers. In the purifying house are eight purifiers 25 feet by 25 feet, with 30-inch seal and trussed-crown covers. The oil tank, 55 feet in diameter and 25 deep, is near the bay, surrounded by a heavy brick wall.

After these buildings had been completed work was begun on the retort house for the coal-gas works, a building 170 feet long by 73 feet wide. This building is now being equipped with twenty benches of full-depth regenerative furnaces of nine retorts each. In another big brick building in the rear, 182 feet long and 50 feet wide, also recently completed, the exhausters and condensers to be used in the manufacture of coal gas are being placed in position. Two exhausters will take the gas hot from the retorts and pass it through into the condensers, where it will go through the cooling process. These condensers are each 72 feet in diameter and 25 feet high. From the condensers the gas will be passed on to the scrubbers, where the tar and other impurities will be removed, and on to the standard scrubber, where it will go through a process for the removal of the ammonia. From the outlet of the standard scrubber the coal gas will pass into a great main running through the works. There the coal gas and the water gas mix and pass on to the purifying house.

The most striking feature of the whole works, perhaps, is the great gas-holder. It is one of the largest structures of the kind in the world, and has a capacity of 2,000,000 cubic feet. A little idea of the immensity of this holder may be had, perhaps, when it is stated that its capacity is about equal to the total capacity of the seven other gas-holders owned by the company in different sections of the city. In constructing this great tank a pit was excavated thirty-eight feet below the grade of Bay Street, and in building the walls and in putting in the tank bottom 2,750,000 brick and 6000 barrels of Portland cement were used. The bottom, which is constructed of sand, rock, and cement, is twenty-four inches in thickness. The circular wall is eight feet thick and has an interior diameter of 163 feet. The guide frame is 108 feet high above the surface. From the top rail of the frame to the bottom of the tank it is 146 feet.

"We have been claiming for a long time," said the Superintendent of the works, "to educate the people of San Francisco to the fact that gas is one of the cheapest fuels for heating and cooking purposes, and that it may be used to advantage in every household. We have always argued its cleanliness, but if we can show the ladies that even the manufacture of the gas may be carried on in a cleanly manner, we ought never to say another word on the subject. But every one knows that the combustion of gas is odorless and absolutely without dirt as a fuel. The only question is to introduce it."

The gas company's people insist that gas may be used with economy, and certainly with comfort, and they are confident that the gas stove is bound to come into more general use. As an evidence of their faith the company's big store at 16 Post Street is filled with gas stoves of every description, and it must be stated, too, that there are some handsome designs. The store on Post Street is one of the company's latest enterprises.

JAVANESE DANCERS.

Twitched strings, the clang of metal, beaten drums,
Dull, shrill, continuous, disquieting;
And now the stealthy dancer comes
Undulantly with cat-like steps that cling.

Smiling between her painted lids a smile
Motionless, unintelligible, she twines
Her fingers into mazy lines,
Twining her scarves across them all the while.

One, two, three, four, step forth, and, to and fro,
Delicately and imperceptibly,
Now swaying gently in a row,
Now interthreading slow and rhythmically,

Still with fixed eyes, monotonously still,
Mysteriously, with smiles inanimate,
With lingering feet that undulate,
With sinuous fingers, spectral hands that thrill,

The little amber-colored dancers move,
Like little painted figures on a screen,
Or phantom-dancers haply seen
Among the shadows of a magic grove.

—*Arthur Symons.*

MORNING.

The throstle and the dawn
Together come
That light and music may
Invade my home.

And wakefulness begins
In Laura's hands;
Upon her pillow stir
Those glowing strands

That lure me till I kiss
Her dreamy eyes
To win her back from sleep
To Paradise.

—*Norman Gale.*

PARTING.

Why, love, don't weep!
Our joy was long,
Sweet twenty years
Of smile and song.
I shall but wait,
Asleep, asleep,
For you to come—
Why, love, don't weep!

Why, love, don't weep!
The end is this;
There comes a bound
To speech and kiss:
For joy like ours
The price is cheap—
Sweet twenty years!
Why, love, don't weep!

—*Norman Gale.*

A SONG.

It was the time when heaven comes down
And paves the wood with blue;
A firmament of hyacinths
Drank deep of forest dew;
The cooing of a lonely dove
Went mourning on the breeze,
And over all there swayed the songs
And sighings of the breeze.

The velvet palms of moss caressed
And comforted my face;
An angel joy from Paradise
Seemed truant in the place:
The forest was a voice, and sang,
O Love long dead, of you
What time the gracious heaven came down
And paved the wood with blue.

—*Norman Gale.*

MAQUILLAGE.

The charm of rouge on fragile cheeks,
Pearl-powder, and, about the eyes,
The dark and lustrous Eastern dyes;
The floating odor that bespeaks
A scented boudoir and the doubtful night
Of alcoves curtained close against the light.

Gracile and creamy, white and rose,
Complexioned like the flower of dawn,
Her fleeting colors are as those
That, from an April sky withdrawn,
Fade in a fragrant mist of tears away
When weeping noon leads on the altered day.

—*Arthur Symons.*

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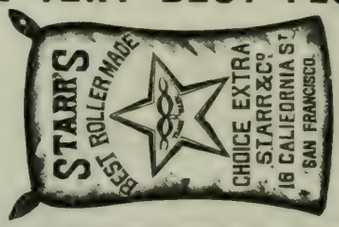

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The incense mounted like a cloud,
A golden cloud of languid scent;
Robed priests before the altar bowed,
Awaiting the divine event.

Then silence, like a prisoner bound,
Rose, by a mighty hand set free,
And dazzlingly, in shafts of sound,
Thundered Beethoven's Mass in C.

She knelt in prayer; large lids serene
Lay heavy on the sombre eyes,
As though to veil some vision seen
Upon the mounts of Paradise.

Her dark face, dark as carven stone,
The face that twilight shows the day,
Brooded, mysteriously alone—
In prayer? for me, I could not pray.

Inexplicable eyes that drew
Mine eyes adoring, why from me
Demand, new Sphynx, the fatal clue
That seals my doom or conquers thee?

—*Arthur Symons.*

IN THE NIGHT.

The moonlight had tangled the trees
Under our feet as we walked in the night,
And the shadows beneath us were stirred by the breeze
In the magical light;
And the moon was a silver fire,
And the stars were flickers of flame,
Golden and violet and red;
And the night wind sighed my desire,
And the wind in the tree-tops whispered and said
In her adorable name.

But her heart would not hear what I heard,
The pulse of the night as it beat,
Love, Love, Love, the unspeakable word,
In its murmurous repeat;
She heard not the night wind's sigh,
Nor her own name breathed in her ear,
Nor the cry of my heart to her heart,
A speechless, a clamorous cry:
"Love! Love, will she hear? will she hear?"
O heart, she will hear, by and by,
When we part, when forever we part.

—*Arthur Symons.*

CLARINDA'S BEAUTY.

The tree may win the stripling
With its clusters round and red,
And a shepherdess may languish
Till his silly mouth is fed;
But Clarinda has an orchard
Where sweet circles grow for me,
And no shepherd, though he covet,
Dares approach my cherry-tree!

The mistress airs her velvet
Ev'ry Sunday down the aisle,
As the sunburnt farmers titter,
And the saucy milkmaids smile;
Though it cost a mort of money
And can make the children stare,
'Tis a thistle to the softness
That Clarinda's cheek doth wear.

But when my sweetheart dangles
In the Avon as it goes,
Her feet, and cattle ponder
On the marvel of her hose,
Not a virgin ever trusted
Such a comely white as this
To the chilly river fingers,
And for water-lips to kiss.

—*Norman Gale.*

PASTEL.

The light of our cigarettes
Went and came in the gloom;
It was dark in the little room.

Dark, and then, in the dark,
Sudden, a flash, a glow,
And a hand and a ring I know.

And then, through the dark, a flush
Ruddy and vague, the grace—
A rose—of her lyric face.

—*Arthur Symon*

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7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, §Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis.....	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and *Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
‡10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	‡6 15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*6.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento.....	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose.....	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno.....	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	‡8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10 45 a m

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*2.15 p m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*11.50 a m
4.15 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m
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10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.	5.06 p m
12.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
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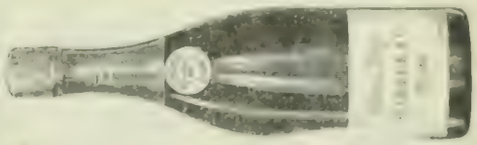

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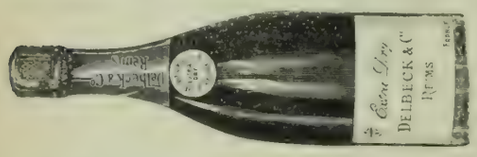

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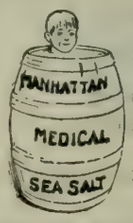

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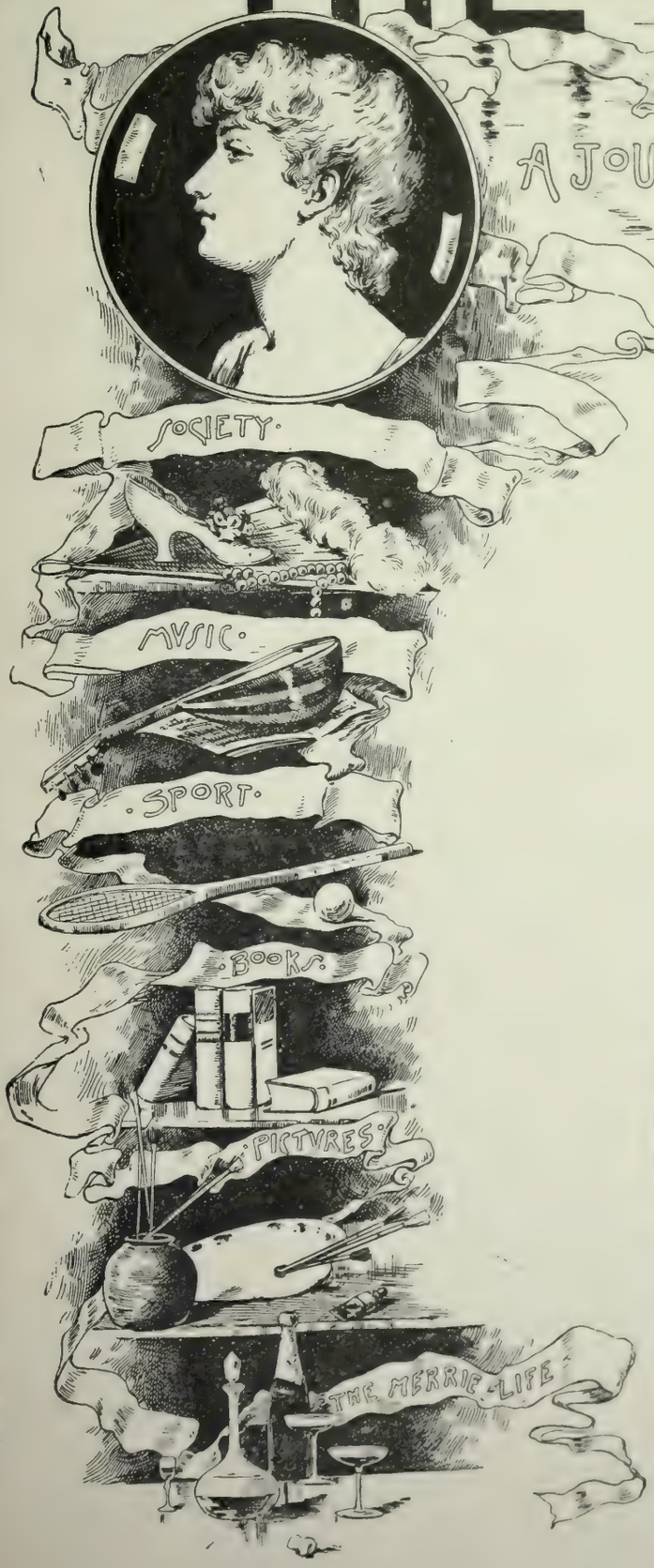

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Fin de Girl
The Midwinter Picnic.

THE WAVE

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The Wave

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 30, 1893.

SPLASHES

TO QUESTION the ascendancy of the chaperone is invidious. San Francisco is full of admirable examples of her in a multiplicity of forms. She pervades Society in a negative way; she attends the cotillions in gorgeous dowager array and misses no opportunity of plying her vocation. In fact, the assumption has been that there are too many of her, and certain bachelors have gone so far as to attribute to her frequency the fact of their celibacy. But the extreme respectability of our 400 is in distinct contrast to the looseness of the first sets in the far East. As I have often commented, we have no scandals here and few divorces; it is years since the name of any woman of prominence has figured in print in any save a complimentary connection, and there are excellent indications for predicting a continuance of this pleasing state of affairs.

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The point of Mrs. Howard's contention seems to have escaped the attention of those who set out to criticise her. In San Francisco as in Oakland, social activity is confined exclusively to young people. Save in a negative way there is no participation of the matrons in current festivities. It is customary for the newly-married woman to retire from gayety; she is not the distinct figure here her prototype is in New York or Boston, where she rules supreme. The result is that everything is done for the *debutante* and the others are nowhere. While this is very charming in its way it is one of the main defects of the system here and the principal reason why so few men go into Society. Mrs. Howard's suggestion of a Reception Committee is merely an expression of her idea that this monopolization of attention by *la jeune fille* is dangerous. She demands that deference and respect be paid the mothers as well as the daughters; that the participation of the former in the pleasures of the latter cannot fail to be elevating to both.

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That it would add a certain element of formality to the cotillions of the Friday Night Club, for instance, this appointment of a Reception Committee whose function would be that of welcoming the arriving and speeding the departing, is true. It is a question, though, if the formality would not mean stiffness. A certain objectivity would be accomplished, but there are different estimates of its value. But that is only a single expression of Mrs. Howard's theory—her object is that of uniting Society, of imposing on it order and form. Organization alone can accomplish this, and her effort in Oakland was in that direction. No one has less ambition of figuring in the mere role of a fashionable leader. She is a woman who has ideas and the energy to push their adoption in the most practical way.

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THAT ODD FELLOWS' HALL is the best place in town for a big dance was amply evidenced by the success of the last cotillion. Considering its dimensions the big auditorium lends itself readily to decorative effect, and with the aid of banners and drapery the bareness which its architectural proportions suggest, disappears. Rarely indeed have the stereotyped mediums of adornment been arranged to greater advantage. The snowy canvas, the palms and ferns amidst whose tropical verdure the scarlet stars of the poinsettias glowed, the reds and greens of the hangings, the incandescent electric lights, made a charming frame for the dancers. Indeed, it is doubtful if any ballroom in the country attains a more positive picturesqueness of effect.

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I have never seen so many handsome gowns as there were displayed. There was no suggestion of financial stringency in the manner of their material or make. As a matter of fact, however, many of the *debutantes* have just returned from Europe, bringing with them creations from the swell *modistes* of Lutetia, while others interested in their costumes the *artistes* of New York. The general effect was quite fine. A less attractive feature is the absence of striking beauty. Society has no belle whose charms stand out with conspicuous brilliance. The average of good looks is high, but the type seems to change. Instead of the tall and finely-formed maidens of former seasons there is a preponderance of the *petite*, piquant damsel whose charm is realized on acquaintance rather than introduced by her loveliness.

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In former days what the *Californienne* lacked in style she made up in pure physical splendor. It seems the accessories that set off beauty are now realized, whereas the conspicuousness of form and feature have passed away. Still, there were any number of decidedly pretty women in the Odd Fellows' ballroom, and she would, indeed, be a belle whose face and figure would shine against such a background. Among the girls who appeared to advantage was Miss Holbrook, who led with Mr. Greenway. She was admirably gowned in white satin, trimmed with chiffon and pink rosebuds. Miss Deming, too, looked very charming. Among the married women Mrs. Gus Spreckels and Mrs. Will Crocker were most resplendent. Both wore exceedingly handsome costumes and displayed an opulence of diamonds.

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The number of girls who attended without partners was notable. It seems as though most of the men whose faces were familiar at former cotillions had disappeared or dropped out of Society. In their places are innumerable army and navy men, and a numerous array of graduates whose maturity is the reverse of obvious. The dancing contingent seems to have been fascinated by the *debutantes*. There are several admirers to each one of these interesting young women, and the others apparently have not yet recovered from the shock. The next cotillion is set for the evening of January 5th.

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THE DECISION of the San Francisco Verein to have its New Year's ball on the eve of the New Year excites considerable comment. It is long years since the city has had a big festivity on Sunday evening, and the innovation is variously received. Of course, it means a large crowd in attendance—in fact, far larger than under ordinary circumstances. The Concordia hop is set for Saturday evening, so for once the two events do not collide. It is explained by the Directors of the Verein

that the best part of the entertainment will occur after midnight on New Year's morning, and that dancing on Sunday night is not as objectionable as tripping the light fantastic the same morning. However, that is a matter of opinion.

* * *

A great deal of agreeable speculation has been excited over the event. It is to be a cotillion, and Beno Hart leads. He is accused of past mastery of the mysteries of figures, and should achieve quite a degree of fame.

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The New Year's ball at the Concordia Club to-night is the first big dance at that institution this season. It was intended to vary the programme of waltzes and lancers with a series of features, but the prospects are for so large a crowd of dancers that the project was abandoned. The ballroom will be beautifully decorated, and the *debutantes* are to be out in force. The usual Christmas Eve celebration was given on Saturday night last. A capital supper was served at midnight from the *Maison Dorée*.

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There was a pretty wedding at the residence of the bride's parents, 2529 Bush Street, on the evening of December 26th. The principals were Miss Daisy Constance Yates, daughter of Wm. H. Yates, and Mr. Winfield Scott, well known as Secretary of the State Board of Viticulture and as a newspaper publisher. The affair was a quiet one, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. Williams. Only the relatives and a few personal friends of the two families were present. Mr. and Mrs. Scott left on their wedding tour to Los Angeles the following morning, and on their return will make their home at the Colonial.

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The members of the "Ladies' Club of '93" had a progressive euchre party on Wednesday evening last, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Bradbury, 1719 Pacific Avenue. Tables were arranged for twenty-eight couples and prizes rewarded the skill of the winners. During an interlude in the game Miss McLaine sang several selections very charmingly. The members of the Club assisted Mrs. Bradbury to entertain her guests.

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There was quite a gathering of musical people in the Maple Room, at the Palace, to hear the recital of the Abbey-Cheney Amateurs, assisted by Mrs. Morey. Their performance was really an excellent one, the display of technique and touch being unique. For girls whose youth is so evident they command a tone that is extraordinarily full and deep. It seems a pity there are not more clubs of the kind here, the success of this has been so positive. Mrs. Morey's singing was done under difficulties, as she was suffering from a severe attack of *la grippe*. She has a fine voice that has been very thoroughly cultivated.

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The "Entre Nous" cotillion at Maple Hall, last night, was quite a brilliant affair. It was a fancy dress ball and some exceedingly handsome costumes were displayed. The figures, "Parisian Circle," "Military Flags," "Midwinter Column," and "Courtship," were pretty and original. Mr. Sanford G. Lewald led.

* * *

About the Calliopean Club Jinks, last Sunday night, two opinions are not expressed. The verdict that the entertainment passed off most successfully is generally sustained; it was the best show the Club has ever given. There was no lack of an audience; indeed, the pretty clubhouse was well filled with critical observers from the Concordia and Verein. It was all home talent that was put in evidence, and the features were both original and clever. Mr. A. Bachman was a shining success as Sire; his witticisms were exceedingly neat and to the point. Mr. Dinkelspiel's recitation contained all manner of amusing allusions, and Mr. J. J. Brown was exceedingly clever in his stump speech. Other features were a poem by Edgar Peixotto, a song by Ben Davis, and several other items. The entertainment finished with a Christmas tree, on which were characteristic presents for every member of the Club.

* * *

NOWADAYS no party is a success without variety features. In addition to dancing and supper there must also be singing, dancing, and, if possible, the rendering of an original comedy put together for the occasion by some amateur of gifts. At the first gathering of the "Informals," a club of young people whose custom it is to give parties at each other's homes, there was a minstrel performance given. It occurred on Saturday evening last, at the residence of Miss Stella Greenebaum, and the leading feature was preserved a profound secret. Louis Greenebaum and Sam Dinkelspiel were at the ends, and Henry Brandenstein was interlocutor. Some capital things were said and sung by Max and Joe Sloss, who exhibited considerable ability. Afterwards there was music and dancing and supper, which kept participants and audience busy until an early hour.

* * *

On Tuesday evening Mrs. M. A. Rothchild had a reception at her home on Franklin Street in honor of Miss Edna Rau, of Portland, a decidedly handsome girl, who is visiting her. There were beautiful decorations of red berries and evergreens. Until midnight there was dancing. Then the guests descended to the lower floor, which they found converted into a "beer halle." All the accessories, including sawdust, small tables, and pictures, were included in the *ensemble*. Pretzels, hot sausages, and beer formed a preliminary to a more elaborate supper with *Roederer* which Ludwig served. There was a printed programme distributed, containing a variety of amusing personalities, but the entertainment was furnished by professional variety people, whose performance was really excellent and decidedly clever. The affair was really a great success.

* * *

The usual contingent goes to Del Monte for the New Year. Quite a number of fashionable people are already at the hotel, and a large contingent goes down this afternoon. It would be difficult to discover a more charming place to be in '94 than at Monterey. Huber supplies music for the ball, and there will be a grand supper at midnight.

* * *

Among the events of the week was a hop at the Presidio on Thursday night. There was quite a large crowd in attendance. The Hobart dance last night was a very brilliant affair, but occurs too late for more than cursory mention. Mrs. Gordon Blanding gave her first at home on Friday evening.

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Among coming events is a tea and a dance at the Breezes' on Thursday next. Mrs. Donahue and Mrs. Martin will receive callers on Wednesday next. The first entertainment of the Fortnightly is set for the evening of January 12th at Major Rathbone's. An interesting programme is promised.

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Christmas was celebrated at the Occidental Hotel with a fine dinner followed by a dance. It was quite an elaborate *menu* that the guests found prepared for their enjoyment. What made the dainties the more notable was the fact that they were all of California production. For the dance, the corridors were canvased, there was excellent music, and the fun was kept up until quite early Tuesday morning. There were several pretty girls and young women among the participants, notably the Misses Conrad of Saratoga, and the Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan. Mrs. W. H. Avery, in a gown of cream silk, looked decidedly charming.

* * *

THE EVENT of the Oakland week was the Cotillion Club's Assembly at Masonic Hall last night. It occurs too late for extended notice in this issue, so I can but promise more extended comments for next issue. That there is any doubt of the success of the season now, I do not believe. The auspices are excellent; Mr. Ainsworth displays the firmness and the energy that combine to make an adequate manager, and he is following with commendable prudence the precedents of his predecessors. I am inclined to disagree with certain of the members who do not approve the use of the Masonic Hall. It is the best floor in town and its monopolization by the Reliance Club does not seem to have injured its Terpsichorean adaptabilities.

* * *

It is unfortunate that so much attention should have been directed to the difference of opinion between Mrs. Howard and the manager of the club. No one will deny the excellence of the theory on which her contention is founded; that her conclusion is not acceptable to everyone is doubtless an argument in its favor. "Don't agree with me, or

I'll think I'm wrong," occurs in "Lady Windermere's Fan," I believe.

* * *

Christmas week does not seem a time for elaborate ceremonials and formal receptions. The holidays are largely given over to children's parties and family gatherings. One of the biggest Christmas trees stood in the parlors of the Breck home on Castro Street. The Breck family is one of the largest in Oakland and all of the sons and daughters with their families were gathered under the parental roof. Three grandsons and one granddaughter who have joined the clan during the year, blinked their eyes at their first tree, and there was rejoicings among all the sisters, and the cousins, and the aunts.

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On Thursday afternoon Miss Minnie Campbell and her sister, Mrs. Sunwoody, gave a violet luncheon at the beautiful Campbell residence on Twelfth and Myrtle Streets. The big square vestibule was decorated with great bunches of violets tied with violet ribbon. The same idea was carried out in all the other rooms, with a climax in the dining-room. Here the table was covered with loose violets and lit with fairy candles under violet shades. The luncheon was given in honor of two *fiancées* who will shortly be brides, Miss Kathryn Voorhees and Miss Fannie Orr. Eight girls from San Francisco and Oakland, with the two hostesses and the two guests of honor, made up a dozen around the table. Miss Campbell, after her brief experience on the stage, expresses herself as quite content with Society and has resolved herself into a missionary organization of one for the prevention of stage-struck girls who imagine happiness lies in the achievement of their ambitions.

* * *

Oakland Society is mildly excited over the Hughes divorce suit. Nothing so interesting has happened since Miss Fannie Orr was pursued by a crank. As a matter of fact the bursting of the bubble was not unexpected. Mrs. Hughes is unlike some other unfortunates who are content to suffer in silence the derelictions of their lawful spouses. Discovering that she had been living in a fool's paradise, she promptly took measures to break the bonds, but it seems the *denouement* would not have been precipitated so soon only for the brazenness of the little governess, who had the assurance to ask the injured wife for reinstatement. This was the last straw. Mrs. Hughes, quite aware of her husband's conduct, might have preserved the outward semblance of felicity but the attempt to introduce the woman into the household was a little too much for her dignity. Hence the divorce proceedings.

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The closing week of the year is always a time for weddings. Many girls have a sentimental feeling that if they are to be married at all, the new year is the time. The wedding which excited most interest in Oakland this week was that of Miss Fannie Orr and Richard Holme, Jr., of Denver. The twain met at Santa Barbara during the spring—an ideal beginning for an engagement. They are to depart for Denver almost immediately after the ceremony, which takes place to-day at noon, at St. John's-in-the-Wood, in Oakland.

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On Monday night, January 1st, there will be a pretty wedding in Alameda, at the home of the Elliotts, a well-known family in Alameda. The bride is Miss Minnie, the only daughter of the house, and the groom-to-be is Kent Seymour, now of San Francisco, but formerly of Sacramento, where the Seymour family is exceedingly well-known, numbering among its members Arthur M. Seymour, a rising young barrister, who was recently wedded to Miss Mabel Boyd, a Sacramento belle. The Seymour and Elliott families have many and extended branches, and though the reception will be a large one, it will partake to an unusual extent of the nature of a family gathering.

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The Charity Company is to give another performance—this time for the benefit of the Columbia Rowing Club. Most of the *habitués* of the Rowing Club are also members of the Charity Company it seems. The amateurs have decided not to undertake a new play, but to repeat their first great success, "Held by the Enemy," which they gave at the old Oakland theatre three years ago. The Company remains substantially the same except for the loss of Miss Marian Albright and Lester Herrick, who was always villain-in-chief. Miss Albright is engaged, and Lester Herrick leaves for Los Angeles this month, where he purposes practicing his profession. Alex Rosborough and Jack Wilson still remain, and Miss Maud Morrell will be leading lady, as she was three years ago. Miss Grace Fisher is a recent addition to the Company, and a decided acquisition, as she has talent and brains. Of course, the scene of the prospective triumph will be in the Macdonough Theatre. The exact day of January has yet to be fixed.

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WHEN THE *Examiner* sets out to point morals it should indulge a minor regard for facts. One cannot ask infallibility from all Mr. Hearst's young men, however, for, like Jove, the "Monarch" occasionally nods. With due consternation I read the dire tale in the supplement that told the sorrows of international marriages. It was all *apropos* the Colonna *esclandre* and the testimony was overwhelming enough to disrupt prospective alliances without number. In the group of noble dames engaged in repenting matrimony with the aristocracy of Europe figured Princess Hatzfeldt. She was represented as devoting herself to laborious unhappiness over the shortcomings of her husband, whose iniquities the article indicated were almost interesting enough for private circulation.

* * *

I cannot but think the excellence of the moral deserved better illustration. Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt have been married several years and are still in love with one another. Perhaps that is not so astonishing when one remembers that Clara Huntington is a very beautiful woman of most distinguished presence, and the Prince a bright and fascinating man who e original sin was impecuniosity. As a matter of fact, the match has turned out admirably, and the Prince is as loyal to his Princess as though both were plebeians with no better excuse for devotion than mutual esteem. When Mr. Huntington was apprised that his daughter had accepted a scion of the German nobility he went to Europe and examined into the career of Prince Hatzfeldt. He found an exceedingly attractive young man, whose minor errors had been made conspicuous by his noble name.

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There was really as little against him as if he had been a New York clubman with a tendency towards gayety which, had he lived here, we would politely term "bloodedness." Quite a number of Californians have visited Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt in their *chateau* near Paris and all talk enthusiastically of the twain. Mr. Huntington, who is not given to exuberance, speaks of Hatzfeldt as a first-class young fellow, whose most conspicuous sins had occurred in print.

* * *

A SPECIMEN of what my enterprising but unreliable daily contemporaries call "history," is presented in the biographies they have recently written about the late Edward Curtis. Mr. Curtis died the other day at Chatauqua, New York, after a lingering illness, which it was known from the first would terminate fatally. So the daily papers had ample time in which to ascertain the truth concerning the sick man. They not only did not do that, but when he died they almost unanimously agreed on a set of facts which are about as far from the actual history of the man as the sun is from the earth. Astronomers are now generally agreed that the sun is 95,000,000 of miles distant from San Francisco.

* * *

Mr. Curtis was never a railroad lobbyist, nor in any but a limited sense a politician. Only once, if I remember aright, did he enter a political convention, and his experience resulted so disastrously that he never attempted to repeat the performance. For awhile he was in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company as a "detective;" but that was ten or fifteen years ago. Aside from this, he never had any official connection with that corporation. He was the personal friend of President Cleveland, and served that distinguished man for awhile as adviser and counsel, but there was nothing mysterious about his connection with the White House. He made the acquaintance of the President during the Democratic factional fight of 1884, and finding that he was disinterested and did not want an office himself, Cleveland naturally turned to him for counsel. The friendship of the two men was strengthened, I have no

doubt, by the fact that in 1884 Curtis was about the only California Democrat with whom Cleveland could converse and maintain his self-respect.

* * *

Curtis managed to pass the greater portion of his life without visible means of support mainly through the favor of the late Senator Leland Stanford. Nearly thirty years ago, while a school teacher at Sacramento, he made the acquaintance of the great railroad magnate. In some way he rendered Stanford a priceless service. What the service was nobody knows, but it must have been very substantial, for ever afterward the Senator provided him with a living. At first he was given a place on the railroad pay roll, but for many later years he merely favored the magnate with a monthly visit and borrowed a few dollars from him—always with a solemn promise to pay sometime. In return for these loans, Curtis sounded Stanford's praises wherever he went and wrote him regularly the current news he was most likely to want to know. This was all there was to Mr. Curtis' "game." While in some respects he was intellectually a remarkable man, all his talents were ruined by a laziness that was sublime. To assert that he was a lobbyist or a corporation politician, is to give him a position he was personally unfitted to fill and to which he never aspired.

* * *

THE CONTEST between Colonel F. S. Chadbourne, the ex-furniture dealer, and Colonel Jim Kelly, Secretary of the Railroad Commission, for possession of the coming vacancy in the Harbor Commission, is certainly an unseemly exhibition among friends. Colonel Kelly's friends say that if he is appointed, Senator De Young will be the immediate influence which promoted his ambition. Colonel Chadbourne's friends say that Senator De Young has always been his firm and uncompromising supporter for everything in sight—from the moon to a place on Governor Markham's staff, and if the Senator now deserts him that it will be a case of everlasting treachery. Hence Colonel Kelly, Colonel Chadbourne, Senator De Young (who ranks as a Colonel), and Governor Markham (who before he became Governor was a Colonel) are mixed up in an inextricable political mess. Paris Kilbourn seems to be the only solution of the difficulty, and he is a rank carpet-bagger from Monterey.

* * *

An insider informs me, however, that Colonel Kelly is booked for the place. He is Mr. Colonel Railroad Commissioner Rea's man, and Senator De Young is going to look complacently on while Colonel Chadbourne receives the wedge. Once in the Harbor Commission, where he will resemble a half-inch peg in a post hole, Colonel Kelly will be prepared to transact political business on the regular San Jose system. I am told that down deep in his consciousness Colonel Kelly would like to see Colonel Rea Governor, and Senator De Young actually Senator. Colonel Rea's modesty induces him to deny that he is a candidate for Governor, but privately he is known to entertain the opinion that his brilliant record in the Railroad Commission entitles him to the gratitude of a grateful people. At all events, Colonel Kelly is to become Harbor Commissioner—that is to say, unless Governor Markham changes his mind prior to the recurrence of the ides of March. Colonel Kelly hails from San Jose. 'Rah for Colonel Kelly.

* * *

WITHOUT DESIRING to tender him any advice that he may consider impertinent, I would still like to suggest to Mr. Joe Cook, the defaulting Clerk of the Police Court, convicted of embezzlement in Judge Wallace's Department the other day, that he immediately report his loss to the Police Department. The mysterious disappearance of his "pull" is certainly a matter that should engage the attention of Chief Crowley's minions. Until I received the intelligence that Mr. Cook had been convicted, I deemed the prospect that he would ever be tried for the crime of which he stood accused as the remotest thing on earth—remoter even than Dr. O'Donnell's chances of ever becoming Mayor. About three years ago Mr. Cook lost three thousand dollars belonging to the city in the Police Court. He claims, I understand, that he put the money into his pocket without any knowledge of the hole that subsisted therein. I believe he attended the races on the day the hole appeared.

* * *

Soon afterward, and some time prior to the discovery of the loss by the Auditor, Mr. Cook left for Honolulu on a health tour. His friends having arranged things to their satisfaction here, one day about a year and a half ago Mr. Cook returned and resumed his residence as a legal voter. For a year past every attempt to try him upon the charge of embezzlement originally preferred by District Attorney Barnes, has been defeated by the delays of the law. When he finally did appear in Judge Wallace's Court and plead not guilty, I, in common with all other observing citizens, looked upon the circumstance as the arrival of the decisive moment. Mr. Cook was now to be vindicated. The three thousand dollars were about to be vivified and charged with having legs with which to run away on their own account. But here he is convicted of embezzlement the first pop! I do not understand this. Mr. Cook's "pull" is certainly off its nut. He should report the matter to the police at once.

* * *

THE APPOINTMENT by President Cleveland of Colonel John P. Irish to the Naval Office took nobody less by surprise than myself. For some time it has been quite apparent that the President intended to silence the Democratic factions in California by putting all the leaders in office. There was no other way in which to construe the elevation of Daggett, Wise, and English to the dizzy stations they have reached at the Federal crib. With such a system, not to have recognized Colonel Irish would have been to overlook really the foremost man among the factionists. Beyond all question, Irish is the ablest orator and publicist in the Democratic party in California at the present time. His influence as a political writer is felt everywhere, and although his enemies affect to decry his party services at times, the purity of his Democracy is unquestionable.

* * *

Moreover, Colonel Irish for ten years has been a consistent and unswerving friend of the President. Eight years ago he stumped the Western States in his cause, and during the last campaign he represented him in this State and went to the Chicago Convention in his interest. Since his election Irish has, through all the vicissitudes of the Chinese, Hawaiian, and silver controversies, been his steadfast supporter. He has defended his policies in the columns of this journal with an ability that has commanded universal attention and admiration. After all this, had Cleveland not given him the Naval Office—setting aside for the moment the fact that his position as a California factionist entitled him to recognition—he could justly have been charged with base ingratitude.

* * *

Although Colonel Irish visited Washington as the tariff messenger of the State Board of Trade, he did not mention the Naval Office vacancy to anybody. He paid the President a social call and waited upon Secretary Carlisle, but neither of those gentlemen gave him an intimation of the prospective appointment. On his way home the intelligence that he had been honored reached him through the prosaic agency of a press telegram in a current newspaper. I mention these facts, not because they are of any intrinsic consequence, but because some of my loathsome interior contemporaries have hinted that the Colonel devoted all his time while in Washington to log-rolling for the Naval Office. The truth is, he never asked for it, and, according to the accounts of some of his friends, did not expect to receive it.

* * *

A GOOD STORY, like an honest man, is the noblest work of God. But there is such a thing as pressing a good story too far. Much as I admire the rare combination of elements which enter into the construction of an excellent narrative, I never press matters too far. Consequently, when I observe a disposition on the part of others to do so, I feel impelled to protest. So, at the present moment, I find myself deprecating the dissemination of a yarn which is being circulated at the expense of Mr. William C. Murdock, Manager of the Pacific Coast Savings Society. Mr. Murdock is very fond of all forms of sport—in fact, he is a Nimrod whose fame extends from Siskiyou to San Diego, from—well, in short, from one end of the State to the other. His strong suit, however, is gunning on the Suisun marshes. So fatal is he with the fowling piece, that the ducks up there (with many of whom

he is personally acquainted) decamp the moment his presence in the marshes becomes known.

* * *

A few weeks ago (so this reprehensible story goes) Mr. Murdock left for Teal Station armed to the teeth. Among other deadly weapons in his possession was a flask of rare old rye, which he carried in his right hip pocket—handy for instant use. I have said this rye was rare. That scarcely expresses the degree of its excellence. It was brewed in 1622 and cost the friend who presented it to Mr. Murdock a dollar a drop. Soon after arriving at Teal, Mr. Murdock became absorbed in the pursuit of a flock of canvasbacks and forgot all about the flask. At nightfall, upon his return to Teal, he was weary and duckless.

"What's the matter, Billy?" asked a brother Nimrod.

"Why, do you know, Sam, that I have done nothing this whole day but walk around in a ten-foot circle?" replied Mr. Murdock.

"What did you do that for?"

"You know that bottle of old rye I had in my hip pocket?"

"Yes."

"Well, it broke this morning, ran down my right leg, and made that limb so drunk that it has just staggered around in a circle with me all day."

There is such a thing, I say, as pressing a good story too far. If I were Mr. Murdock, I would procure an injunction against the further circulation of this silly yarn.

* * *

IF THE individual responsible for the "Sinbad" ballet will but start an intelligence office, the patronage of the town will be his. He has a genius for the discovery of ugliness. No wonder that the *jeunesse doré* finds the Grand Opera House cold this winter—there is nothing on the stage to evoke animation. One scans face after face and limb after limb as the dancers advance in their gorgeous costumes to the footlights, in the hope of discovering a redeeming feature, a seductive curve. Vain the search. There are old maids whose thinness is sepulchral, young women whose flatness is abnormal. If Manager Henderson had not treated us to such an admirable array of sturdiness in days gone by, one might be inclined to forgive the poverty of proportion because of the opulence of decorative accessory. That the old standard is difficult to live up to may be true, but it is a poor excuse.

* * *

Infinitely mournful the contrast between the explosive guffaws that follow the quips of the "Sinbad" comedians and the dead silence with which the Baldwin audience receives the exquisite *bon mots* of "Lady Windemere's Fan." Can it be we are still in the Eddie Foy period of appreciation? The dialogue is a fusillade of epigrams, full of wit, subtlety, and point, and yet the applause was slight, the laughter slighter. The cleverest things seemed to pass unrecognized. If the play had been given at the California, sacred to the Hoyt type of fun, one might anticipate a certain degree of insensibility, but not at the Baldwin, with a fashionable audience in orchestra and parquette.

* * *

NOW THAT Judge Sconchin Maloney has been whipped, and in a manner that leaves no room for doubt that, like the immortal Sullivan, he has at last met his *bête noire*, he should lose no time in departing for New York. For some time, I am told, he has been under engagement to join Richard Croker, Grand Sachem of Tammany, and assist in elevating the Gotham Democracy. Therefore, in advising him to at once set forward upon his mission, I do not counsel him to throw himself upon the cold and inhospitable charity of the Empire City. His ability as a jaw-smith having preceded him, he will undoubtedly be able to make his way. At all events, to remain longer in California with his reputation as a mercurial scrapper shattered, is a work of supererogation. He cannot hope to live here entirely upon his jaw.

* * *

During the past week I have consulted several eye witnesses to the fracas at O'Farrell and Market Streets, with a view to ascertaining by what particular combination Mr. Alexander Forsyth managed to knock out Judge Maloney. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the Judge has lost his grip. He is now forty-five years old, and his nutritive organization, owing to an extraordinary development of the jaw bone, has already begun to fail. From a critical standpoint, his dispute with Mr. Forsyth showed lack of condition and loss of power. In short, it appears that Judge Maloney's fighting days are over. This being the case, the sooner he joins the innumerable caravan of Tammany the better. Like Sullivan, having been fairly licked upon his own dunghill and with his chosen weapons, the Judge is no longer useful, even for theatrical purposes. Good-bye, Judge.

* * *

THE WOES of the average night editor on a big daily are freshly illustrated by a recent experience of Mr. Chamberlain of the *Examiner*. Efforts have been made to keep the story dark, out of consideration for the feelings of the "Monarch's" large circle of readers, but they have proved futile. A good story, like murder, will out. As the affair will go down to history it runs this way: On the day after the death of Professor John Tyndall, the eminent scientist, the *Examiner* appeared with no account of either his demise or his career. All its contemporaries had extensive biographies of the deceased with a circumstantial story of the accident which resulted in his taking off. Editor Chamberlain turned uneasily upon his couch that night—the instinct of night editors with reference to "scoops" is unerring—and arose early to scan the columns of his hated contemporaries.

* * *

His eagle eye at once detected the Tyndall vacuum. Knowing that the cablegram had certainly been sent out by the Associated Press, and should have been in the *Examiner*, Mr. Chamberlain called at the office during the afternoon and summoned Telegraph Editor Corey to his room.

"How about that Tyndall dispatch, Jack? I see we got left on it."

"No, we didn't," replied Mr. Corey. "We had it."

"Well, but why didn't you print it? The fact that the other papers have it is a distinct hammer on us."

Mr. Corey reflected a moment. "It came all right you know, but I sent it in to my assistant and I suppose he threw it away. Probably he did not remember Tyndall's faking at Irving Hall, or else thought hypnotism did not entitle a man to a death notice."

Mr. Chamberlain was carried out in a dead faint, but at last accounts was as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

* * *

ONE of the wonders of the holiday season is the fact that the Southern Pacific Company has adopted a local freight schedule making a reduction of ten per cent to principal interior points, without the assistance either of the Railroad Commission or the esteemed "anti-railroad" contemporary. Just exactly how the corporation managed to accomplish this important—and from the standpoint of local producers beneficent task—without the co-operation of the powers referred to, is not exactly clear. Usually, when the Railroad Commission hears that a reduction is about to be made, it rushes down to Fourth and Townsend Streets and insists on getting a copy of the schedule in advance, in order that it may "adopt" it and secure the credit of working for the people.

* * *

But on this occasion the Commission appears to have been asleep and entirely oblivious to what is going on around it. This may be partially explained by the fact that Mr. Jim Kelly, its Secretary, is engaged in a fight to become a Harbor Commissioner, and has no time to attend to his railroad business. As for the esteemed anti-railroad contemporary, it also appears to have been asleep. To think that the Southern Pacific Company could adopt a schedule of freight tariffs reducing its annual charges to the extent of $300,000 without a declaration by the esteemed anti-railroad contemporary that said schedule is a delusion and a fraud, is positively incredible. These editorial gentlemen are certainly losing their grip. This sort of thing will never do. And, besides, it is mighty poor politics.

* * *

AT THE CITY HALL nothing, I am told, is regarded as mysterious. So many things happen in that immense edifice for which there is no accounting, that its inmates have long since come to view them as miracles originating in impenetrable darkness. But notwithstanding all this, in spite, indeed, of the commonplaceness, so to speak, of mar-

velous things at the City Hall, I had an experience out there the other day which I cannot refrain from recording. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the history of which I am an humble but faithful chronicler would be incomplete without a minute description of my adventure. I went to the City Hall to pay my taxes. (I decline to divulge the location of the property upon which the taxes were levied. There are some things that even my creditors are not entitled to know.)

* * *

And while wandering through the echoing corridors admiring the elegant contract work with which the edifice abounds, a white paper fluttered out of a doorway and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and looked for the bird that had dropped it. But the feathered messenger was nowhere to be seen. A distant "ha, ha" that might have been the maniacal laugh of a Probate Court lawyer or the silly emanation of a cullaloo bird, echoed through the deserted halls. The paper bore the following cabalistic signs, written in bold but untrained chirography:

S stands for Supervisor,
All smiling, serene,
Who, by the Gas Company,
It's plain has been seen.

F stands for four thousand
Put up in advance;
'Twill pay for a tour
Of the Midway Plaisance.

Can any person, accustomed to reading hieroglyphics, tell me what this means?

* * *

THE "HARD TIMES" JINKS of the Press Club gathered at the headquarters of journalism, lawyers, doctors, politicians, and a thin sprinkling of newspaper men. Every one of any prominence in legal or official circles was there, and they forced the hosts into a slender minority. On the next occasion the Club gives an entertainment it would not be unwise to restrict the number of invitations and to see that no one is admitted without proper credentials. That the large audience included quite a number of young gentlemen whose authority for being present was their audacity must have been obvious to the Directors. As for the entertainment, it was one of the best ever given here. The programme was one of unusual excellence, and it included features of conspicuous interest.

* * *

Judge Hunt's paper was clever. This jurist possesses an unusual verbal capacity and is a wit of no mean ability. There were some capital hits that won him laughter and applause. Jack Bonnet talked about jurists in general and decisions in particular. There was a negro minstrel interlude with Bill Naughton, Davenport, and Jimmy Swinnerton in the ascendant. But the dancing forced all else into the background. The *cortege* of Algerian beauties in the *danse du ventre* fascinated the crowd by their litheness and grace of movement. They are far handsomer women than the descriptions led one to anticipate. Indeed, they are declared to be the pick of the Midway Plaisance—the belles of the Cairo and Persian sections. They performed a variety of different dances and, of course, were applauded to the echo. There was also a capital little speech by M. H. de Young, and a very clever speech from F. H. Truesdell. Hugh Hume, as Chief Vagrant, presided with accustomed wit and audacity. Some of his interludes were decidedly neat.

* * *

THE association of D. M. Delmas and S. M. Shortridge in the firm of Delmas & Shortridge brings together two of the most brilliant and intellectual men at the Bar. In addition to their legal attainments both are noted for their forensic ability. Next to General Barnes Mr. Shortridge is the most eloquent speaker the Republican party has, while Mr. Delmas is easily the most polished orator of the Democracy. In addition, they are in the front rank as advisers and trial lawyers. It would be difficult to make a stronger combination, or one whose prominence and success is more thoroughly assured. In writing of lawyers and firms some months ago I indicated the possibilities that existed for a new firm, and I am persuaded the association of Mr. Delmas and Mr. Shortridge will fully realize them. Both have hitherto resisted all temptations to partnership, and have made their reputations by individual exertions. They start with the most notable cases in the calendar on their books, and their participation in litigation for years to come cannot help being positive.

* * *

THE SYSTEM of jurisprudence in the San Joaquin Valley has had to suffer some amendments since the last session of the Legislature. Among the additions then made to the laws was a measure which forbade judges to hear cases in which a brother happened to be interested either as a party to the litigation or as counsel for either side. In the counties that surround Stockton it has become a custom to select jurists from certain law families. In that city, for instance, there are the Budds—Judge Budd and Attorney Budd. In Stanislaus there are the Minors, who are by turns on the bench or at the bar. At Merced the ruling judicial family is that of the Lows. Under the new *régime*, when a case comes up that enlists these practitioners, another judge must be called to preside.

* * *

It is not unusual to hear of the Budds and the Lows changing place to accommodate each other, or to be told of Minor, of Stanislaus, taking their Courts. Of course, there is no longer any advantage from a legal point of view in having a related jurist on the bench, and doubtless at the next election the families will find it more profitable to practice law privately. No matter how just a judge may be, it cannot be denied that blood is much stronger than red ink.

* * *

THE Blood Horse Association's annual meeting, which ends to-day, has, I am told, been more than a success. Not only has the sport been carried on under the direction of President Williams in a manner entirely satisfactory to the sportive public, but the receipts of the Association have met the most sanguine expectations of the Directors. There has been a general desire for an extension of the meeting, but the Association, after due deliberation, has concluded that the limit of sixty days ought not for obvious reasons to be exceeded. The San Francisco Jockey Club, among whose leading spirits are several members of the Blood Horse Association, will, however, on Monday resume the sport at the Bay District Track. The preparations so far indicate that there will be equally as successful a season as that which has just closed.

* * *

THE habit of taking things too seriously should not be cultivated by those about to engage in matrimony. Rather a pleasant young woman, whose wedding is on the verge of solemnization, was deploring the fact that an elaborate ceremonial was out of the question. To a dear friend, whose presence at the affair had to be dispensed with, she thus explained the situation:

"George is so shy—(George is her *futur*) you know his misfortune? Well, he made up his mind to have a new cork leg for our marriage, and when we were in Chicago I helped him to select it. Would you believe how slow they are?—it gets here a week too late, and George says he cannot wait a day longer. And he won't have anyone to the wedding but our own family."

She finished this eminently sombre recital with a burst of tears.

The Witness.

The fact that Moët and Chandon is now second on the list of total importations this year is proof of its great popularity.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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THE WAVE
A SOCIETY LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 30, 1893.

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT HABIT.

The custom of giving and receiving Christmas presents is a good thing for the dealers in toys, bric-a-brac, and fancy notions, but if it is not soon amended or abolished there is every probability that a revolt will take place in maledom. At present, for a month before the annual festival, the head of every family passes through a season of pecuniary drouth that is simply appalling. Concerning the pangs of the unmarried young man, whose circle of female acquaintances covers several churches and a fraternal order or two, it is not necessary to speak. The wonder is that the Christmas season does not produce a greater number of suicides among Society young men. If ever any class had reason to put an end to themselves after going broke on Christmas, it is the Society young man.

If all this present-giving signified anything, if enemies composed their differences at the end of the year and pledged eternal amity over a mutual exchange of valuable gifts, if friends made presents because of esteem and not because they were afraid of infringing upon custom—if, in short, the miserable method of depleting a man's pockets depended on any noble sentiment or involved any Christian sacrifice, it could be borne patiently. But it does not. Christmas presents usually consist of worthless trinkets, which are given and received by those who either do not need such favors or who can ill afford to pay for them. Presents to the needy of food and wearing apparel, whether at Christmas or any other time, it is unnecessary to add, are not included in this category.

In the East the custom of exchanging favors has long since fallen into innocuous desuetude. In that delightful region a man's Christmas obligations are discharged with a picture card having a fuzzy border. If there is any good reason why he should substitute for the Christmas card something more valuable, he is at liberty to do so. In any event, a card with a fringed border signifies remembrance and answers the demands of custom. Something of this kind should be introduced into California. We now have five asylums for the insane, but that number will be inadequate to hold the desperate male population if this present-giving mania continues much longer.

A CASE FOR CLEMENCY.

Having mastered all the facts of the situation and considered them in the light of some recent history, if Governor Markham does not commute the sentence of John McNulty he ought never to pass another night of conscientious rest. If ever humanity required the exercise of executive clemency, it is in this case. Ordinarily I take little stock in the maudlin sympathy which surrounds red-handed murderers with floral offerings and weeping females; that kind of misplaced mercy, indeed, is calculated to fill any sensible mind with unmitigated disgust. But McNulty's case appeals to the gubernatorial prerogative on altogether different grounds. If he is hanged it will not be because he is guilty of murder in the first degree, but because he is poor and could not afford to hire a lawyer competent to secure his acquittal.

McNulty killed a man named Collins. Both were 'longshoremen and addicted to drink. One night they quarreled in a saloon, and Collins gave McNulty an unmerciful drubbing. The next day they met again, and to prevent a repetition of the beating McNulty shot Collins. Apprehended for the crime, of course, McNulty fell into the hands of a conscienceless lawyer. This individual induced him to plead insanity, remained with him until his money gave out, and then abandoned him to the gallows. There is no doubt but that had he been vouchsafed a fair trial in the beginning he would have been convicted of manslaughter—the proper degree of his crime.

But even if all this were not true, this man ought not to be hanged for another reason. The crime for which McNulty was convicted was committed five years ago. Once a year regularly he has been sentenced to death, and four times his present attorney—who is serving him without reward—has defeated the execution of the penalty. Three times he has listened to the hammers that were forging his scaffold. The object of the law in imposing death sentences is to restrain murderers and rid society of their presence. There is nothing vindictive or cruel about the Law. But if this thing continues, and John McNulty is not finally tortured to death, then he is pretty tough, even for a 'longshoreman. If, however, all these facts should fail to move Governor Markham, how can he put this man to death with the history of the Curtis, Evans, and O'Neil cases before him? Evans, the desperate train robber, who shot men down like dogs, O'Neil, the drunken mutilator of a woman, and Curtis, the assassin and jury-fixer, have all escaped the gallows. Why? Because they have money and friends.

MUNICIPAL REFORM IN NEW YORK.

An agitation looking to thorough municipal reform is in progress in New York City. This is not the first time Gotham has sought to change its local government for the better, but it is said the movement is more numerously championed than ever before, and now shows every prospect of success. The object is, of course, to overthrow Boss Croker and Tammany Hall and to place the patronage of the city in the hands of what is called below Fourteenth Street in New York the "long hairs of Murray Hill." The system pursued by the Tammany leaders has, it is thought, at last been mastered. It is simply to combine with the Republican district bosses on a patronage basis, and in putting aside party principles to make a fight for men. It is generally acknowledged that there is but one way to defeat this kind of politics—namely, complete and thorough reform of the governmental system.

Reform in New York is no new thing. A few years ago Tammany's stronghold was deemed to be in the Board of Aldermen. Possessing the power of confirmation, that body forced upon all the mayors most objectionable appointments. Theodore Roosevelt started out to change this system. He went to the Legislature and passed a law to deprive the Aldermen of their prerogatives. What was the result? At the very next election Tammany nominated and elected its own mayor. Before that it had been satisfied with a division of the patronage, tacitly recognizing the right of the aristocratic element to some of the offices. With its own mayor in power it coolly appropriated everything.

I do not know whether the reformers now at work have formulated any plans, but whether they have or not it will make little difference. Municipal reform is impossible in New York City. There is no system that recognizes the right of the people to govern—and I take it no system shorn of that vital principle can subsist in this Republic—which can keep the Tammany Hall bosses out of the offices of New York. That organization simply possesses the votes necessary to triumph at any election, and, no matter what plan is adopted, in the end it is certain to win. The stupendous vitality of Tammany Hall is due to two things—the ignorance of its members and the development of social cohesion among them. Tammany Hall holds together and resists all attempts to overthrow it, mainly because it is based on the unity principle. The Roman citizen was a man of consequence because he was the omnipotent head of his family. Every boss in Tammany from the Captains of the Precincts upward, is a monarch to those beneath him. No one advances except through the good offices of the graduated leaders. The people are too ignorant and too dependent to revolt, and so, in the hands of the Grand Sachem, the organization is a tremendous power. There is but one way to "reform" the government of New York City. Elect a king. But even if that were done the chances are more than even that Tammany would capture him at the first election.

THE COMEDY OF ILLEGITIMACY.

The report that Chris Ryer, the alleged illegitimate son of the late Dr. Washington Ryer, has settled with the heirs and virtually abandoned his claim, is a matter for general congratulation. I think the community should rejoice at this indication of a change in the result of cases of doubtful heirship which for several years have made the proceedings of Department No. 9 of the Superior Court a subject for contempt and alarm. It was rather fortunate for the heirs of Dr. Ryer that their cause was not heard by the Judge who presides in that Department. This jurist has long been chiefly distinguished for his partiality

toward the illegitimate progeny of our Lotharian pioneers, and his mission on earth has seemed to be to invest them with the property which belongs to honest and respectable men and women. To this Don Quixote of the ermine, every misbegotten beggar on horseback has been a knight errant clad in complete steel and plumed helm.

Evidently the community has found in Judge Levy, before whom the Ryer case was tried, a man with the sense to detect and the courage to expose the perjuries upon which cases of this kind have hitherto been bottomed in Judge Coffey's Court. The case of Chris Ryer was based upon the testimony of two worthies, each of whom claimed to have seen a paper signed by Dr. Ryer in which the acknowledgement required by the Code was duly set forth. But the paper was not produced in Court. Such papers never are. They have always been conveniently lost. Had Judge Levy credited the evidence of these two witnesses, as Judge Coffey probably would have done, Chris would now be tethered for life in the rich pastures of the Ryer millions. But he did not believe them, and, fortunately, he possessed the nerve to say so.

Perhaps it was unfortunate for Chris that his case was not tried in Department 9. There he could have cited precedents of judicial credulity of undoubted authority—such, for instance, as the credit accorded to the negro nurse's tale, who swore the Jessup case through under a $10,000 contract for her services; or the adultresses' story, who, in the Macdonald case, succeeded in persuading his Honor that she had begotten a son to one man while living as the legitimate wife of another; or the Blythe case, where an attorney with a contract in his pocket, variously estimated to cover a contingent fee of from half a million to a million dollars, took upon his Atlantean shoulders the burden of swearing his client through to victory. And he did it, too.

There were some curious things about the testimony of this same attorney. The most remarkable was his presence at important crises. Whenever the deceased Blythe conceived the idea of writing to his alleged daughter in England, he found it convenient to look over his shoulder; whenever he felt the paternal pangs that are said to come to men separated from their offspring, he was at his elbow to cheer him up and listen to his lamentations. It was truly great luck for Florence that her papa was possessed of such an ubiquitous legal adviser, before whom to indulge in so much garrulity. How natural, too, that she should employ this attorney at a fee of a million or so! But perhaps, after all, the repository of all this remarkable information was discovered by the druggist's wife, whose services in the case, as manager and witness, are to be rewarded with ten per cent of the amount recovered.

Has not some one written of a particular devil, who went about lifting up the roofs of houses and peering into what was transpiring beneath? If that imp is still abroad, what delicious fun he must have had when he raised the thatch concealing the conclaves where the stories of Dick Jessup, Henry Macdonald, Chris Ryer, and Florence Blythe were rehearsed.

THE REMARKS of Judge Wallace with reference to the compromise of the jury, which resulted in Murderer O'Neil receiving a sentence of six years and a half, suggest that if something is not done to amend the jury system the administration of criminal law is destined soon to fall into utter contempt. The uncertainty regarding verdicts is no longer matter of chance. The failures of justice all come from the direction of the "sack." The inflexible rule that a verdict must be unanimous places in the hands of a single prejudiced, bigoted, or purchased juror the power to force a compromise verdict. Compromise verdicts usually defeat the ends of justice. When a lawyer of Judge Wallace's standing recommends majority verdicts, it is time the Legislature gave the subject consideration.

MY ESTEEMED contemporary, the Oakland *Echoes*, thinks that the association together of Messrs. Fitch, Hearst, De Young, Hume, Mills, McClathey, and Otis, representing the leading journals of this city, Sacramento, and Los Angeles, as the "Pacific Associated Press," means much in journalism and politics. Evidently the *Echoes* is under the impression that these gentlemen intend in the future to get along without quarreling. Nothing of the kind. The organization of the "Pacific Associated Press" means that they intend to fight more vigorously than ever. Intimate acquaintance among these peaceful gentlemen enables them, by comprehending the weaknesses of each other, to write even more caustically. The "Pacific Associated Press" is not intended to be either personally or politically pacific.

MY ESTEEMED contemporary, the Woodland *Democrat*, pertinently remarks that seventy-four per cent of the exports of the United States are created by the farmers, who do not receive the slightest benefit from a protective tariff, but who are practically shut out of foreign markets in order that the producers of the other twenty-six per cent may have a monopoly of the home market. But this is not all. The *Democrat* might have added that this discrimination against agriculture is driving everybody out of that business and into the large cities, there to become underpaid clerks and tramps. The last census demonstrated that the greater portion of the unparalleled growth of the cities of the country was due to the decline of agriculture. How long will the Republic exist with all its people engaged in commerce?

THE FACT that Chauncey M. Depew recently interviewed Pope Leo XIII., and that it is now proposed to run him for President of the United States in 1896 on the strength of it, is respectfully referred to my venerable friend, Mr. Pixley, of the *Argonaut*. I understand that Mr. Pixley is a great admirer of the eloquent Chauncey. Does he approve of such goings-on as this?

THE STATE of Georgia has enacted a libel law which recognizes a retraction by a newspaper as full satisfaction for any injury that may have been inflicted by an inadvertent publication. This is an innovation that could well be introduced into California. There is no justice in holding a publisher responsible for mistakes made by his employés when he is willing to make the *amende honorable*.

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SOME LIVE TOPICS.

In answer to a letter sent out by THE WAVE giving notice of my relation to this paper, I am in receipt of a personal note, mailed at Grand Junction, Colorado, which says:

"You are a Cleveland Democrat and support the Administration. Men are hung in Colorado for less crimes than that."

I feel that THE WAVE has been the means of saving me. Upon reference to the criminal statutes of Colorado, I find that hanging is the penalty for murder in the first degree. It is used also, I believe, as a public amusement to relieve the dullness of the close season for the circus and horse race. But it appears that holding and expressing an opinion upon the purely scientific merits of a public policy adverse to that expressed by the Governor of Colorado, is a higher crime than murder in that State! My correspondent does not favor me with a statement of the penalty fitted to the crime of disagreement with the Governor, but as the offense is higher than murder, the punishment must be more terrible than the gallows. Perhaps the culprit is sentenced to read Waite's speeches or Tom Patterson's editorials in John Arkins' newspaper. If this be so and I am caught sometime while crossing the State, I desire my friends, if I have any, to petition for commutation of my sentence to hanging.

* * *

The Governor of Oregon has pennoyered on the President again.

He writes that two-thirds of the people of his State are without employment or means to earn their bread, and that this is the result of stopping the compulsory purchase of silver. He says, also, that men cannot pay their debts because gold is the money of redemption and tender.

Was it Solomon who said braying a certain kind of people in a mortar would not change them?

There is more money of all kinds in the country than at this time last year. Every kind of this money is instantly convertible into gold at par. Every man who has credit and collateral or security can get greenbacks, silver, National notes, or gold, and can extend his mortgage, renew his obligation, project payment far into the future and relieve himself. The money of tender and redemption is everywhere obtainable without premium and at the current rate of interest, which is low. That this is the situation is entirely due to the President's policy and the repeal of the Sherman Act. If that Act had not been repealed it is absolutely certain that gold would be at this moment at a premium above all other forms of currency, and men seeking to replace loans would be compelled to pay that premium in addition to the current rate of interest. It is also certain that if the plans of the Governor of Oregon were adopted the premium would appear within a day.

If two-thirds of the people of his State are without employment and the means of subsistence it must be due either to the leanness of resources in the State, or to a bad condition of credit. I know that the fault is not a lack of resources. It must lie, then, in the depression of credit, and I notice that this depression is present in Oregon, Colorado, and Kansas, these States whose Governors have mouthed them into discredit and disrepute.

So far as conditions rise in Federal policy, California and Oregon are equal. Here there has been no increase in mortgage foreclosures, no difficulty in renewing loans, and I am sure no sacrifices of material property. Our monthly exports run into the millions. The balance of trade and travel are in favor of California. The Governor of this State does not make mouths at anybody, nor propose to set the law of gravity at defiance. The State of Washington, on the other side of Oregon, is not the victim of bad credit and suspicion, probably because she does not elect a man for Governor whose mouth periodically runs away with him and gets its tail over the lines. I would suggest to the Governor of Oregon that he make a personal sacrifice for the good of his State, by resigning. He is very rich, does not need the office, and his resignation will let one of the unemployed be Governor. He can then honestly boast that he has reduced the ranks of the needy that much.

* * *

California may look forward to prosperity next year. We did not crowd our market with our products the past season. The fruit pack was light, and it is certain that there will be a vacuum to fill in 1894 in nearly all of our characteristic products.

While production all over the country is suspended, consumption goes on. The employed and unemployed alike are fed and clothed, and the process is rapidly cleaning out the stock on hand. Production will start again about a year in arrears, and with the burden of current supply upon it, will be pressed for a long time to come. The men who do business in this State may gird their loins for the good time coming.

* * *

While we are talking about admission of new States, why not consider also the consolidation? A little rectification of lines would make a good State out of Arizona and New Mexico, and there is a deal of merit in the proposition to join Utah and Nevada. What the latter needs is the transfusion of blood that would result. It would provide diversified interests, bring within our jurisdiction a variety of production and increased means by which to sustain a State. Nevada has carried all of her eggs in one basket. Colorado is in danger of doing the same thing. Let us provide against the paresis of a Commonwealth by merging some of the candidates for statehood.

Jno. P. Irish

A WHITE NIGHT.

The yellow moon across the clouds
That shiver in the sky;
White, hurrying travelers, the clouds,
And, white and aching cold on high,
Stars in the sky.

Whiter, along the frozen earth,
The miracle of snow;
Close covered, as for sleep, the earth
Lies mutely slumbering below
Its shroud of snow.

Sleepless I wander in the night,
And, wandering, watch for day;
Earth sleeps, yet, high in heaven, the night
Awakens, faint and far away,
A phantom day.

—*Arthur Symons.*

The famous Rebagliati Spanish Quintette may now be engaged to furnish music for receptions, concerts, dinners, teas, weddings, etc., etc., by addressing J. M. Shawhan, Manager, 211 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

N. B.—These musicians do not play music for dancing.

THE CHRISTMAS "WAVE."

The San Francisco WAVE comes forward to show the world what California can accomplish in the way of a Christmas edition. It has just issued the handsomest paper ever published on the Coast. Highly illustrated, remarkably well-written stories, with a colored cover and supplement, it bids fair to rival Eastern and European publications.—*Fresno Republican.*

The most beautiful edition of a weekly paper ever issued on the Coast has just come to the exchange table. It is the San Francisco WAVE. A highly artistic cover, a beautiful colored picture entitled "Looking Backward," and elegantly illustrated stories comprises its make-up. "Around the Clock in San Francisco," "The Manipulator," a Society story of San Francisco life, and "Rambles Among the Artists," are a few of its many stories you should read. Its illustrations are by Solly Walter and J. Swinnerton, and cannot help but attract attention.—*San Jose Herald.*

It is not often that we advise our readers to buy any particular publication, but the merits of the Christmas *Wave* are so far in advance of anything ever attempted here that we call your attention to it. The cover in colors, a considerable attraction in itself, is not a circumstance to the stories and illustrations inside. Anyone with a taste for the highly artistic and literary will do well to read this issue. "Around the Clock in San Francisco" is the truest story of San Francisco life ever published, and the colored supplement is the handsomest ever lithographed on the Coast.—*Woodland Democrat.*

The Christmas *Wave*, just issued, will undoubtedly afford a great deal of satisfaction to its numerous readers. Besides a large number of short stories and poems by well-known writers, it contains two pretty supplements, one of which is printed in colors. The covers are artistic, both in design and execution, and the whole number presents an appearance intended to please the eye and entertain the mind. Taken altogether, the Christmas *Wave* is one of the best holiday issues ever presented to the public of California.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

The San Francisco *Wave*, the journal appropriate for those who are "in the swim," issued a Christmas number that is in every way creditable, having been prepared by the brightest writers on the Pacific Coast, and that is saying a great deal.—*Alameda Argus.*

AMATEUR SPORT

On Saturday afternoon, the 23d instant, the Stanford team put up the best game of football that has been played this season. Their work all through was fast, steady, and effective. They made their plays without the slightest hesitation, and as a result their team play produced the score one would naturally expect in a contest between a college and a club football team. It is to be hoped that no club will attempt to play football again unless they are able to give their signals promptly and execute their plays rapidly. Nothing tends so much to make the game unpopular as long and unnecessary delays after the teams line up and before the signal is given. There is no excuse that can be offered by the Athletic Clubs to offset their failing in this respect. True, they have no time for practice. But let the team have a few simple plays and play them rapidly, and the public will have no fault to find even if they are beaten.

* * *

One of the fastest games this season was the match between Heffelfinger's picked team and the U. C. Heff's team had not practiced at all together; they had only a few signals but he insisted on their playing those few at a furious rate. As a result the spectators saw a fast, clean game. While on this subject let me say a word with regard to injured players. If a man is hurt let him be taken off the field and a substitute be ordered in his place; if he is not hurt let the umpire call game. Frequently during the last two matches at Central Park men would deliberately lie down on the field, for the only purpose, to all appearances, of getting a few moments' rest. When their time was up they would jump to their feet as strong as ever. That sort of thing ought to be stopped. If a man is not well enough or plucky enough to play the game through without stopping for refreshments he ought not to play at all. These make-believe injuries are doing the game a great deal of harm from the spectators' standpoint. It is to be hoped that next season we will not see any of the delay on the field that we have seen this year.

* * *

The playing of several of the Reliance team was to me a great disappointment. Bert Oliver at tackle did almost nothing. His work was listless, and without a trace of any of the fine points with which he had been credited; Whitehouse played all around him. Edwards at half did not distinguish himself, while Taylor, though he put up a strong game, did not do all one expects of him. Frick put up the best game on the Club team.

Every man on the Stanford team played a strong game, and the team as a whole seems to be gradually acquiring that spirit of unison and vim which always win for the Eastern colleges in their contests with the Athletic Clubs. Downing, their centre, again proved that he is a very good man, in fact, the best in his position on the Coast. Little Harrelson played a remarkably good game, running behind his interference with speed and judgment. Walton, Whitehouse, and Cockran, all played a strong game in the line. Code, at quarter, played prominently all through, and his work was much better than in the 'Varsity match. His interference, after passing the ball, was particularly good. Out of four touch downs Whitehouse kicked but one goal; his attempts were very poor. In fact, during the last two matches at Central Park there have been nine trys and only two goals. When one considers that all these attempts were from a point directly opposite the goal one is compelled to conclude that with two exceptions, football men on our field are wretched kickers. For a college team, the Stanford boys are very unfortunate in this respect.

* * *

Week before last quite a good polo pony race took place at Burlingame. The entries were Mr. Baldwin's Monte and Punch, R. M. Tobin's Jumping Jack, J. S. Tobin's Mab, M. Thomas' Jack. The race was won by Mr. Thomas' entry, with J. S. Tobin's Mab second, with Mr. Baldwin's Monte third. In the winner Mr. Thomas has a very fast pony. He is not quite fourteen hands high, and yet ran the quarter in, I believe, 25½. The winner was ridden by his owner, the place horse by Harold Wheeler, and the third pony by R. M. Tobin.

* * *

The progress of sport, strictly amateur, has been most gratifying during the past year. It is really to be regretted, however, that there are so few sports on the Coast that one can class as strictly amateur. Base-ball, as an amateur sport, has shown signs of revival, and it is possible that during the ensuing year this sport will be given the attention it deserves. The rivalry between the U. C. and Stanford will contribute much towards that end. But outside of the colleges, why is base-ball almost entirely a professional game? Among the men in town who are strictly amateurs in every sense of the word are many base-ball enthusiasts. Get them together and do something for this distinctively American game. Why should the gentlemen of the Bohemian and University Clubs play but one game? They have shown that some of their members are more than average players. Let them organize and play with the two colleges during the ensuing spring. Such a step would be in the interests of true amateur sport and would tend to make base-ball what cricket is in England—a game for gentlemen of every age and condition.

* * *

Of football only a word is necessary. All of us are aware of its increasing popularity during the last few years. No amount of criticism or unfavorable newspaper comment can diminish its hold on the sport-loving public. As a game it is the most exciting, most interesting, and at the same time the most devoid of any taint of professionalism of any game we have. True, it requires reformation in certain respects. But we hope the contemplated revision of the rules will eliminate all mass plays and flying wedges, and thus do away with the most uninteresting and dangerous of the present football tactics. Football properly played by young fellows fit to play, strong and well-trained, is not a dangerous game, and will long continue to be the most popular amateur sport.

* * *

This year has seen the introduction of a new sport on the Coast in polo. The game has thus far been quite successful and promises to become very popular as it becomes better known. As a whole the year has been more than encouraging, and I think the prospect of putting true amateur sport on a firm footing here is brighter than it has been in years.

* * *

The Quarterly Tennis Tournament, men's singles, of the California Tennis Club, took place last Monday. For some unknown reason the younger players appear to improve very slowly. Whitney put up a pretty good game until he met De Long, and then he seemed unable to win a game. In my judgment the playing lacks accuracy and care, particularly in the ground strokes. There is not a player at the California Courts now who is a really good back court man. De Long is as weak as the rest in this respect. Where the Eastern men excel the Coast players is in their accuracy and speed in returning ground strokes. Of the players in the tournament young Whitney showed the greatest improvement. If he would only play with more steadiness and not give up so easily he ought to be able to handle De Long closely. De Long uses still the same awkward but very effective stroke which he has accustomed us to, and the chances are that he will win with something to spare.

* * *

This department some few weeks since made an allusion to the response of the Stanford Glee Club to the invitation of the University Club to participate in the Club's reception to Messrs. Bliss and Heffelfinger. The allusion was a critical one justified as I was then informed by the circumstances and tone of the reply of the college men. I am now reliably informed that the response of the Glee Club was in no sense discourteous. Such being the case, I cannot but regret the criticism which was made in the utmost good faith. D. G. B.

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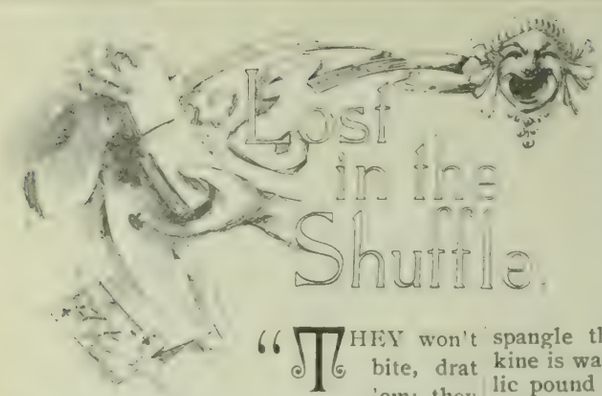

"THEY won't bite, drat 'em; they won't bite." It was Ned Thorpe-Thimble who spoke. What a splendid specimen of physical manhood he was, to be sure, with his muscular frame, his sunny, sunburnt face, and the crisp, chestnut curls clinging to a head that might have graced the shoulders of a Grecian god.

How noble he looked lounging there across the thwarts of the "Flying Fish," toying lazily with the hand-line which dropped away into the ultra-marine depths of the gently heaving summer sea.

And what an ideal day it was. Away in the distance the Farallones were wrapped in blue haze, while the only sounds that broke the stillness were the "chough-chough" of a distant ship, the hunting tug, and the quaint curse of some disappointed Neapolitan crab-fisher borne across the dimpled wavelets on the cooing breeze.

A sudden inspiration seized Thorpe-Thimble, and, with a flip and flourish of his stately limbs, he stood erect and began to wind up his line.

"I'm tired of this," he muttered, pettishly.

"Whither away now?" asked Frank Nettleby, the chum of his college days, the unswerving friend of his maturer years.

"To Paris," was the startling rejoinder.

* * * * * * *

It was late in the season and the fashionable mansions of the West End were deserted. The furniture was enveloped in its annual covering of calico, and the house-maid and butler reigned supreme.

London—that is, Aristocratic London—was away at the seaside, and the big, throbbing, smoky metropolis was given over to the poor and the clubmen.

Passing along that evening in the shade of the Obelisk and trying in his vain, glorious way to flick the tender heads from the iron railings with his Malacca cane, Reginald Blake-Trayner little knew of the something that was before him—a something that was to color the whole of his after life.

The palatial cardroom of the Salvage Club was filled. A few guardsmen and some foreign *attachés* imparted an extra touch of color to the scene. Wine flowed freely and the play ran high.

Suddenly a name was mentioned and Blake-Trayner started. He colored to the temples and a dangerous light shone in his steel blue eyes.

Bending forward, he hissed between his teeth: "How dare you mention that lady's name in an atmosphere like this! In what you said you lied, and you knew that you lied."

* * * * * * *

"This is an unfortunate business," said Colonel Blythe-Trevor some half-hour later, as he descended the broad stairway of the Club in company with Lord Lyndhurst.

"I know just how it will be. They will meet at daybreak beneath the beeches of Brampton Wold, and there will be but one exchange. Mark my words, the smoke will clear away and discover Blake-Trayner lying there dead on the sod. The Count never forgets an insult and he never misses his man. Oh, the pity of it!—the pity of it!"

* * * * *

Nestling in sunny meadows where daisies and dog-violets bespangle the grass, and the sweet breath of kine is wafted across from the primitive public pound was a cottage of the Willis Polk period.

Trailing vines covered the broad, sloping verandas, and in the ample plats, divided by snowy pebbled paths, everything from a pansy to a *pinus insignis* blew and blossomed.

The window curtains of the old-fashioned drawing-room were stirred gently by the breeze from the sea—a breeze laden with anodyne and the odors of captive shellfish.

In the roadway without the wanderer paused. What if they should not know him? If they deemed him dead, and had long since ceased to mourn him?

With faltering fingers he opened the wicket gate and strode up the garden walk.

In his pathway stood the gardener—an aged man, with bent back and corrugated forehead—who raked the falling leaves together in little heaps and mumbled to himself.

"Tell me—do the Kelly-Martins inhabit yon domicile?"

The old gardener straightened up as well as he could, and drew the back of his horny hand across his brow.

"They don't now," he replied.

The wanderer's heart stood still. A lump rose in his throat and in an altered voice—the voice of a strong man suffering untold agony, he gasped:

"They are not—not all——"

"I can't say for sartain," interrupted the old man. "They left for Australia last year."

* * * * * * *

And Effie—poor suffering Effie—what of her? Borne down by a sorrow that would have sent many a more robust woman to her grave, she struggled with her load of grief and lived to be the light of her stricken father's household.

* * * * * * *

Of course, Athol returned. The memory of Gertrude's pleading eyes and the conviction that after all he loved her madly were too potent for him to remain long abroad. They were married at Fettenwick Grange in the early summer, and as the carriage which conveyed them to the train which was to bear them to the steamer, which was to take them to the Continent on an extended wedding tour, rattled dreamily along through the scenes of their early trysts, they leaned back and felt supremely happy—too happy, indeed, to bother their heads about those who have been

Lost in the shuffle.

W. W. NAUGHTON.

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By giving [illegible] power of loving—you also take away the highest joy from those who adore you. Even the free thinker Don Juan believed this, and surely you admit that he was an expert upon all inducements to passion. [illegible] a strange country mounted upon a beautiful white stallion, and so good-looking was he that the women's hearts followed him like a flock of birds, mingling in the eagle's plumes which swayed on his hat.

[illegible] palace balcony, the young Empress, the most beautiful woman in the world. She loved him when her eyes rested upon him. "Don Juan," she said, "will you take me with you? I shall gladly leave my empire and my people, my crown and my sceptre, to follow you. I will ride behind, and if you will turn sometimes and kiss me I shall be happier than the dreams of any woman." "Come with me," Don Juan replied, "for you are lovely; you are the woman I have searched for all my life." When he spoke thus the hearts of the women buried in the plumes of his hat shuddered and moaned like wounded doves.

The Empress descended to the road.

"Before mounting," said Don Juan, "listen and reply. Have you taken time to bring away any treasures?"

"I have no treasure but you."

"You have [illegible] perhaps."

"Yes."

"Did you delay in order to tell him, 'be loved by some other woman?'"

"I have thought of no one but you."

"Perhaps your father is living?"

"Yes."

"And your mother is not dead?"

"No."

"Did you wait to bid them farewell?"

"I had forgotten their existence."

"Come, then," said Don Juan, satisfied.

But he asked, "In the courtyard of your palace I saw a chapel. Did you stop to prostrate yourself before its sacred image?"

"I worship only at your feet; besides, even before seeing you I never prayed."

"What!" said Don Juan.

"The learned men who educated me taught me that the skies are empty and that the dead never rise again."

"Then you do not believe in God?"

"No," she said, "I love you—let us go."

But he pushed her away. "Go into your palace and weep, if you love me, for you shall never see me again."

"Don Juan," she cried, "are you without mercy? Have I not left, for love of you, all power and all riches, my *fiancé*, my father, my mother? What difference does it make that I have no faith in the vain lies of priests, since you yourself do not believe them?"

"Yes, I glory in being a blasphemer—but I shall never kiss the lips of a woman who does not pray."

"And why?" she asked.

Don Juan replied, "Because it pleases me to be preferred to God."

Then he continued his way, the hearts of the women dancing in the plumes of his hat.

He did not even hear the sobs of the Empress behind him.

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BEFORE THE SQUALL.

The wind is rising on the sea,
White flashes dance along the deep,
That moans as if uneasily
It turned in an unquiet sleep.

Ridge after rocky ridge upheaves
A toppling crest that falls in spray
Where the tormented beach receives
The buffets of the sea's wild play.

On the horizon's nearing line,
Where the sky rests, a visible wall,
Gray in the offing, I divine
The sails that fly before the squall.

—*Arthur Symons.*

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

San Francisco Savings Union, [illegible] St., corner of Sansome: [illegible] December, 1893, a dividend [illegible] Tuesday, the 2d of January, 1894. [illegible] Cashier.

The German Savings and Loan Society, [illegible] Tuesday, January 2, 1894. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

Savings and Loan Society, [illegible] cor. of Sutter. For the six months ending December 31, 1893, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on term deposits, and four [illegible] per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after Tuesday, January [illegible], 1894. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, [illegible] Post St. For the half year ending December 31, 1893 a dividend has been declared at the rate of five per cent per annum on term deposits and four [illegible] per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1894. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

Security Savings Bank, [illegible] Mills Building. Dividends on term deposits at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of four and one-sixth (4 1/6) per cent per annum for the half year ending December 31, 1893, will be payable, free of taxes, on and after January 2, 1894. S. L. ABBOT, JR., Secretary.

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MASKS AND FACES

It is the exceeding cleverness of Oscar Wilde that impresses one in "Lady Windemere's Fan." The *mise en scène*, even the *dramatis personæ* are subsidiary to the pervading sense of his brilliancy. It is his individuality that the dialogue expresses; his skill that the effective climaxes suggest. One is reminded of the striking, if artificial, individuality of the poet in every line and every gesture. One phase of him is Lord Darlington, the good-looking, cynical man about town; he devotes another section to Mr. Charles Dumby. In the pose of Cecil Graham he airs more of himself and enunciates through the Duchess of Berwick the current type of feminine worldliness. It is all fascinating, delicious, artistic, but far too clever to be natural.

It would be difficult to imagine a more dramatic climax for a first act than that with which Lord Windemere brings down the curtain. One's interest is captured by the characters. The theme is unfaithfulness to marital vows—first there are vague hints, suggested reprisals, then direct accusations couched in the form of friendly warnings; then is there proof in the form of checks for large sums. Against this the husband offers his faith, his unswerving loyalty, begs his wife will not believe he cares for another and yet in the same breath demands that Mrs. Erlynne be sent a card to Lady Windemere's reception that evening. At her refusal, he writes the invitation himself in the face of her threat to strike in the face with the beautiful fan which was his birthday gift the audacious adventuress, whom she firmly believes has fascinated her husband. The swift dialogue, the suggestion of outrage, of wrong, which her manner affirms makes a splendid contrast for his declaration—

"How can I tell her the woman is her mother?"

That sentence captures eyes and mind; after it one watches the development of the plot with intense interest. The episode with Lord Darlington passes; one rejoices that the wife has resisted temptation. Then comes the adventuress, whose manner has all the garishness of the type, though Miss Brooklyn gives her rather too much movement. On her entrance she takes the centre of the stage, and concentrates on herself the attention that in life her cleverness would have exhibited itself best in avoiding. For dramatic value it would be difficult to conceive a more striking situation than that in which this mother realizes her daughter is on the verge of the step which years before had lost her name, reputation, position—the details of life which at the moment seemed best worth living for. Here is the contrast between the innocent girl about to sin—who has taken that initial step of whose consequences she is the terrible realization. It is a retribution in its most positive form.

It is the purely human interest that pervades the initial scene of the third act. Between the two women there is an intense passage. Without disclosing her secret, the adventuress, by the strength of her arguments, the force of her protestations, forces the young wife back to the husband whose loyalty she vouches for. Here there are no epigrams, no interchange of cynicisms but the facts of home, and child, and honor. How poignant becomes the sense of her danger as the men stream into the room! The play of sarcasm, of subtleties, of worldly aphorisms, gains a tragic interest by the suspense of the situation. There is the contrast between affectation of cynicism and the reality of life. But what art to convert the fan with which virtue was to rebuke vice into the instrument of its own undoing and the means of its rescue? The appeal of self-sacrifice is always a positive one, and it is especially powerful when one realizes what an end of planning, what an abandonment of successful effort the saving of Lady Windemere's honor demanded of Mrs. Erlynne.

Considering the climaxes and the situations it is extraordinary that the play has not been a more conspicuous success here. It has the advantage of being performed by an excellent company, brilliant in certain instances, effective all round, and yet the audiences have been slender and the best points have passed without appreciation. San Francisco has gone into ecstasies over the maudlin sentimentalities of "The Wife;" our dramatic critics have waxed enthusiastic over the *pot-pourris* of Teutonic situations, domestic infelicities, and the flat dialogue of the Belasco, De Mille school. Yet here is genius, brilliancy, epigram, form, and it finds us dense and unresponsive.

Of the players it seemed to me the honors are rather with Mrs. Bowers. Her admirable enunciation gives to the lines she speaks their inimitable verbal value. She permits the missing of not a single point. For a Duchess she is doubtless a trifle pronounced, a degree too urbane; that wooden fixity of self-conscious greatness which distinguishes the type in English Society she lacks. It is equally true that Miss Urhart renders rather too obvious the innocence of Lady Agatha. In other roles, Mr. Bell doubtless will have an opportunity of demonstrating how unsuited to his *metier* is the character of Lord Windemere. That the character is a negative one is true, but there is an immobility, a certain roughness that contradicts one's preconceived ideas of aristocratic ease and courtesy. Imagine, too, a fashionable Londoner in the second-rate clothes in which Windemere dresses the part. His trousers, his tie, his coat, even his shoes are absolutely savage. About Mr. Lackaye there is a suggestion of the exquisite Kelcey, the inimitable Herbert, whose virtue is so extraordinarily virtuous. His part is not calculated to afford him opportunities of developiug his capacity, however, though one might ask the infusion of a greater degree of sincerity into his declaration of love.

Miss Arthur's Lady Windemere is an excellent piece of work; the possibilities of the role are consistently developed, and though the type enacted is many removes from the personality of the actress, it would be invidious to question the adequacy of her performance. That she possesses dramatic capacity of a distinct quality is apparent, and it is governed by a conscious regard for the harmonious development of her role. The very absence of exaggeration, the elimination of extravagances of gesture or speech, prevent the complete realization of her capacity. Ere the end of the season, however, there will be afforded ample opportunities to appreciate her range. Miss Brooklyn is a little too pronounced in the second act, but rises to the possibilities of Mrs. Erlynne when the latter descends from her pose and becomes the mother attempting the rescue of the daughter.

Fanny Rice is a natural humorist. She bubbles over at all times with her exuberant good nature, and to be funny comes as easy to her as being sour comes to most people. Perhaps for the reason that comedy to her is no task, that singing is apparently a pleasure, and dancing a well-spring of delight, she is not entitled to so much credit for making her audiences laugh as a woman would be to whom all these things represented dead hard work. But there is no doubt of the quality of her humor, for all that. She is a queen among comediennes, and those who do not visit Stockwell's and look upon her ample form before the termination of her engagement will miss a comedy treat. She sings and plays the piano like an angel, gives the audience some musical sketches, and dances with comical effect. Moreover, her company comprises a lot of specialists of no mean ability. Among them are Mr. Edeson, Mr. McDonough, and Miss Randolph, who shine like bright, particular stars.

During the coming week the company will give Miss Rice's latest and greatest success, "Miss Innocence Abroad." This is a farce-comedy, adapted from the French, by F. C. Phillips and Charles Brookfield. In the course of the action Miss Rice changes her songs, and gives a cabinet exhibition of lilliputian lyrics which are unequaled.——

During the past week Hoyt's famous farce comedy, "A Trip to Chinatown" has been presented to crowded houses at the California Theatre. The play has been changed a little and improved, but most of the old features which create laughter are retained. The popularity of "A Trip to Chinatown," like that of all Hoyt's farce comedies, seems never to wane. While in New York it had an unprecedented run of 650 consecutive nights, the largest on record. The only production that ever came near it was Dixey's "Adonis," which ran through 603 performances.

"A Trip to Chinatown" will be given all next week. Barlow Brothers' Minstrels will follow on the eighth, and "The Ensign" on the fifteenth. The Minstrels are said to comprise the best company on the road. Among the specialists are Scofield, the great juggler; Scott, a wonderful contortionist; the Morrisey Brothers, song and dance artists; the Kennard Brothers, musical freaks, and Percy Williams, a remarkable boy soprano.——

FADS IN STATIONERY.

The leading fad in correspondence stationery is fancy embossed monograms. The tints that prevail to the greatest extent are Highland Heather and light blues in various delicate shades. In sealing waxes also the fad runs to fancy designs, some of which are ingenious marvels. The fullest lines of these goods are kept by Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 and 745 Market Street. They have an extensive collection of hand-painted boxes of fine stationery suitable for gifts, and carry a large stock of fine papers in odd sizes—Oxford for dainty notes and First Empire in all shades for angular penmanship. They have leather goods and silver novelties in abundance.

ON THE BEACH.

Night, a great sky, a ghostly sea,
The soft beginning of the rain:
Black on the horizon, sails that wane
Into the distance mistily.

The tide is rising; I can hear
The soft roar broadening far along,
As, deep through depths of sleep, a song
Borne inward to a dreamy ear.

Softly the stealthy night descends;
The black sails fade into the sky.
Is this not where the sea-line ends,
The shore-line of infinity?

I cannot think or dream: the gray
Unending waste of sea and night
Dull, impotently infinite,
Blots out the very hope of day.

—*Arthur Symons.*

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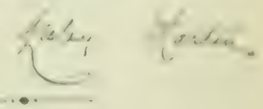
THE SEASON'S EFFORTS.

Culminating with the Christmas holidays, quite an excitement had possession of our concert-givers and the musical public. Never have concerts been more frequent or well-attended than at the various benefit and annual performances lately given. Coming somewhat early in the crescendo of events, the Rebagliati concert achieved a distinct success. The light numbers, played by people in acute sympathy, had an unqualified hold over hearers unaccustomed to anything approaching such finely-adjusted gradations of tone. Our quartette players in general and in particular whisper and roar sympathetically enough it is true, but of pure increase and diminution of tone, guided by rational sense, nothing escapes them. Like bad Italian singing it is a case of under-boiled suns and over-baked oceans. Rebagliati and his players give to their gay tunes an accent and *finesse* of tone eminently satisfying to our public grown languid under coarse and weak shading of the local quartettes. Rebagliati himself is a violinist of originality leaving an impression of technical tricks well done, of no scholastic traditions, and of a luxuriant temperament, using the instrument simply and frankly as a means of mirroring itself upon. Miss Cottlow made her farewell interesting with the assistance of Mr. Landsberger and Miss Heuer. Delicate manipulation, a clear sense of tone values, good nerve and retentive memory were all as brilliantly apparent as hitherto, also a want of emotion and power of original presentation which may be developed with time. Enthusiasm greeted all the work of this clever and promising pianiste, who has evidently won a strong hold on our public, and not to be quickly forgotten. Mr. Belcher made his farewell appearance also to most generous and enthusiastic signs of appreciation. A cold prevented his exhibiting the power of an unusually sympathetic bass voice, bidding fair to become altogether remarkable for volume as well as quality. The need for bass vocalists of artistic attainments was never as great as at present. From their efforts, the whole duty of a basso appears to lie in shouting enormously, varied with occasional descents into bottomless regions inhabited, evidently, by mysteriously evil sounds.

Among the events of interest a recital by the Abbey Cheney Amateurs awakened enthusiasm, curiosity, and discussion. The pianoforte playing of the young ladies of this Club has been so frequently commented on in terms of unqualified praise that nothing remains to be said beyond a mention of the especially flexible tone and touch displayed by Miss Grace Harrison and Miss Cameron, both of whose talents develop steadily in every direction. Despite the opposite advocacy of professionals old in the habits of archaic practice, the simple and rounded method taught to and practiced by these students is steadily gaining ground, and the ultimate universal acceptance of the principals upon which their art is based is simply a question of time. Miss Marie Withrow's concert proved particularly interesting. Refined method and intelligent conception was the rule in the case of each of the five pupils who appeared as exponents of the training given them. That *passé* theory so largely prevalent here of using the voice in compartments so to speak, with sometimes six and always at least three registers is outwardly absent, so that those who believe the human voice to be various and of value pronounce the efforts of these young singers without method. If the efforts of the best artists be examined from the highest to lowest tones, they uniform volume and resonance. This point is the aim of all these singers. The abominable change of delivery, independent of sentiment or vowel color, ridiculously aged and unintelligent as it is, is still practiced, taught, and preached by all the *passé* opera singers who make teaching their profession here. Misses Groves, Biler, Cressy, Hert, and White sing with a simplicity, intelligence, and earnestness added to perfect ease of delivery, which is never heard excepting in artists of the best class. To the untiring devotion, energy, and talent of Miss Withrow the [illegible] the possible elements of successful careers which some of them are already commencing by taking responsible positions in the local world.

The re-opening of the Tivoli with a performance of the "Island of Jewels" has been the cause of considerable speculation. Whether the performances which have attracted such continuous patronage to this theatre will be maintained at their same standard or not appears to have been the chief question. Outside the intrinsic merits of the piece itself the staging and playing of the piece answers the query to thorough satisfaction. Better costumes, scenery, and drilling have never been seen at the Tivoli than the "Island of Jewels" presents. Neither musically nor humoristically is the piece above the average of holiday diversions, still, the numbers provoke applause, and the fun-making elicits plenty of laughter—two things the only necessities in Christmas pieces beyond gorgeous staging, which is thoroughly ably represented. The continued prosperity and efficiency at its present standard of the Tivoli Company is, and should be, a matter of considerable interest to our public, for besides employing a number of people of talent whose services are acceptable to the community as singers and actors, the orchestra numbers several instrumentalists local music would find hard to replace adequately, also the standard of amusement is artistically the highest which can be had for the price of admission in the whole of this country.



A CONTRAST.

The apple in my garden
Is a round of flesh and wood,
With the green leaves [illegible] painting
To the [illegible] shown it food,
Here a [illegible] of days and years
That [illegible] shine [illegible]
For Town the hurdy-gurdy,
But for Warwickshire the thrush.

At middle day the blossom
Takes the utmost of the sun,
The [illegible]
All [illegible] the [illegible]
'Tis wild birds' country piping
That can make the [illegible]
For Town the hurdy-gurdy,
But for Warwickshire the thrush.

As Mary walks the castle
And [illegible] to [illegible]
The lilac shakes with lyrics
From the [illegible]
'Twas God who made [illegible]
How has [illegible]
For Town the hurdy-gurdy,
But for Warwickshire the thrush.

[illegible]

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

Now that Christmas has come and gone, and as we are still feeling the good-will, peace, and general indebtedness that are the necessary adjuncts of the blissful season, let me wish you endless pleasure, dresses and hats galore, besides the usual number of good resolutions for the New Year.

Truly, in spite of hard times I never remember seeing the shop windows looking as charming as they have this year. It may be the public taste is improving, but it is certain that the arrangement of colors, as well as the colors themselves, are more beautiful than those of former years. I have thoroughly enjoyed and admired the inexpensive exhibition that is spread out behind the plate glass of our large metropolitan establishments. How different the mediæval Xmas must have been from ours! Christmas without the shops would be to us "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out. Do you really believe in the "Merrie" Christmas of the good old days? Or was not the merriment perhaps, as apocryphal as the goodness of that time? Merriment, like wit, must be spontaneous; the genuine article cannot be had to order. Not only that, the attempt to force mirth is the most powerful stimulus to gloom. In fact, the traditional jollity is the great blot on Christmas and in many cases casts an air of melancholy over the whole festival.

The absolute indifference to all things mental, moral, and physical which is the painful consequence of over indulgence of plum pudding, mince pie, etc., is hardly conducive to brilliant composition. With true wisdom, borrowed for the occasion, I shall try to draw your mind off festivities, seasonable or otherwise, and tell you of some ravishingly beautiful hats. Though it is rather late to get a Christmas bonnet, and certainly the weather permitted none but a tarpaulin hat, still January will doubtless carry in its wake festivities, and, as with us the wildest excitement takes the form of afternoon teas, hats may still be an adornment as well as an adjunct. A big picture hat is in eminence velvet with great ostrich feathers arranged most gracefully. It is almost in the bewitching "Duchess of Devonshire" shape, being turned up at the left side with a bow of satin ribbon and a plume of feathers. Another hat, equally large, is in black velvet, with a loose O'Shanter crown of cream-colored point lace and bows of moiré ribbon tying on bunches of pompon dahlias. Another, equally fascinating, of black felt with the brim slightly curved up all round, has the crown in rose-colored mirror velvet caught with large jet pins. The edge of the brim is trimmed with feathers.

Very novel—indeed, quite the newest thing, is a heart-shaped bonnet in prune velvet, with a large bow of black moiré silk and pompon dahlias in tones of gold and brown. Steel buckles and pins with cut steel heads are a prominent feature in millinery this winter. A new shaded chenille is also much used and with a charming effect on many of the hats and bonnets.

If you wish to utterly captivate some unsuspecting man and fill the hearts of all your female friends with envy, get a toque of green velvet and sable with a leather crown; they are simply the *chef d'œuvre* of milliner's art.

Have you seen the embroidered hopsackings? They are the "very latest" in the East and are particularly striking. Small sprigs are scattered over them in some delicate shade of amber on brown or heliotrope. Black dresses are unusually popular and infinitely various this year; some are like serge with satin sprigs and dots, while others are in honeycomb in rich, deep tones. Whipcord cloth is very smart-looking, and most of our best-dressed women will undoubtedly provide themselves with gowns of this material, which comes in all the fashionable shades.

The newest colors for purses are malachite green or mottle pale gray. Some are richly ornamented with *repoussé* gold and silver. Men's pocket-books to be fashionable are in rich red wine color and very glossy. The color is called "Burgundy" and is exactly on the shade of *Clos Vengeot*.

Among the newest things in jewelry are pins in the form of butterflies and dragonflies, made of opal matrix, a material which blends the tones of blue, green and pearl. The bodies are set in diamonds, their legs and *antennæ* of gold, the wings alone of this purely poetic opal matrix.

If you would have a fashionable dressing-table you must provide yourself with Sèvres ornaments. A few bottles for perfumery, a powder box, hairpin tray, and candlestick should be of this beautiful china. One of the prettiest rooms I have seen was completely decorated in Sèvres designs and colors; it was truly a creation, and had a very *recherché* effect. When one considers how easy it is to use enamel paints I often wonder that girls don't spend a little more time in trying to make a pretty bedroom, a fitting frame for a fair picture. Then so much can be done with cretonne or dainty chintzes, yet take the bedroom of the average girl—it is simply a place to sleep in; utterly commonplace, with a bureau, chest of drawers, and bed, a few photos strewn around, but nothing sweet or attractive. There is no excuse here, either, for one can get all sorts of dainty trifles in Chinatown if one cannot afford more expensive bric-a-brac. Little tables, Japanese settees, etc., do much toward beautifying my lady's chamber.

THE REFLECTOR.

PIANOS

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ALMOST A ROMANCE.

IT was up at the club one evening after dinner, a few of the boys were sitting in a quiet corner smoking and exchanging reminiscences of thrilling occurrences that occasionally come into one's life and lend a little flavor of spice to the usual humdrum of existence.

The timid little man, with a perceptible lisp and a wisp of thin hair parted exactly on the centre of a high forehead, told about the time when he served for several months as scout with the regular army during an Apache Indian outbreak in Arizona; the tall man with glasses and a retreating girth explained how he once surprised a number of friends by worsting the champion heavyweight of the Olympic Club, and so the form of entertainment went until, in the eternal fitness of things, it behooved the Homely Man, who had been posing in the role of audience during the aforesaid recitals to unfold a tale in which he should be allotted the centre of the stage and a beauteous maid with an acute attack of unrequited affection appear lamenting in each act, just ere the curtain fall. And the man of unreconciled features promptly rose to the occasion.

"Not many years ago," he began, for he was quite a young man, "I was attending college over on the Alameda side, and for a roommate had a youngster from Santa Clara County whom we will call Tempe. A handsome, dashing chap as ever lived was Tempe, and as his people were wealthy and generous to him, I found Tempe quite a valuable acquisition to my little family of one. But he had a reckless disregard for the conventionalities that kept us both in hot water most of the time, as I always tried to keep my end up in anything he proposed. But finally an escapade of exceptionable daring on the part of Tempe, and in which I had conscientiously assisted in a desire to prove social, brought forth a meeting of the faculty from which emanated a cheerful little note to my quarters notifying Tempe's *fidus achates* that for conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline the faculty had felt constrained to withdraw from me the privileges of the college. Tempe was let off with a reprimand. Tempe had money.

"Getting expelled from college is not a bad joke, but having the usual remittances from home cut off, which was an attendant circumstance, proved quite a serious matter. My father is a farmer, and to have returned home with the stigma that was then upon me would have entailed an association with eight mules, a jerkline, and a gang plow for time indefinite, and having had a systematic training at that sort of thing gave me a disposition to try and worry on in town for a time; so I secured a position as reporter on one of the dailies and began life anew. Tempe was generous and I graciously consented to continue rooming with him on the Alameda side in consideration of his paying rent for two."

"Whre'th beautiuth maid and unrequieth affection come in?' inquired the Lisping One. "Keep your seat, Horace, I'll get you through on time," calmly replied the Man of Plain Features. "But, in the language of the boys, Tempe had a horse on me and naturally I wanted to score even. All comes to him who waits—I waited. One evening Tempe came in with a brand-new scheme for fun. Did I know Miss Gusher? Yes. Well he (Tempe) and Jack Ganzell had had a little dinner together the evening before and Jack, under the influence of—let's say good cooking, had confided that he had just proposed to Miss G. and been accepted. So he was to depart for Seattle in a few days to go into business, and the following spring he and the Announced One were to be married.

"'Now,' continued Tempe, 'I think I'll drift around and see Miss G. She doubtless will make my call pleasant, and so in an evening or two I'll call again, then I'll arrange to take her to the theatre a few times, she doesn't receive much attention, so I guess she'll go. I'll be pretty constant in my attentions for the next few weeks and struggle to give her the impression that I long to be devotion itself, but am fearful of my fate. She will think I am not aware of her engagement, so she'll have fun with me. Then, some evening when you are home, we will fix up what will sound about right in the form of a proposal, and I'll rehearse it a time or two with you, so as not to get too badly rattled if the play comes up wrong. After that I'll wait for a favorable opportunity when Miss G. and I are alone together to speak my little piece. Of course, she will refuse me, and I will be properly desperate and wretched and leave her thinking me a crushed being. It will flatter her immensely to have the fun of throwing me over, and it will make her pretty independent with Jack Ganzell for a time, too, and, Lord knows, he needs it—told me she wrote to him every day. Besides, I have never proposed to a girl yet, and sort of yearn for the experience when it comes to be done on as safe a basis as that.'

"'Well, old man,' I observed reflectively, 'as falling in love with a married woman seems to be quite the proper caper these times for a youngster you are no doubt leading off well.' Tempe nodded cheerfully as I gave my approval, and then the conversation changed. A few evenings later, as I happened to be home early, Tempe suggested that it might be a good time to drill up on that proposal that he was to make. 'Certainly,' I agreed; 'imagine me the Fair One, if your imagination can stand the strain, and proceed with your love-making.'

"'My dear,' began Tempe, and he rolled his eyes at such a fearful rate that I feared he was ill. 'I have long wanted to speak to you upon a subject that is dearer to me than my life——' 'Hold on!' I interrupted, 'it isn't the subject that is dearer to you than life, it's the girl Better try that over again and change it a little.' Tempe looked a little nettled but began his new speech, 'Miss Gusher, you must have doubtless realized ere this that the regard I entertain for you is that of one who wishes to become nearer and dearer to you than a mere friend. Our views have ever concurred with a unanimity that signalizes the fact that we were evidently intended for each other; but it is not the simple coincidence of our holding views in common that gives me the courage to address you as I do, but a stronger, nobler feeling that prompts me to do or die in gaining from you that which you have long since won from me—love. Yes, Miss Gusher——' 'Wait, Tempe, till I blush, and it will make things more realistic,' I broke in, but Tempe was not to be defeated. 'Miss Gusher,' he continued gazing at me with a sort of set stare, 'I love you though I have nothing that makes me deserving of your love. I am not rich nor have I gained that success in life that should be attained by man ere speaking to you as I have done, but I have health and strength, and if you will but be mine, I promise you that my future life shall be one continuous effort to prevent you ever regretting the day that you became my wife.'

"'That's enough,' I said, as I noticed Tempe preparing to continue 'You'll never live to get through all that, and if you do she certainly will not.' 'Well?' he observed interrogatively 'Oh, it's about what is wanted,' I replied, with the calm, deliberative manner of one who is versed in the matters of which he speaks. 'It's pedantic in some places and idiotic in others, but those affairs call for a mild form of idiocy, anyway, so I suppose it is all right; only don't get excited and drop down on your knees, or clasp your hands tightly together, but try and get through it without making an exhibition of yourself.'

"'Oh, just trust to me not making a holy show of myself,' confidently replied Tempe, who, I regret to say, is inclined to use slang in his impulsive moments.

"It was several weeks after the rehearsal before I again saw Tempe to have any conversation with him, as my duties on the paper caused me to reach home in the evening several hours after he had retired, and in the morning he would be up and away ere I arose. But one stormy night as I reached home about two A. M. there sat Tempe bolt upright before the grate, gazing into the fire with the most intensely serious face that I had ever seen him have.

"'Lots of weather out,' I began cheerfully, removing my overcoat and groping under the bed for my slippers. Tempe gave never a sign that he was aware of my arrival. 'Good night to give the unemployed a chance; they can shovel fog off the bay,' I continued in a brave attempt to be funny. Still no sign from Tempe, so, crossing the room to where he sat, I gazed quietly for a moment at the deep, stern look on his face and then, assuming a look of utter wretchedness myself, I gazed into the fire and groaned dismally. That brought him.

"'You're a fine one to get a fellow into scrapes, you are,' he said, witheringly. 'What's the matter now?' I gently queried, fervently trusting that he had been expelled.

"'Oh, nothing,' he replied, ironically, 'except that I proposed to Miss Gusher to-night and——.' 'Was refused and didn't want it that way,' I added. 'No, was accepted and didn't want it *that* way,' he replied. 'Shades of the departed Cicero,' I murmured, too surprised to murmur anything else.

"'Yes,' continued Tempe sadly, 'I met the enemy and she is mine.' 'What about Jack Ganzell?' I asked. 'Dunno,' said Tempe. 'Guess they had a row and I just fell in about the right time to give her another "someone to love."'

"'How did it all happen?' I persisted. 'Well, you see,' said Tempe, 'we were sitting on the sofa in the proper sort of a dim, religious light for love avowals, so I just spoke my little piece, and then, all of a sudden, she caved my way and—oh, gee, I don't know how I ever got out of there. Guess I'll start to Mexico in the morning,' and Tempe rose and began packing his things."

"Did he weally leave?" queried the Lisping One, anxiously.

"Yep," was the reply. "And Miss Gusher looked pale and interesting for a few weeks until Jack Ganzell came down from Seattle, when I suppose they made up for Miss G. landed him safely the following spring, and Tempe could once more breathe freely in California."

DEAN DRAKE.

The San Francisco WAVE has just issued one of the handsomest editions that has ever appeared on the Coast. Highly and artistically illustrated, abounding in good stories, with an elegant colored cover and supplement. "Twice Round the Clock in San Francisco" is said to be the best story of San Francisco life by day and night ever published.—*San Jose Mercury*

PREMIUMS AND POLICIES

Whatever Buyer & Reich may believe, journalism is not a first-class medium for adjusting fire losses. In disputes between business firms it is far better to keep out of the reach of reportorial courtesies. The disadvantages of that form of attention are as obvious as the dangers of playing with fire. Whoever draws down on a subject of lively controversy the organs of public oppression is liable to have sad reminiscences. It is so potential a method of exciting intense feeling, for converting a mere dissension into a fierce quarrel. That the companies can be bulldozed into a settlement is an impression that is quite untenable. They are very sensible men and good citizens the managers of the several corporations whose declination to pay has excited so much controversy. Their liability is undoubted, and under ordinary circumstances the loss would have been settled months ago. But the circumstances in this instance are not ordinary. There is in the hands of the Underwriters' Committee evidence that sustains their refusal to pay the amount the firm claims. They are, therefore, perfectly justified in the stand they have taken.

The use of journalism as a club for compelling insurance settlements is neither new nor adroit. No instance is on record, however, wherein its danger has been more effectively demonstrated. Before a cent is paid Buyer & Reich there will have to be a complete refutation of the suspicious facts in the Committee's possession, and as all that publicity could do in the connection has already been accomplished, there is no risk in fighting the matter in the Courts. As for the transfer of policies, that is a threat which the action of the Compact has nullified. It is thoroughly understood that the turn of the corporations not interested in this particular loss may occur to-morrow or next month. It behooves those concerned therefore, to stand to-gether, and present at least a united front.

The refusal of the New York department to accept as an asset of the Fireman's Fund the stock of the Home Mutual Insurance Company will doubtless compel the absorption of that corporation. There is no question out here of the adequacy of these shares as security for all the money they represent. The Home Mutual was always handled in a most conservative manner, and its risks were admirably selected. In fact, it had the pick of the dwelling business of the Coast for the excellent reason that it paid heavily for the lines it wrote. There is a question whether it is good policy for one company to own another and include its stock as an asset. There are good precedents, however. The Royal owns the Queen and manages it separately—there are others as well whose names do not occur to me at the moment. Some obstacles doubtless will be experienced in absorbing the company, though doubtless the difficulty might be avoided by the Fireman's Fund offering in its statement the actual assets of the Home Mutual, which of course represents the value of the stock.

The selection of L. L. Bromwell as President of the Oakland Home is an excellent move for that corporation whatever way things turn. No one gainsays the distinct underwriting ability of Mr. Bromwell. No one knows the insurance ropes half as well, and if he cannot resuscitate the fortunes of the institution, who can? What policy he proposes pursuing no one seems to know so far, though much surmising is rife "on the street." The knowing ones profess to trace a connection between his departure and the arrival in New York of James Cluness, of the Northern Insurance Company. It is known that Brom. had almost closed a deal with Cluness for the California, and it is suggested that he may return here with that end of George Grant's combination under his wing. If this surmise is unfounded and it is Bromwell's intention to devote himself to the affairs of the Oakland Company, it should soon respond with an increased income to his hand at the helm. In the latter contingency, as in the other, he is an excellent man for the place. LOCAL.

THE "WAVE'S" NEW FEATURES.

Constant readers of that lively and spicy journal, THE WAVE, will notice it has much improved its appearance by adding to its features caricature. The front cover is utilized for the purpose, and to say the least is quite in keeping to its worth as a journal for those "in the swim."—*S. F. Post.*

The Christmas WAVE is out. It surpasses expectations. It is really a notable publication, admirably illustrated, handsomely gotten up, full of the brightest and cleverest reading matter. It is far ahead of the Eastern weeklies, and is local from start to finish.—*Alameda Telegram.*

SAN JOSE NOTES.

San Jose during the holiday week has been a paradise for the idle and a purgatory for the busy. Beautifully decorated shop windows and crowded avenues have made our streets assume a metropolitan air. Yet with all the air of general prosperity and seemingly universal joy, a touch of sadness, though some call it envy; occasionally comes over our people. You see in this little, busy world of ours people of great wealth make up much of the population, and with the coming of Christmas we naturally expect that the dollars hoarded throughout the year will help gladden the hearts of less fortunate ones. If those on whom the fickle goddess had not smiled happened to be the relatives of the owners of millions then, indeed, we hope to see the sign of destitution vanish. In some cases, however, during the past few weeks, this fond hope has been cruelly dispelled. Poor Fred Prevost, who a few days ago passed to a better land, left nothing behind except the memories of months of weary sickness, unassuaged by the kindly hands of wealthy relatives. Although Aunt Louise is reveling in the dross of the world, yet the orphans' bounty is only that furnished by the Asylum. To them the holiday season brought sorrow unrelieved by any joys except those supplied by the large, warm heart of Mrs. Murphy.

The pompous owner of the Sanitarium, too, whose princely wealth is distributed to churches with a lavish hand, is blessed or cursed with poor relations, glad to share the crumbs from his silver-bedecked table. They look at his stately and palace-like dwelling as they wander forlorn on their desolate way. He likes the admiration they bestow, and rewards them with words of encouragement. Wouldn't it be better, don't you think, to have charity begin here at home?

In justice, however, to the Judge, it is said that he is willing to assist his poor, but the Madame's newly acquired notions of style forbid. The kindred seem to have forgotten that there is no getting on with a mule or a woman unless you coax them, and refuse to conciliate the mistress of the shekels; and 'tis thus our little world moves on.

The San Jose Institute is blossoming out wonderfully. Some of the very prettiest girls in town are there. At the reception, the other day, Miss Grace Adel, in pink crepe, fairly captured her audience, but Miss Syer, by playing her own accompaniment, spoiled her song. We were all surprised to see the audience—it was so large and so fashionable.

The heads of the school are very conservative; if they would only branch out more they would lead, but there is too much British line there for the spirit of these times. BESSIE.

TO A PORTRAIT.

A pensive photograph
  Watches me from the shelf—
Ghost of old love, and half
  Ghost of myself.

How the dear waiting eyes
  Watch me and love me yet—
Sad home of memories,
  Her waiting eyes.

Ghost of old love, wronged ghost
  Return, though all the pain
Of all once loved, long lost
  Come back again.

Forget not, but forgive—
  Alas, too late I cry.
We are two ghosts that had their chance to live,
  And lost it, she and I.

—*Irwin Symons.*

REGRET.

O human bird, whose nest has been
Within my heart a thousand days,
To fly away so suddenly
When April glittered in her green,
And woodland aisles
For leafy miles
In fifty fine harmonious ways
Were musical with flying praise,
Was a strange winging from my life.
O false and fair—
Was a departure that the sense
Could nowhere gather strength to bear!

Day comes.
The Artist of the dawn
Makes all the sky a masterpiece;
The dewdrops vanish from the lawn
And from the shepherd's sheep.
Each day's a miracle to cheat the mind.
Night brings the wonder, sleep;
But all along the lane their flies
My loss of her whose helping eyes
Made olden moments kind;
And in the pulsing heart of night,
When darkness seems to throb to light,
Remembrance of my whitethroat yet
Comes with a great regret.
No blackbird's magic in the bush,
Succeeded by the aching hush,
Can win me from my thought of her;
And all that Father Avon says
To league of blue forget-me-nots
Cannot cast out
My dream of Jenny's girlish ways,
Her lovely pout;
And all those perished days
When on my kness
She sat contented till the sun was set—
God has not fashioned me to think them naught,
Or taught me to forget!

—*Norman Gale.*

IN PAIN.

Pain is the language of decay,
The tongue of human impotence;
It waits upon our coming here,
Our going hence,
Implacably austere;
And from our earliest breath,
Which is the birth of death,
A soft-foot mute
It seems to prophesy a coming sleep,
Another sphere.

Long have I journeyed thro' the Great Fatigue
Of life.
Lo, I have had my share of grass and birds—
And strife.
For me has Pain, the sentinel,
Been vigilant.

To pace my plot and dwell
Within my tent;
Oft in the night with small alarms
Has stirred me out of rest,
Alert, oppressed,
Till shepherded within thine arms
And on the breast,
O loving lady, in the curse of Pain
I have been blest—
Have felt soft hands rebuke the agony
And stroke my face
With fingers that are ministers of love,
Embassadors of peace
To bring release
For that sharp prisoned pain along my brow
Ah, would to God, they brought it, Lady, now.

—*Norman Gale.*

CONRAD! CONRAD! CONRAD!

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

While it is true I have been chosen the President of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, vice M. A. DAUPHIN, deceased, I still retain the Presidency of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing Company, so that all proposals for supplies, machinery, etc., as well as all business communications on other subjects, should be addressed to me here as heretofore.

After January 1, 1894, my business will be removed to Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Central America, and will there go on as now without any break.

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7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	6.45 a m
7.00 a m	Benicia, Vacaville, ‡Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis.	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa.....	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and *Oroville.....	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 p m
*9.00 a m	Stockton and Milton.....	*8.45 p m
‡10.00 a m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	‡6.15 p m
*12.00 m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	*6.15 p m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 a m
4.00 p m	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, Livermore and San Jose.....	8.45 a m
5.00 p m	Martinez, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno.....	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Sante Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose.	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo.....	†8.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	10.45 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge.)

8.15 a m	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	6.20 p m
*2.15 p m	Newark Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations.....	*11.50 a m
4.15 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9.50 a m
‡11.45 p m	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	‡7.20 p m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

6.45 a m	San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	2.45 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.....	6.26 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations.	5.06 p m
12.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	4.15 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.36 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and Principal Way Stations....	†7.26 p m

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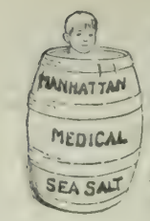

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